

TOMB RAIDER™



OMNIBUS

VOLUME 2

The background of the entire image is a light gray topographic map with thin, winding contour lines. The map features various geographical shapes, including a large, irregular landmass on the left and several smaller, more defined shapes on the right.

TOMB RAIDER™



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OMNIBUS

VOLUME 2

TOMB RAIDER VOL 2 ISSUES #1-#12

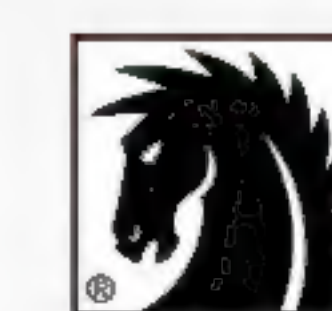
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Pencils **PHILLIP SEVY**
Inks **PHILLIP SEVY**
Colors **MICHAEL ATIYEH**
Letters **MICHAEL HEISLER**

TOMB RAIDER: SURVIVOR'S CRUSADE ISSUES #1-#4

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Pencils **ASHLEY A. WOODS**
Inks **ASHLEY A. WOODS**
Colors **MICHAEL ATIYEH**
Letters **MICHAEL HEISLER**

TOMB RAIDER: INFERNO ISSUES #1-#4

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Pencils **PHILLIP SEVY**
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
DIGITAL ART TECHNICIAN
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This volume collects issues #1 through #12 of the Dark Horse Comics series *Tomb Raider* volume 2, originally printed in 2016, as well as issues #1 through #4 of *Tomb Raider: Survivor’s Crusade*, and issues #1 through #4 of *Tomb Raider: Inferno*.

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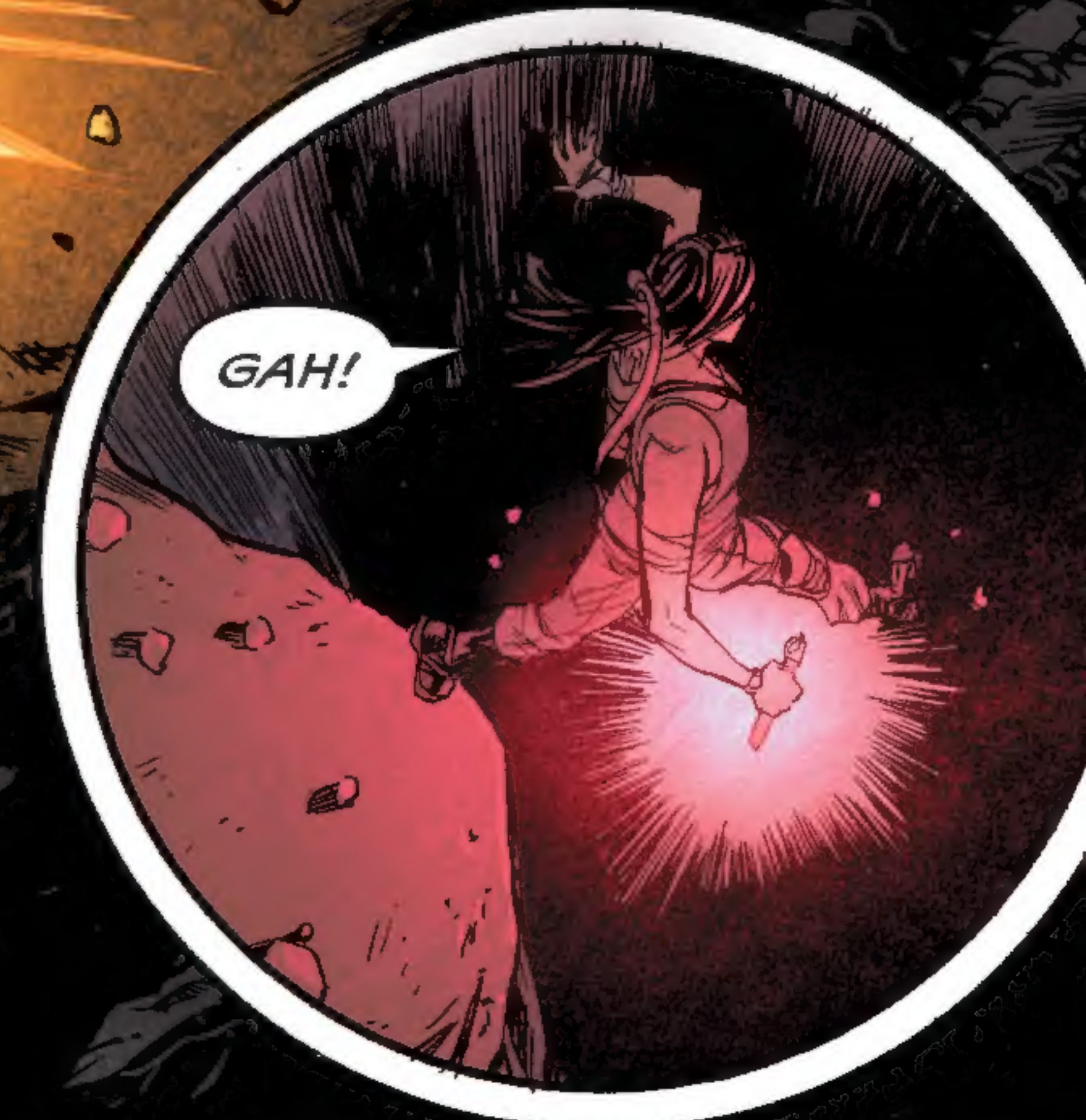
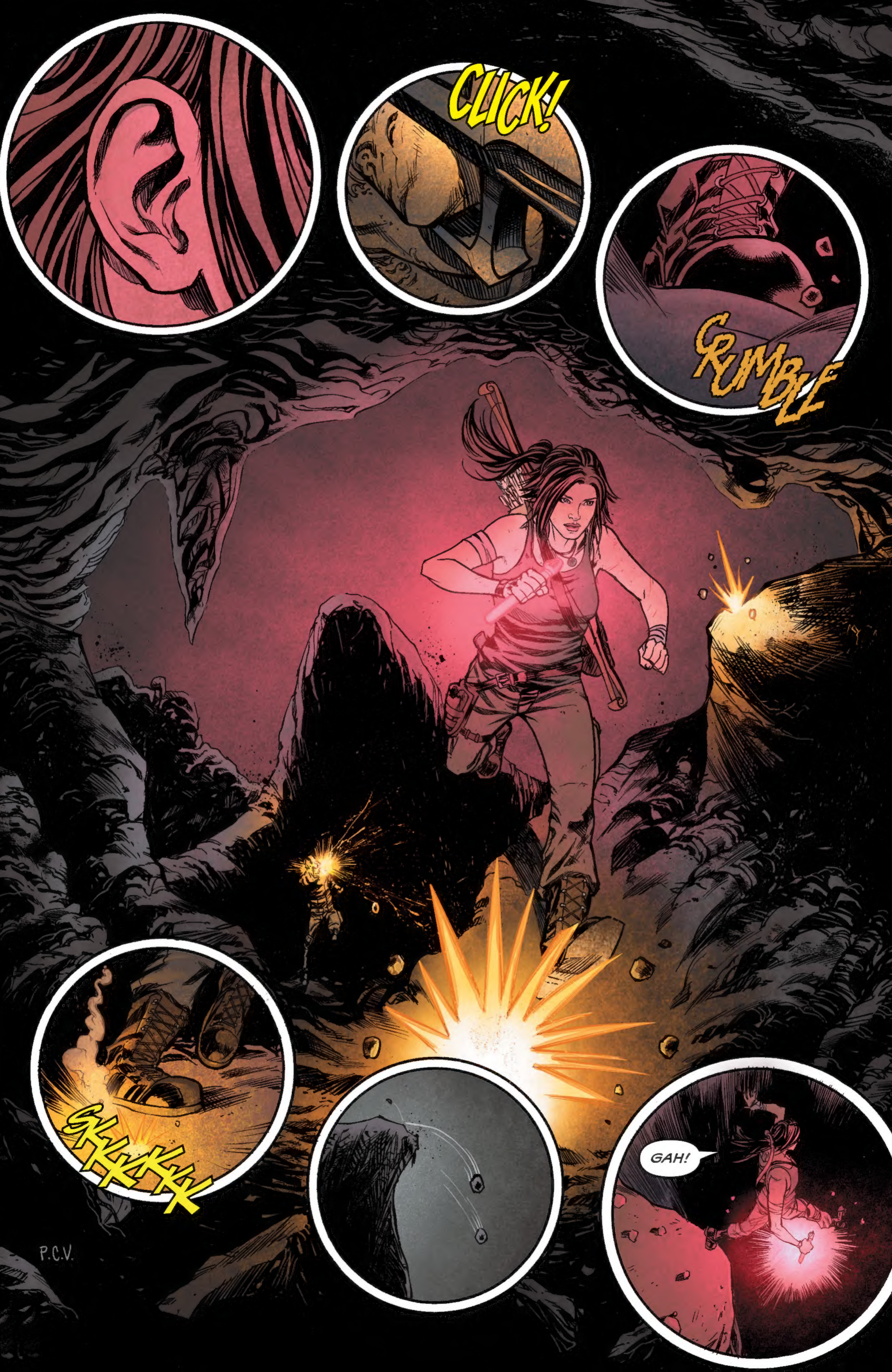
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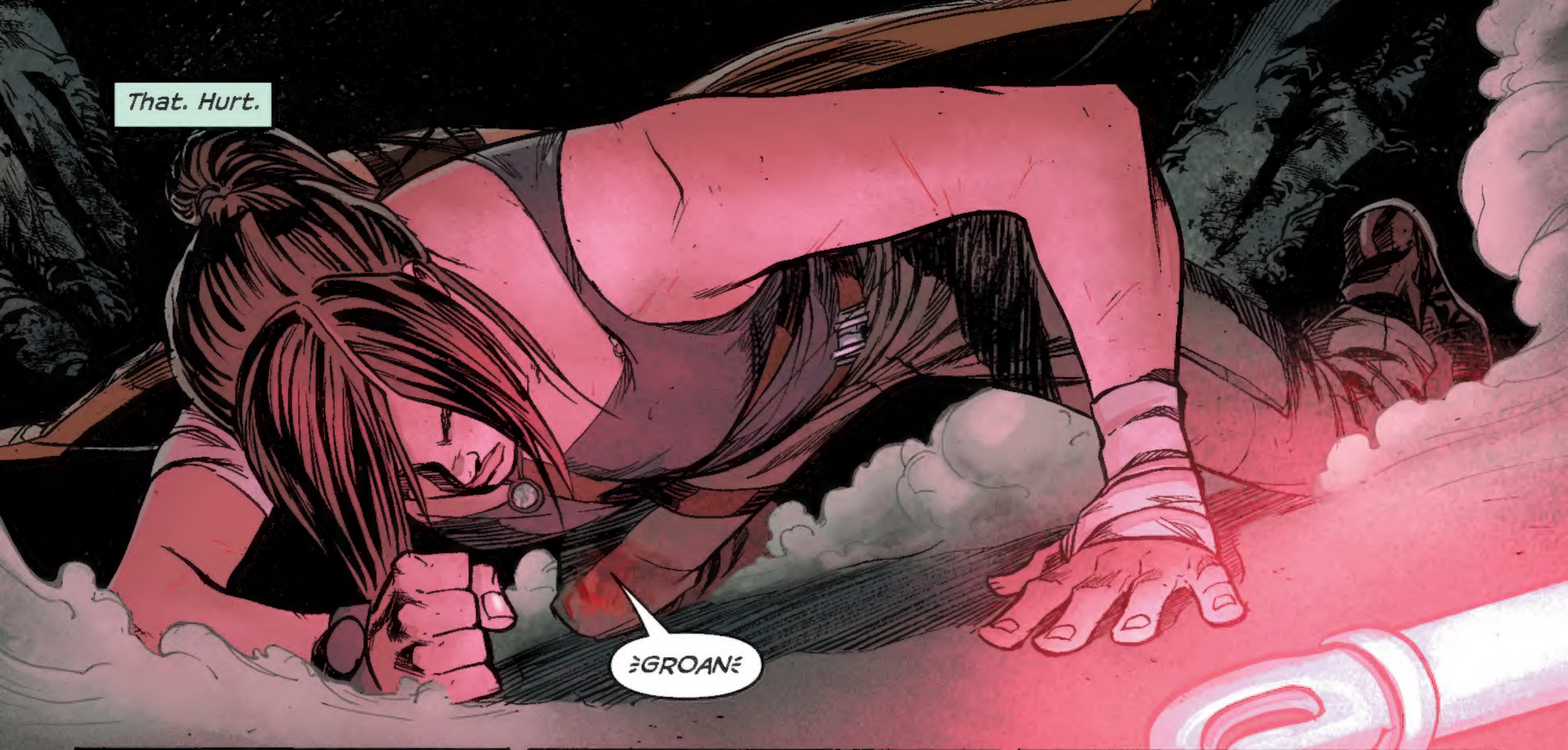
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COVER GALLERY . . . **447**









That. Hurt.

GROAN



Stand up.



Hurts.

Ugh.
Stand.
Up.



Okay. Lara. Now.

What do you hear?



DRIP
DRIP
DRIP

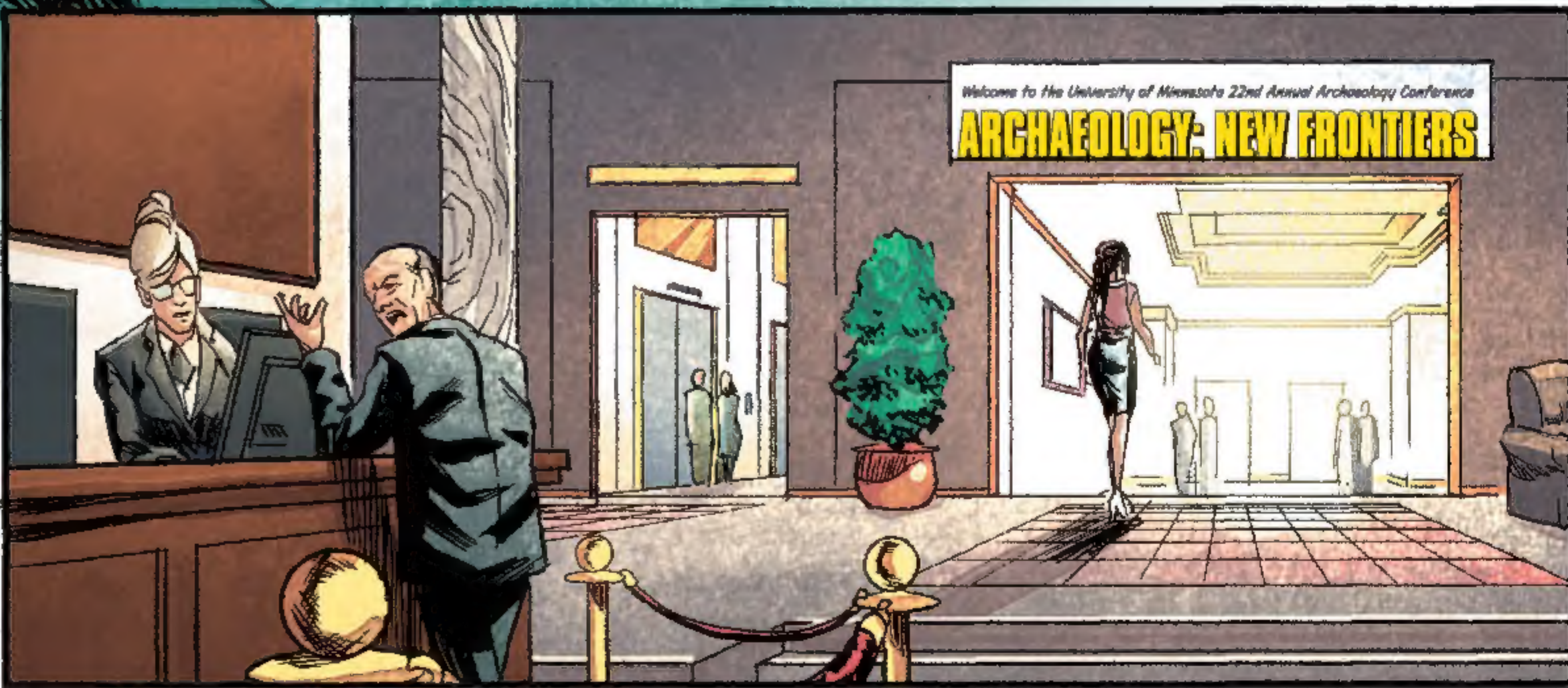
ONE WEEK EARLIER.

What am I
doing here?

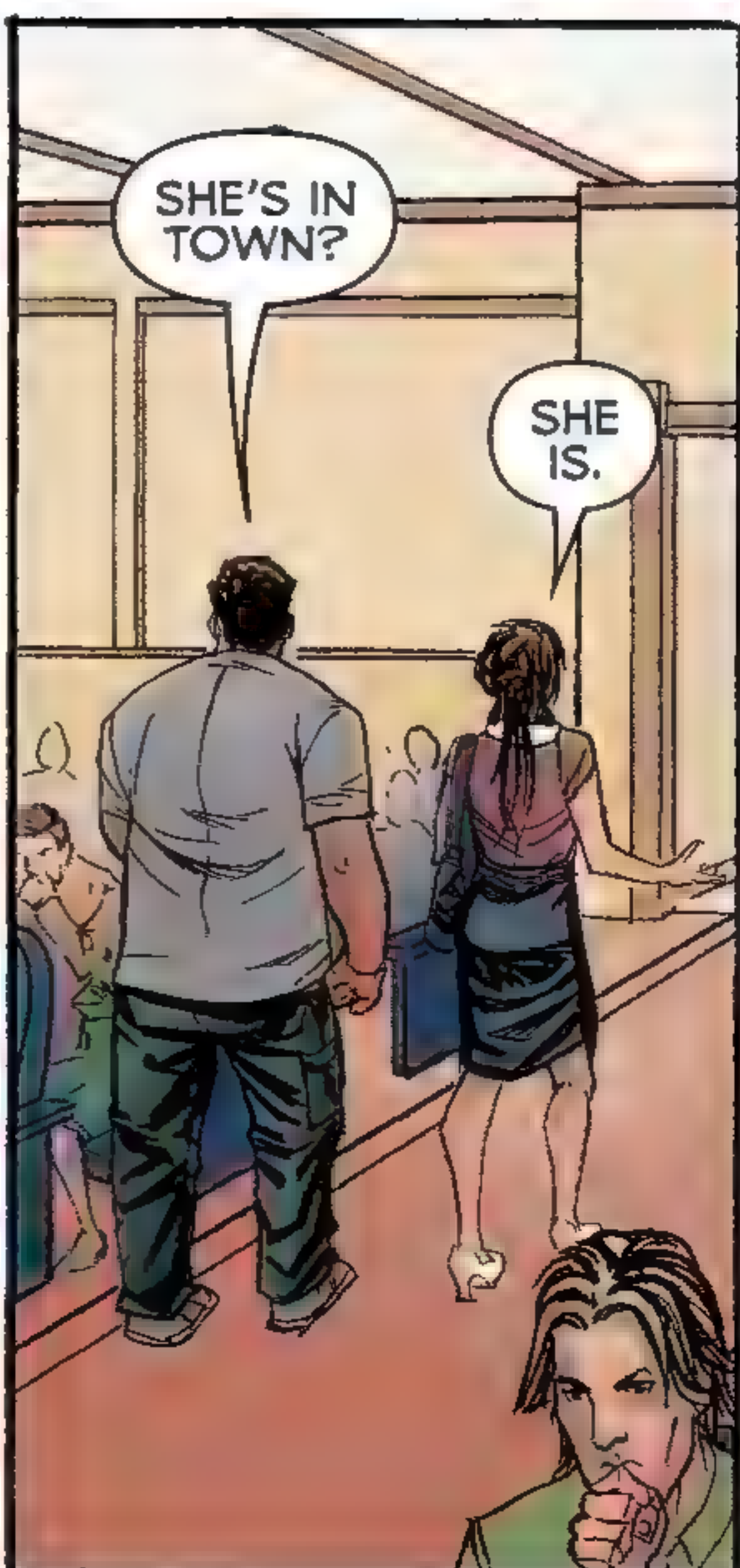
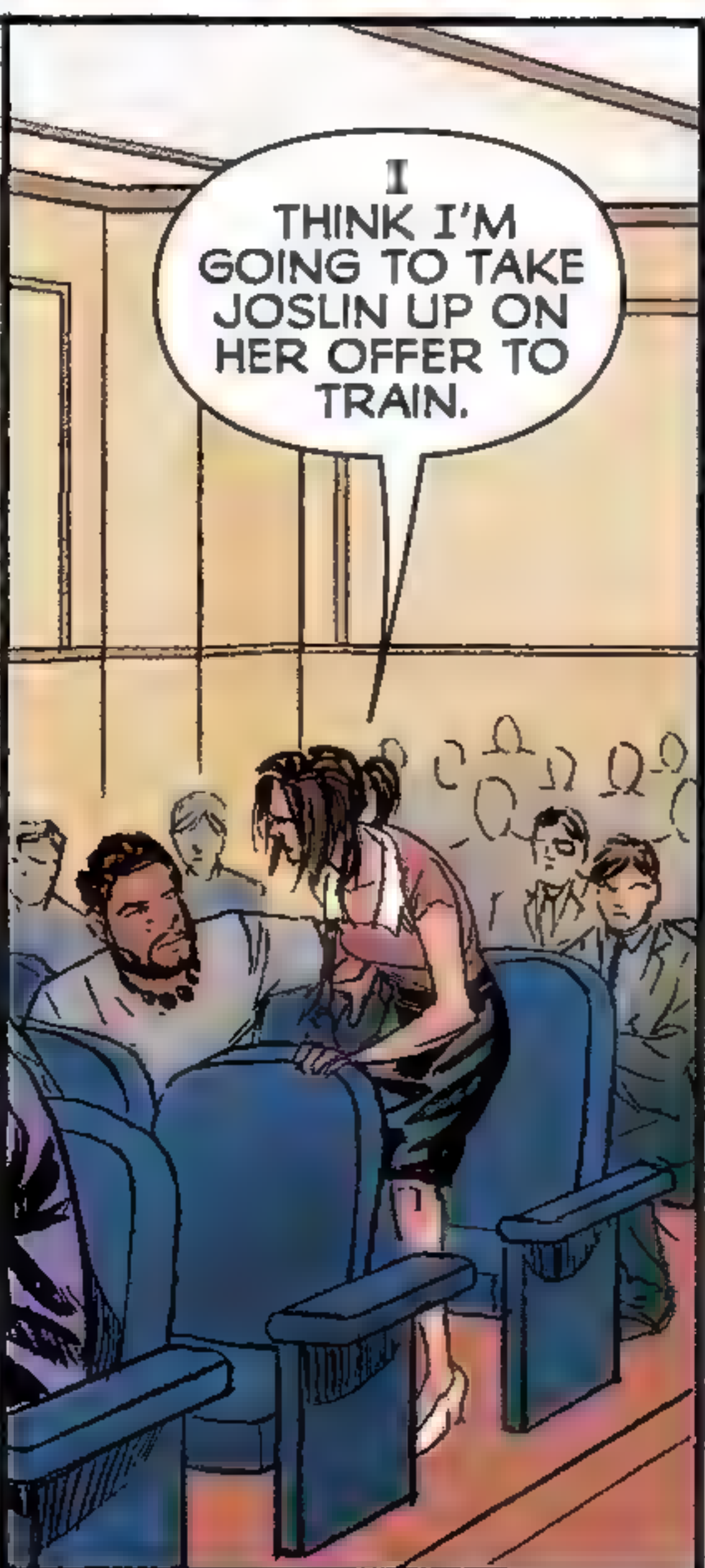
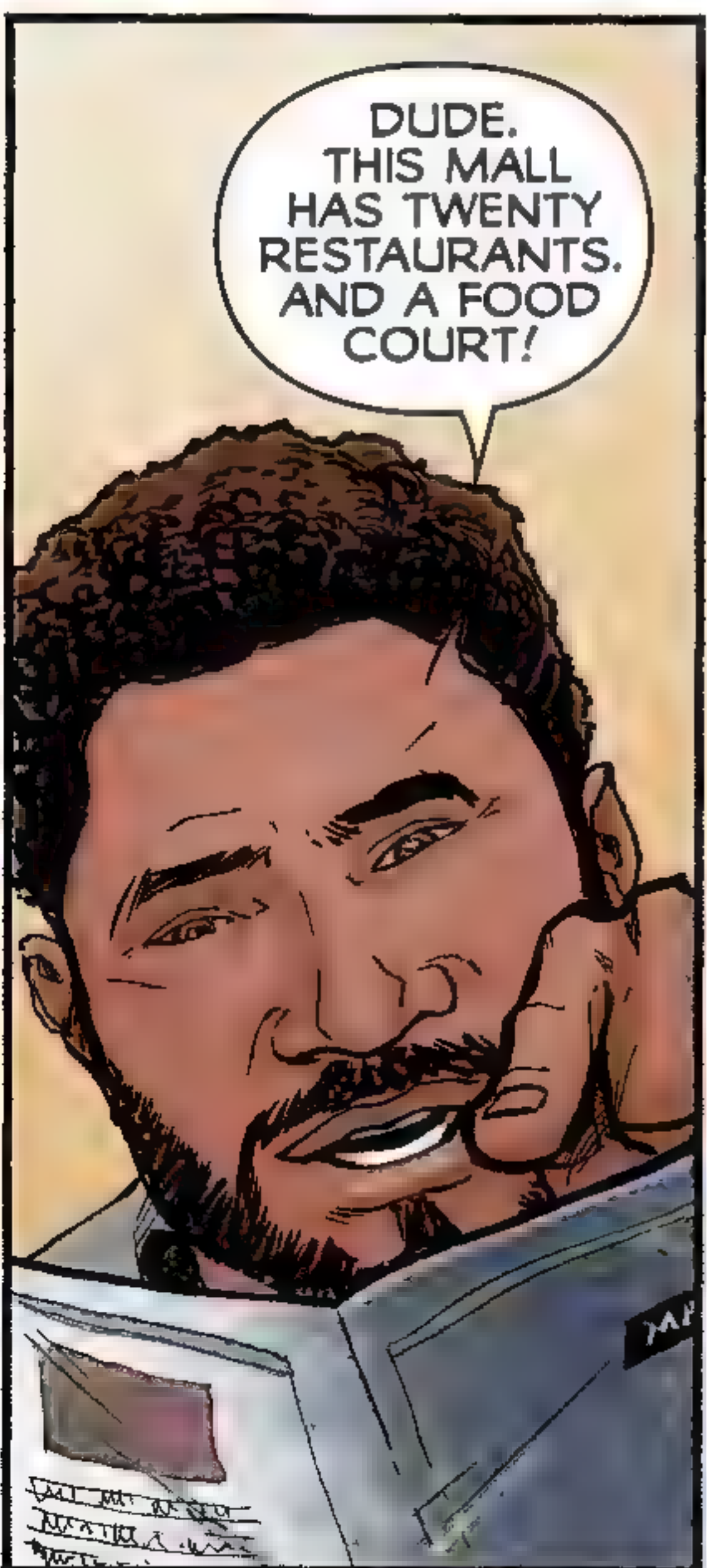
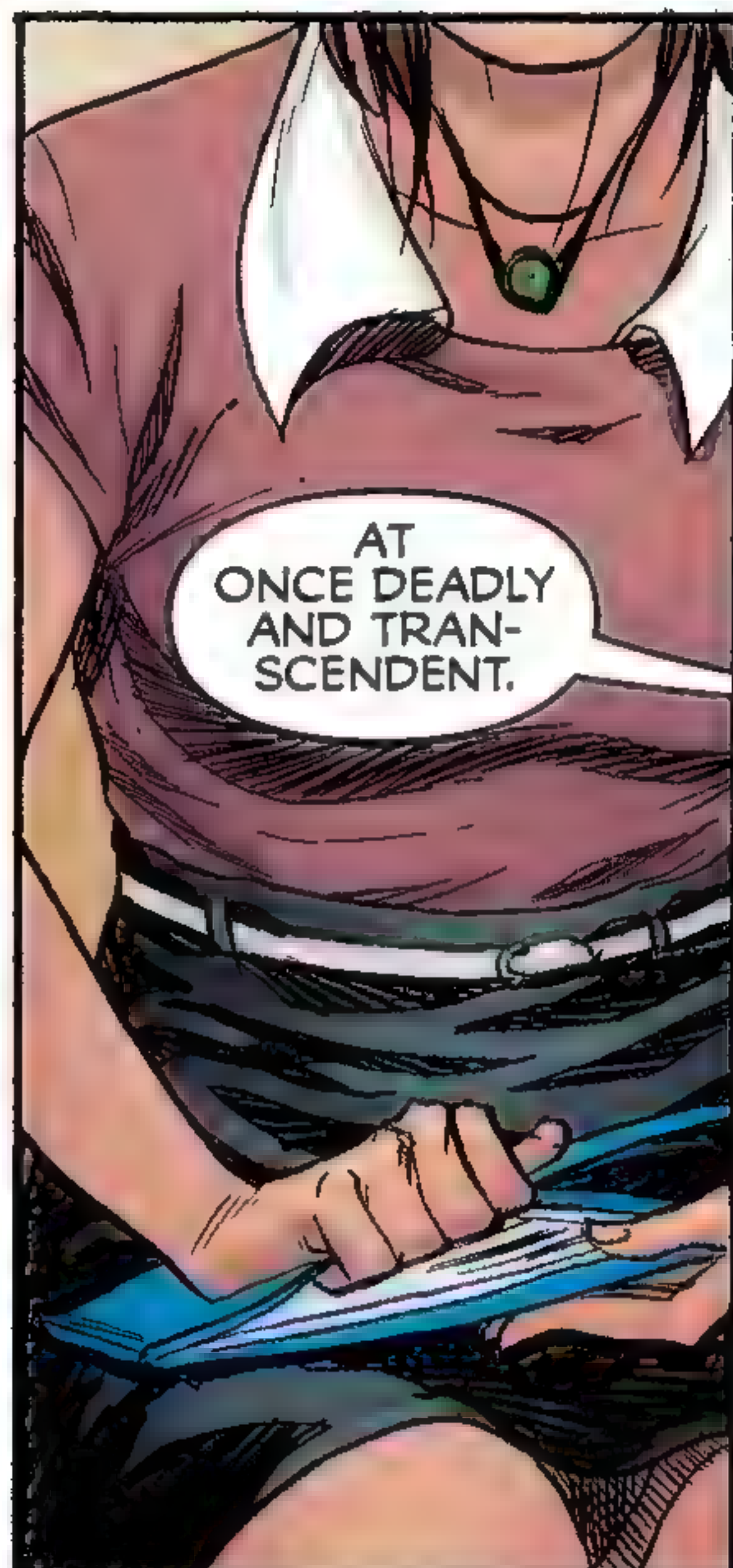
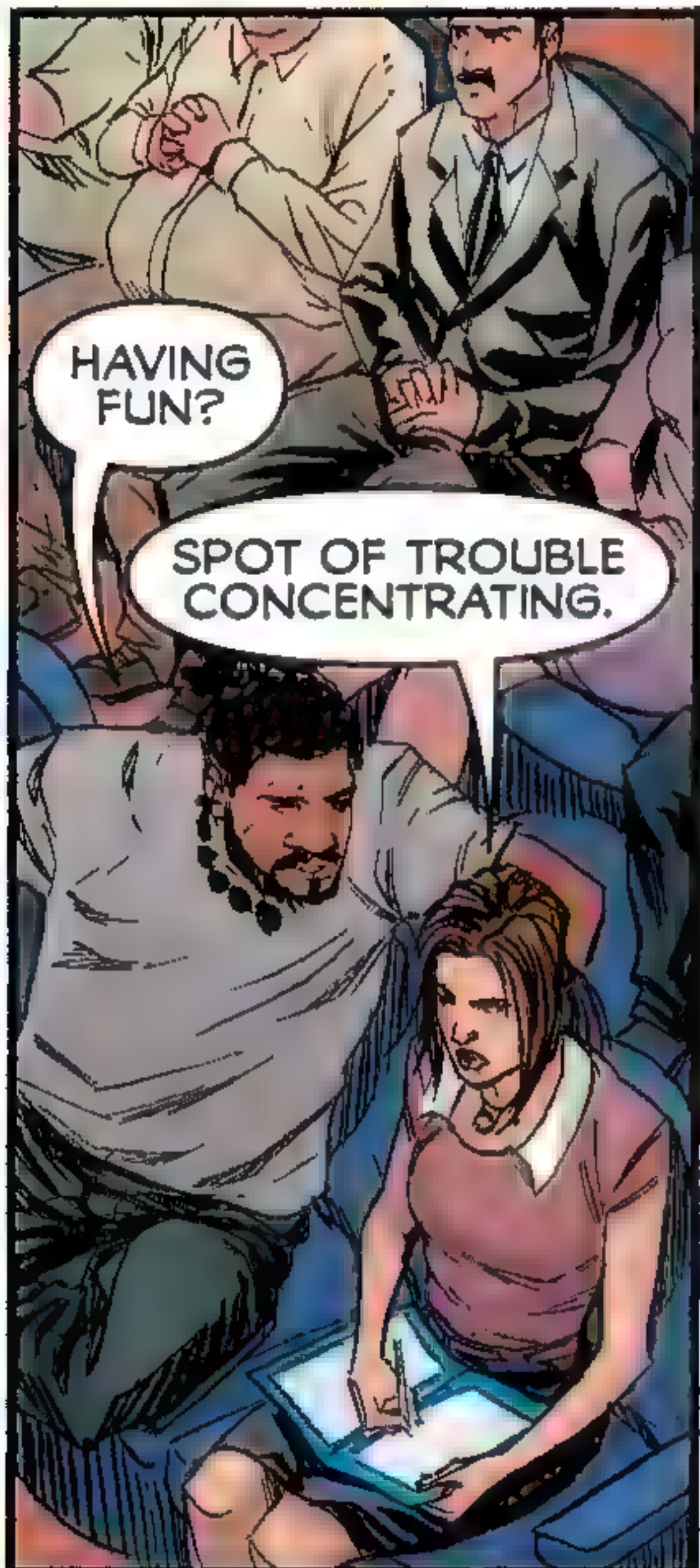
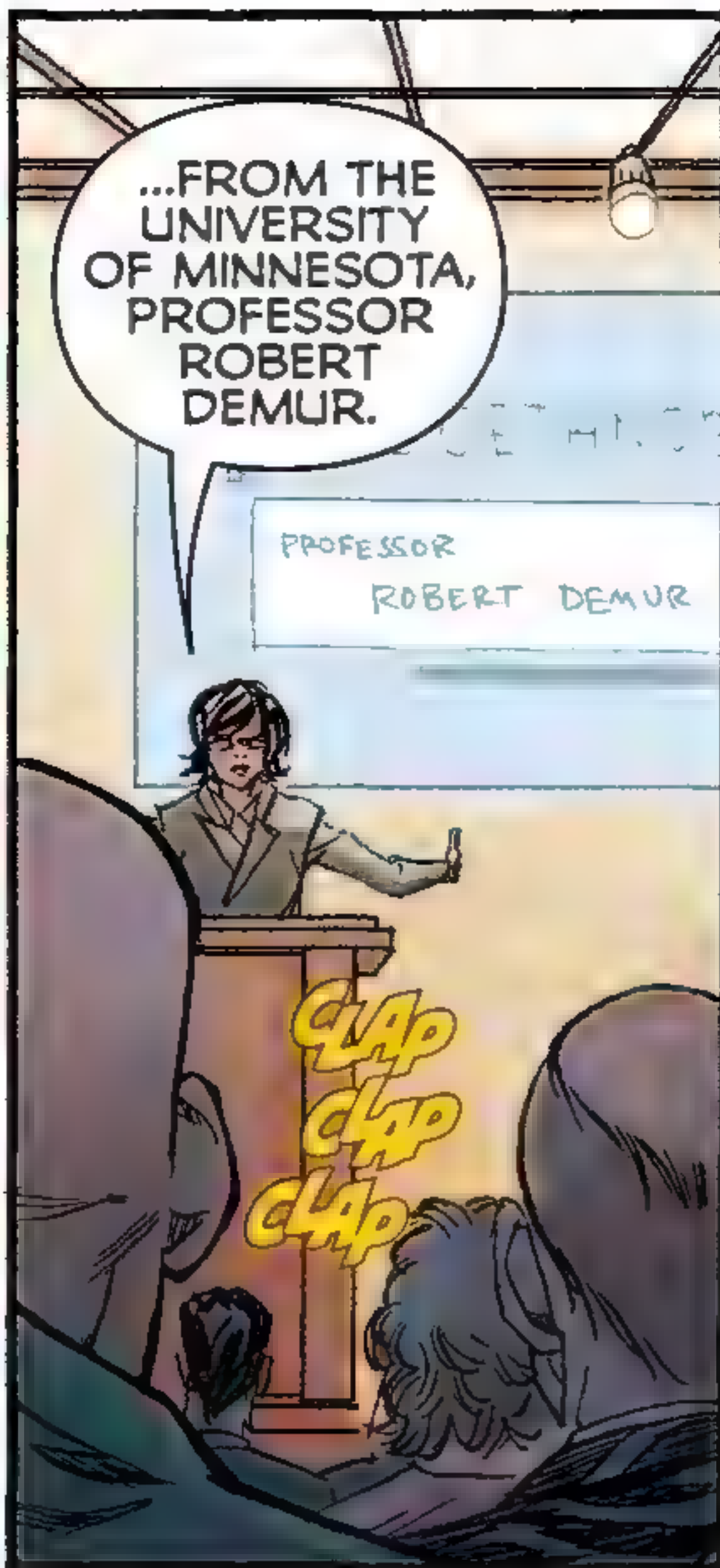
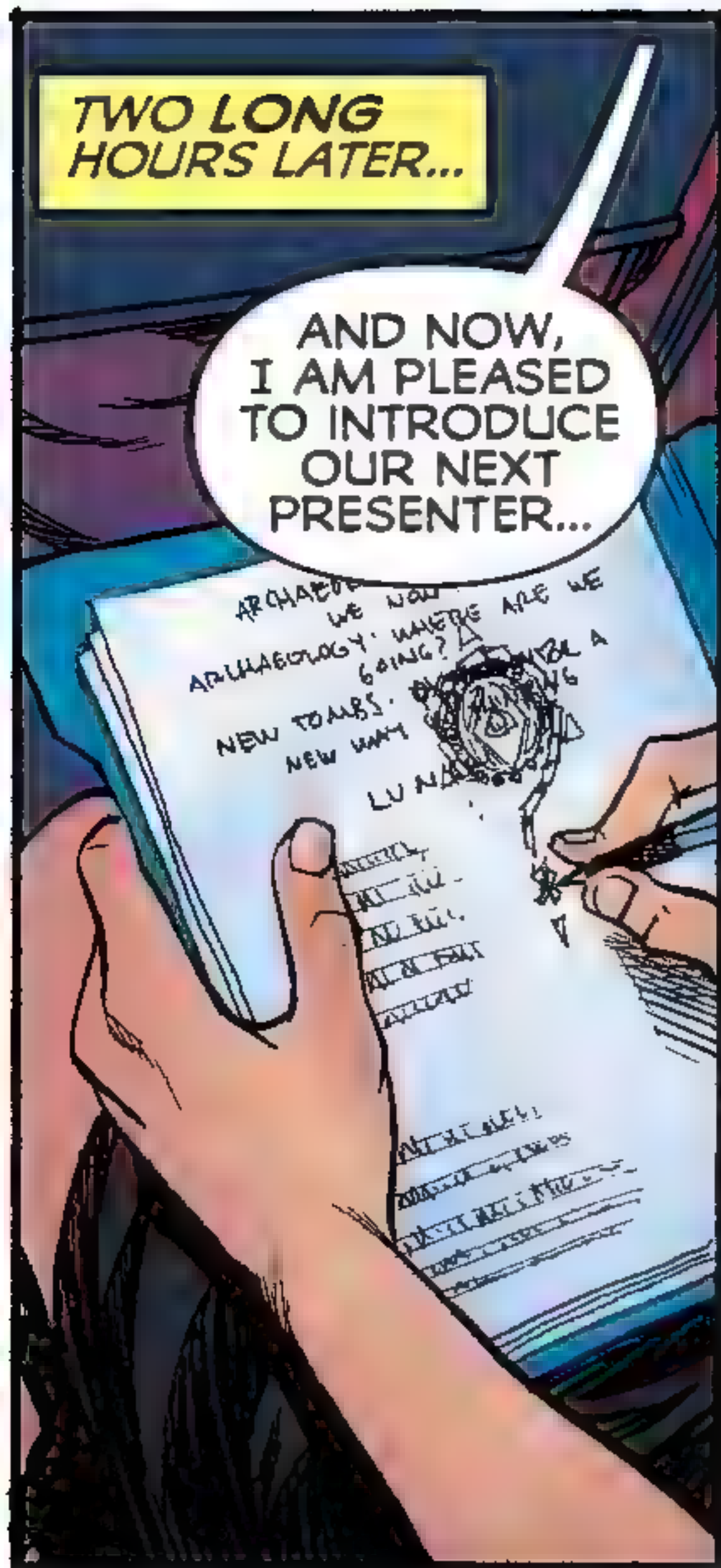
In this
ridiculous
getup?

DRIP
DRIP
DRIP

SQUEE



Welcome to the University of Minnesota 22nd Annual Archaeology Conference
ARCHAEOLOGY: NEW FRONTIERS





HELLO, JOSLIN. IT'S LARA. WE STILL ON?

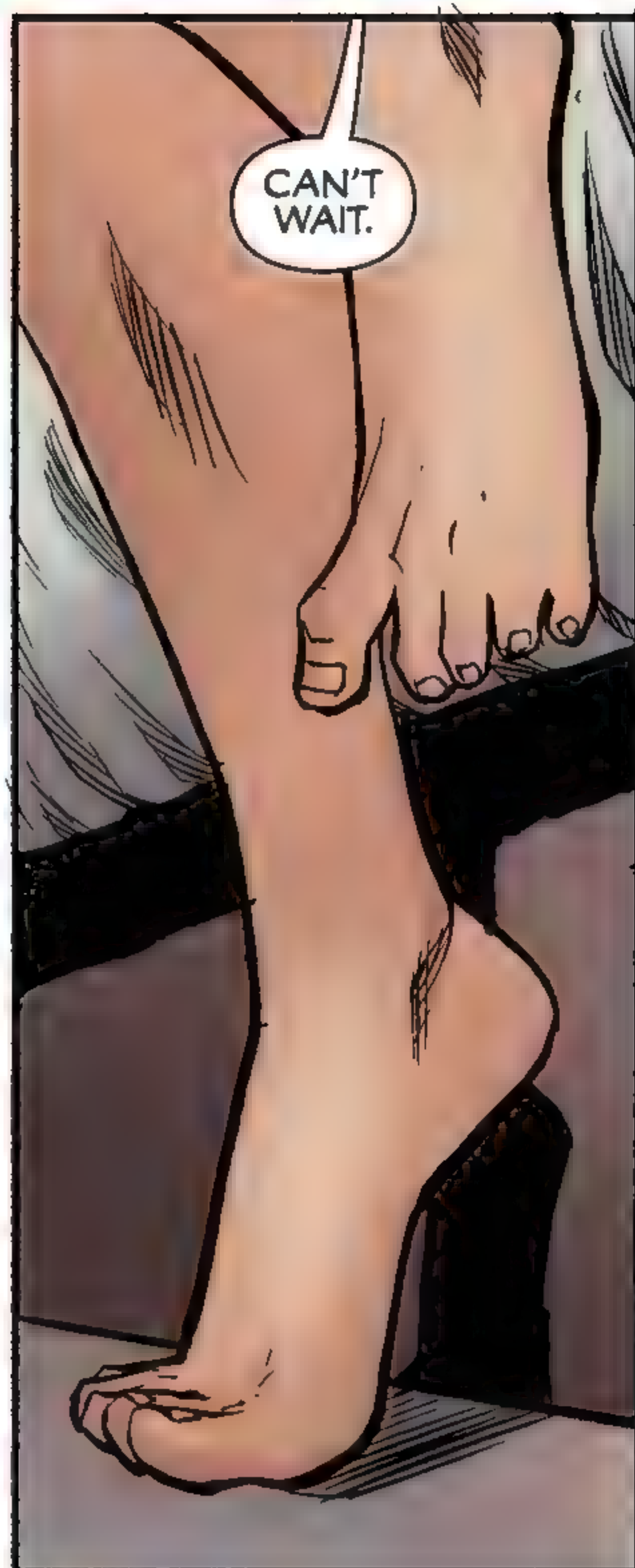
YEP.



RIGHT, I'LL BE THERE IN TEN.



HURRY UP. DANA'S THE SHIT.



CAN'T WAIT.



JUST SO YOU KNOW. SO, DANA...



SHE'S... I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE PROPER TERM IS...



SHE'S GOING BLIND.

BLIND? AND SHE DOES COMBAT TRAINING.

OH YEAH...





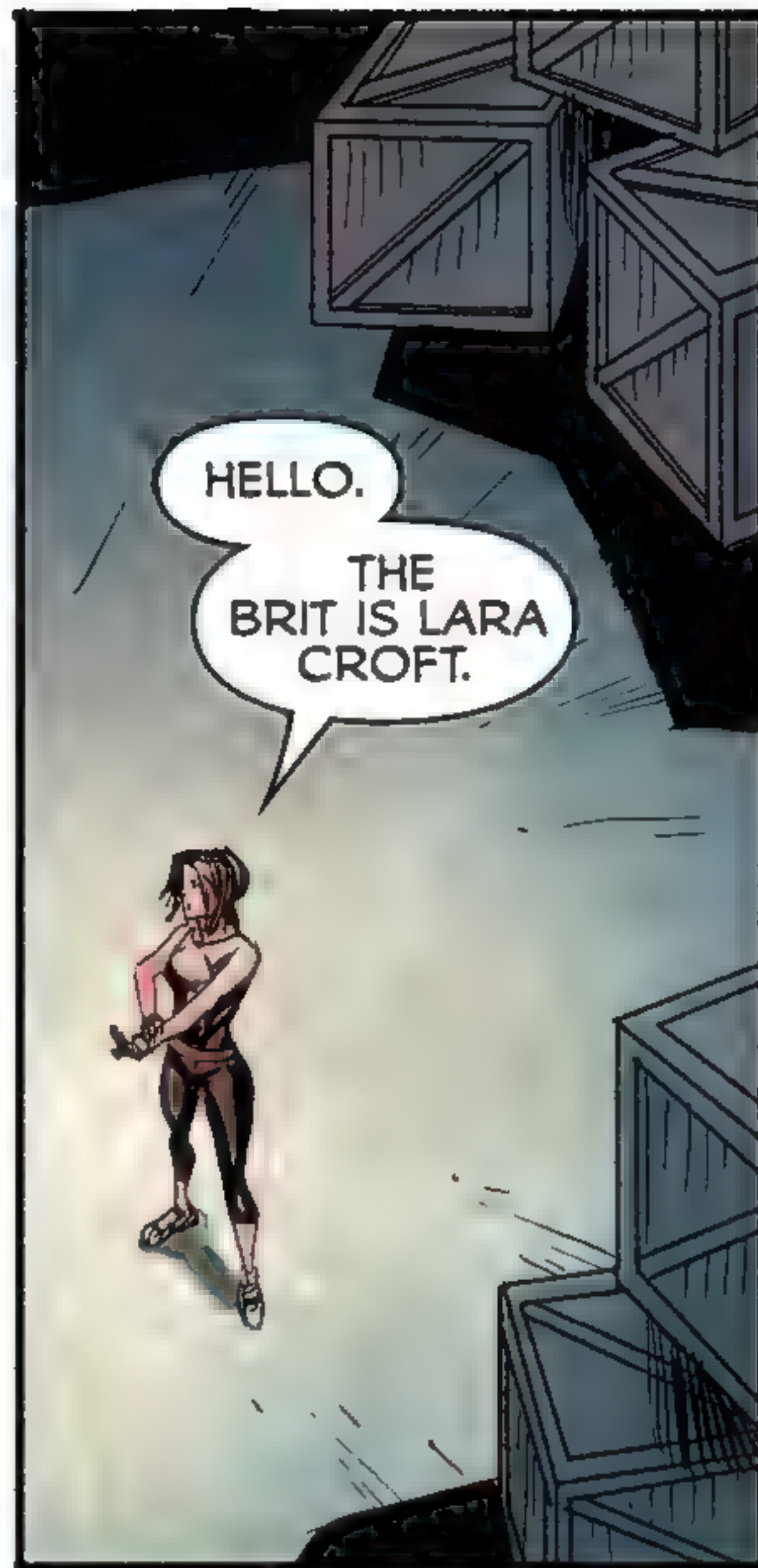
"...AND SHE WILL KICK YOUR ASS."



SOUNDS LIKE MY GIRL JOSLIN PLUS ONE BRIT. READY TO GO?



HEY, DANA.



HELLO.

THE BRIT IS LARA CROFT.



JOSLIN. YOU BROUGHT ME A NEW VICTIM. YOU'RE A SWEETHEART.

OKAY, LARA. YOU AN' ME. QUICK WARM-UP.



HIT ME.

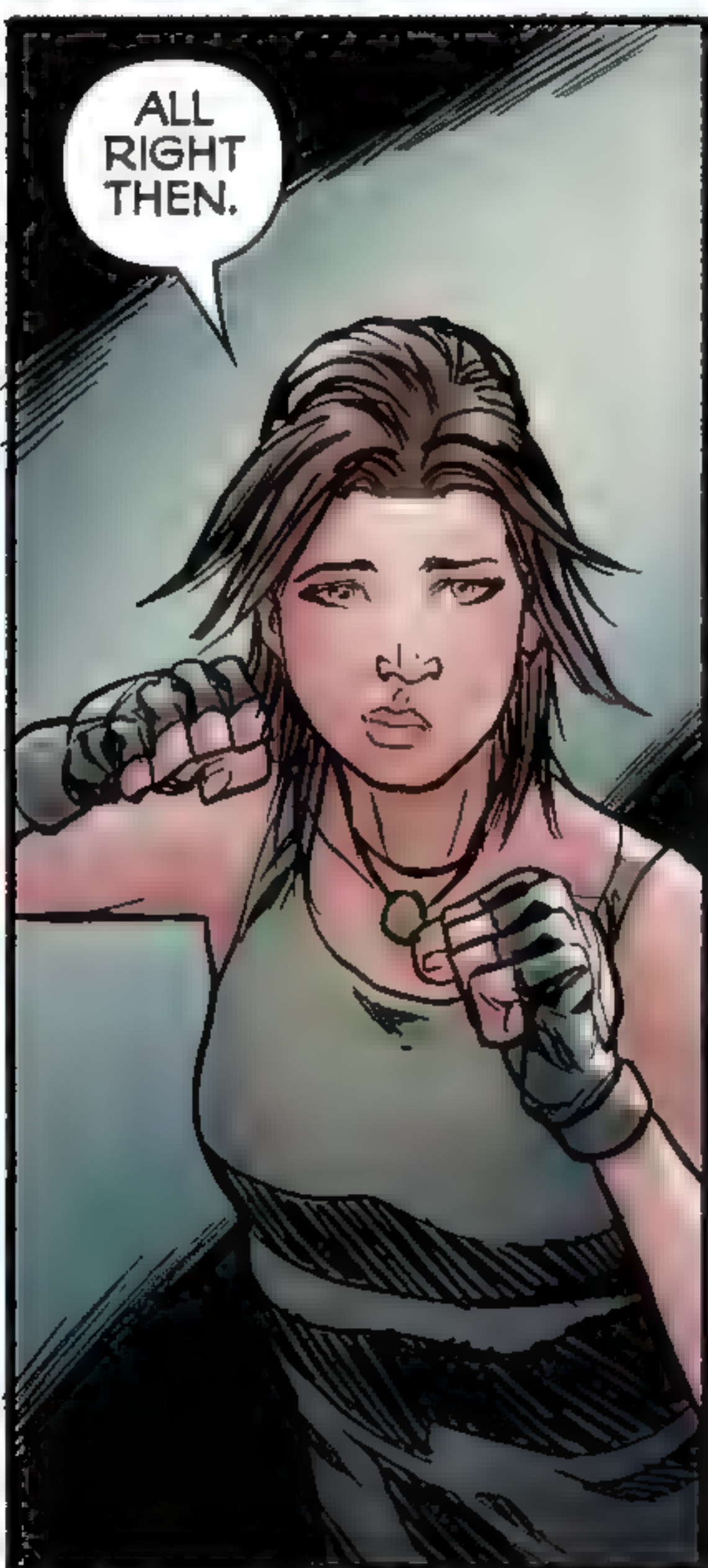


HIT YOU?

YEP. THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE. WORK ON YOUR COMBAT SKILLS. YES?



LEMME PUT IT THIS WAY. I SAY "HIT ME" BUT YOU'RE NOT GONNA GET ANYWHERE NEAR ME. SO LET'S GO. C'MON.



ALL RIGHT THEN.



WHOA! NICE. OKAY, SO THAT'S YOUR RIGHT.

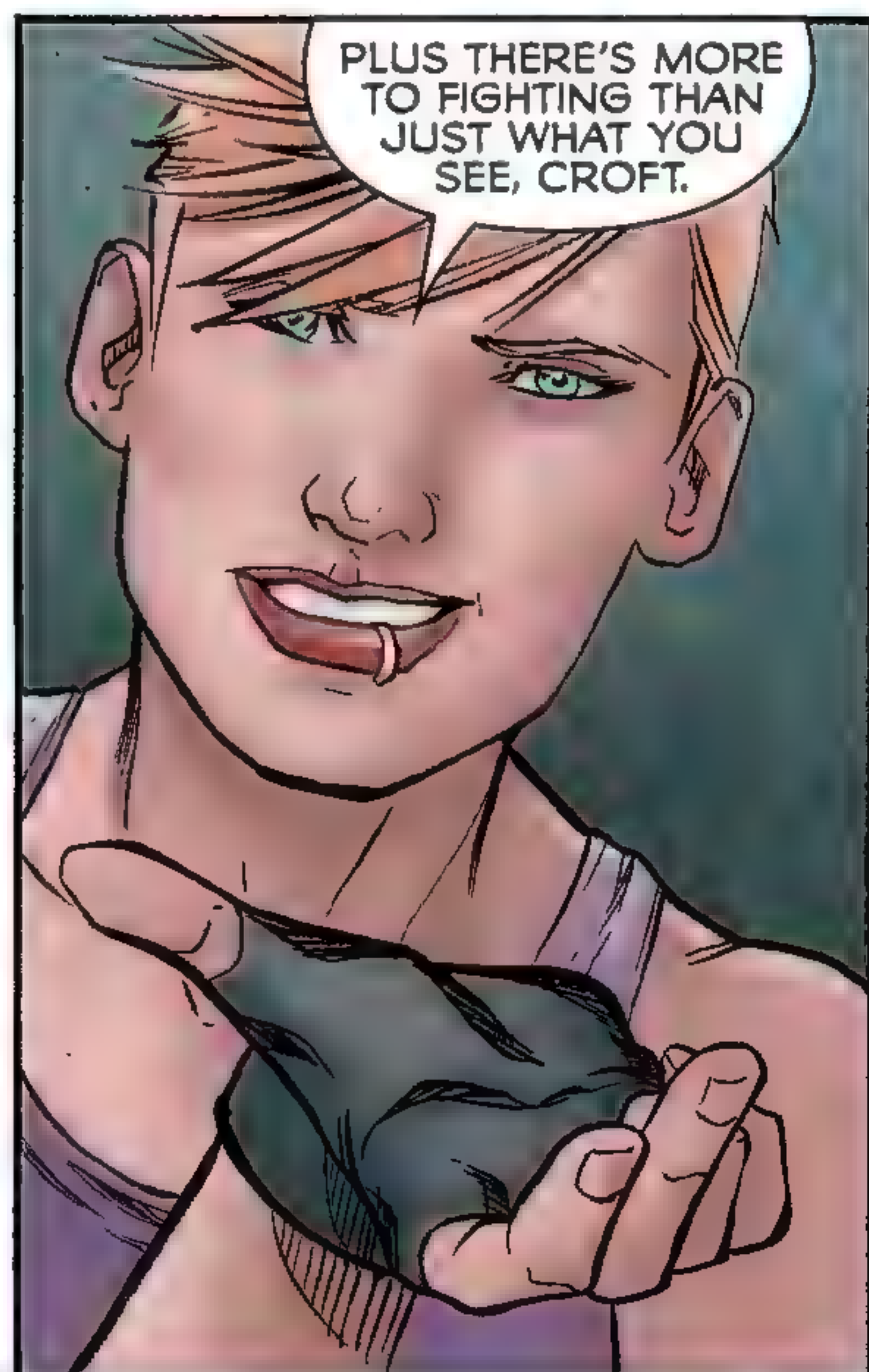
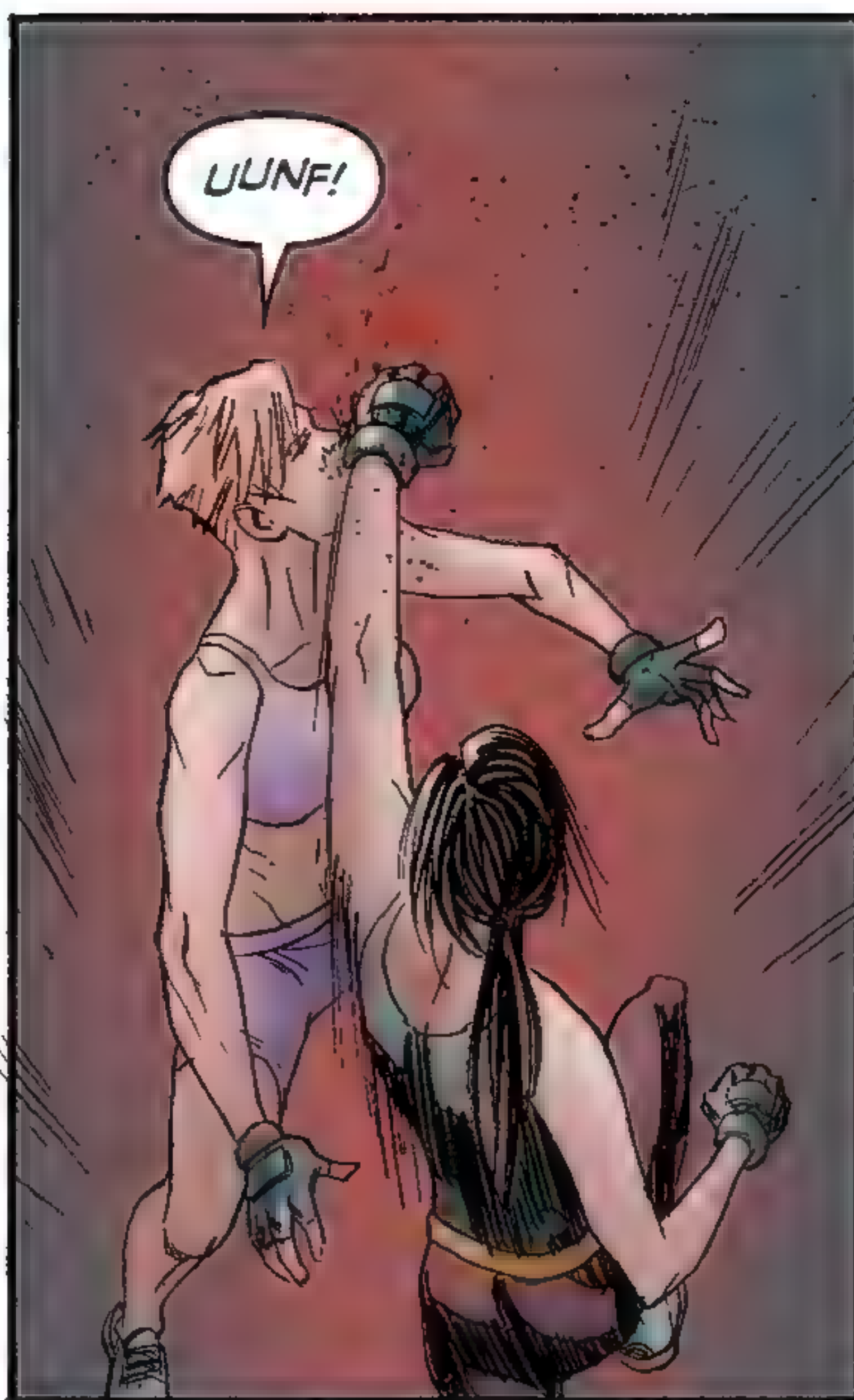


WHAT ELSE YOU GOT, LARA CROFT?



THIS IS GONNA BE FUN.









TRAFFIC.



I CAN HEAR FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE. JOGGING?



I CAN HEAR SOMETHING ON THE ROOF. MAYBE BIRDS?



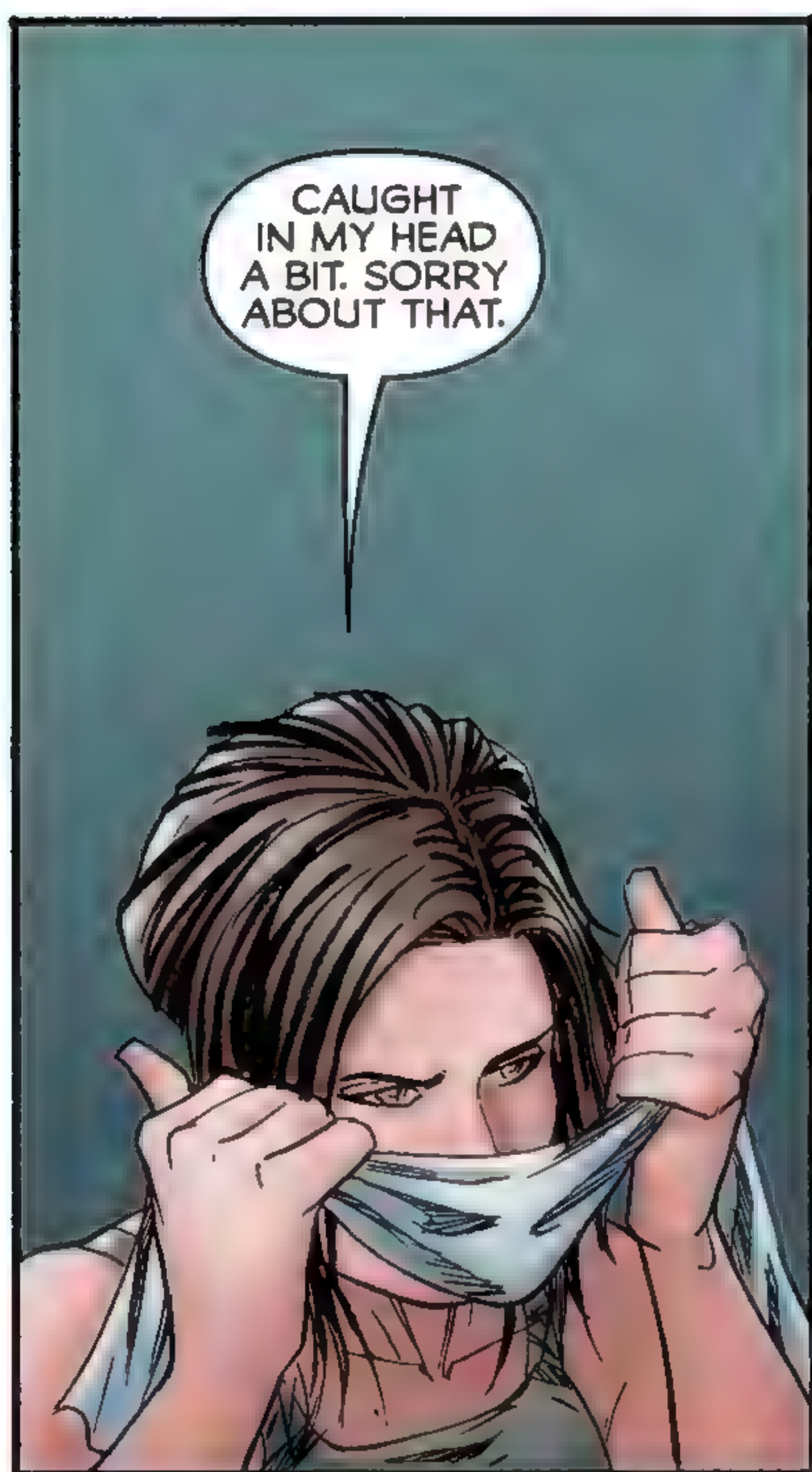
DO YOU HEAR THE LIGHTS? THE BUZZ UP AND TO THE LEFT? HOW FAR AWAY DO THEY SOUND?



I CAN HEAR A RAT.



I CAN HEAR...

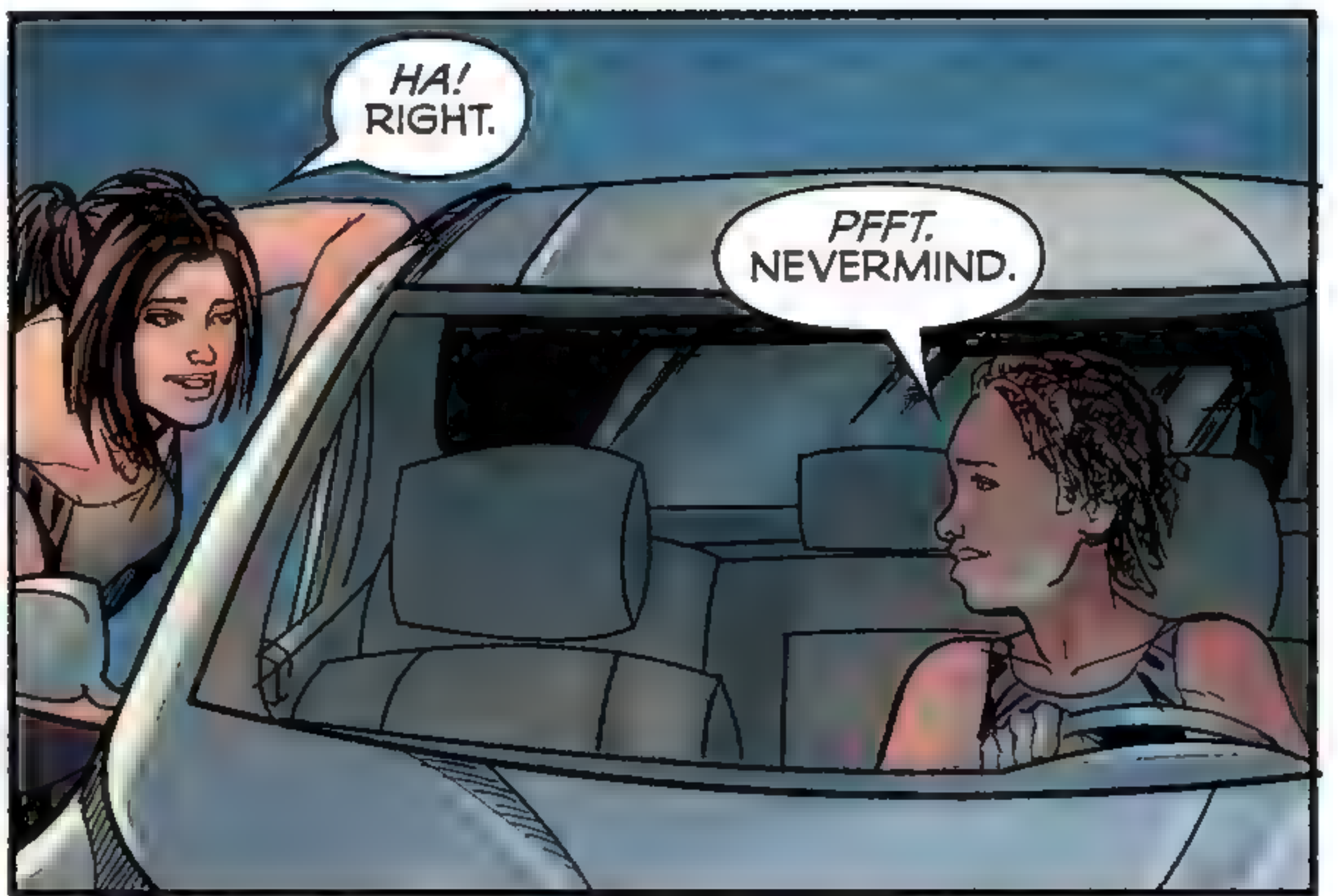




SAY HI TO ALISHA FOR ME.

WILL DO.

STAY OUT OF TROUBLE.



HA! RIGHT.

PFFT. NEVERMIND.



BYE!

MS. CROFT!

**BEEP!
BEEP!**



I WASN'T SURE WHEN -- MY NAME IS TODD BELLAMY. I WANTED TO WAIT OUT HERE SO YOU DIDN'T THINK I WAS...

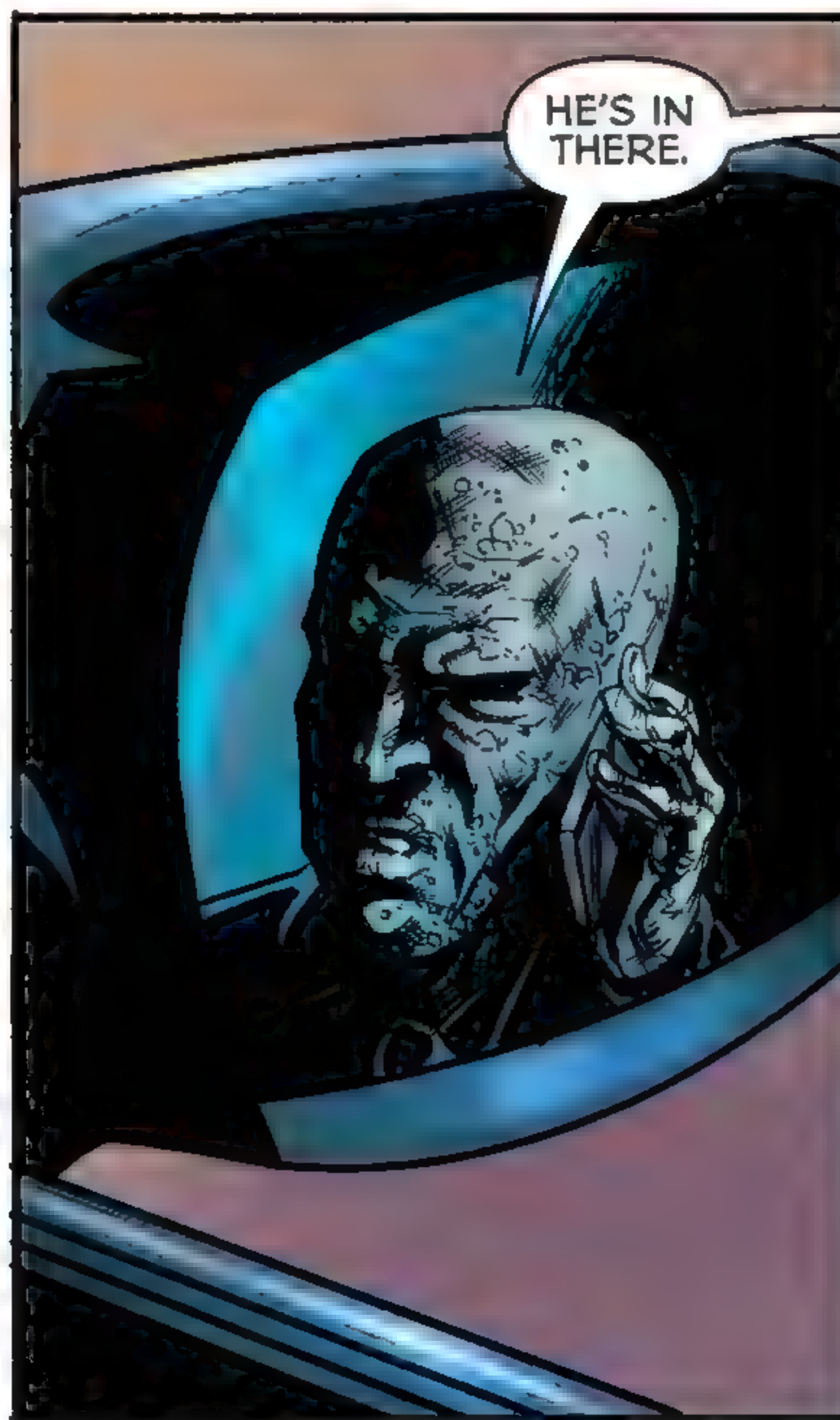
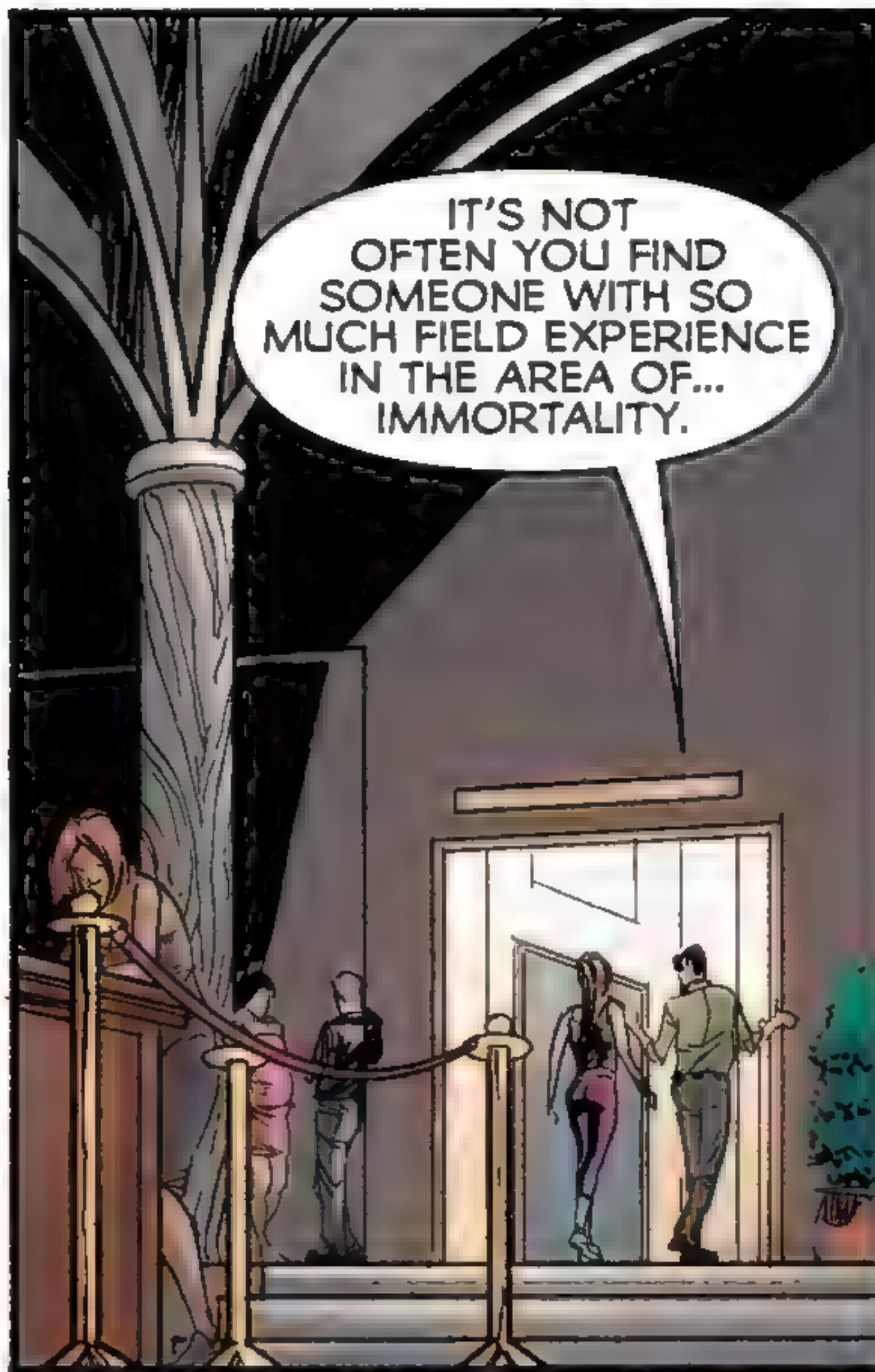
STALKING ME? HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN WAITING?



THREE HOURS. I WAS AT THE CONFERENCE. PROFESSOR DEMUR -- I'M HIS ASSISTANT -- WE HEARD YOU WERE COMING AND WE THOUGHT POSSIBLY WE COULD ARRANGE A MEETING.



UNFORTUNATELY, MR. BELLAMY, I'M NOT TAKING MEETINGS AT THE MOMENT.

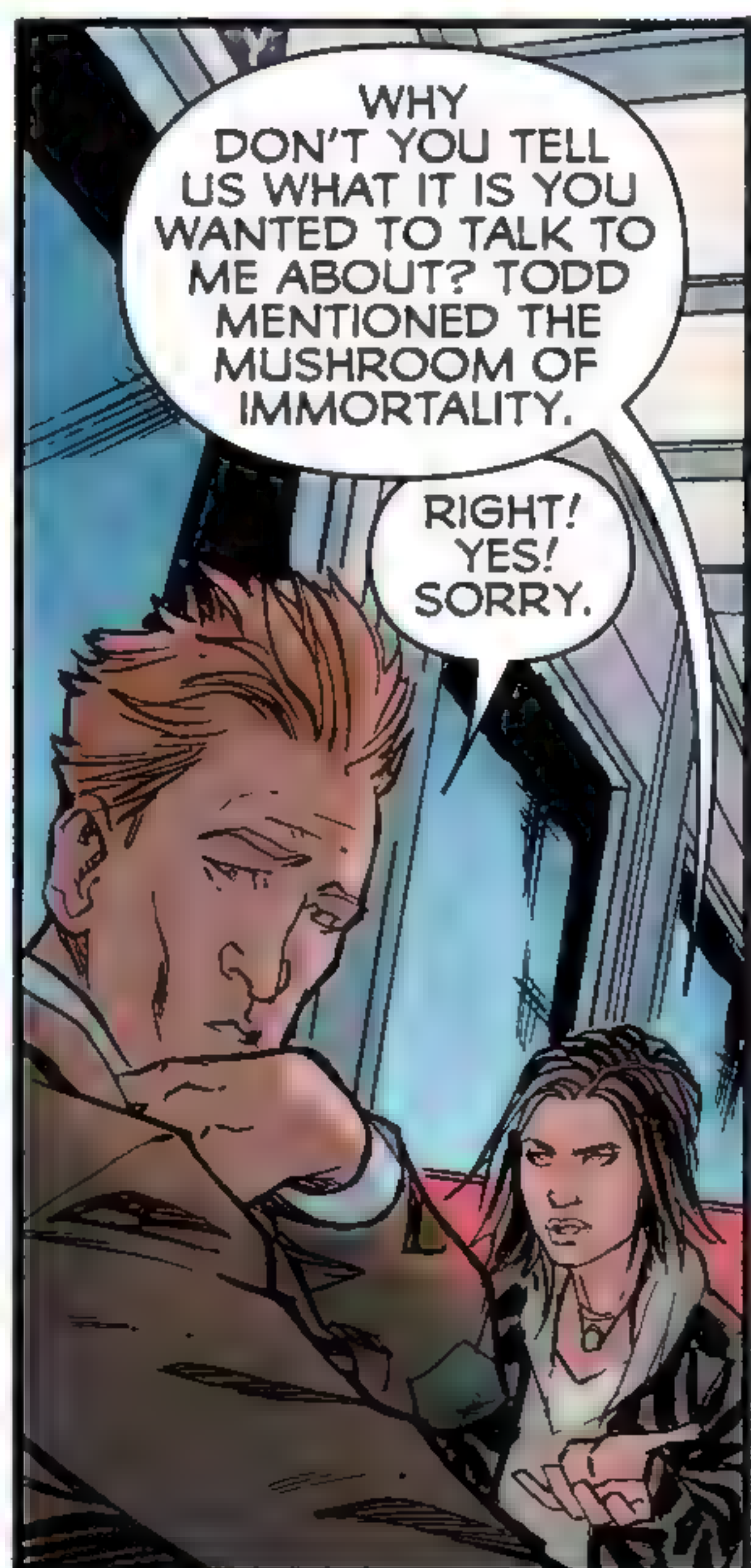
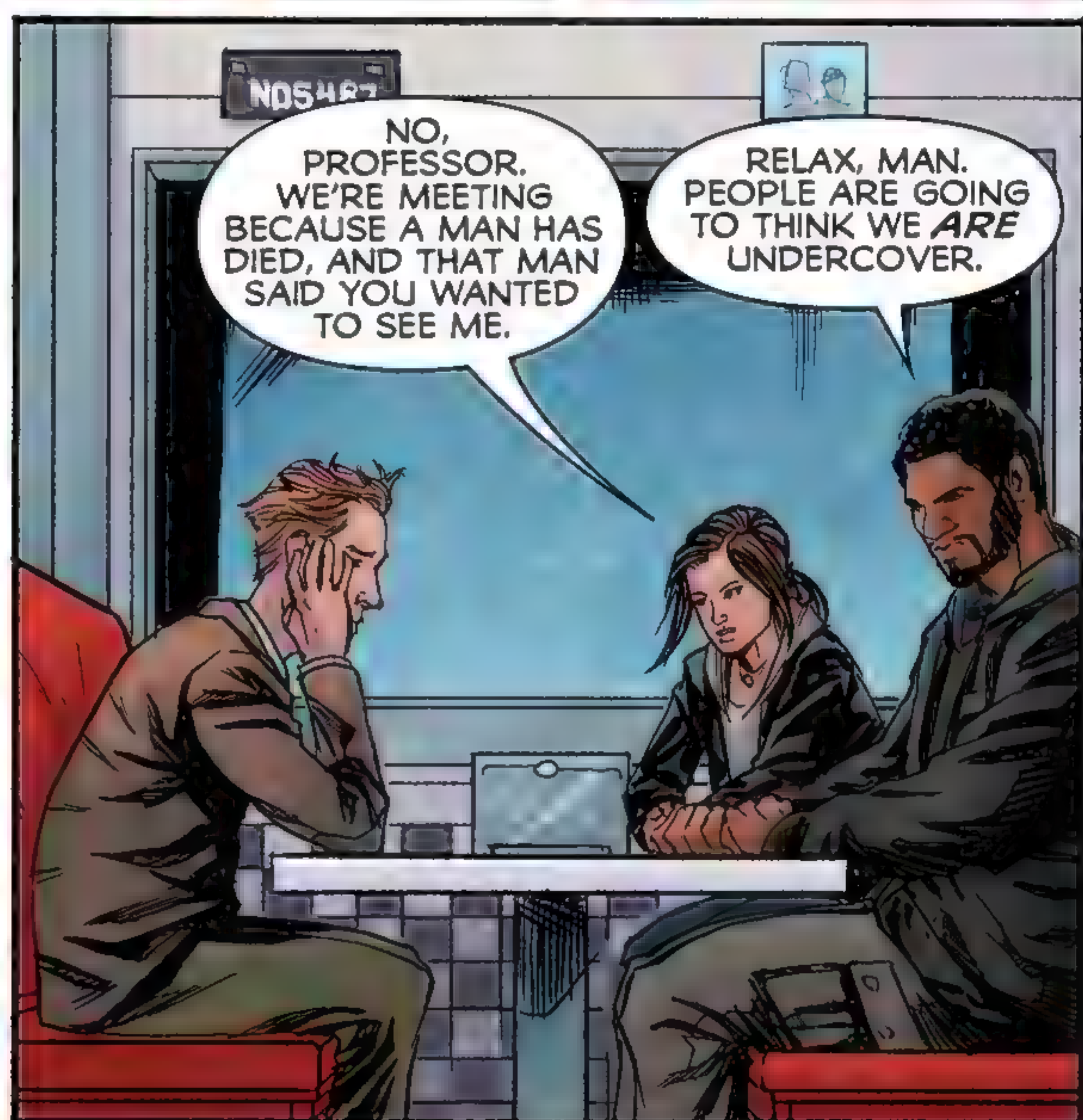


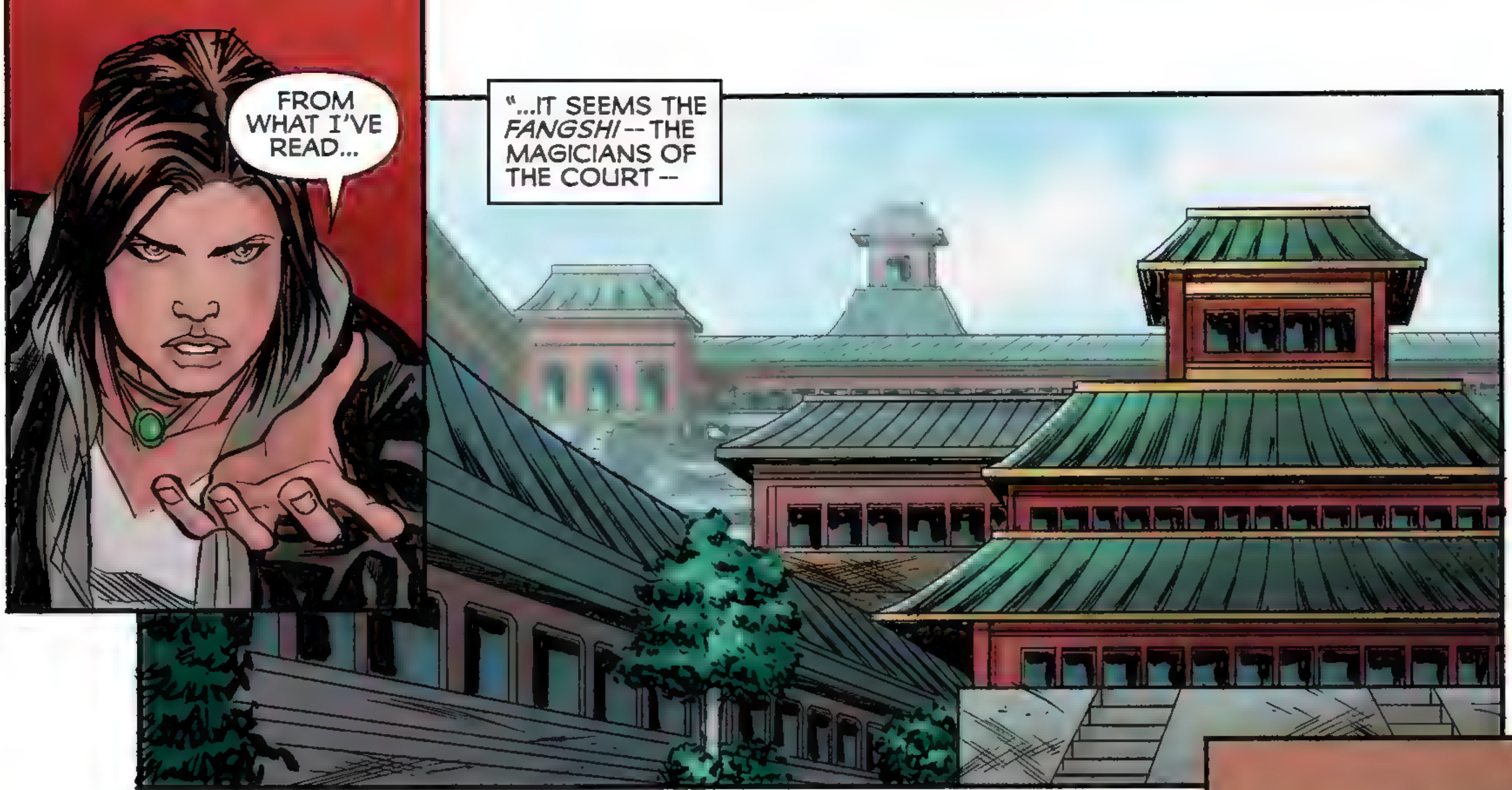
What do I hear?



Not the most relaxing exercise in the world.







FROM
WHAT I'VE
READ...

"...IT SEEMS THE
FANGSHI--THE
MAGICIANS OF
THE COURT--

"--CLAIMED THEY
KNEW SECRET
LOCATIONS WHERE
THE MUSHROOMS
GREW.

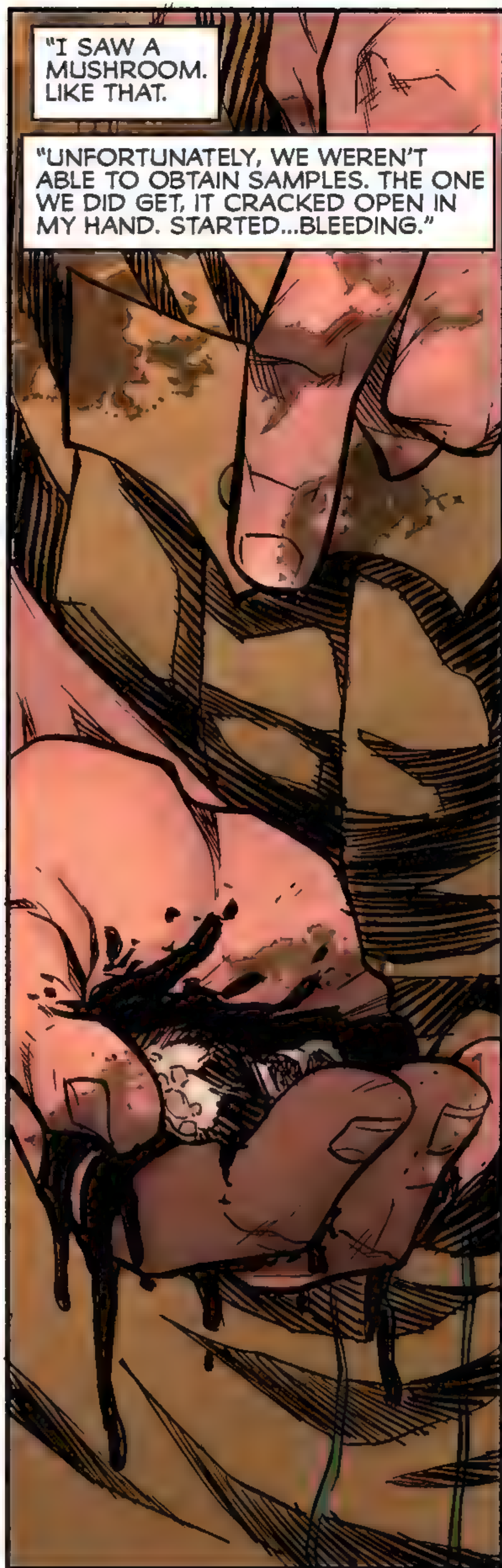
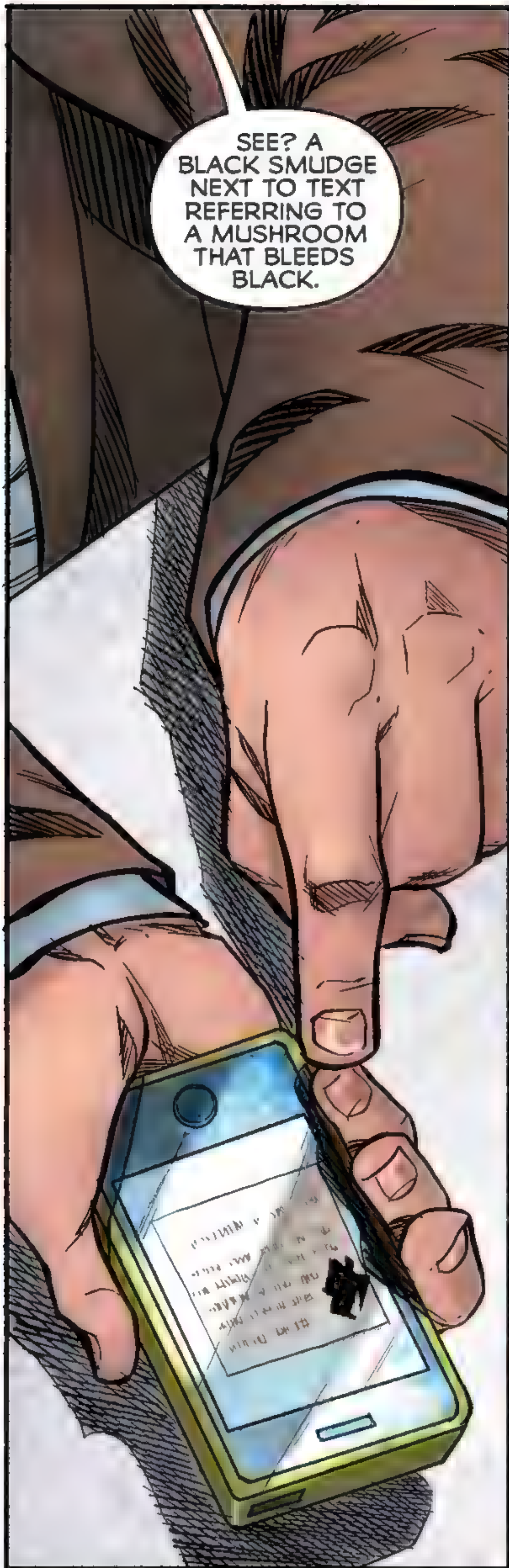
"BUT THERE'S NO EVIDENCE THAT ANY
EXPEDITION SENT OUT TO FIND THE
MUSHROOMS WAS EVER SUCCESSFUL."



SO...



YES! A WEEK AGO A
COLLEAGUE OF MINE E-MAILED
A TEXT HE WAS TRANSLATING. A
FANGSHI...RECIPE. WITH A SIDE
BENEFIT OF ETERNAL LIFE. THERE
WAS, HE BELIEVED, A...WELL,
HE SAID A SMUDGE.





I KNOW IT'S
A--HA-- A WILD
MUSHROOM CHASE
BUT, YES, LARA. IF
I'M RIGHT...

WHY
DON'T WE
TAKE A LOOK AT
YOUR NOTES
FIRST?

OF
COURSE!
YES.



WE HAVE TO
PACK UP, BUT I CAN
MEET YOU AT YOUR
OFFICE. WHY DON'T WE
SAY SEVEN? YOU CAN
SHOW ME WHAT
YOU HAVE.

ABSOLUTELY.
SEVEN.

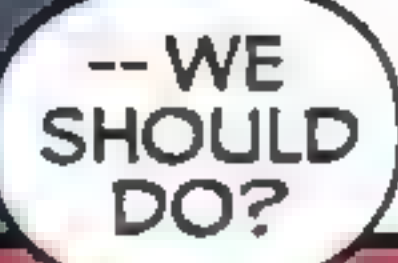
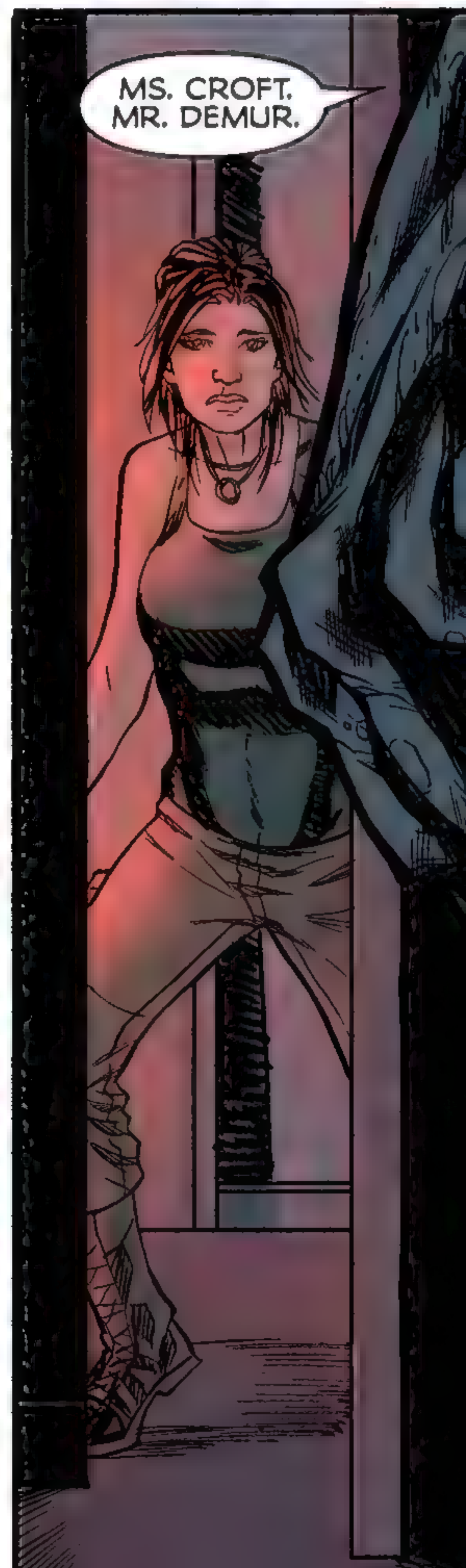
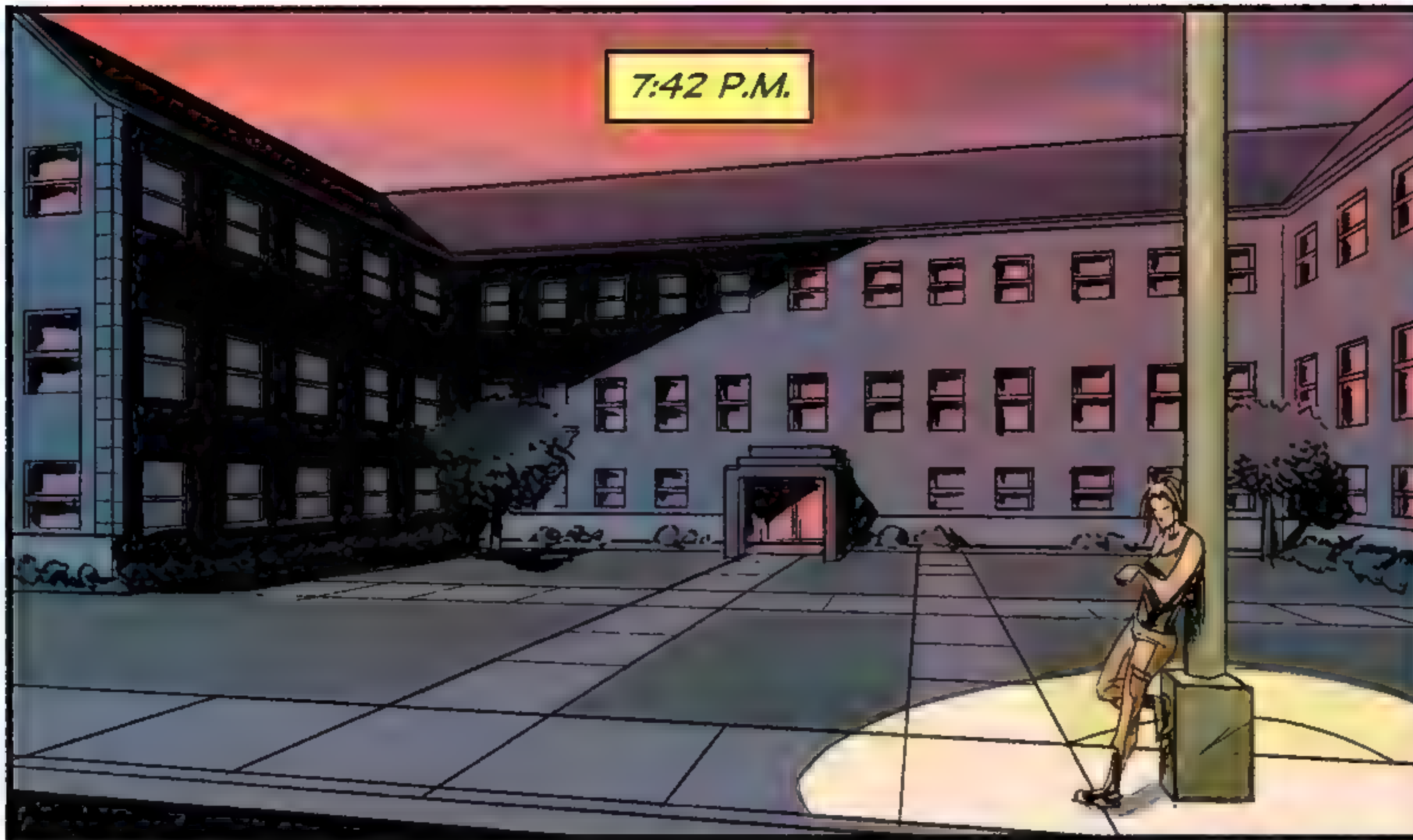


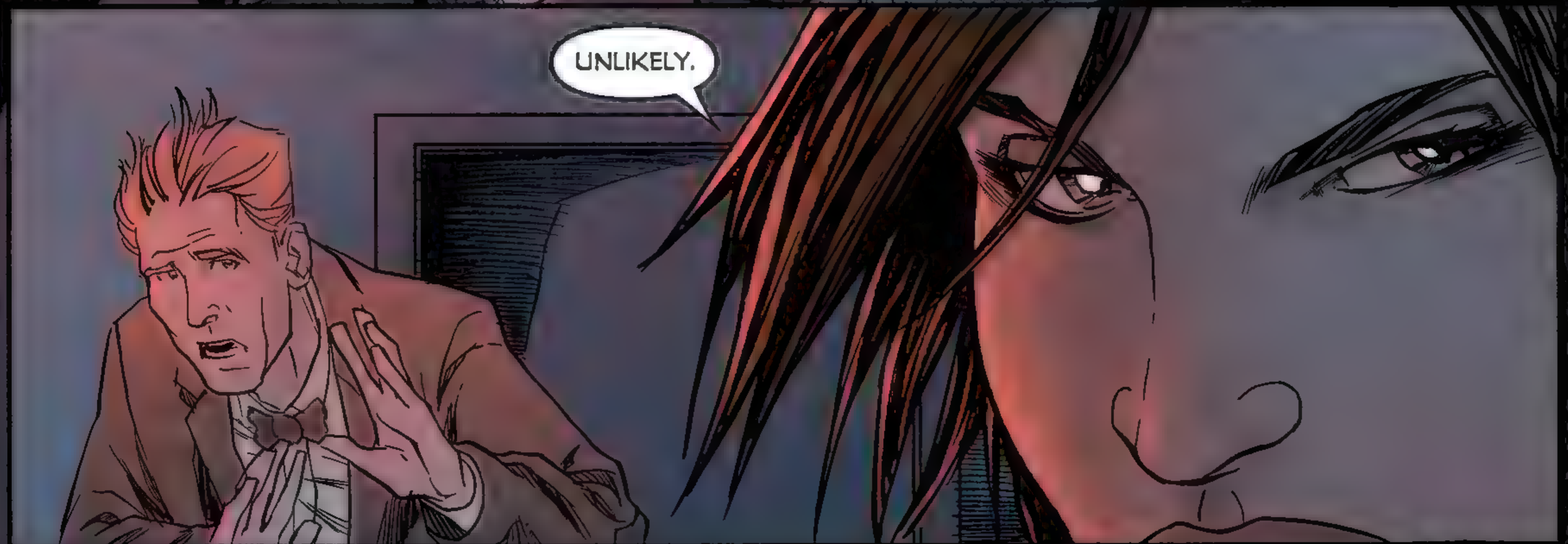
WHAT
DO YOU
THINK?

I'D LIKE
TO SEE SOME
RESEARCH BEFORE
I GO LOOKING FOR
MUSHROOMS IN
CHINA.



I DON'T
KNOW, LARA.
THAT GUY IS
TENSE.

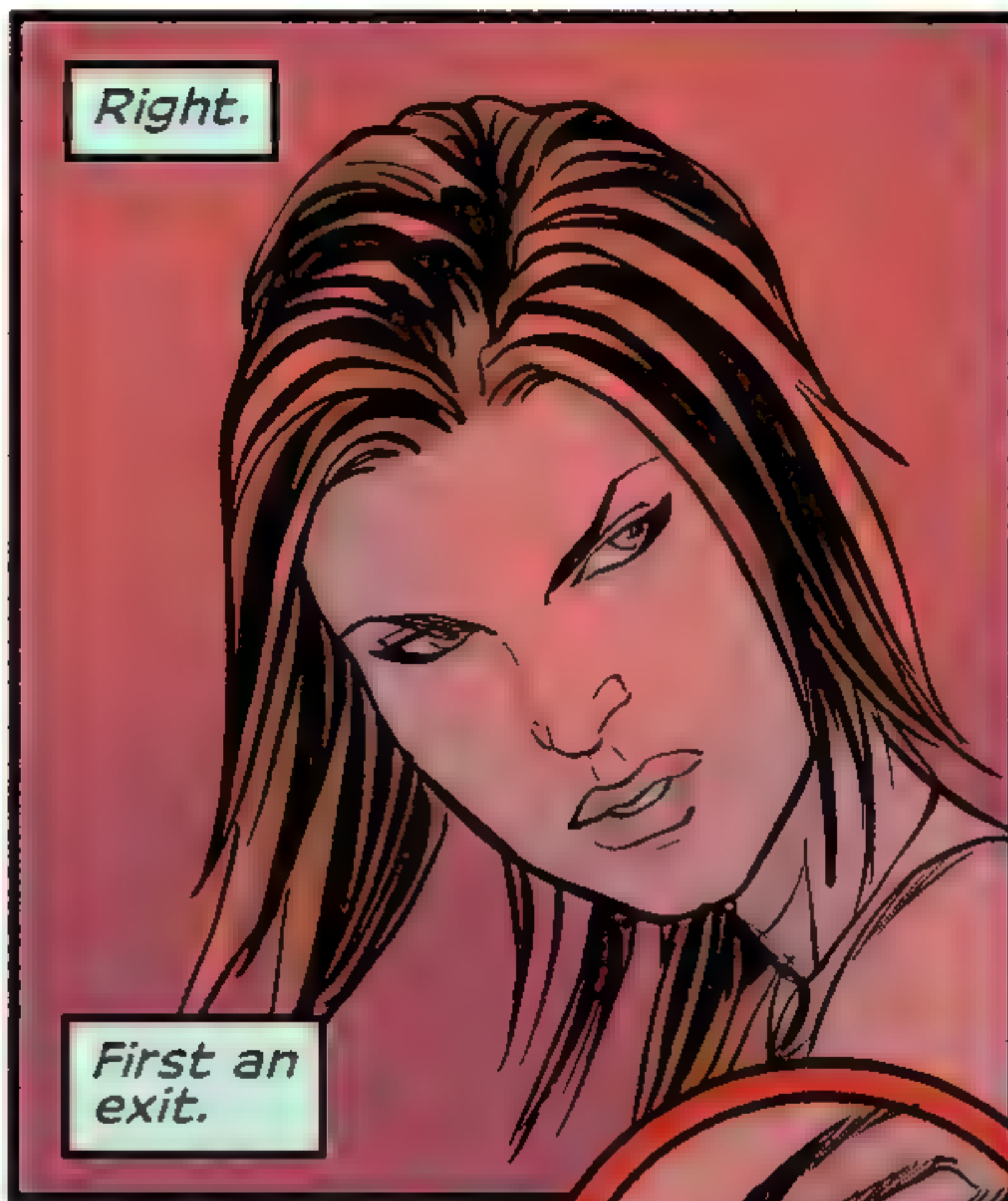




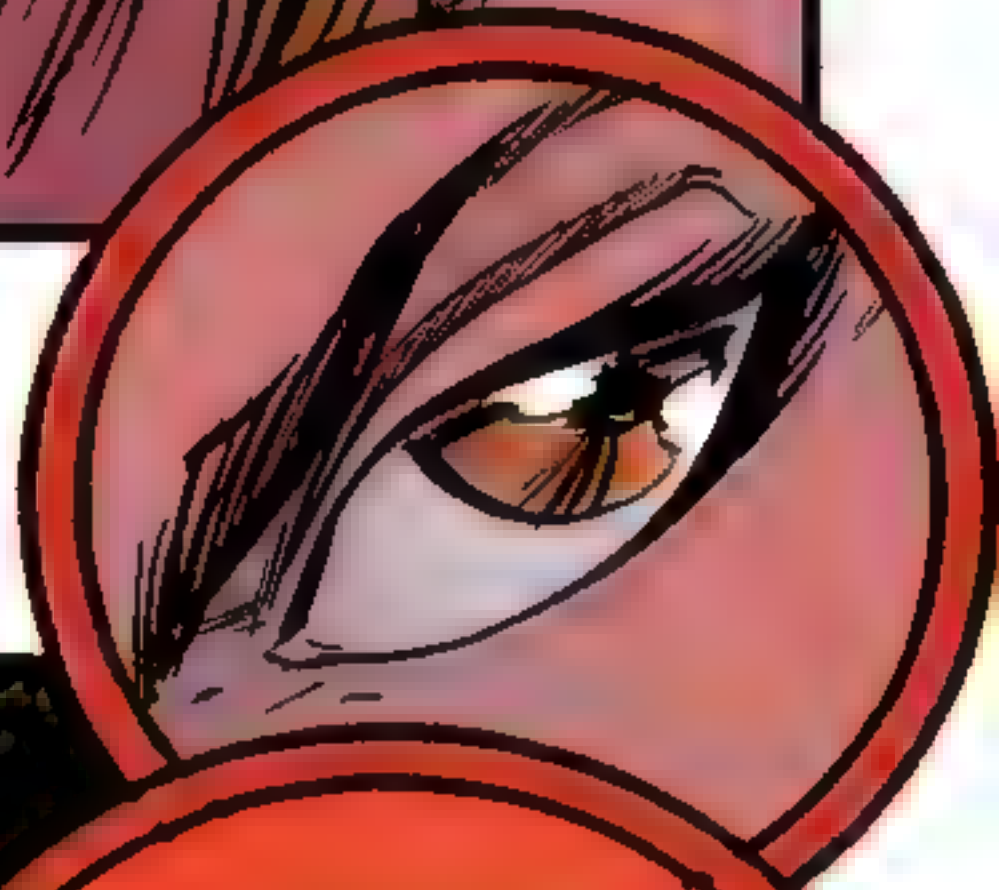
OFFICE OF
PROFESSOR ROBERT DEMUR,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.

STANDOFF.





Then, a plan.



20 STEPS = 3 SECONDS



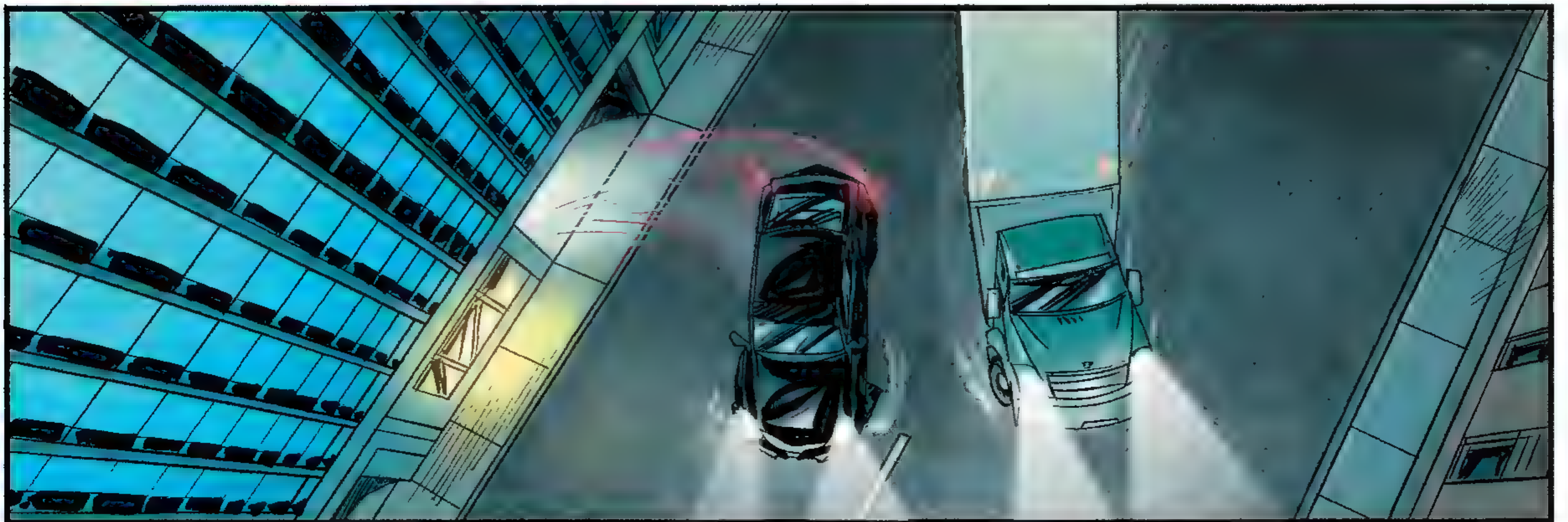
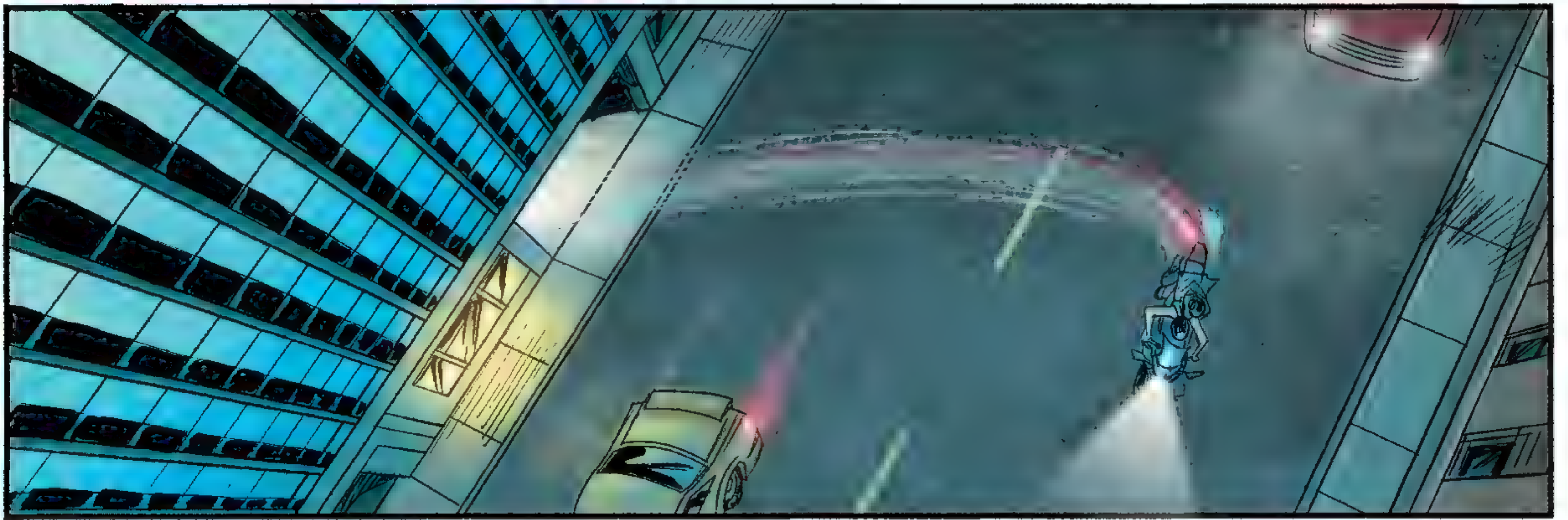
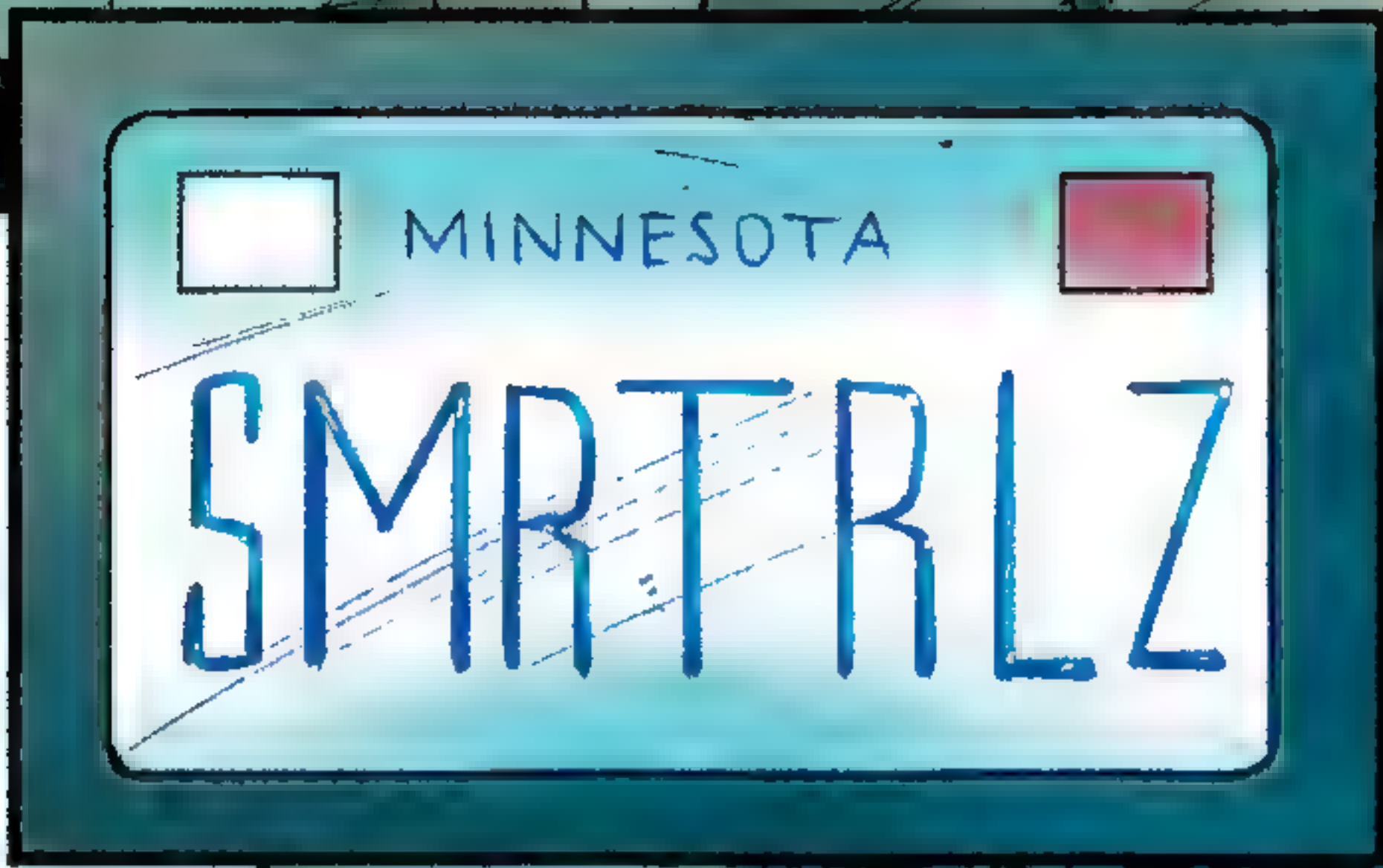
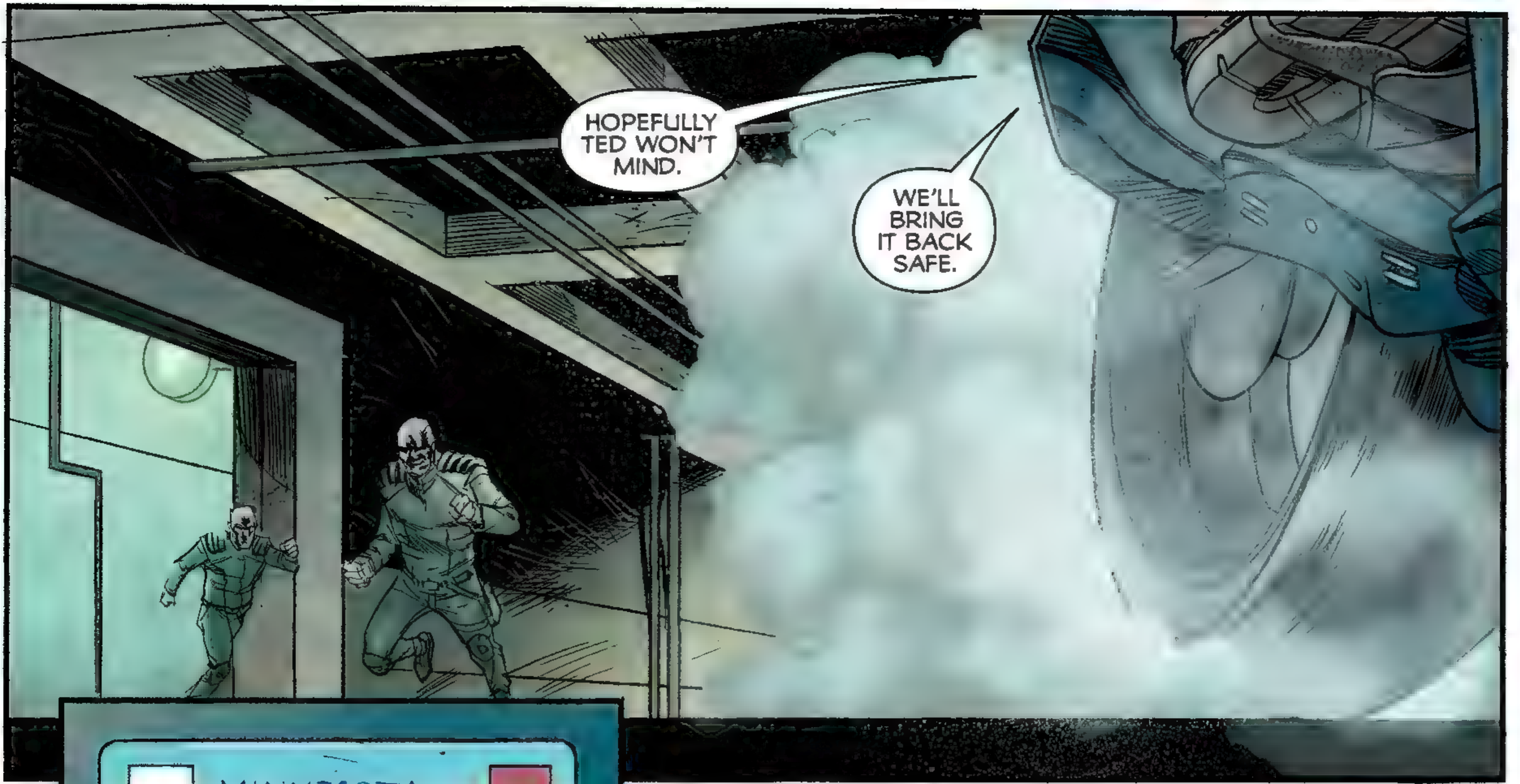
THE MUSHROOM.

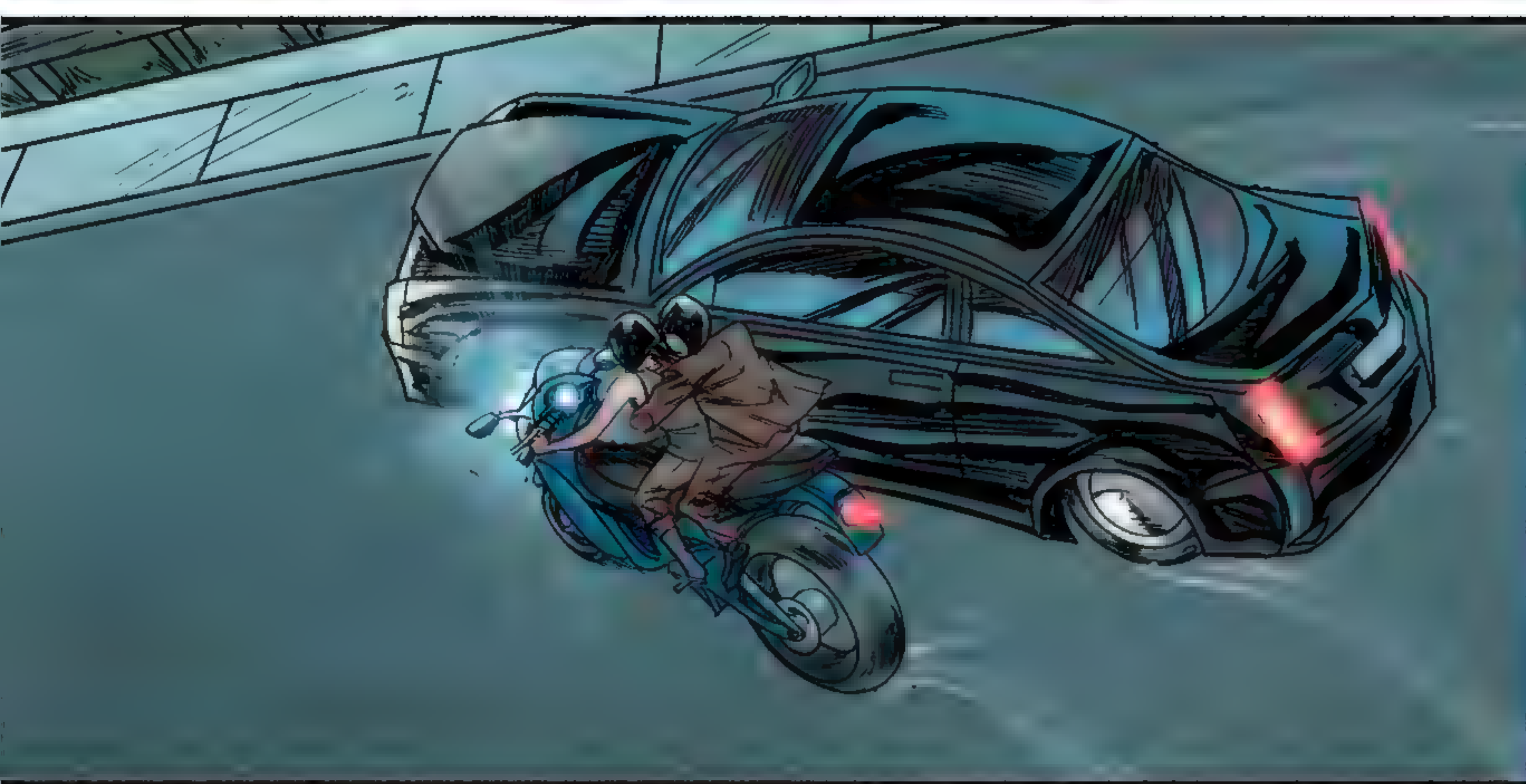
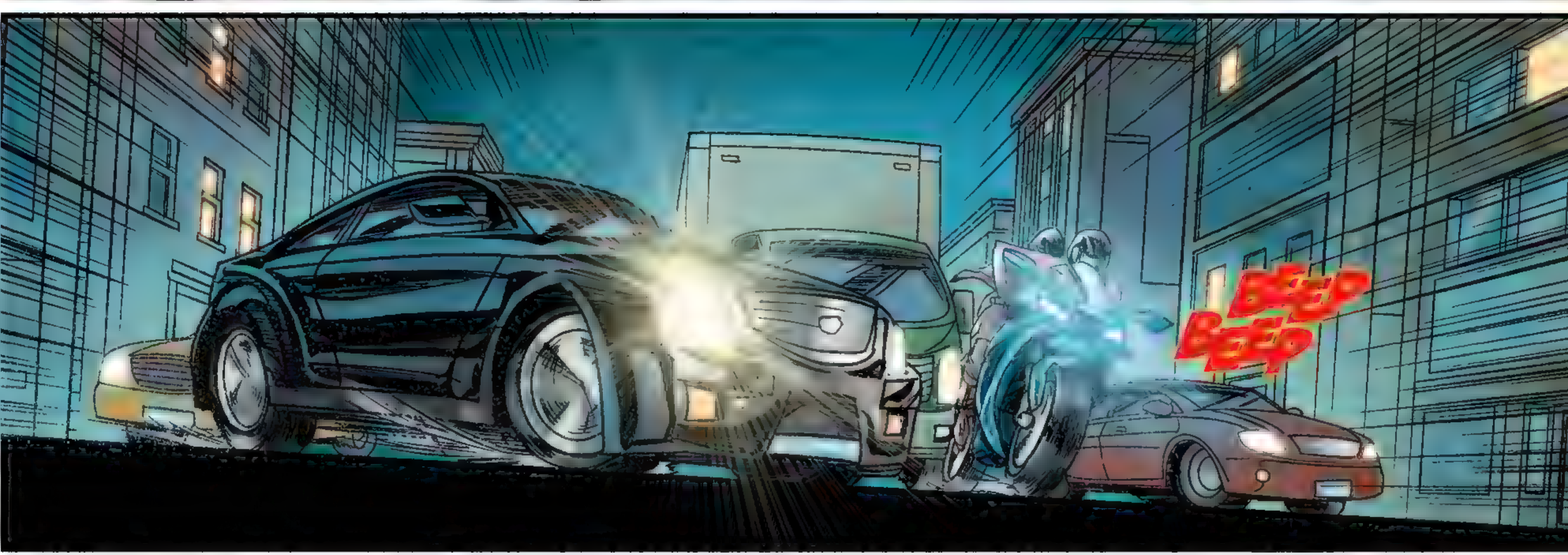
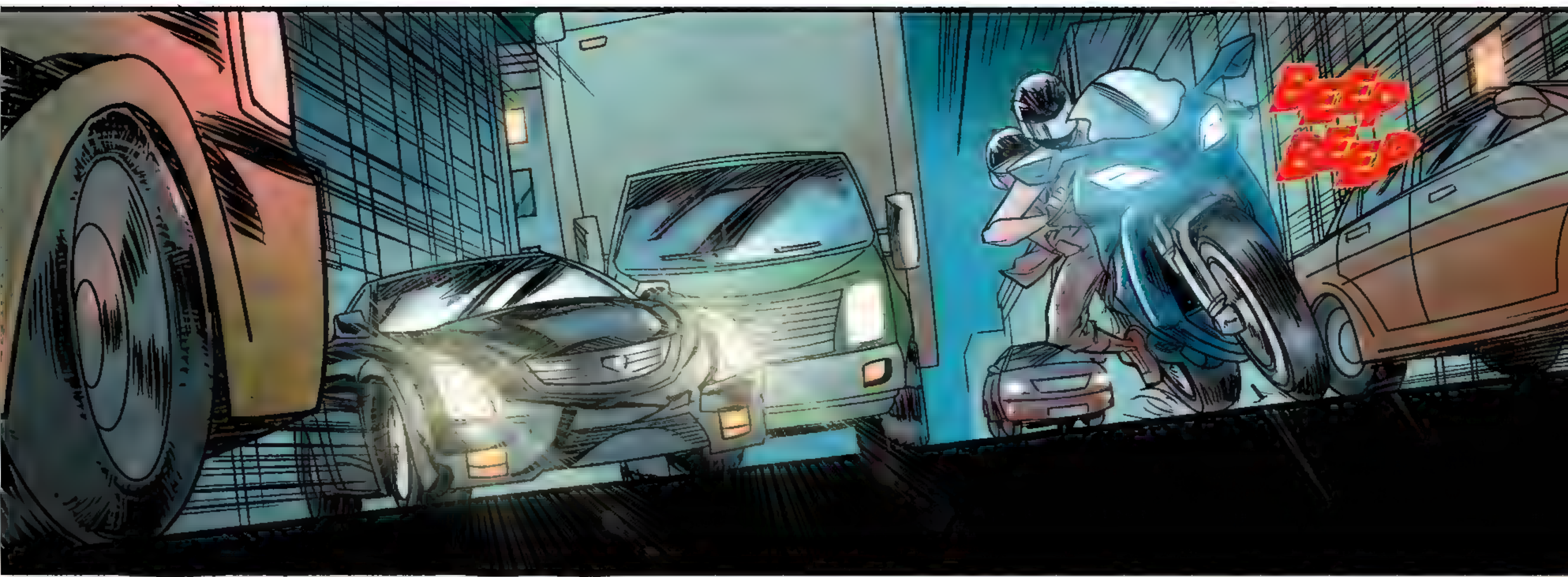
2-SECOND LEAD

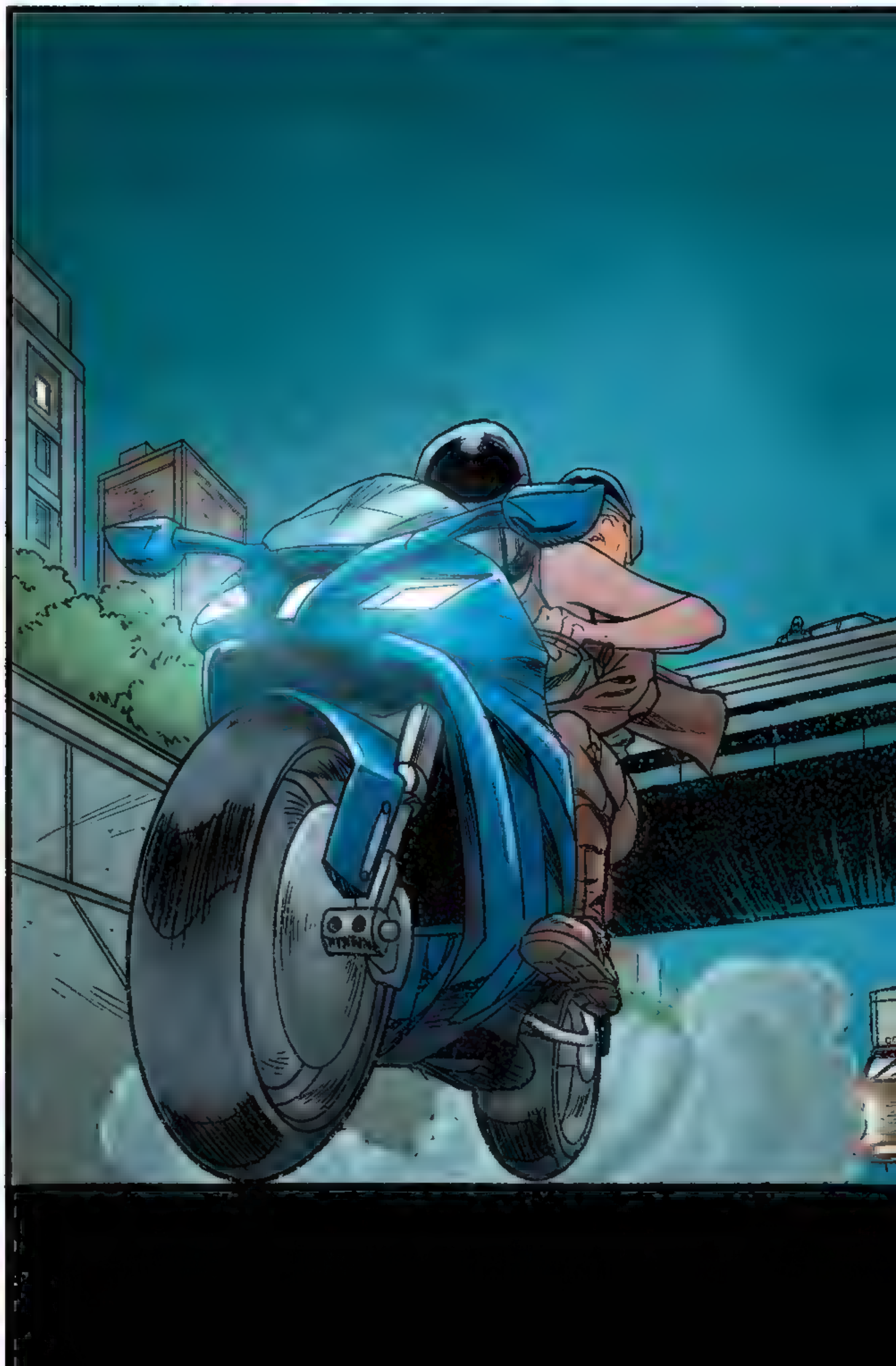
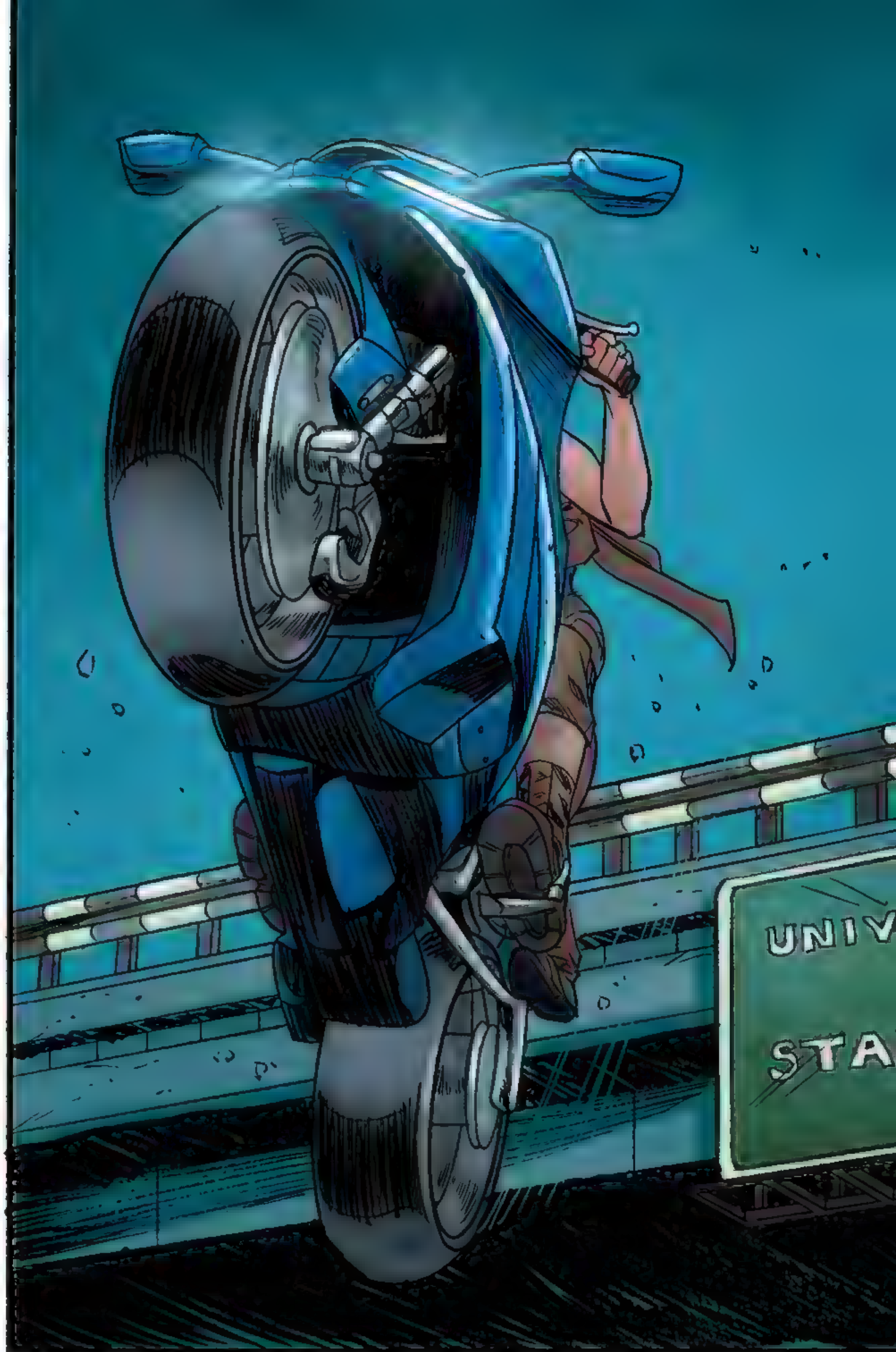
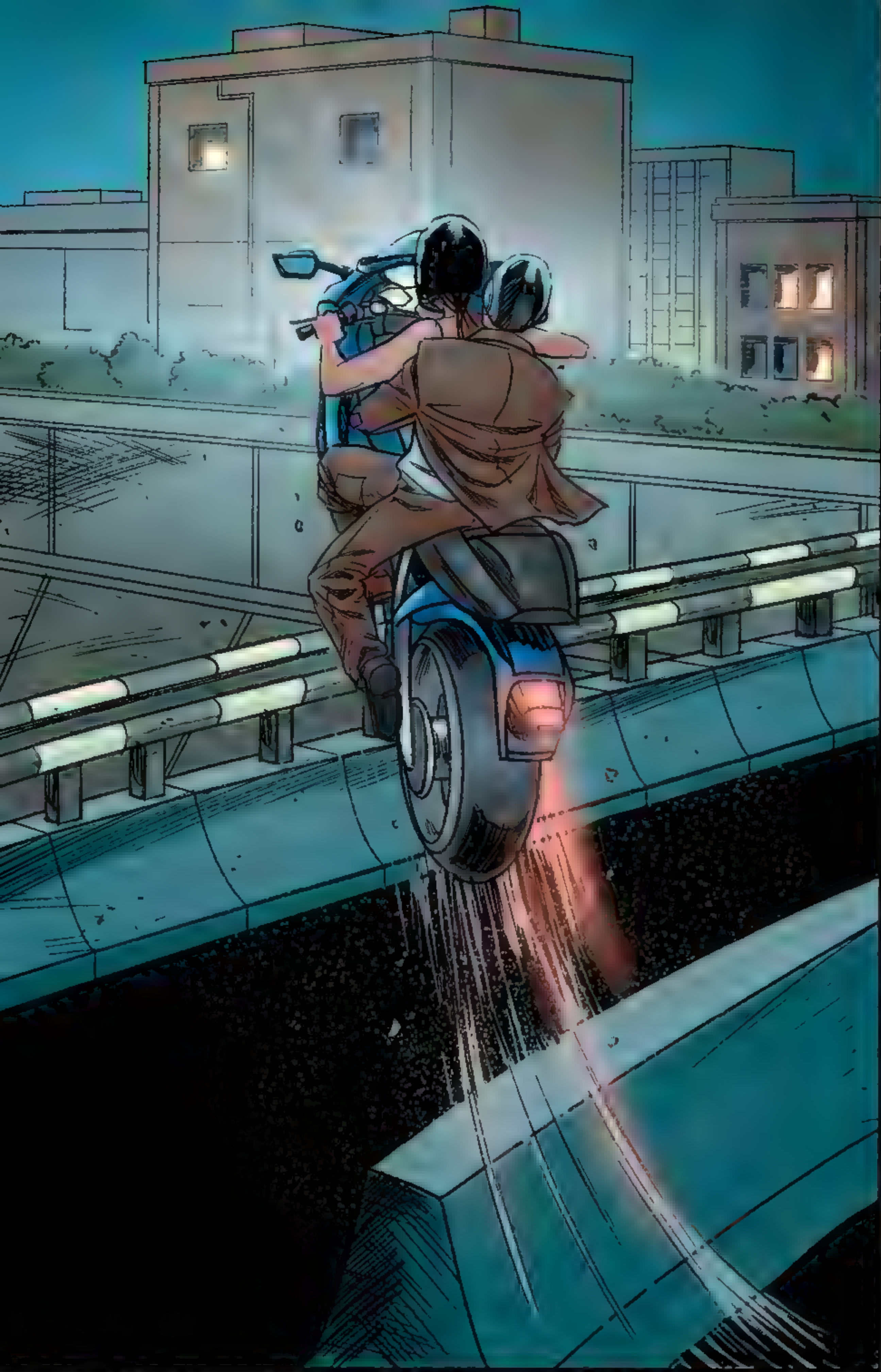
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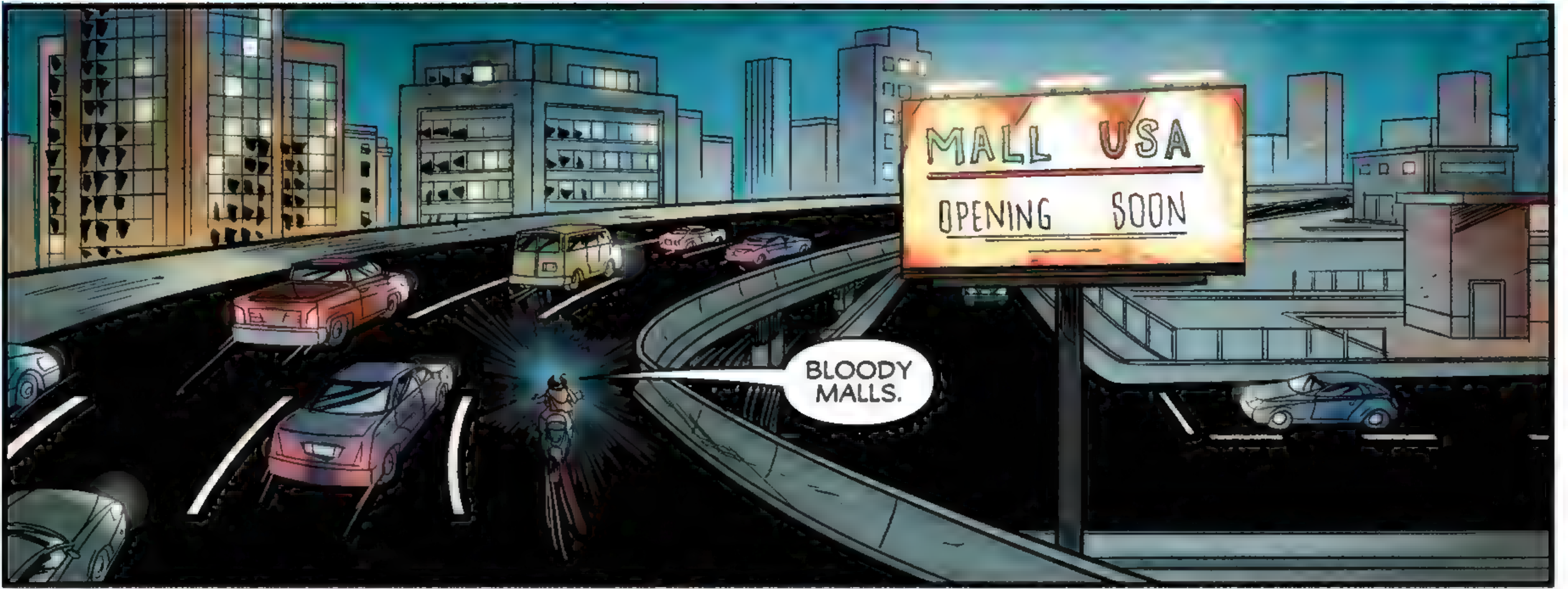
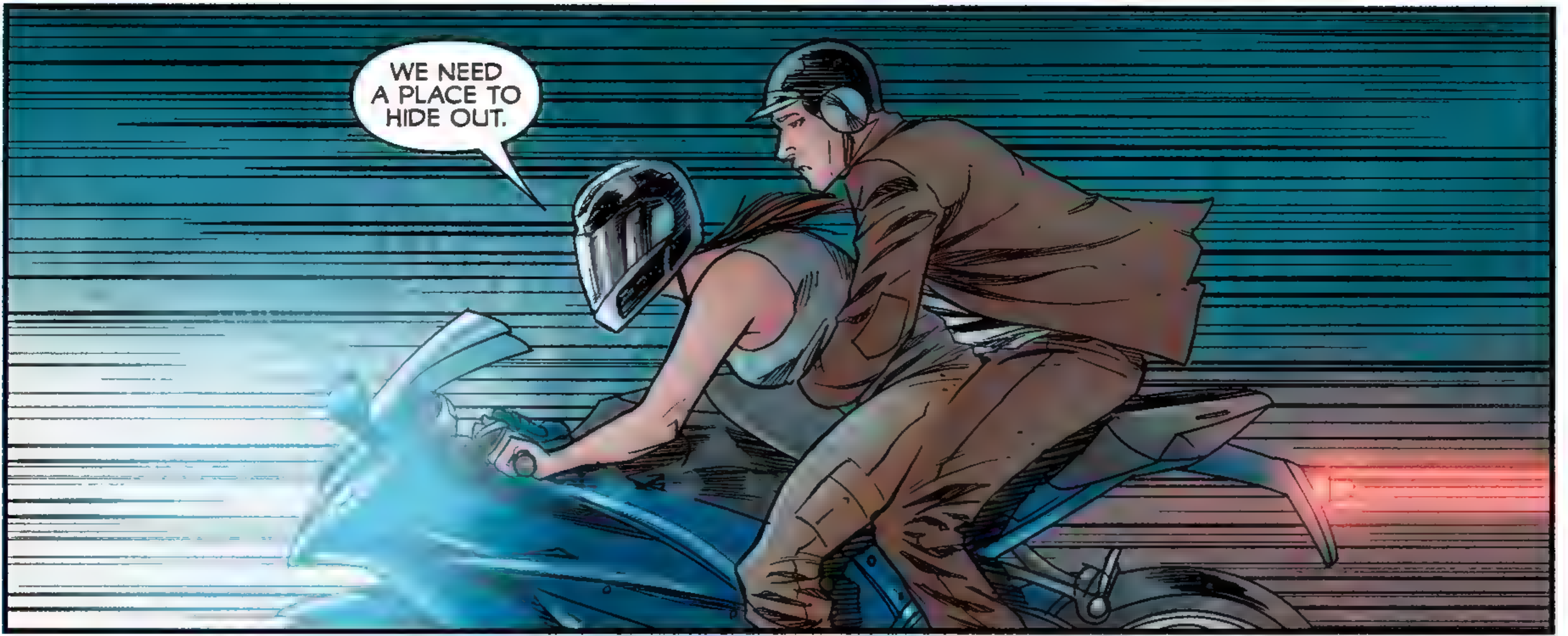




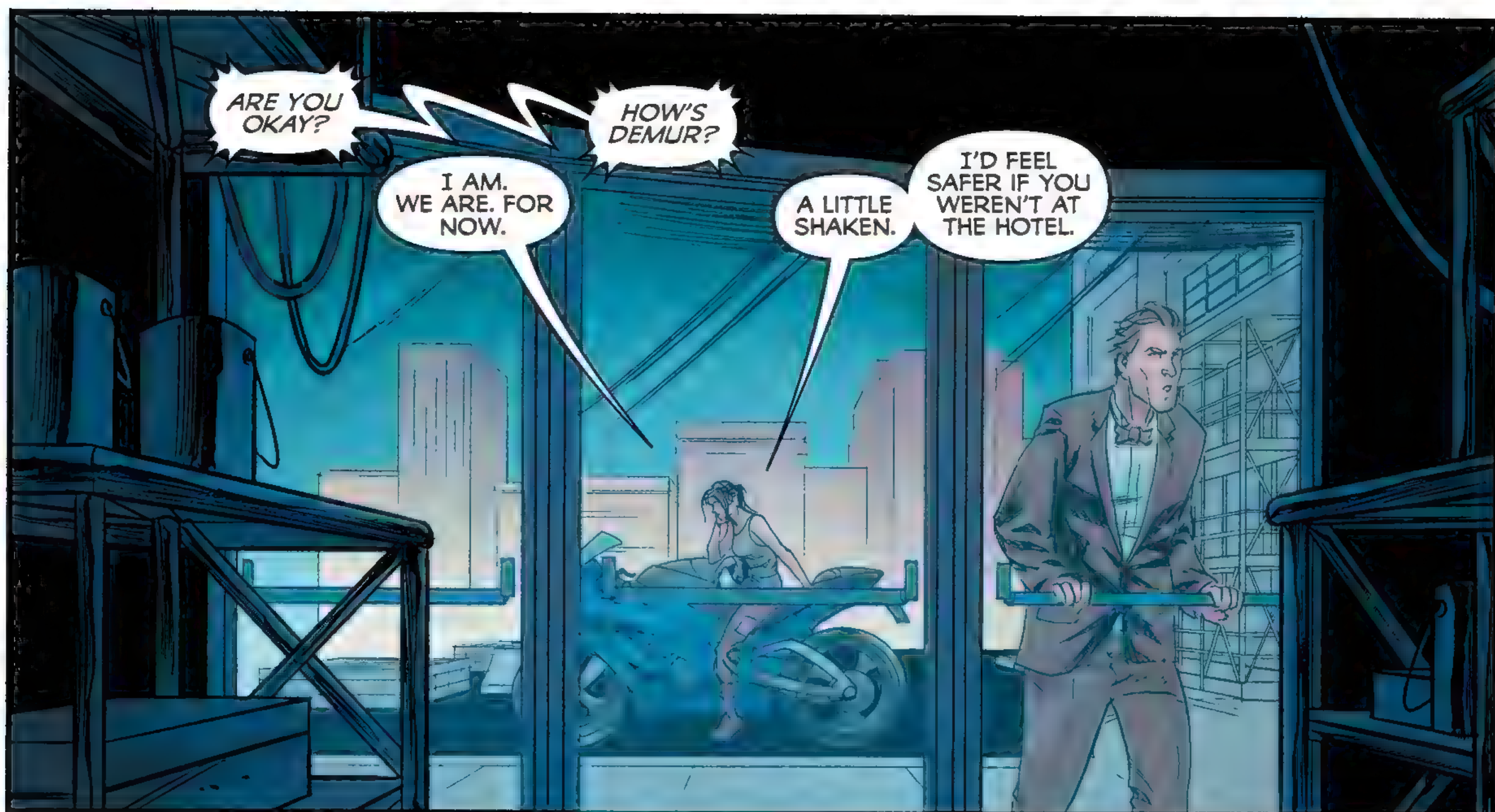












ARE YOU
OKAY?

HOW'S
DEMUR?

I AM.
WE ARE. FOR
NOW.

A LITTLE
SHAKEN.

I'D FEEL
SAFER IF YOU
WEREN'T AT
THE HOTEL.



I'M
LEAVING
NOW. WHO DO
YOU THINK
THIS IS?



I'VE NO
IDEA. LOOKED
MILITARY.

I'LL CALL
YOU--



WHOA!

CLICK!



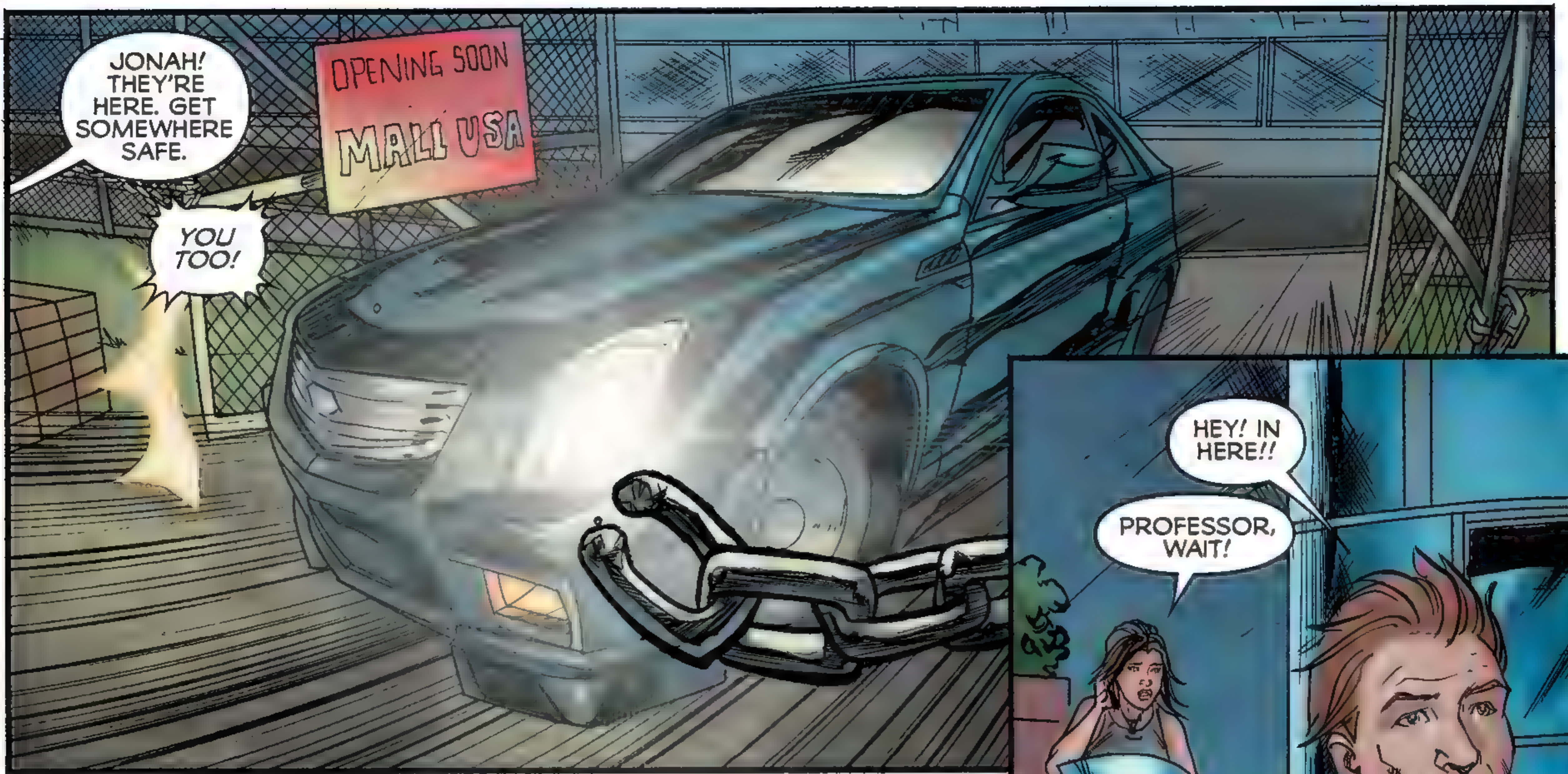
MS.
CROFT!

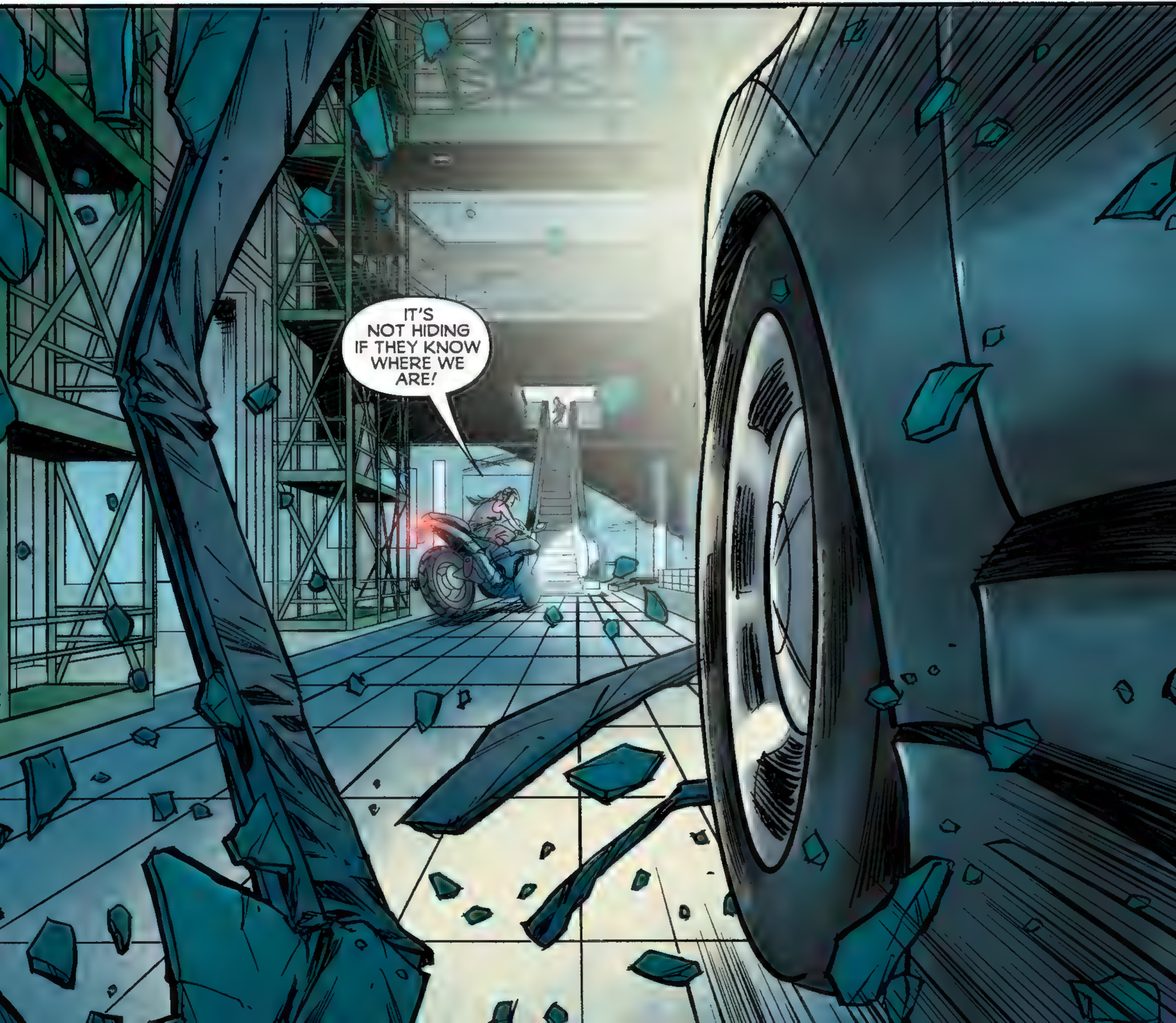
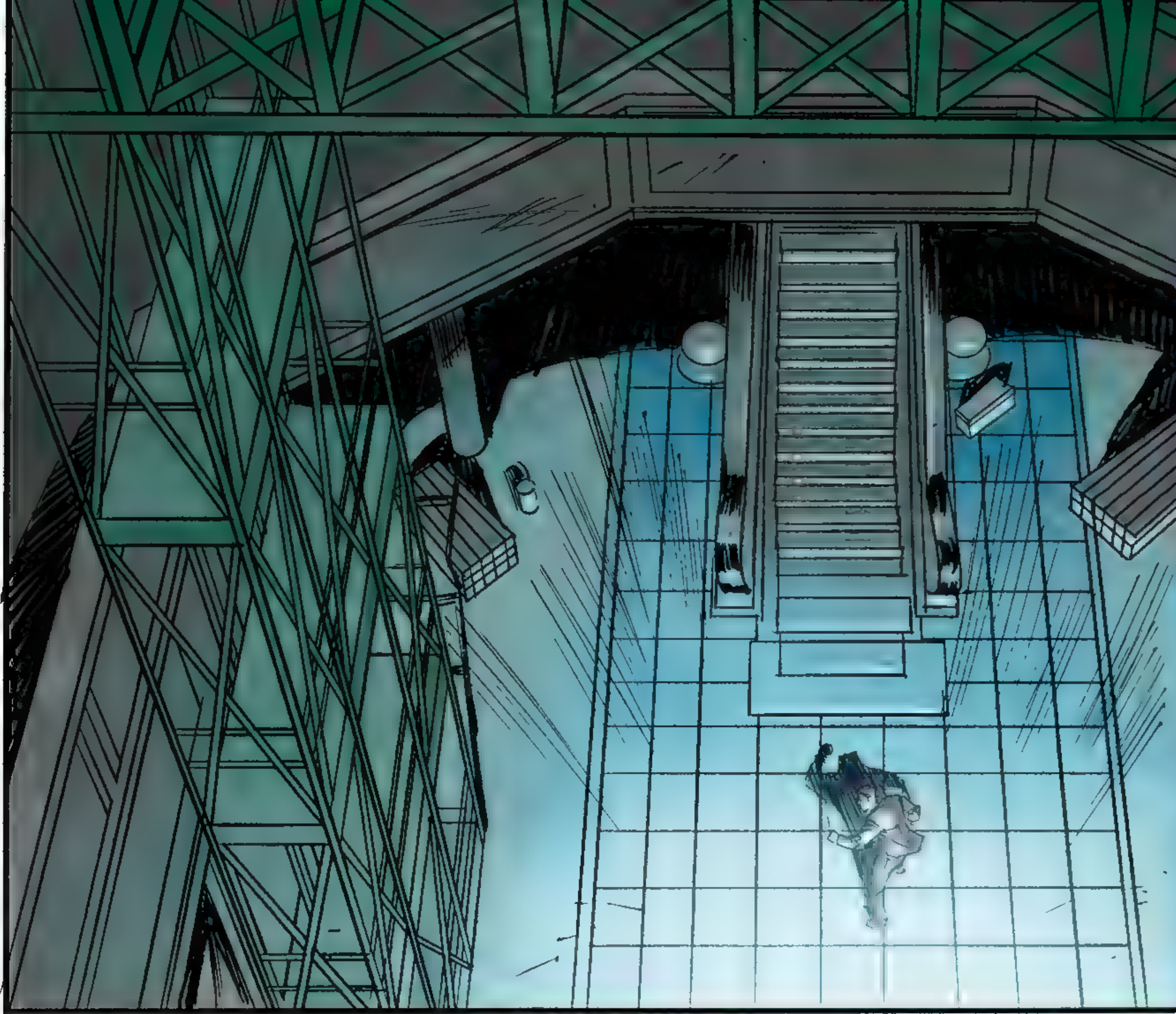


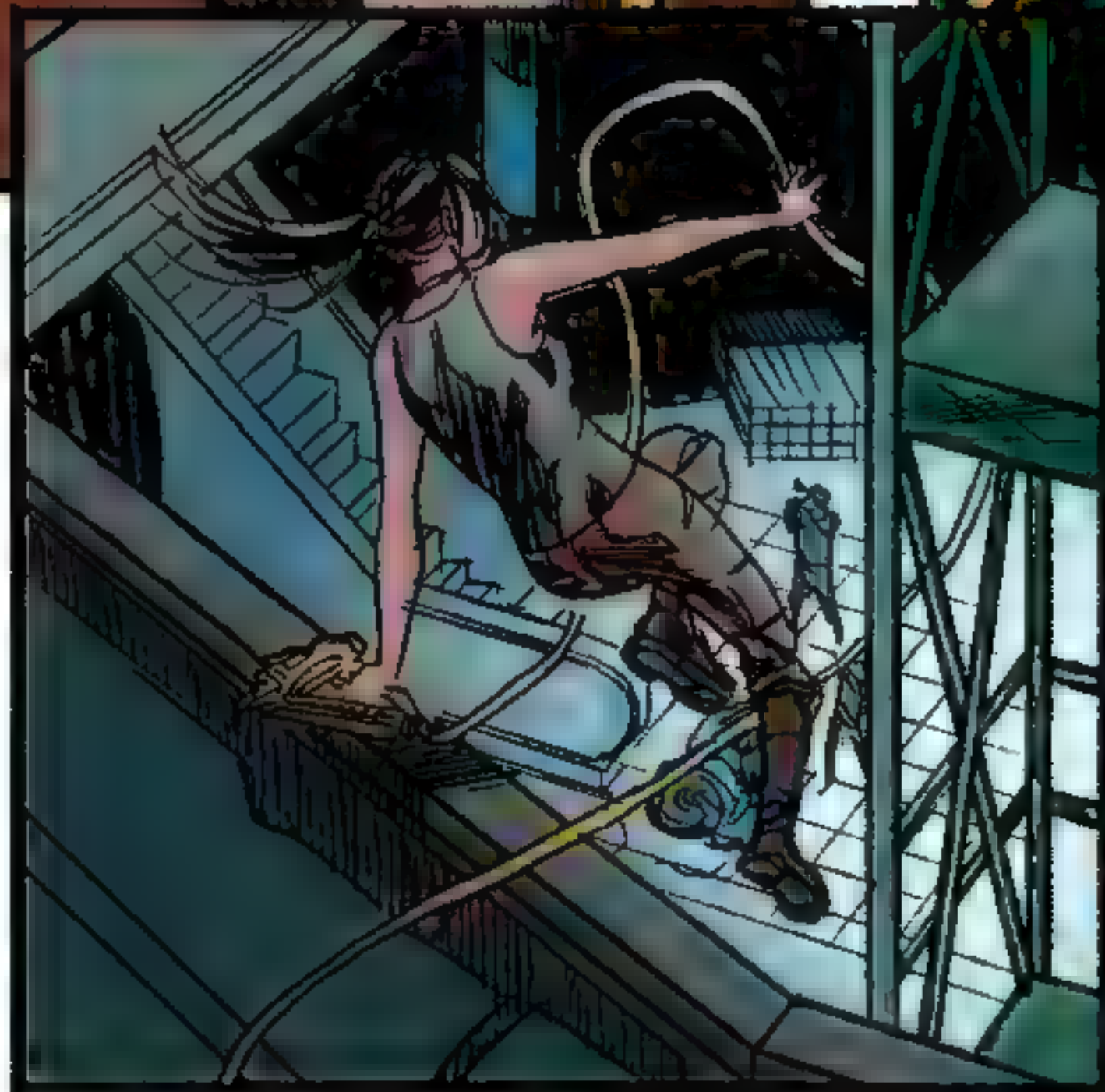
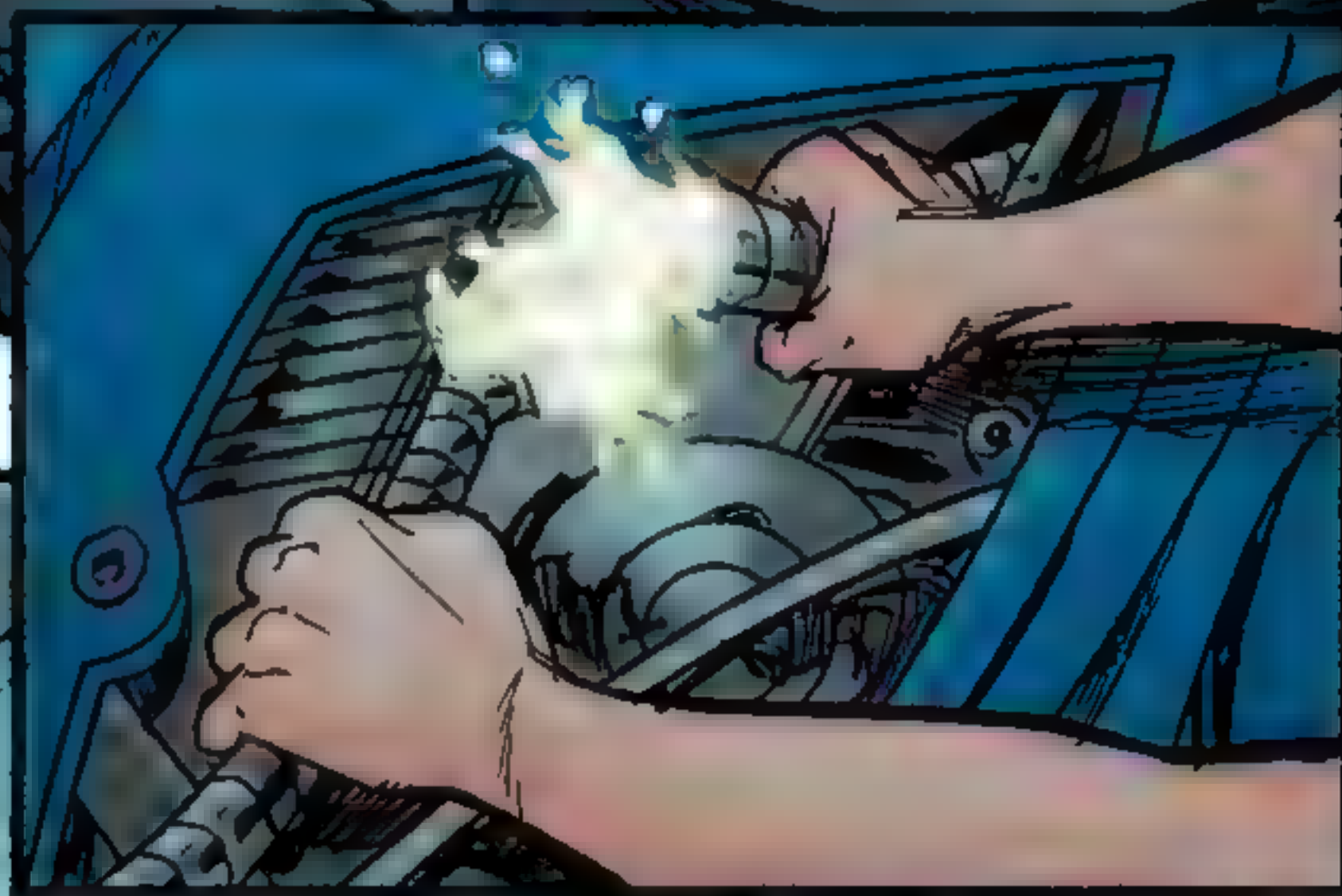
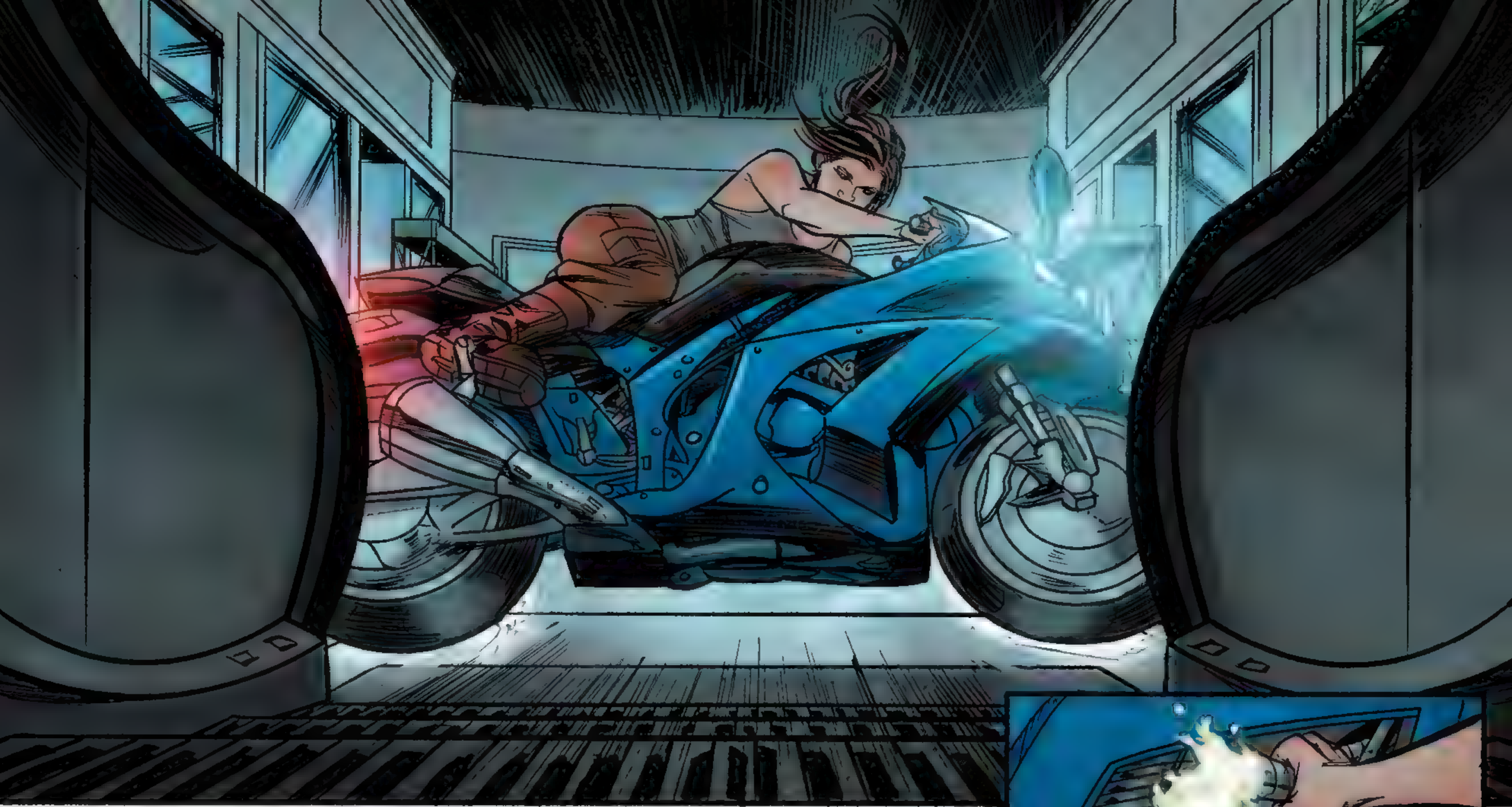
SCREECH!

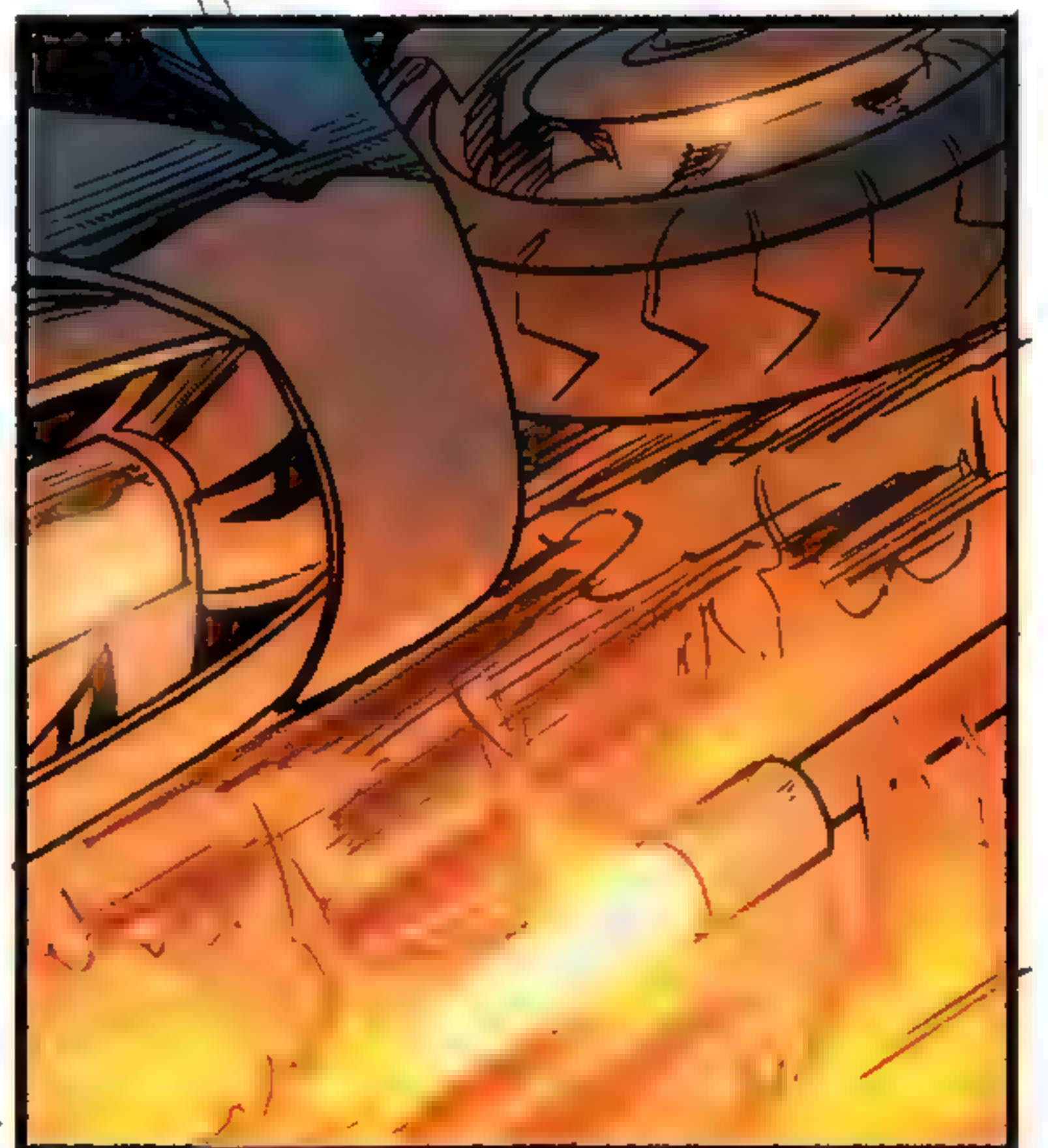
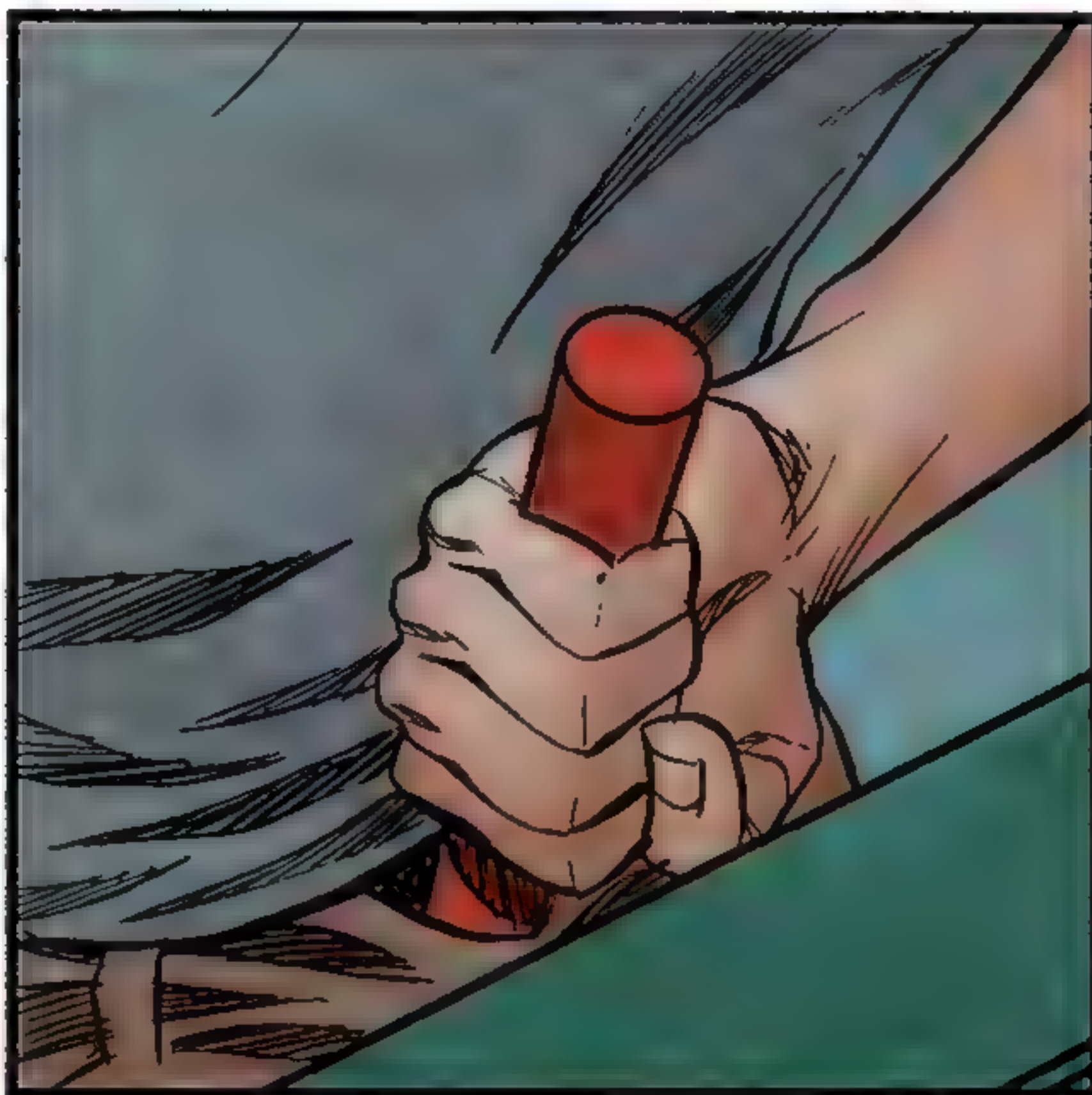
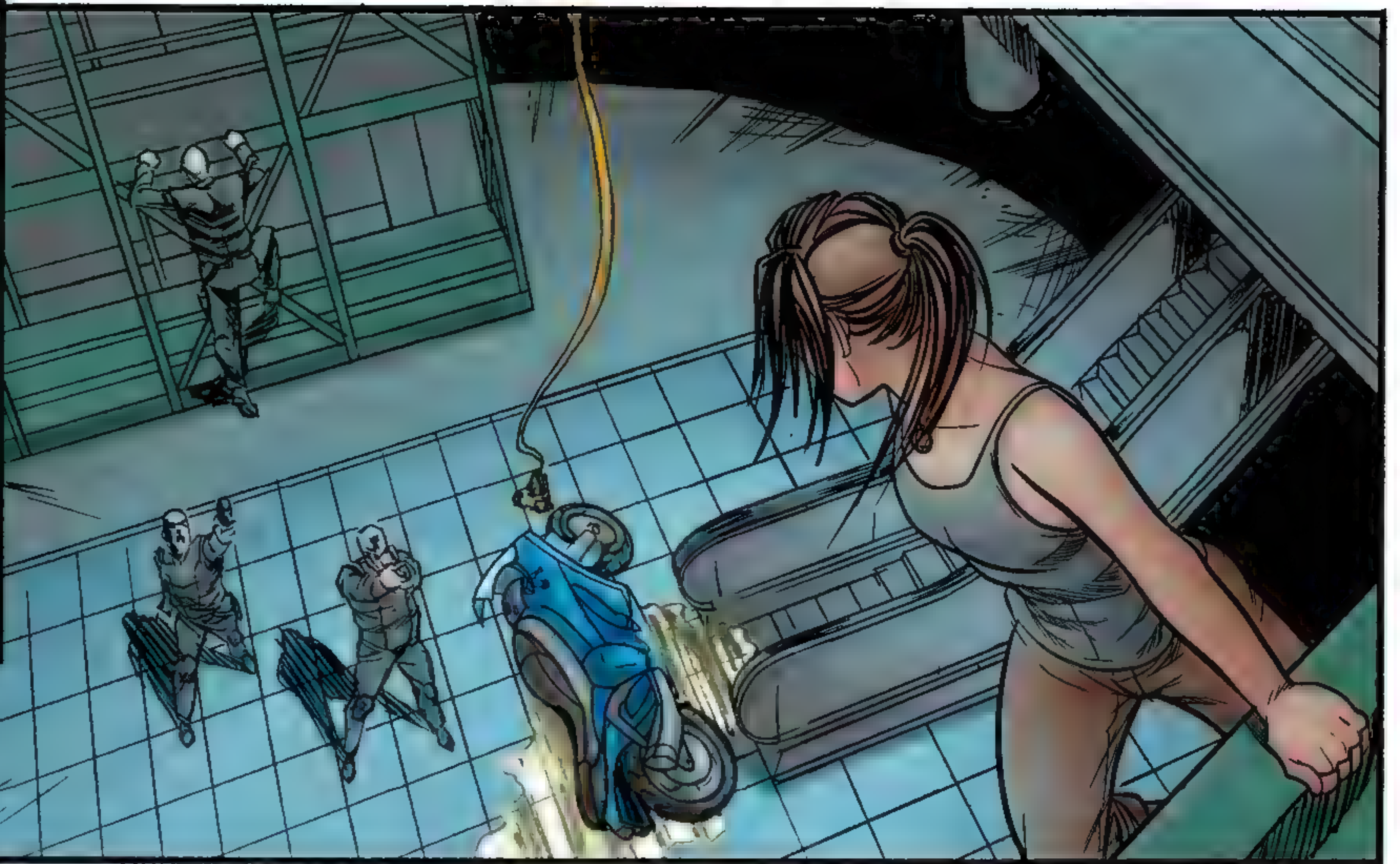
DEADEND SP

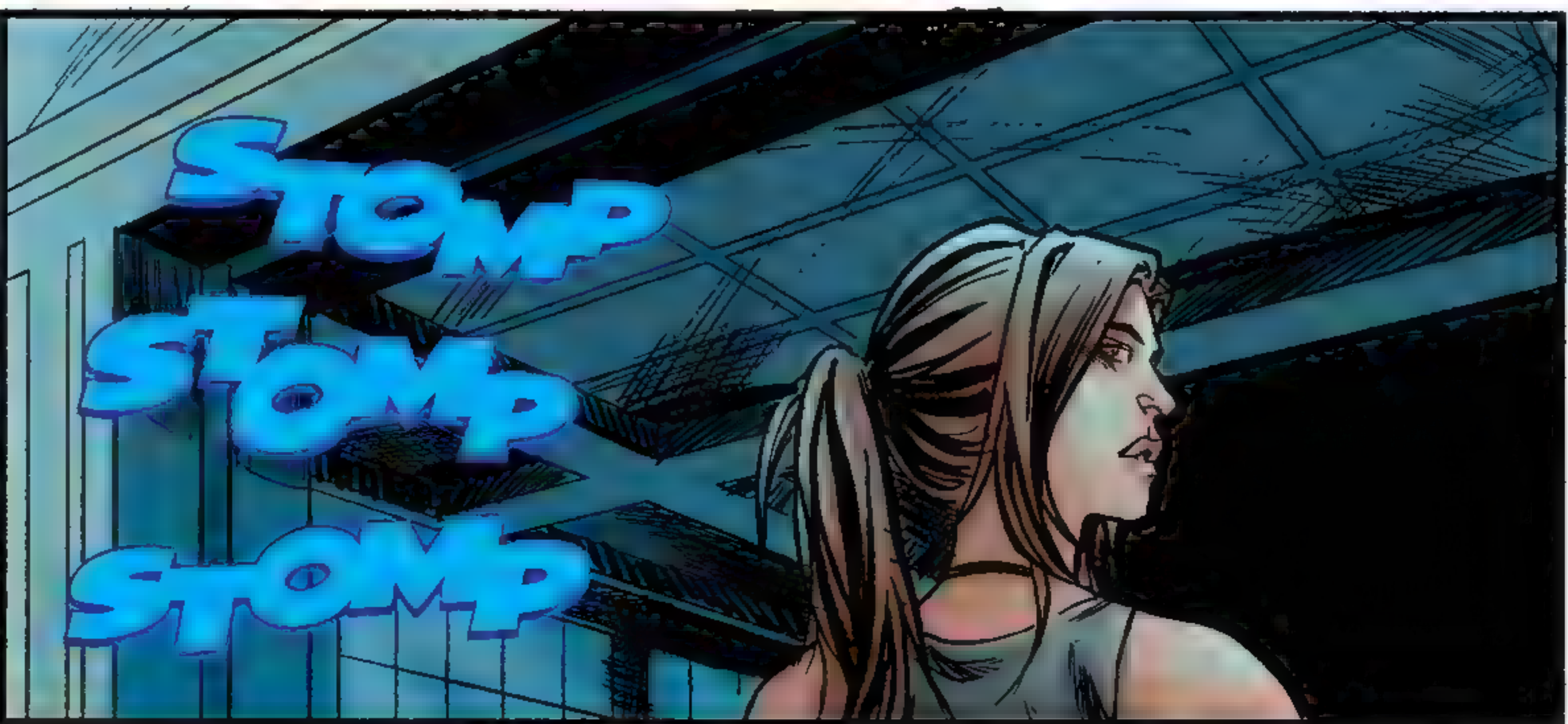
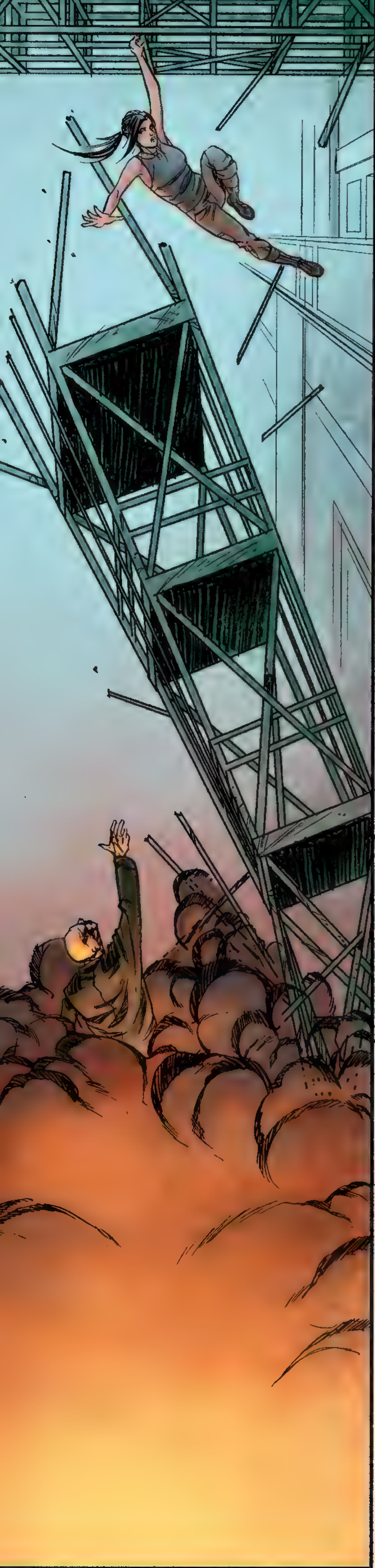
MILL





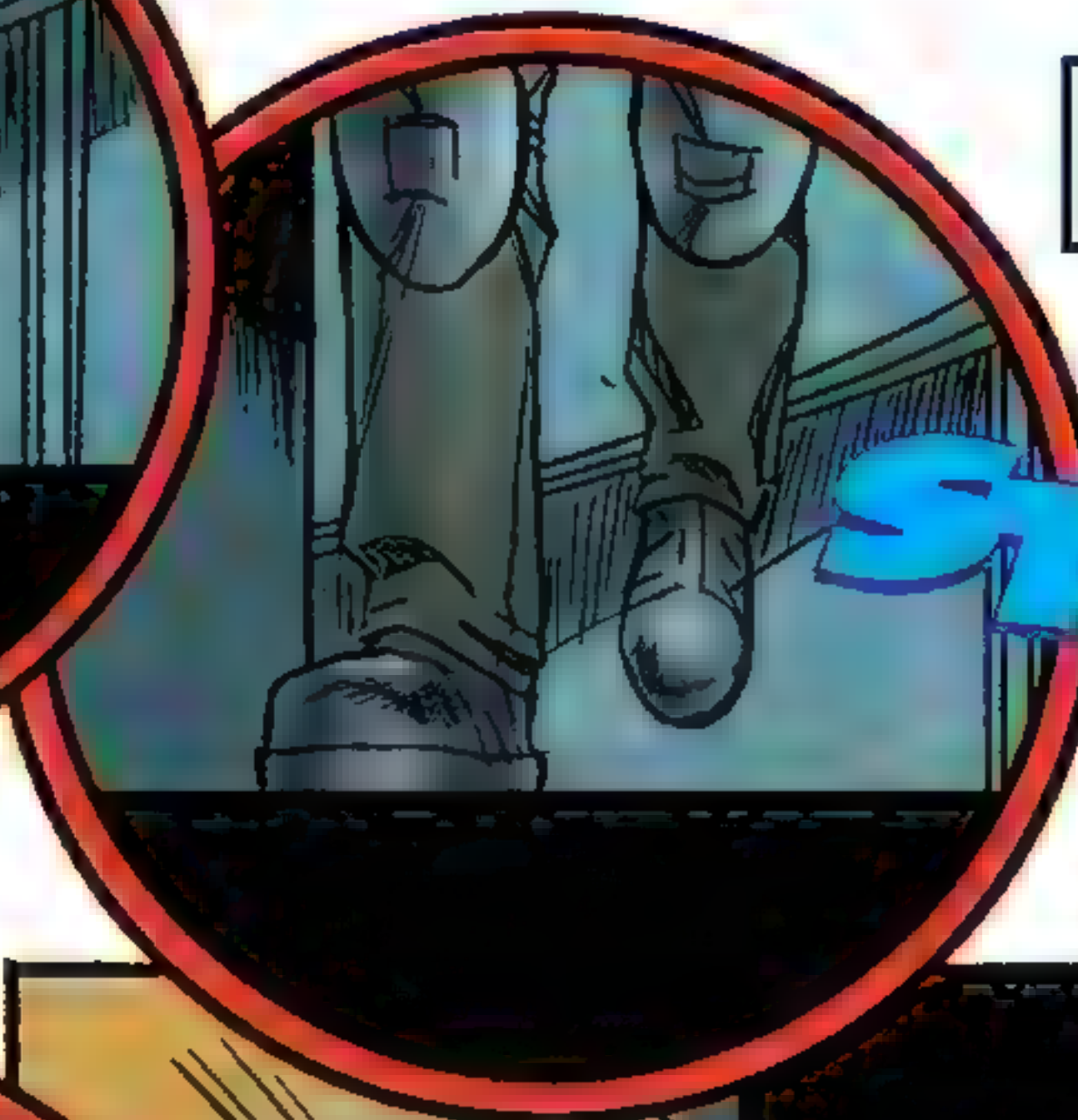






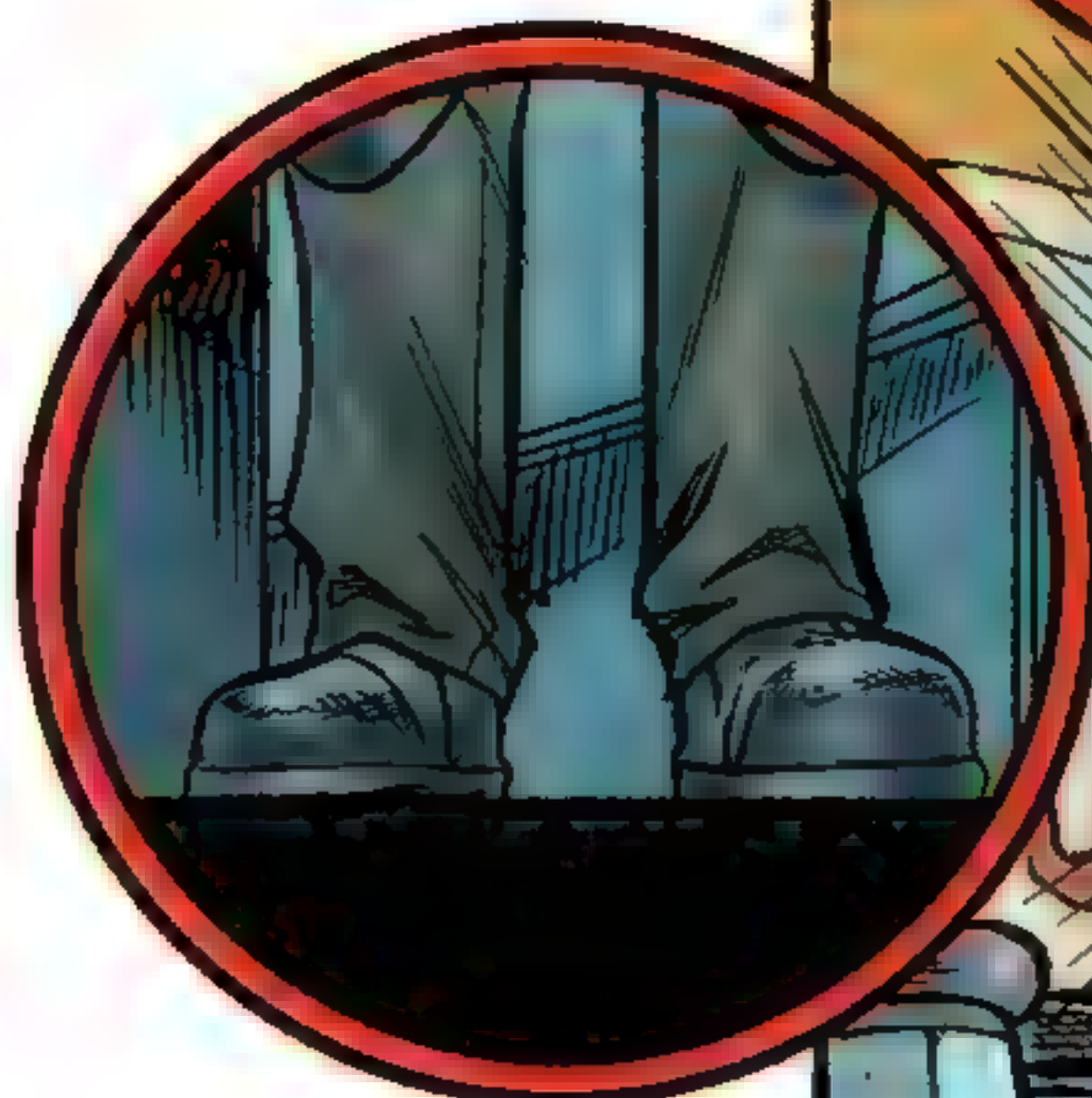


STOMP



Two? No.
One.

STOMP



Coming back
this way.









THE LAB IS DESTROYED.

LOOKS LIKE IT.

WE KNOW WHO'S DOING THIS?

NO.

DEMUR?

I DON'T THINK SO.

HEY! WHERE'S MY BIKE!



THEY WANT THE MUSHROOM. WHAT DO WE DO?

WE GET IT FIRST.

UH, THE MATTER OF MY BIKE?

OF COURSE. WHAT DO I OWE YOU, PROFESSOR?



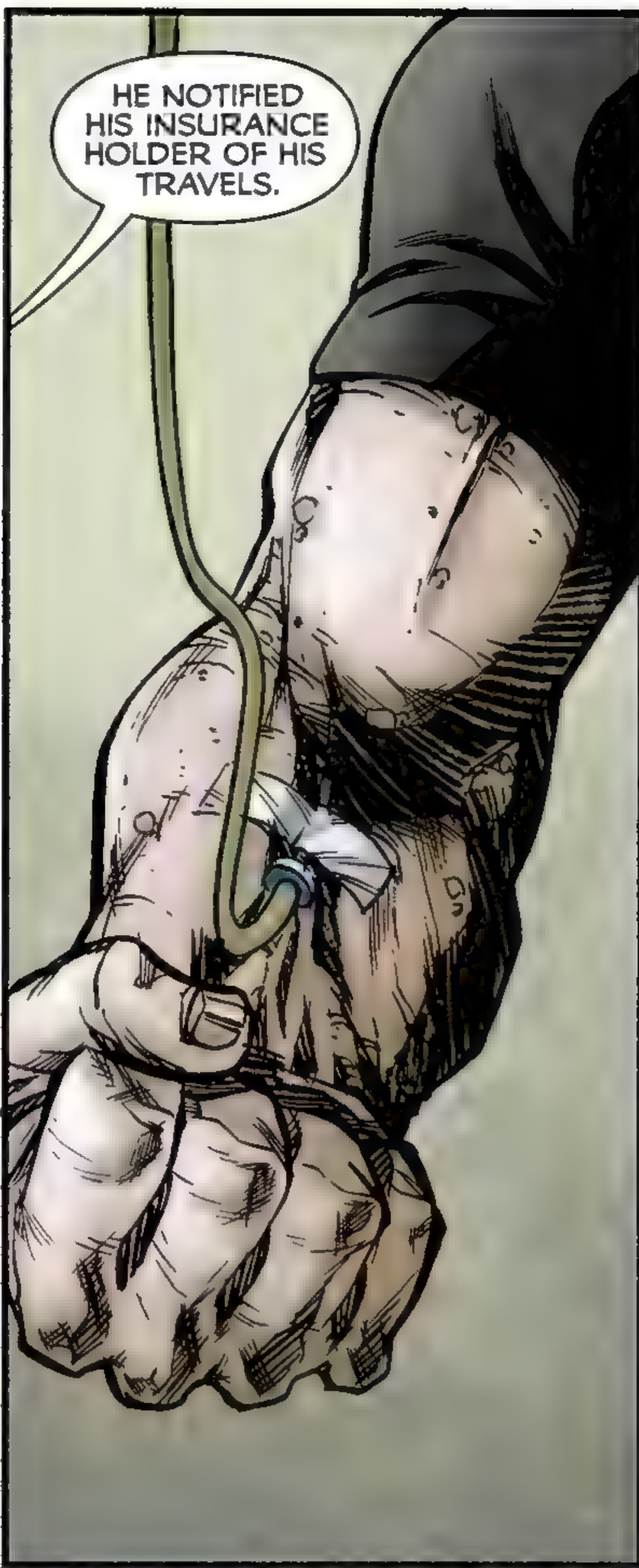
EVERYTHING'S GONE. EXCEPT FOR THE HARD COPIES I KEPT AT HOME.



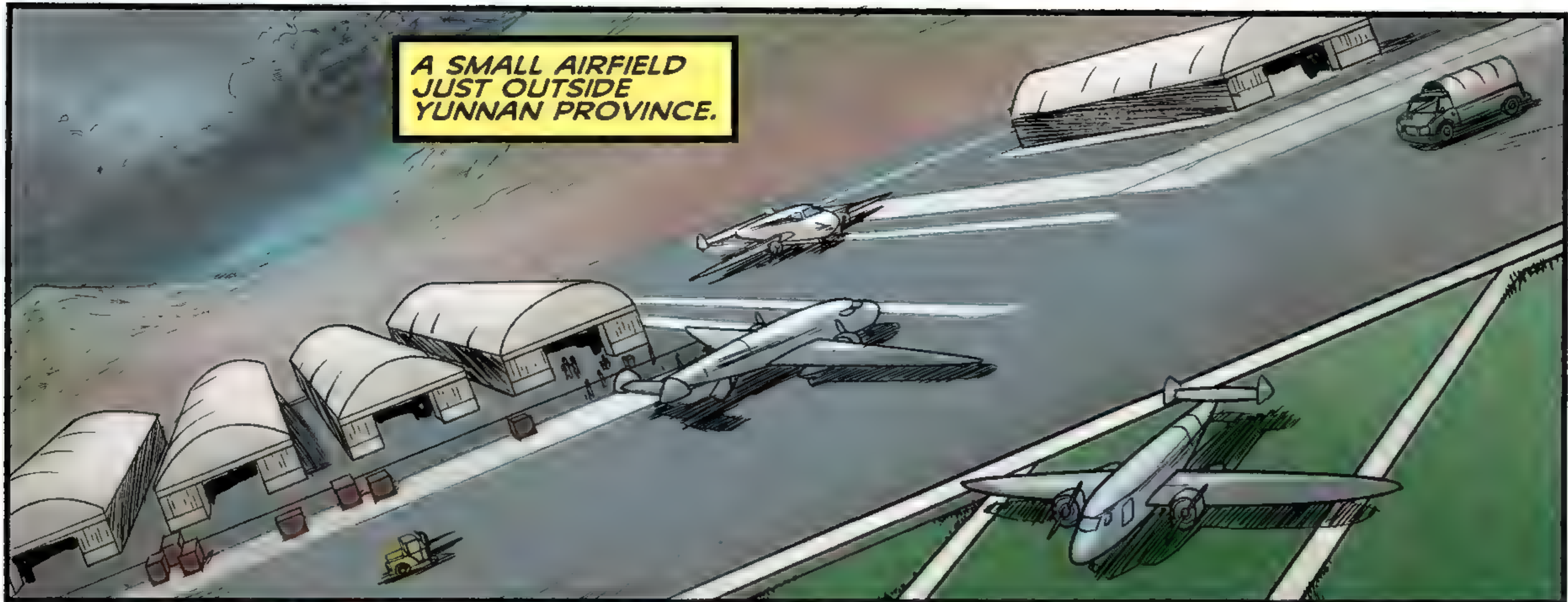
YOU CAN FIND IT WITH THAT?

OF COURSE. IT'S A LITTLE LESS ON HAND THAN I'D LIKE TO HAVE...

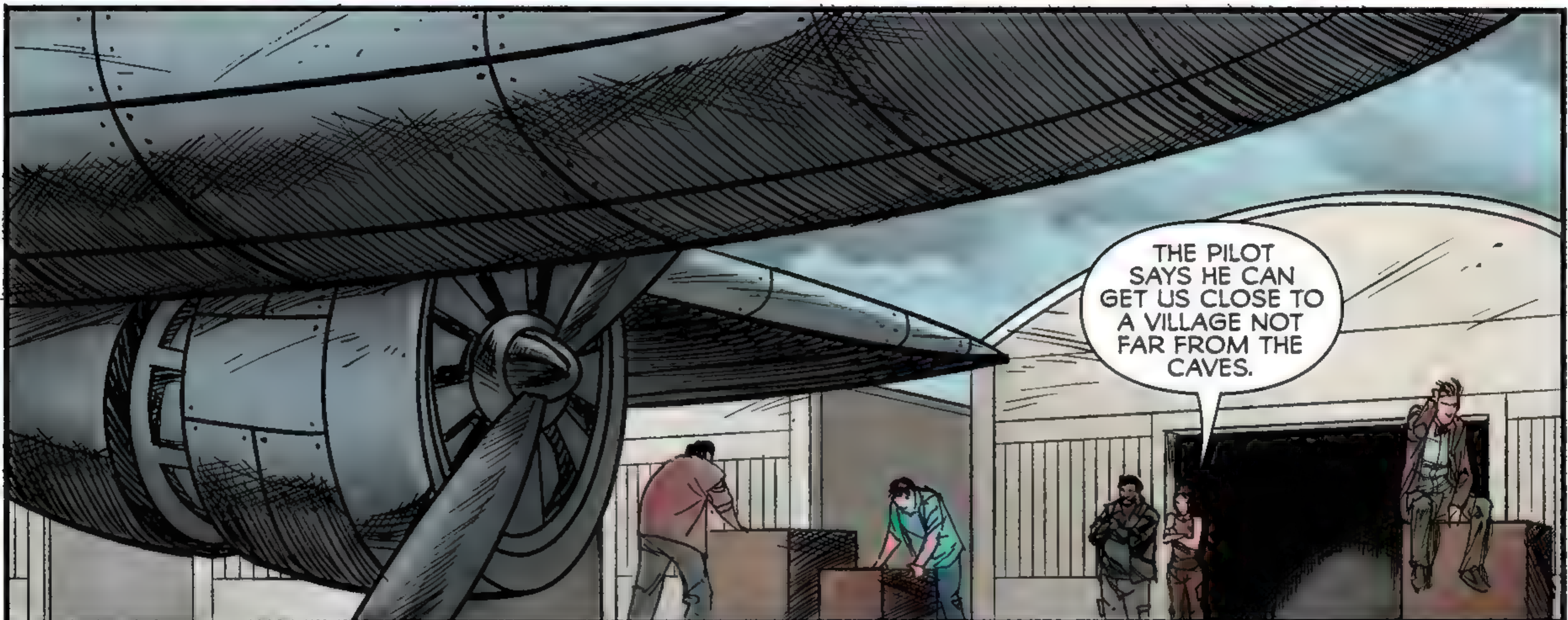
OKAY, WELL, WHERE TO?



A SMALL AIRFIELD
JUST OUTSIDE
YUNNAN PROVINCE.



THE PILOT
SAYS HE CAN
GET US CLOSE TO
A VILLAGE NOT
FAR FROM THE
CAVES.

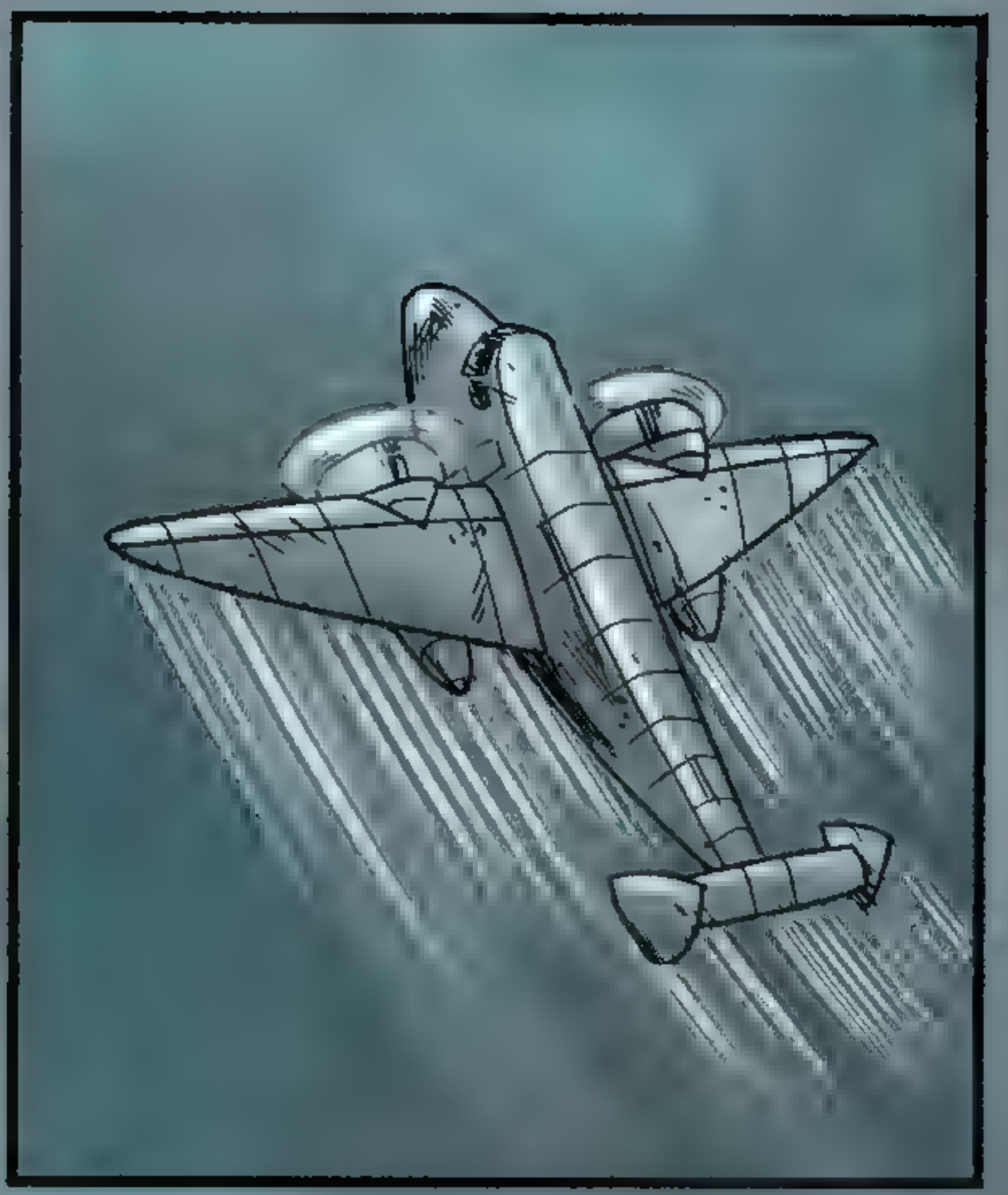


NOT
SURE IF THE
PROFESSOR'S
GONNA MAKE
IT.



WELL, WE'VE
GOT TO LEAVE
SOON IF WE'RE
GOING TO GET
AHEAD OF THIS
STORM.

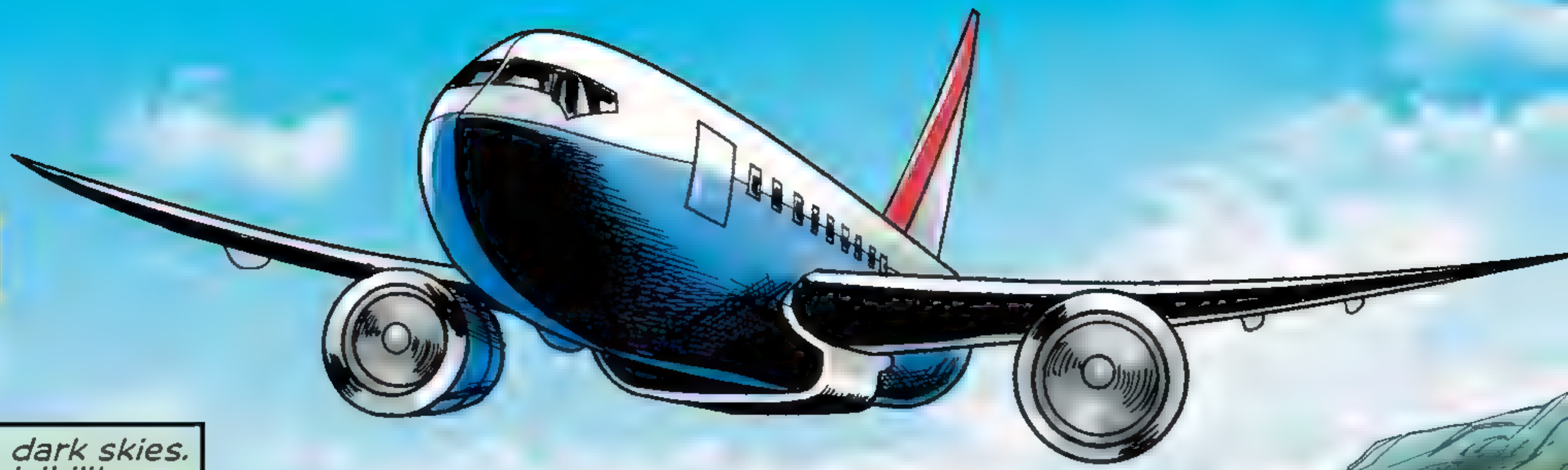




30,000 FEET UP.

SOMEWHERE OVER
THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

Moving into dark skies.
Decreased visibility.

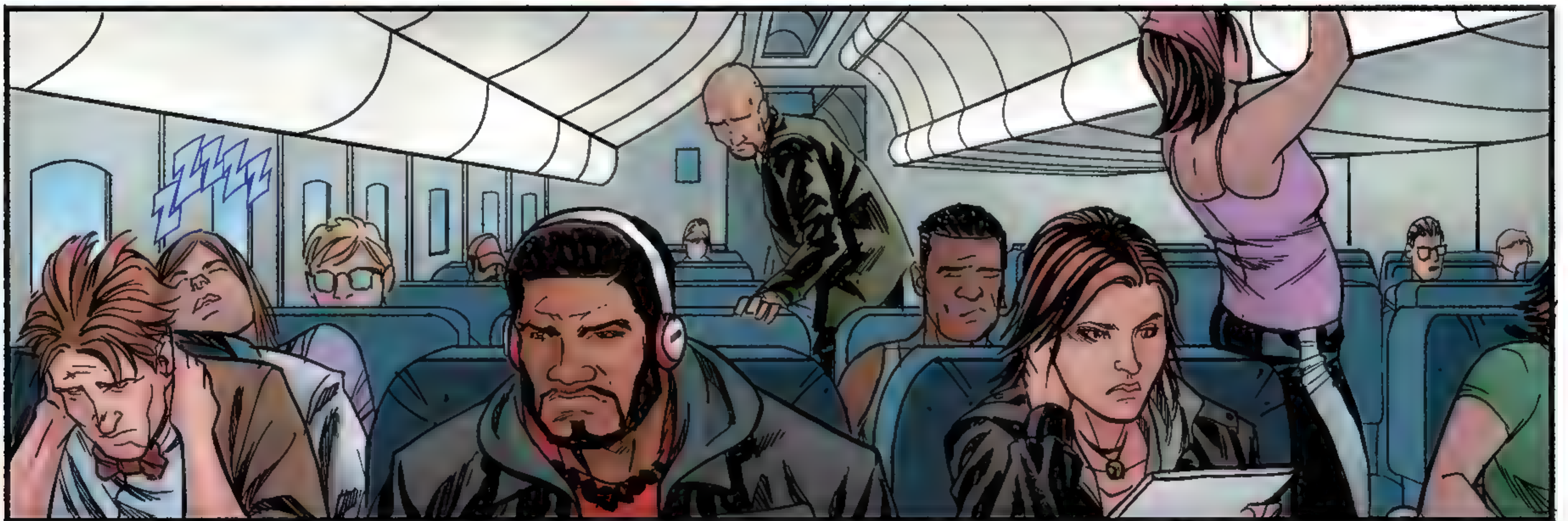


Déjà vu.

WHEN
DO WE LAND
IN BEIJING?



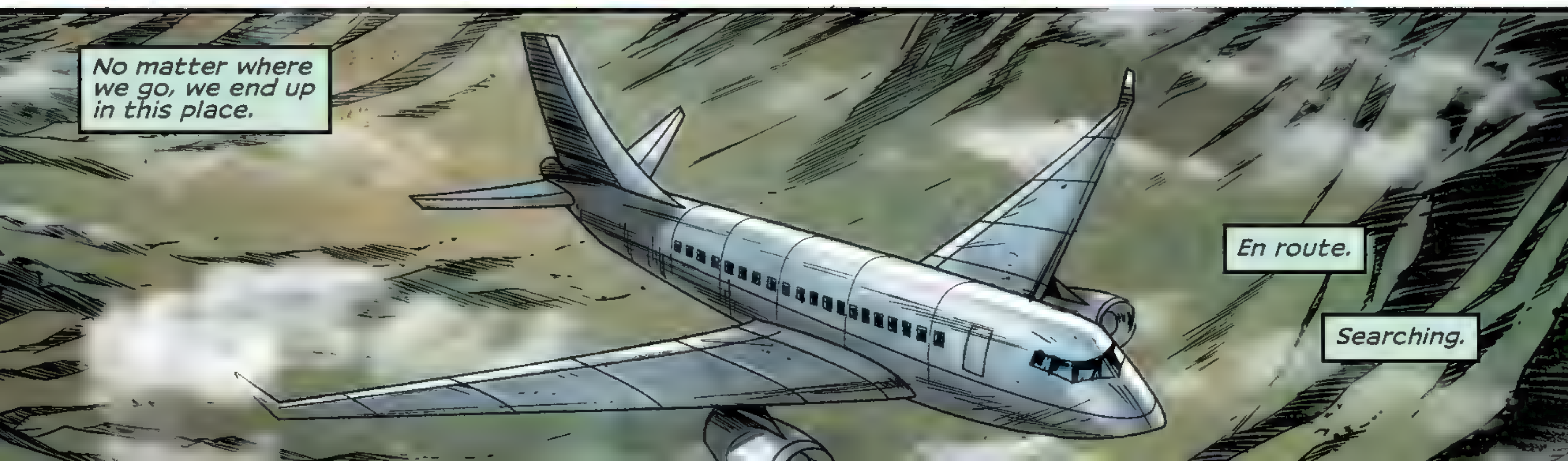
CAN
I GET MORE
PEANUTS?



No matter where
we go, we end up
in this place.

En route.

Searching.





"We."

What would I do without you?



What am I getting us into now?



YOU OKAY?

WHEN DO WE LAND?

SURE. CABIN FEVER.

IN THE MORNING?

SIX O'CLOCK.

IS HE FINALLY ASLEEP?



TWELVE HOURS AND ONE CONNECTION LATER.

SOMEWHERE OVER YUNNAN PROVINCE.

One stormy step closer to our final destination.



IT'S GETTING WORSE.

BAD WEATHER. IT'S GONNA BE BUMPY.

SOMETHING IS WRONG. I-I CAN FEEL IT.



PROFESSOR, PLEASE TRY AND STAY CALM. IT'S NORMAL FOR A PLANE LIKE THIS--



I MEAN, JESUS, TODD IS **DEAD**. I'VE HAD TIME TO THINK...



FOR ALL I KNOW THESE GUYS-- WHOEVER THEY ARE--



-- PART OF A FRICKING CONSPIRACY TO KILL US ALL!

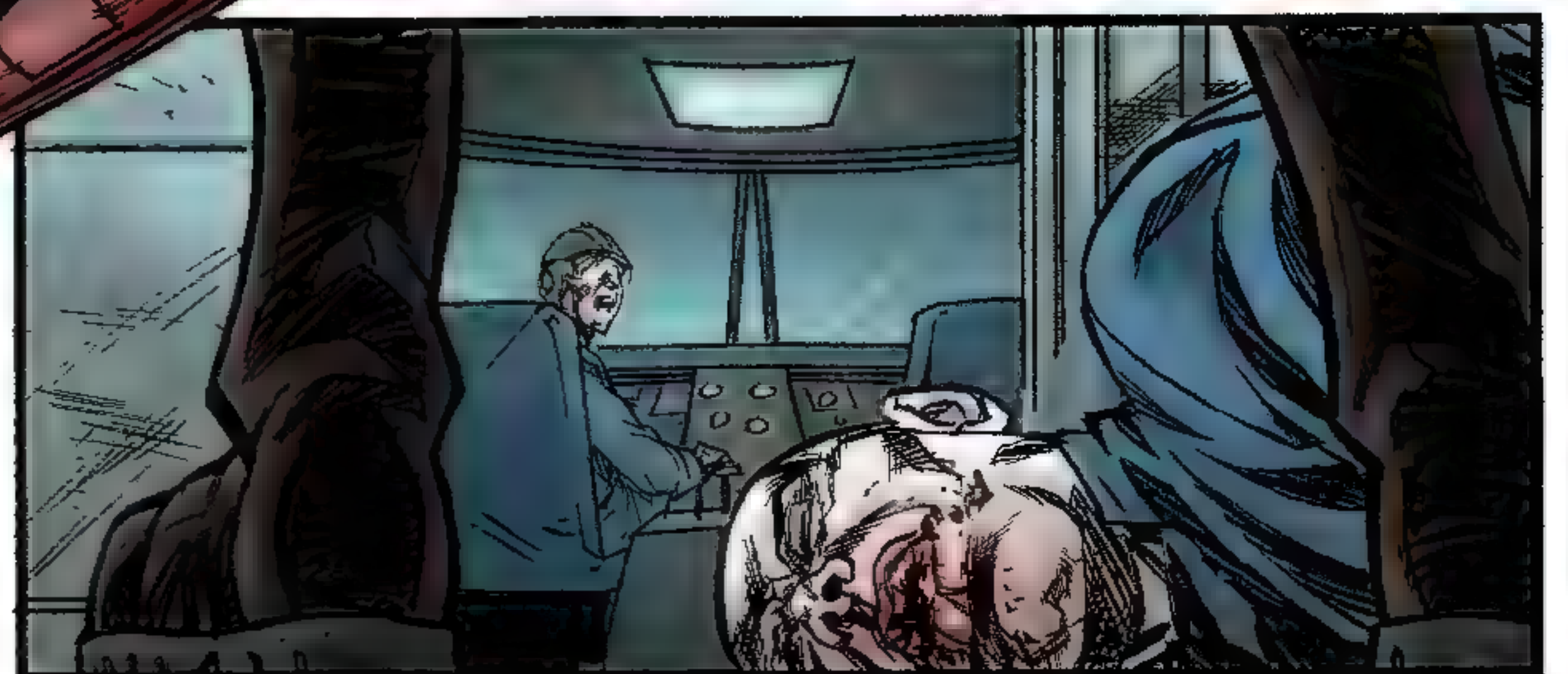
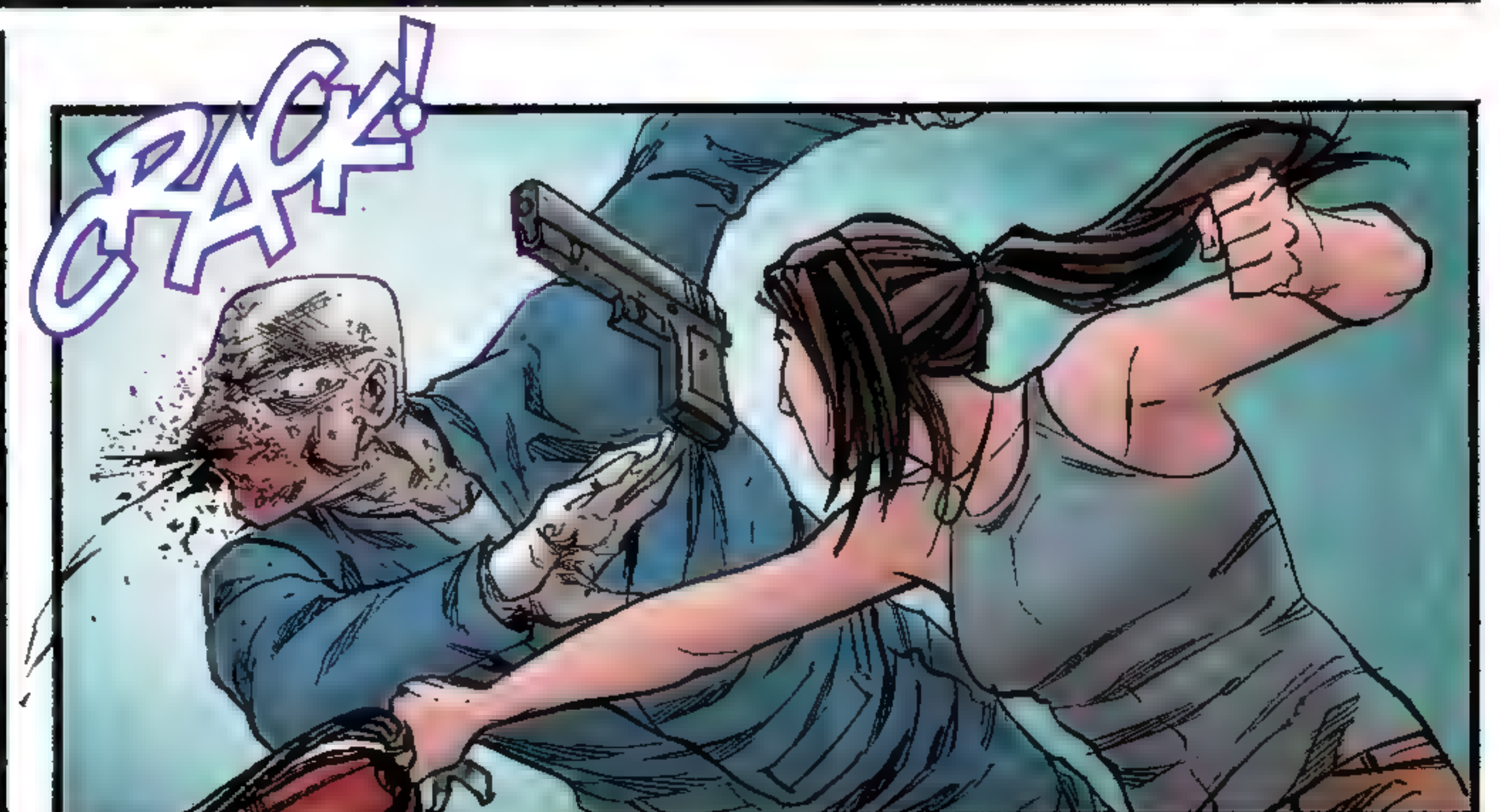
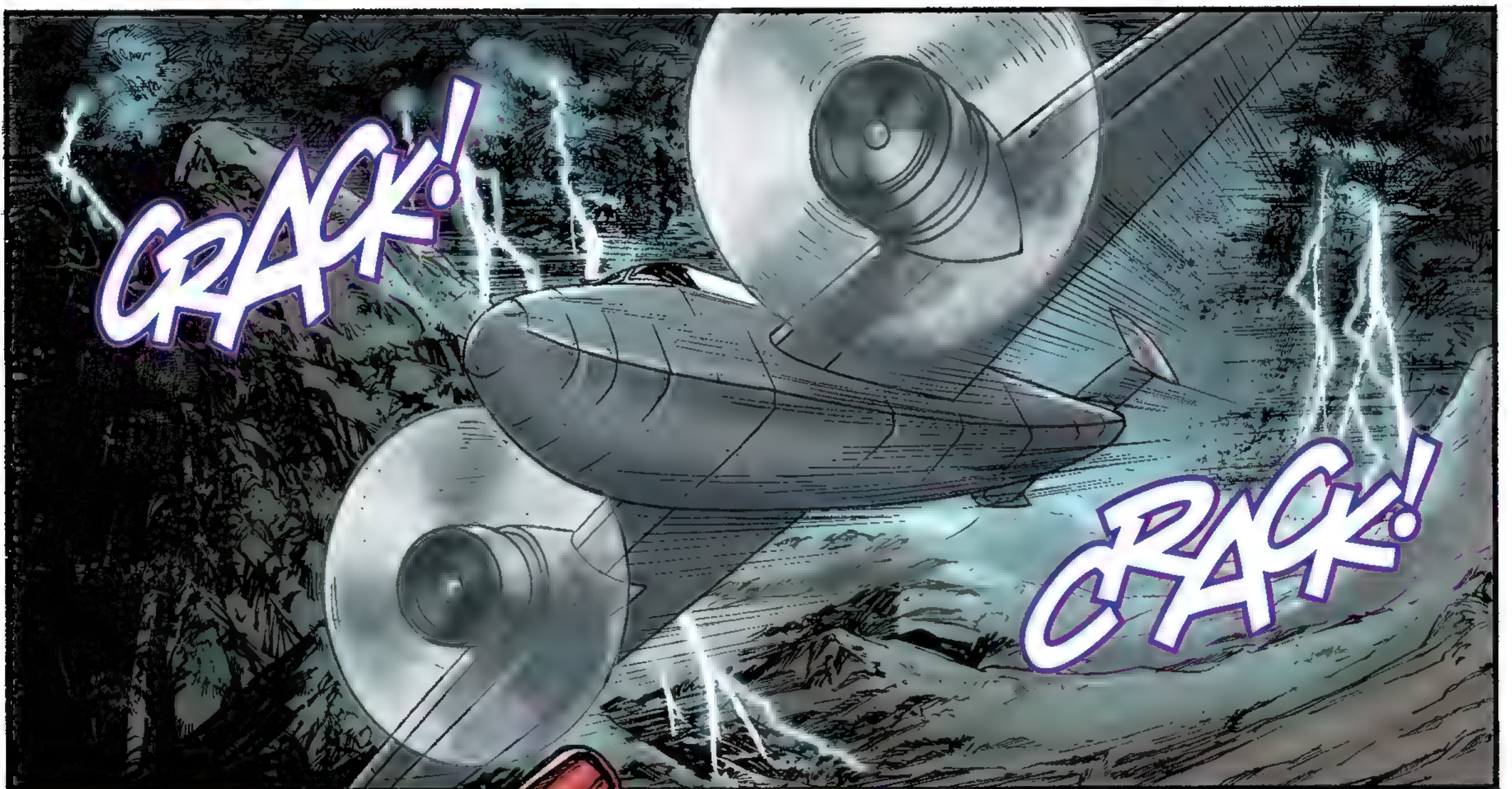


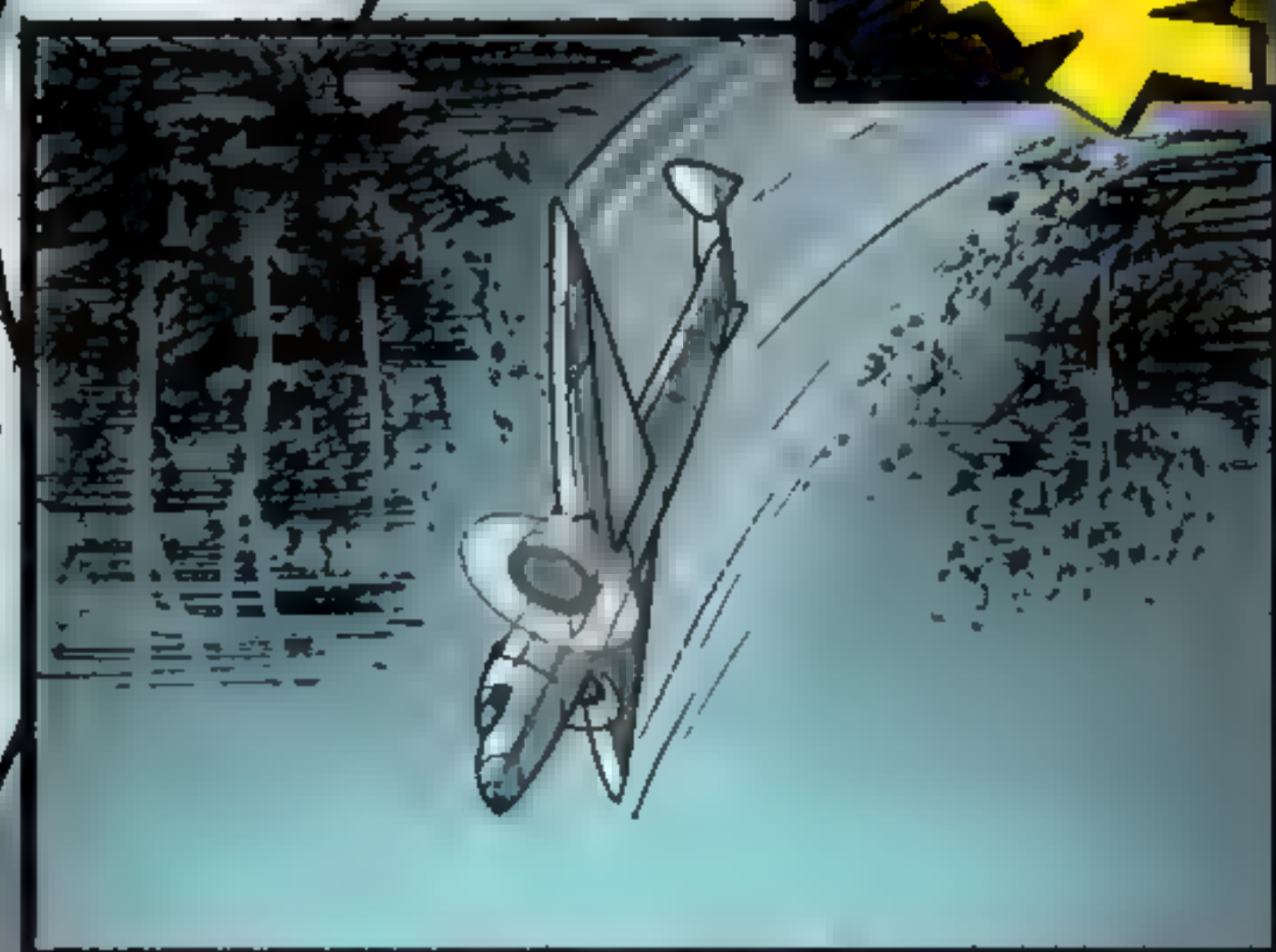
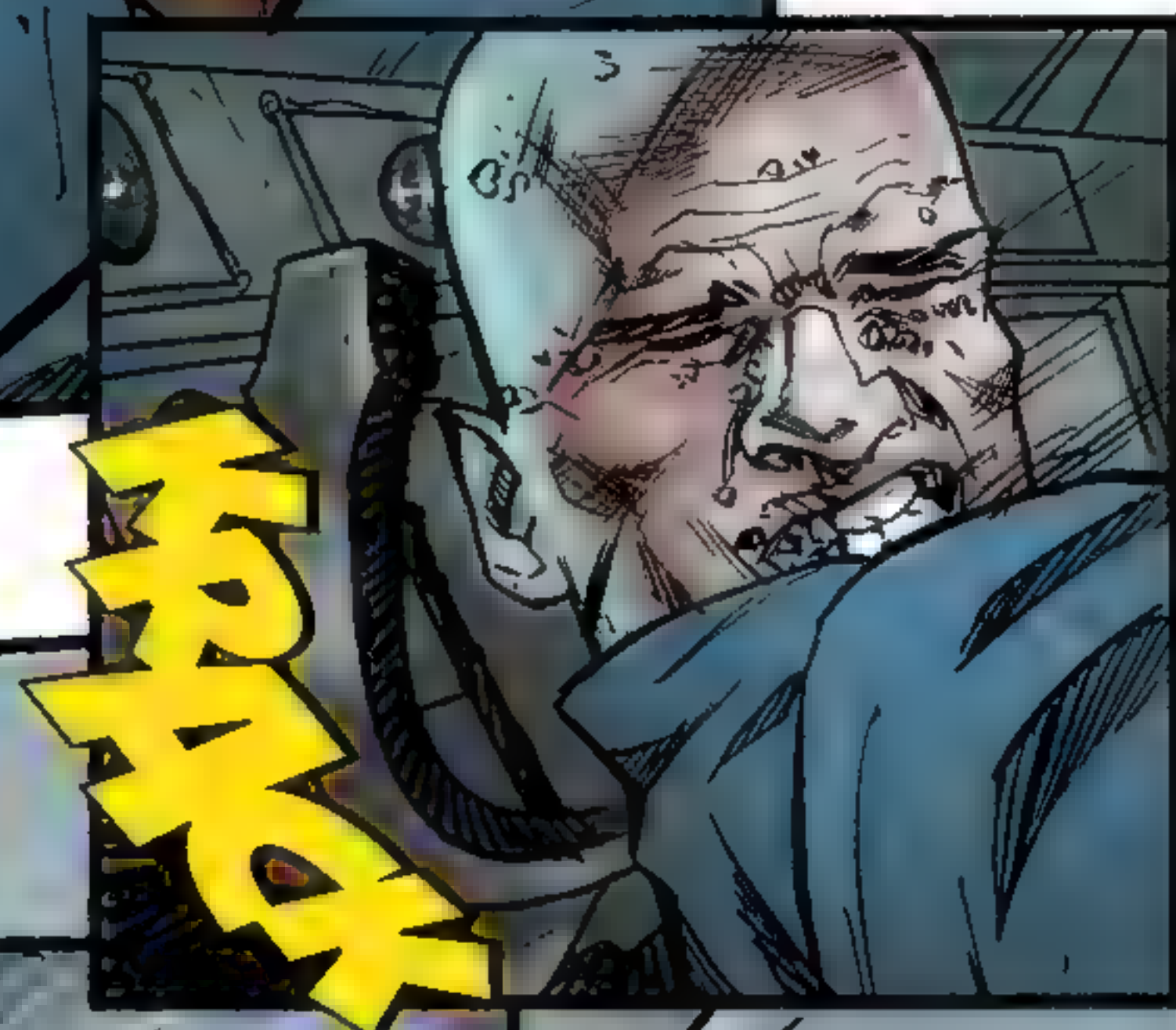
PROFESSOR DEMUR. PLEASE SI--



OPEN THIS DO--







New problem.





OKAY.
BEEN A
WHILE SINCE I
DID THIS.

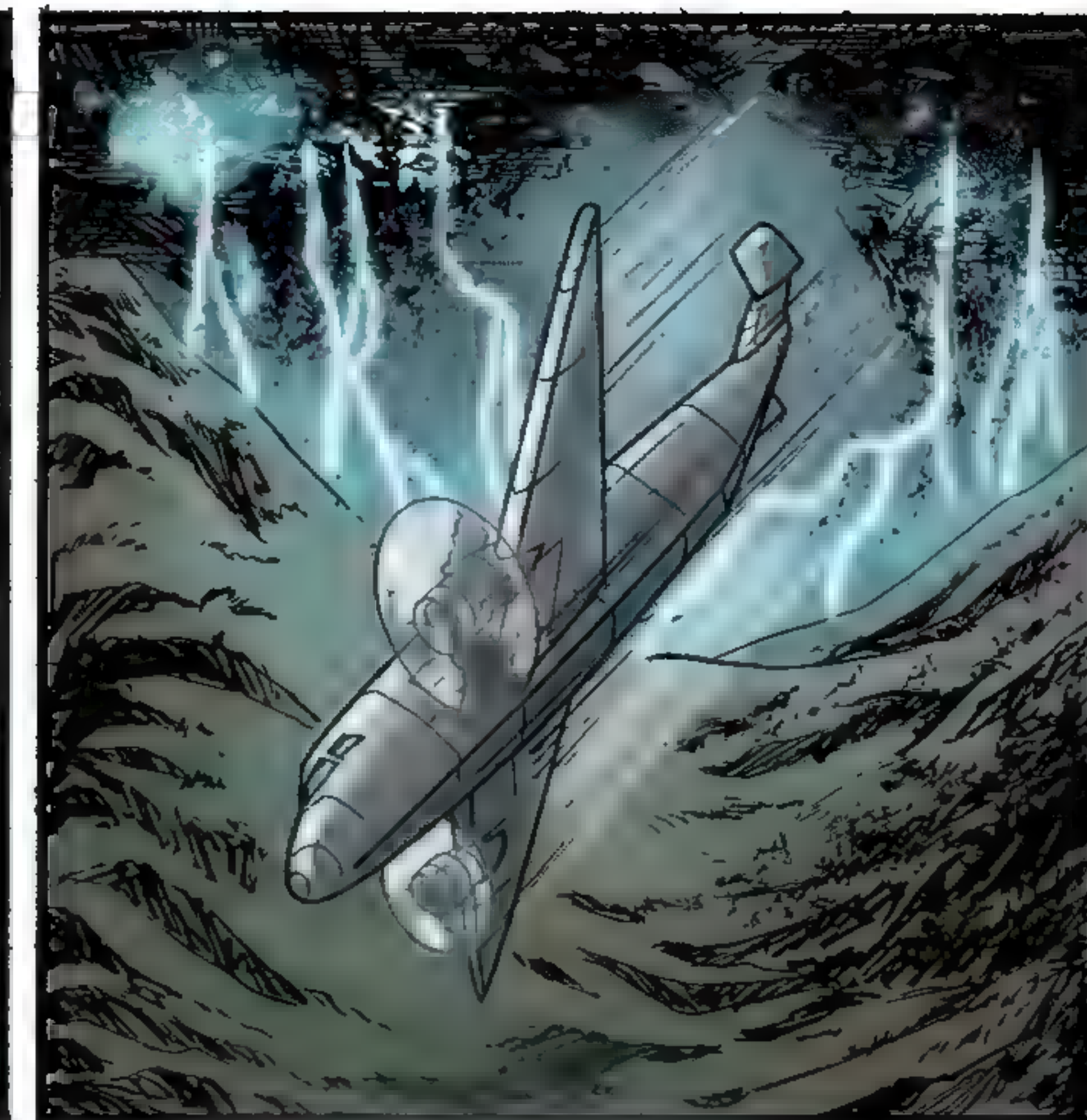


STRAP
IN.

THIS IS
GOING TO BE
MESSY.



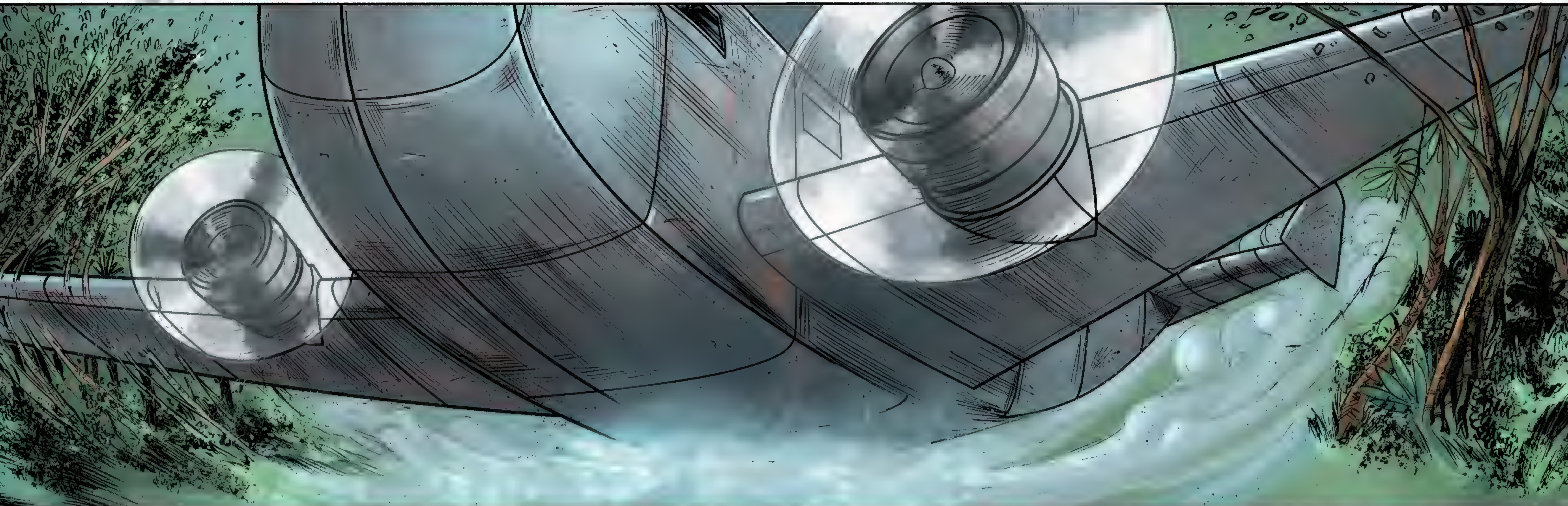
PROFESSOR.
GET IN YOUR
SEAT!



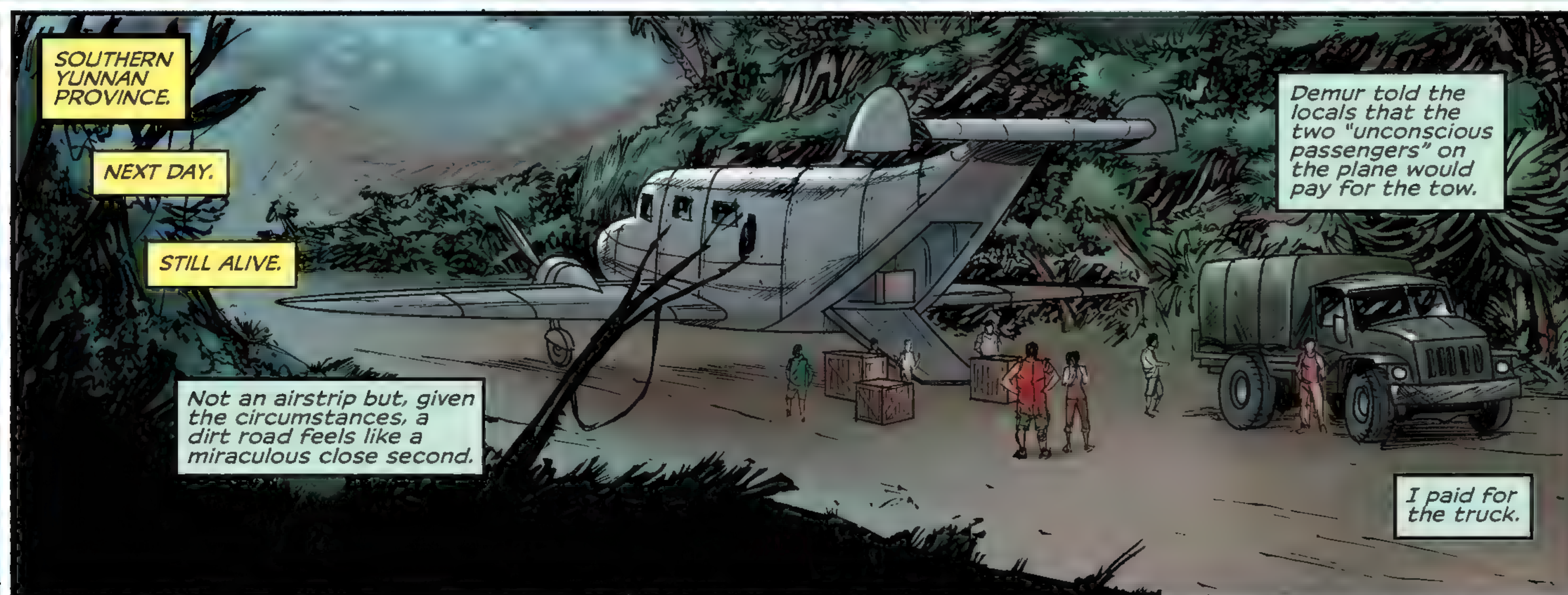
ANYTHING
THAT DOESN'T
LOOK LIKE A
HOUSE OR A
MOUNTAIN
WILL DO.

CROSS
YOUR
FINGERS.

THIS IS
FLIGHT NUMBER
5876. WE'RE COMING
IN FOR A LANDING
WHEREVER WE CAN
FIND A FRIENDLY
SPOT. IS ANYONE
OUT THERE?



THEY'VE
LANDED. WE
HAVE THEIR
COORDINATES.



SOUTHERN
YUNNAN
PROVINCE.

NEXT DAY.

STILL ALIVE.

Not an airstrip but, given
the circumstances, a
dirt road feels like a
miraculous close second.

Demur told the
locals that the
two "unconscious
passengers" on
the plane would
pay for the tow.

I paid for
the truck.



I DON'T
KNOW, LARA.
THERE'S SOME-
THING ABOUT
HIM THAT
FREAKS ME
OUT.

IF HE HADN'T
LOST IT WE MIGHT BE
PRISONERS OF WHATEVER
THOSE THINGS IN THERE
CALL THEMSELVES.

DOES
THE MAN NOT
SEEM LIKE A FEW
GUYS STUFFED
INTO ONE WEIRD
PACKAGE?

HE
DOES.

I'M
KEEPING
MY EYE
ON HIM.

With our unexpected landing, it took an extra day to get to the village closest to Demur's coordinates for the cave.

All under a steady downpour.

The Croft estate sponsored us with supplies for the locals.

Who graciously let us set up camp.

Demur seems to have steadily improved since we landed.

<THERE? BY THE...OH, TREES! YES, HAHA. I WON'T TELL YOU WHAT I THOUGHT YOU SAID!>*

MY MANDARIN IS RUSTY.

*MANDARIN.

LATER THAT NIGHT.

Everywhere I go, I'm amazed at the warmth of perfect strangers...

...and grateful for every culture that has some form of a cup of tea.

WE HAVE AN EARLY START TOMORROW. YOUR NOTES ARE... A LITTLE VAGUE ON THE EXACT LOCATION, BUT I HAVE A GOOD GUESS.

THERE'S A LOCAL MAN, APPARENTLY, WHO KNOWS THE CAVES. MIGHT BE ABLE TO FILL IN SOME OF THE GAPS.

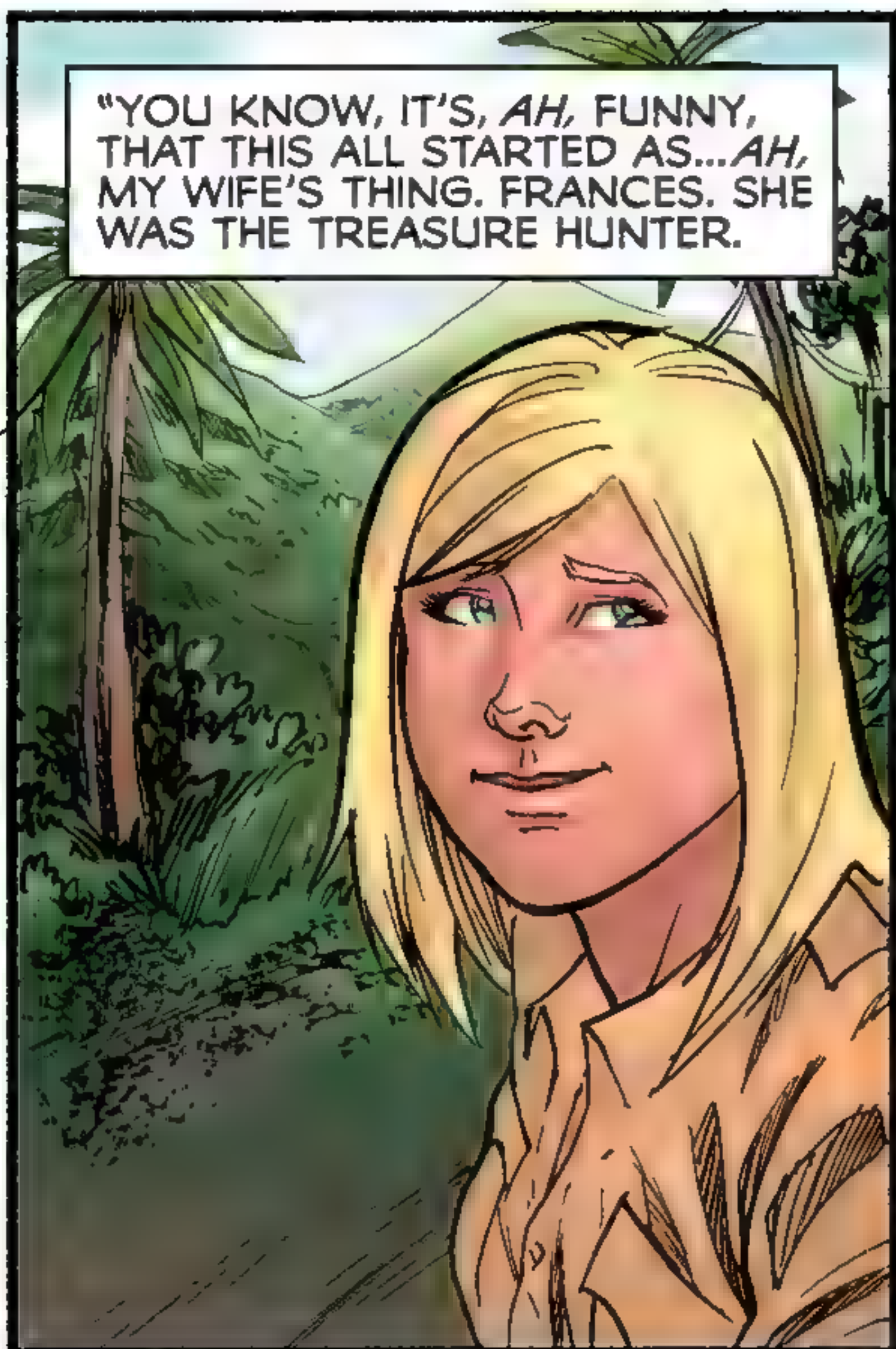
HE'S GONE, AH, INTO TOWN, I SUPPOSE. YOU KNOW, FOR A SHOP LIKE YOU BRITS SAY. HEH.

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?

SHOPPING.

HOW LONG AGO WAS IT THAT YOU WERE HERE, PROFESSOR?

OH. GOSH. A LIFETIME AGO.



"YOU KNOW, IT'S, AH, FUNNY, THAT THIS ALL STARTED AS...AH, MY WIFE'S THING. FRANCES. SHE WAS THE TREASURE HUNTER."

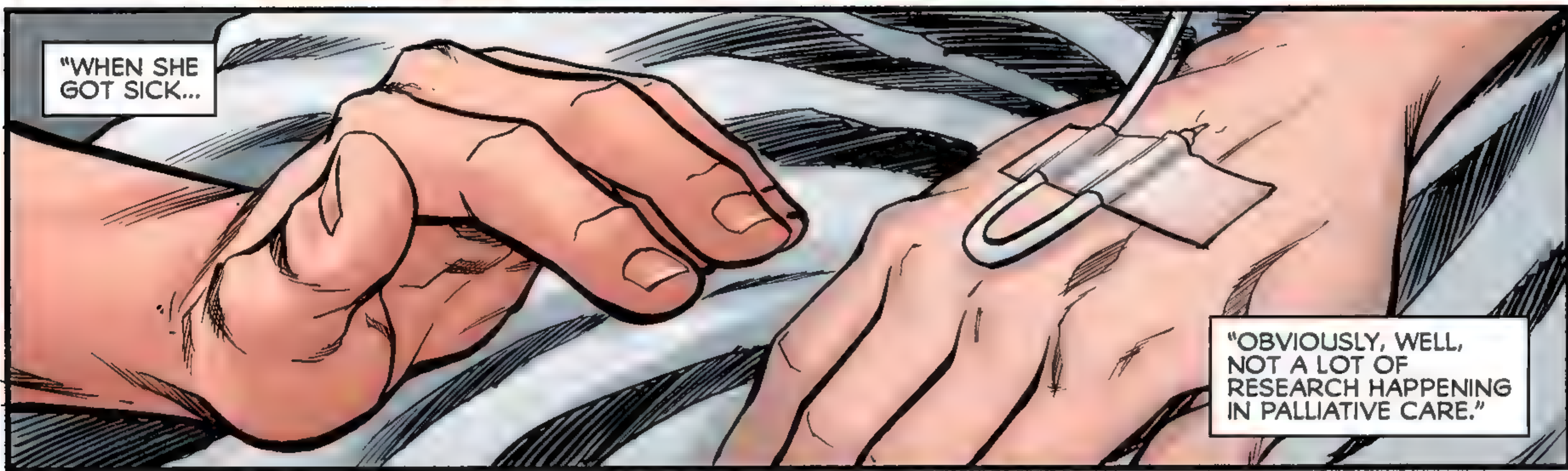


"SHE STARTED DOING RESEARCH ON, AH, IMMORTALITY IN COLLEGE. YOU KNOW."

"PEOPLE THOUGHT IT WAS RIDICULOUS. SHE DIDN'T CARE."



"SOMETIMES EVEN I THOUGHT IT WAS A BIT CRAZY. AND THEN."



"WHEN SHE GOT SICK..."

"OBVIOUSLY, WELL, NOT A LOT OF RESEARCH HAPPENING IN PALLIATIVE CARE."



"SO. PERHAPS WE'LL SEE. IF SHE WAS RIGHT."



"I MEAN, UH, THAT'S ME. I DON'T KNOW WHY SOMEONE LIKE YOU, YOU MUST HAVE YOUR REASONS."

"TO RISK LIFE AND LIMB. FOR A MUSHROOM."



"I DO."

"I'D SAY IT'S MORE OF A
GENETIC FASCINATION WITH
THE GREAT UNKNOWN."



A BADASS
DETERMINATION
TO SURVIVE WHAT-
EVER STANDS IN
YOUR WAY.



GENES.
RIGHT.

DO YOU
WONDER, EVER, IF
YOU WOULD DO THIS, IF
YOUR FATHER DIDN'T?
HADN'T...

SOMETIMES...

MORE
BEFORE THAN
NOW.





IT'S A POWERFUL THING, MAN, TO EMBRACE THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE.

EXACTLY.



IF WE DON'T, WHO WILL?

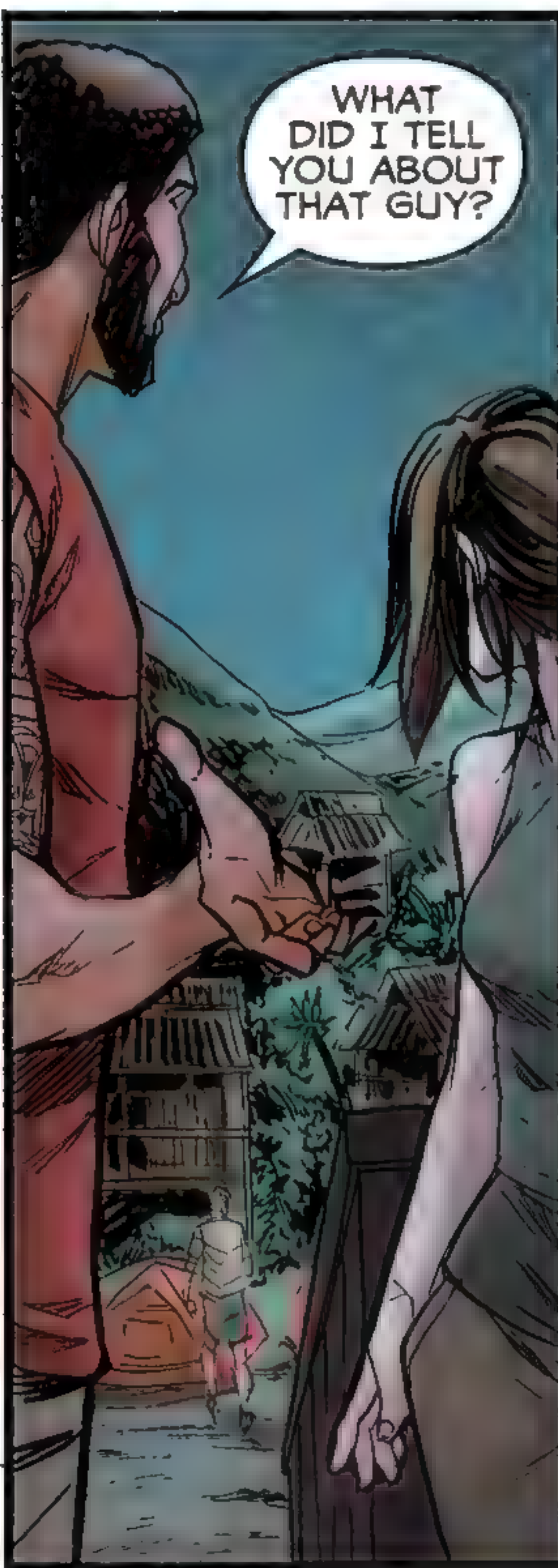
MAYBE THAT SEEMS ROMANTIC TO A SCIENTIST. IT SEEMS ROMANTIC TO ME.

I JUST THINK, LESS ABOUT MYSTERY AND MORE ABOUT THE IDEA OF LIFE...FOREVER. SEEMS LESS ROMANTIC AND MORE...IMPORTANT. ANYWAY.



WELL, I...I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT. I HOPE WE FIND IT. IT WOULD BE GREAT. FOR EVERYONE.

DEAD OR ALIVE, RIGHT?



WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT THAT GUY?



SEE YOU TOMORROW.

YES. GOOD NIGHT.

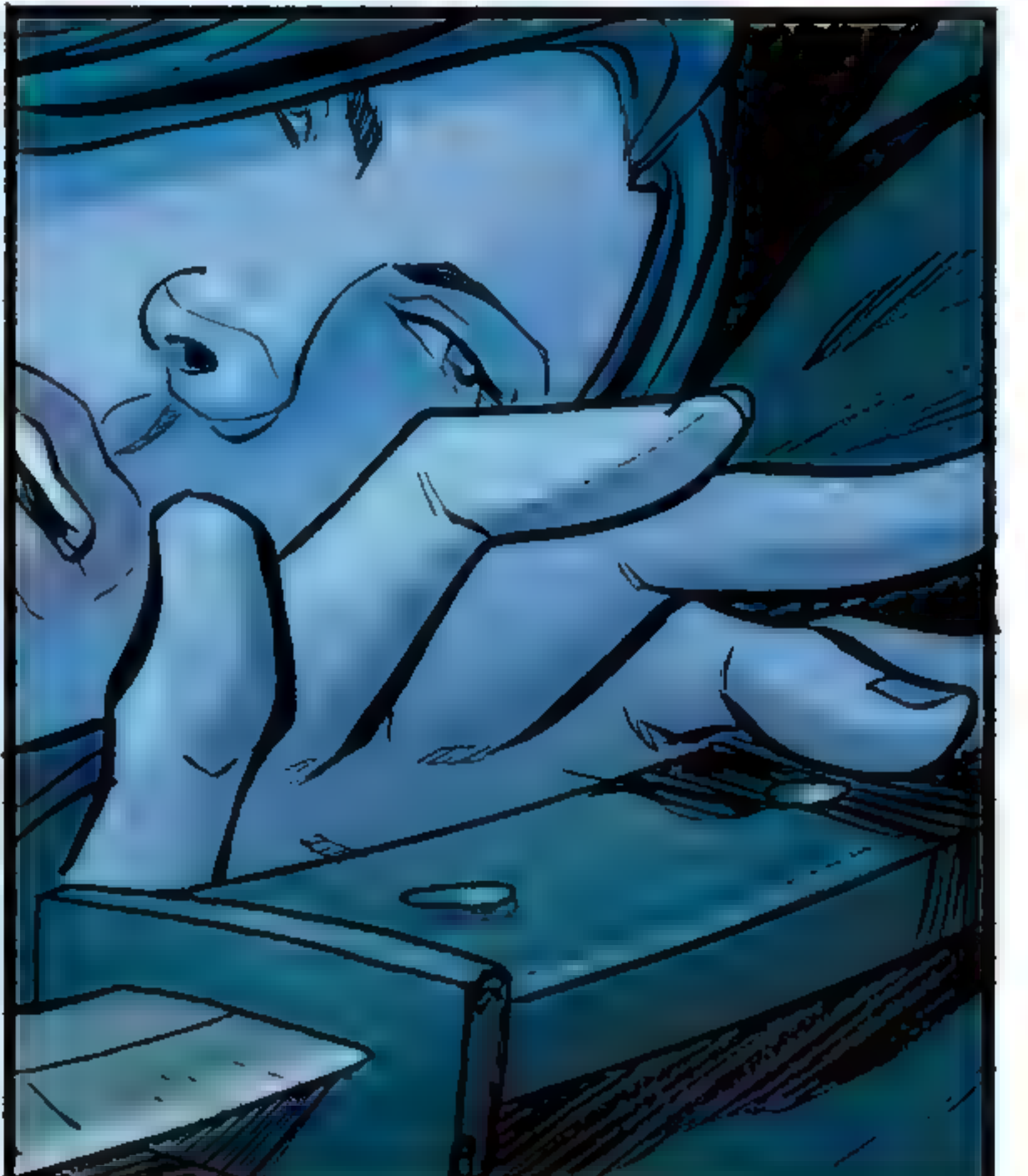
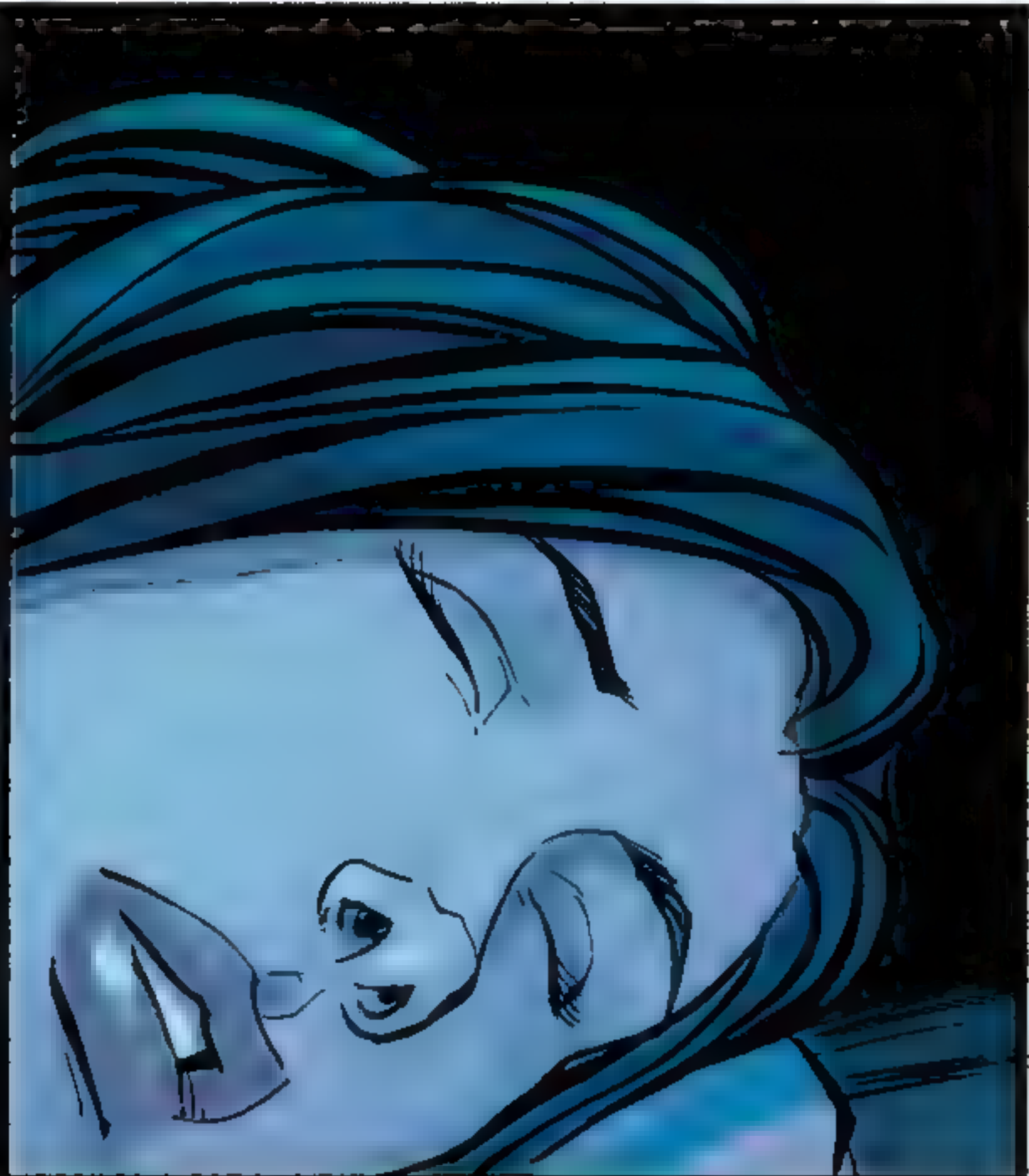
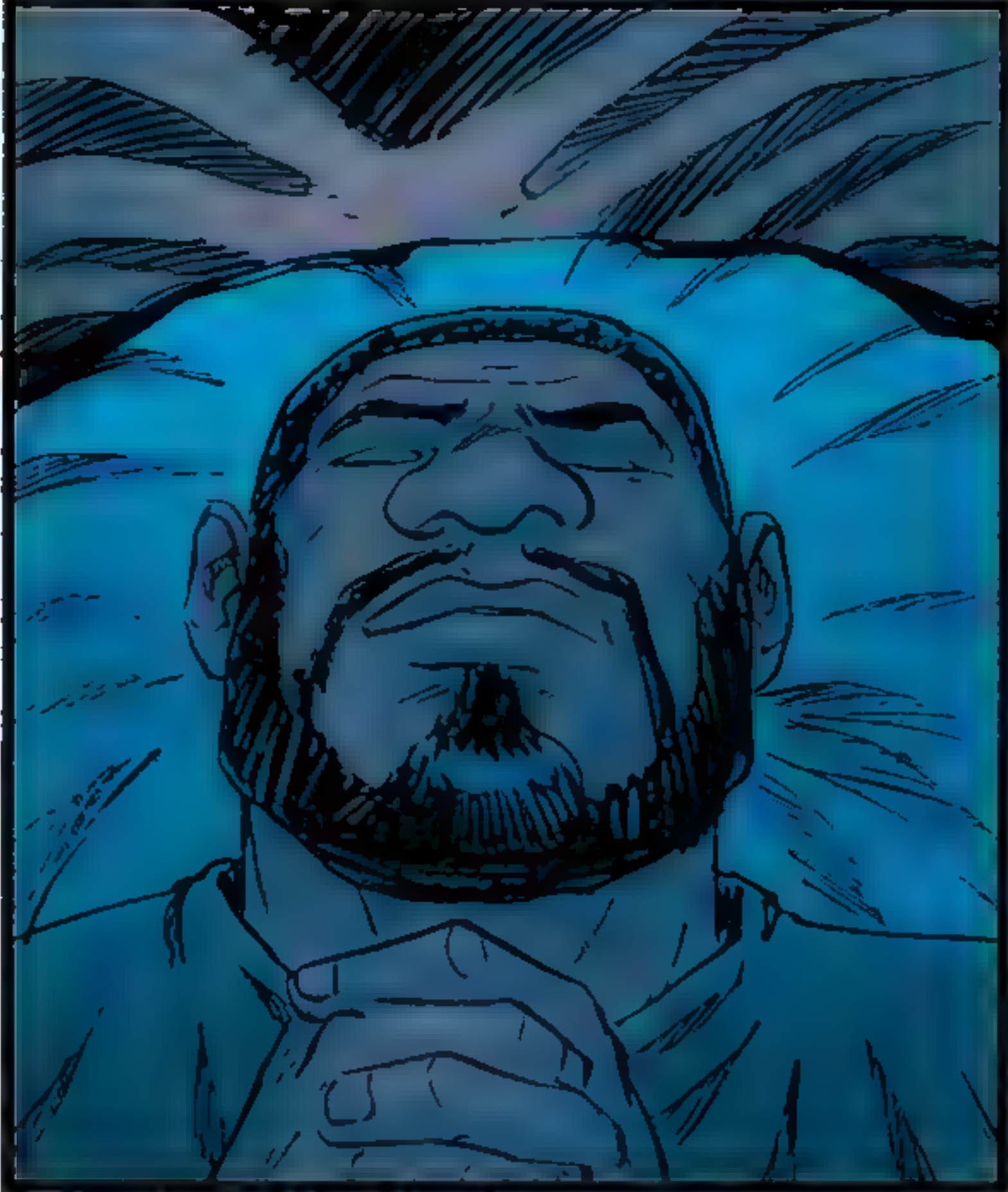
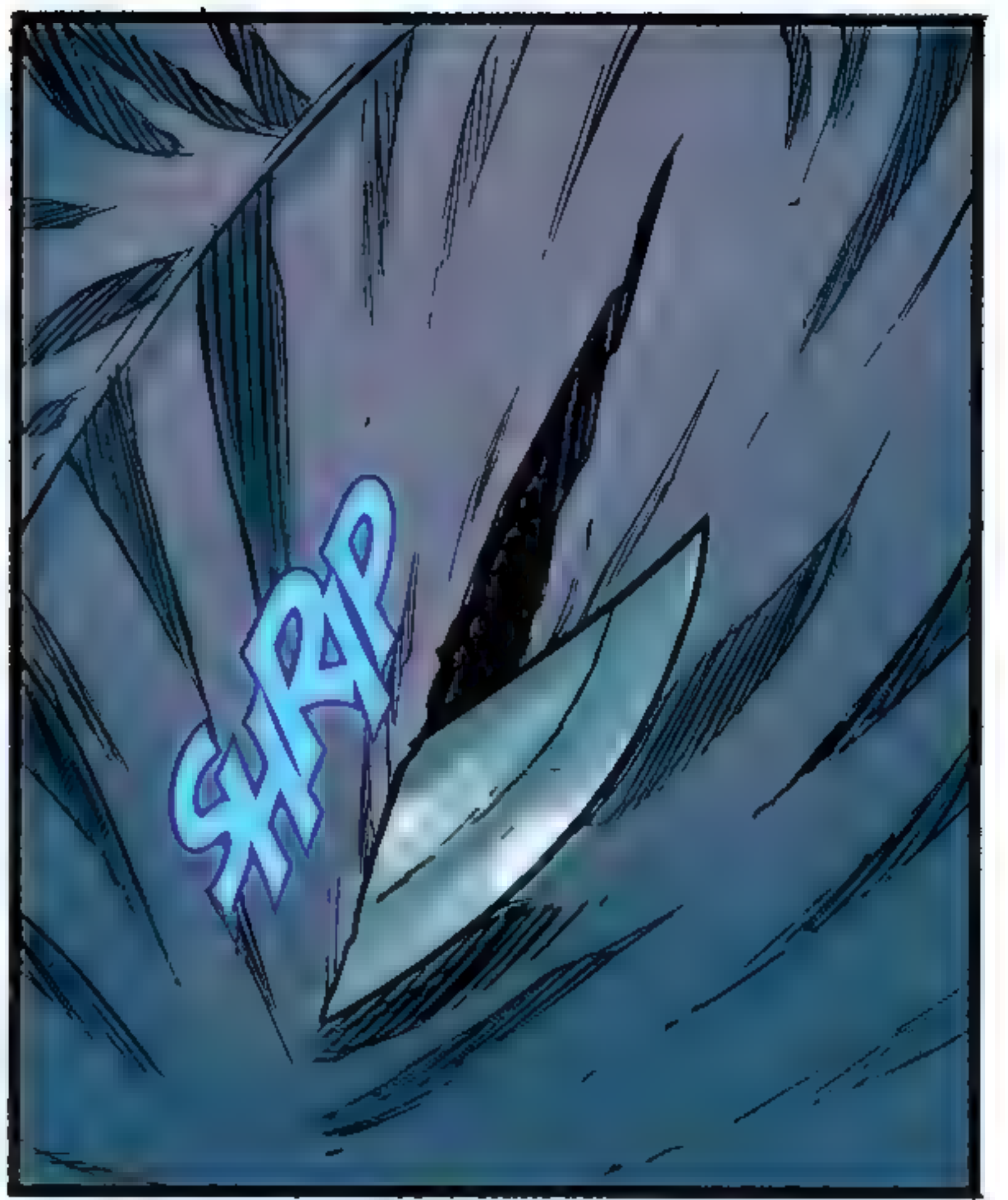
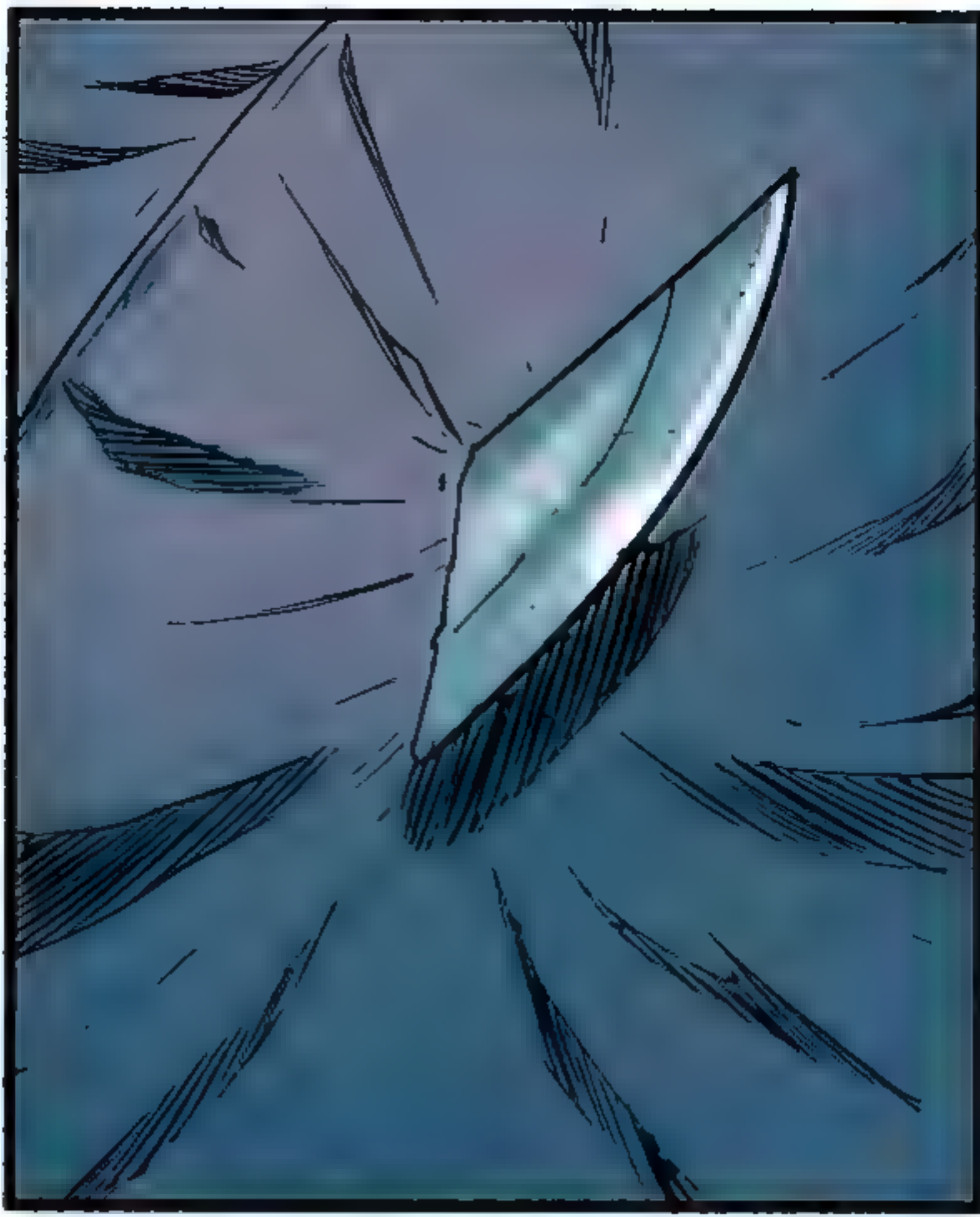
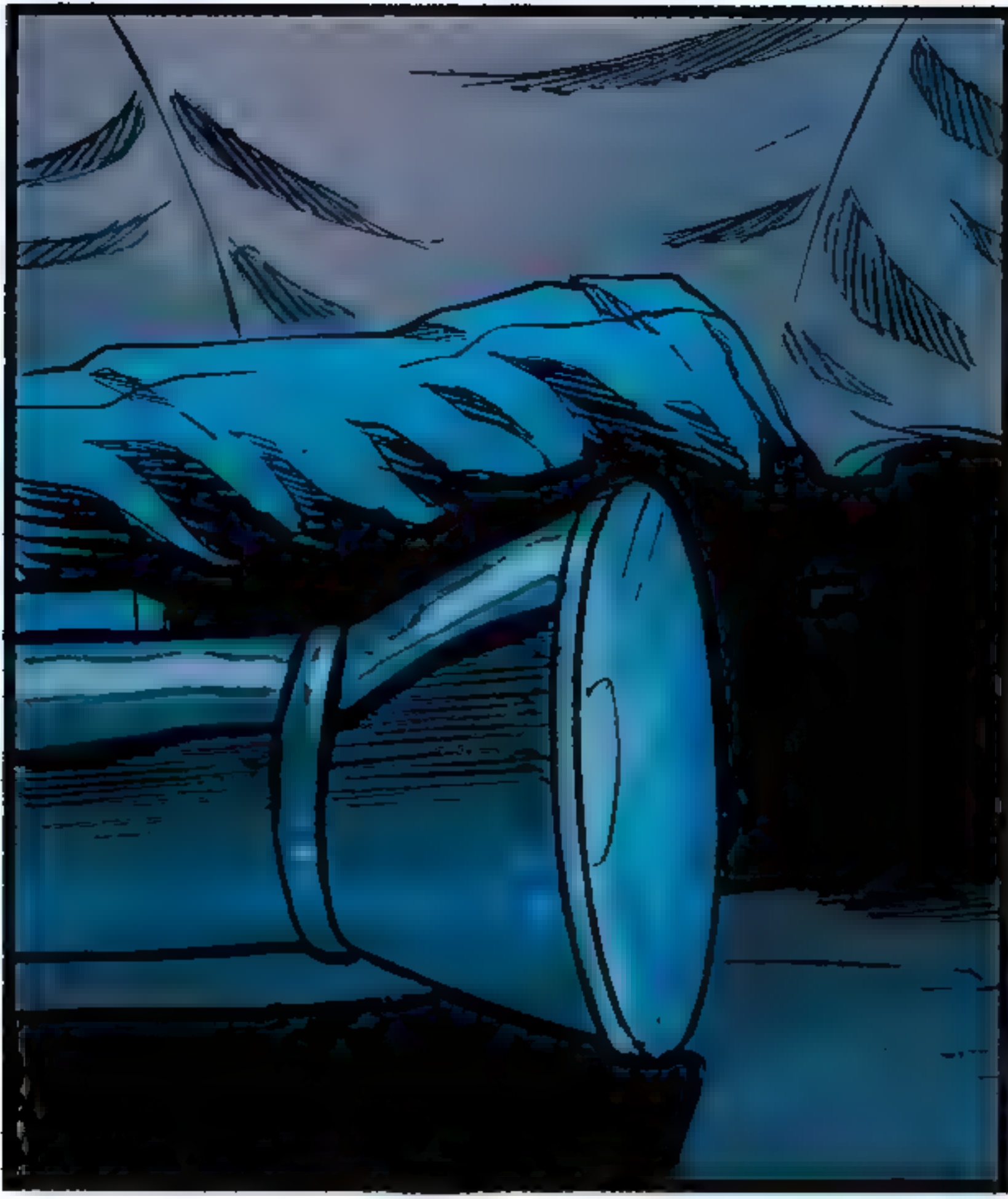


Frances.



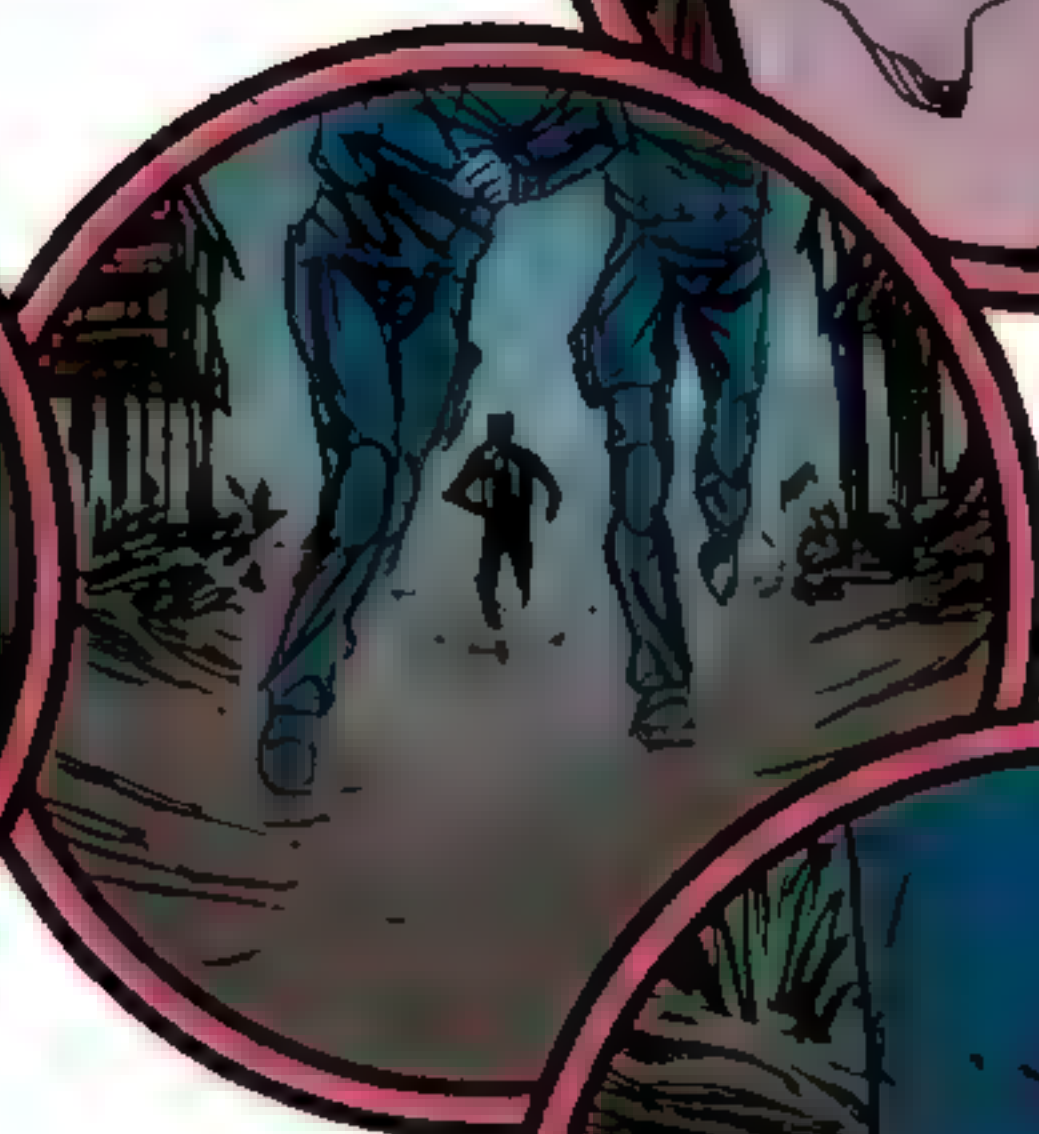
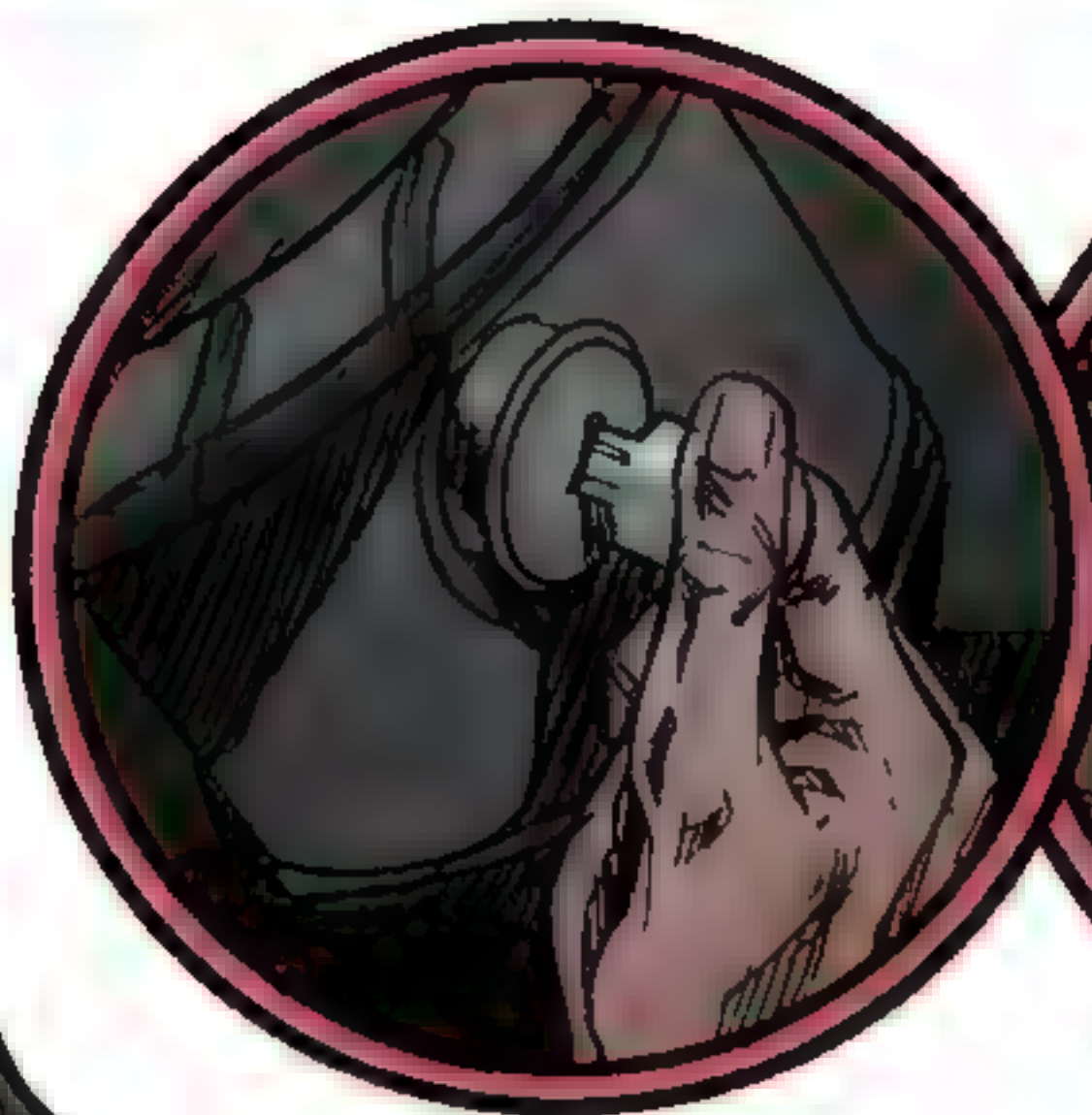
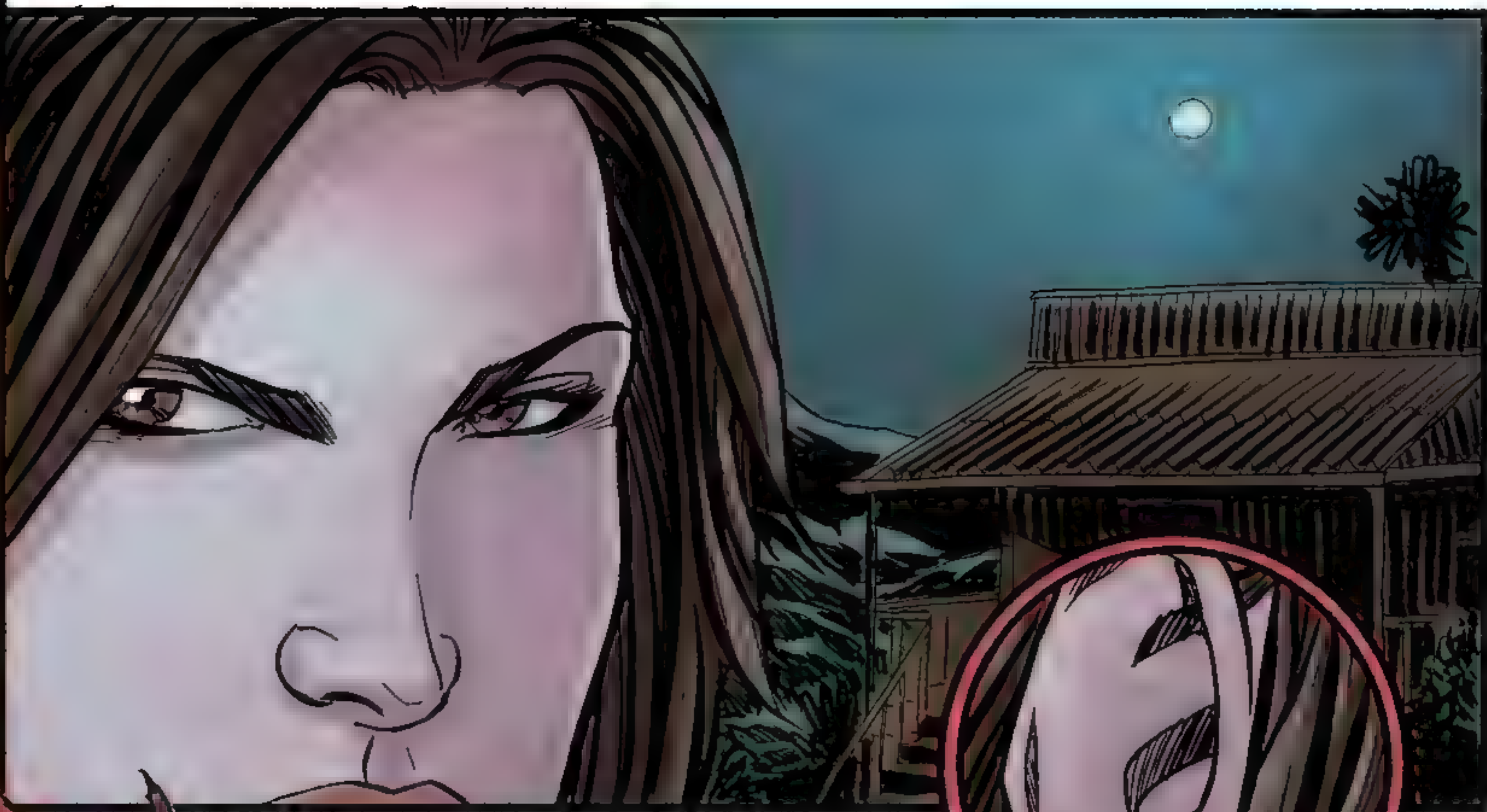
There's something about this I don't like.

Something about him I don't trust.





JONAH!



LARA.

WHATEVER
TRIED TO
KILL ME GOT
AWAY.

DEMUR'S
GONE.



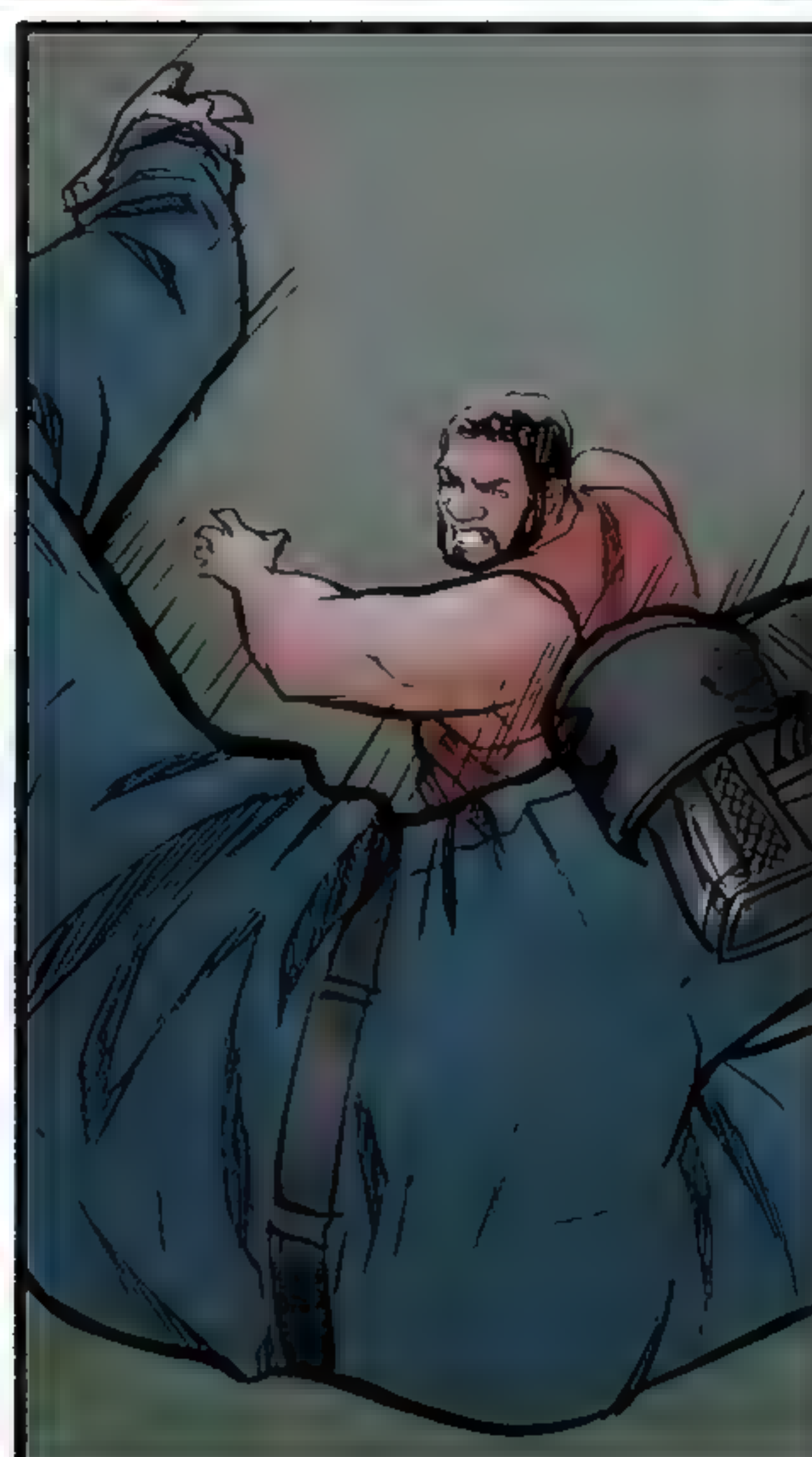
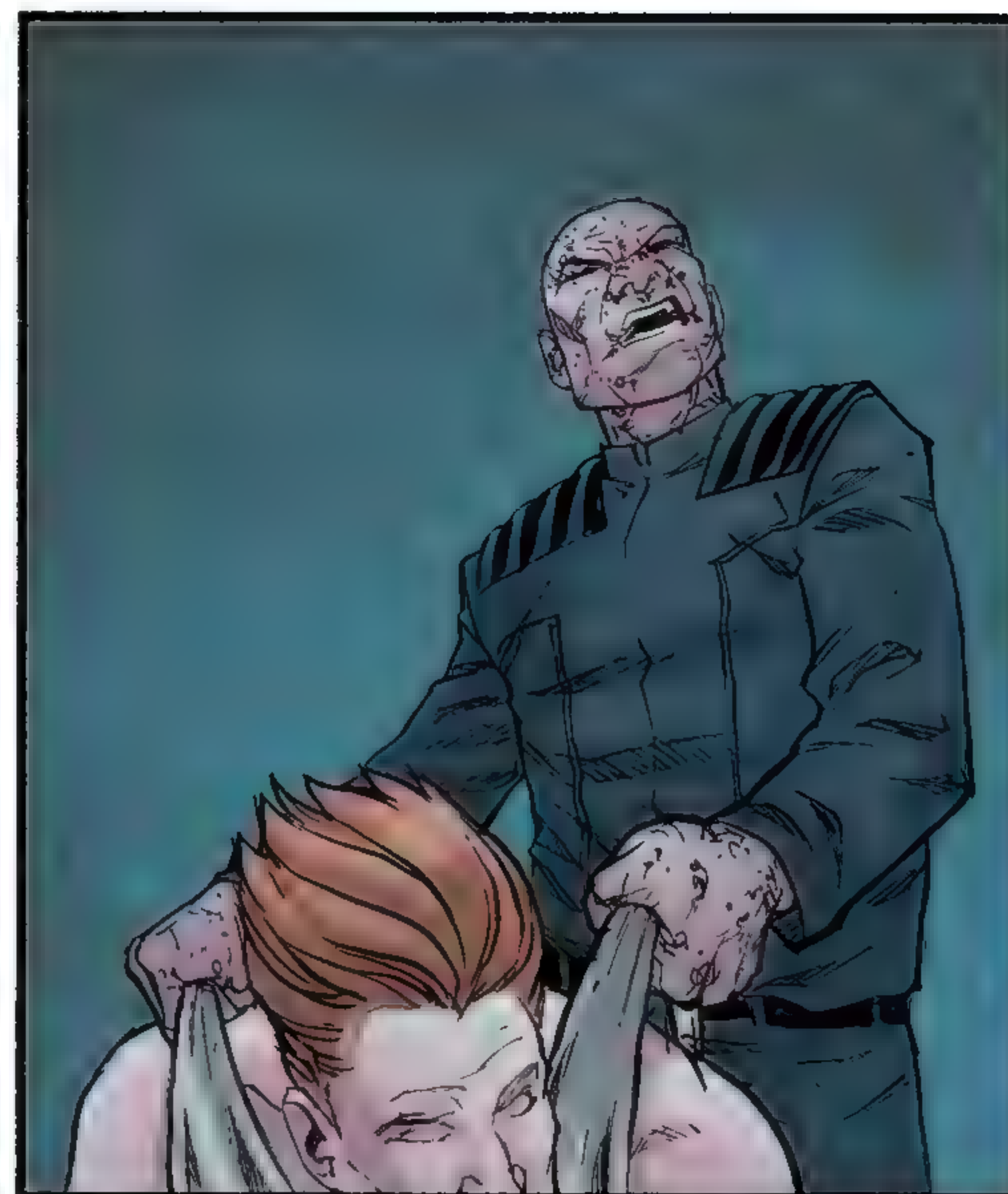
HOW
MANY OF
THEM ARE
THERE?

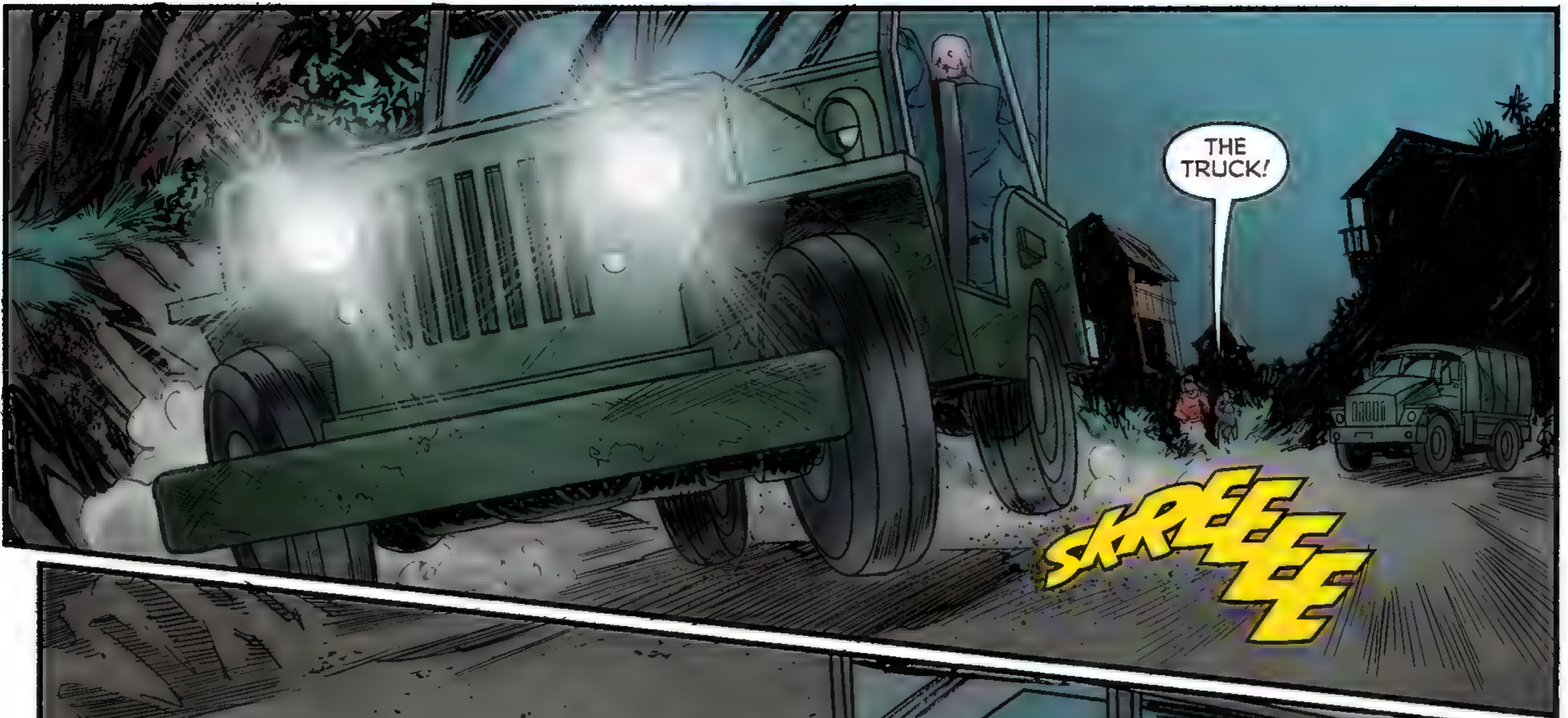


AT
LEAST THREE
IF THEY CAME TO
EACH OF OUR
TENTS.

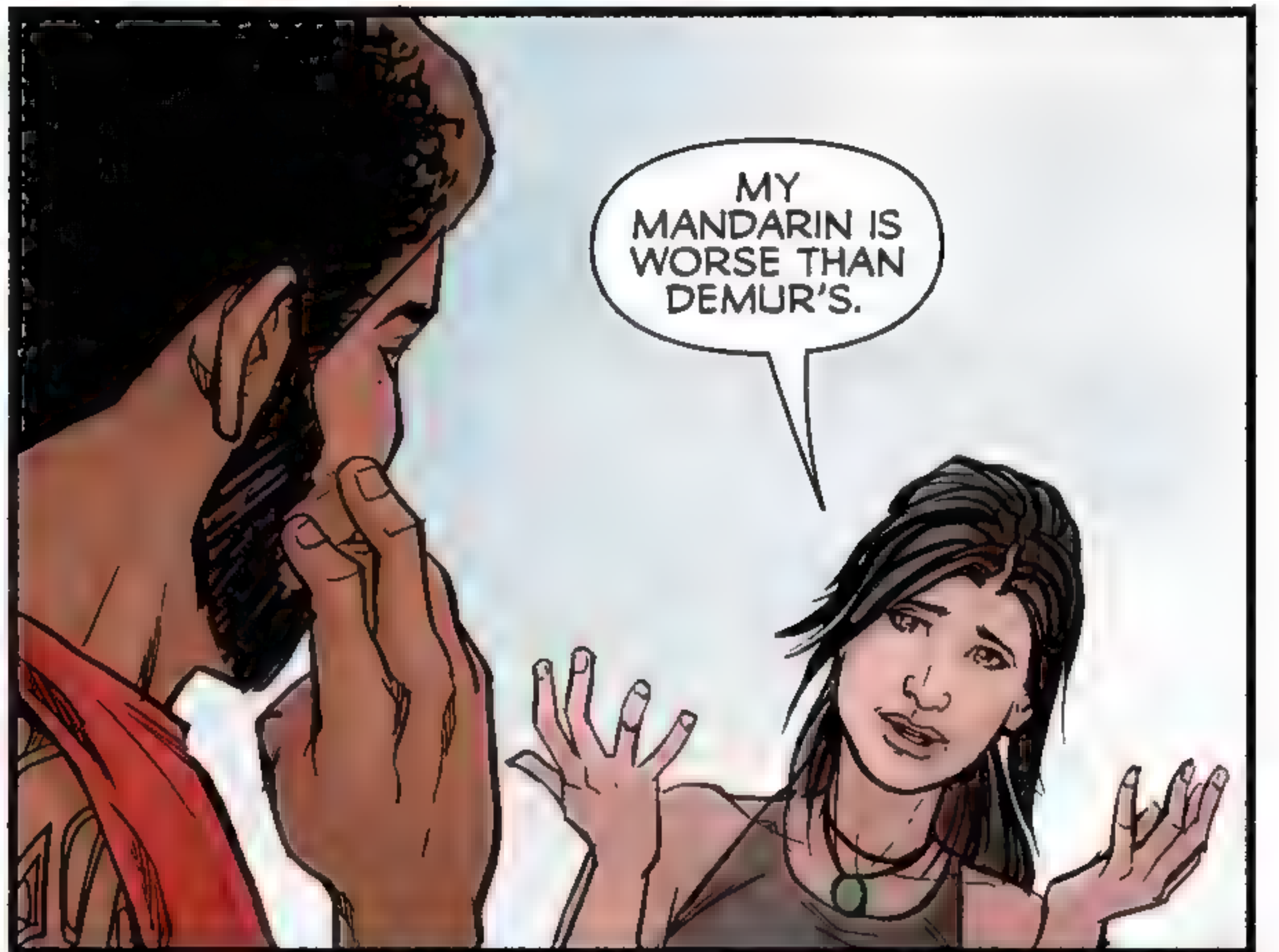


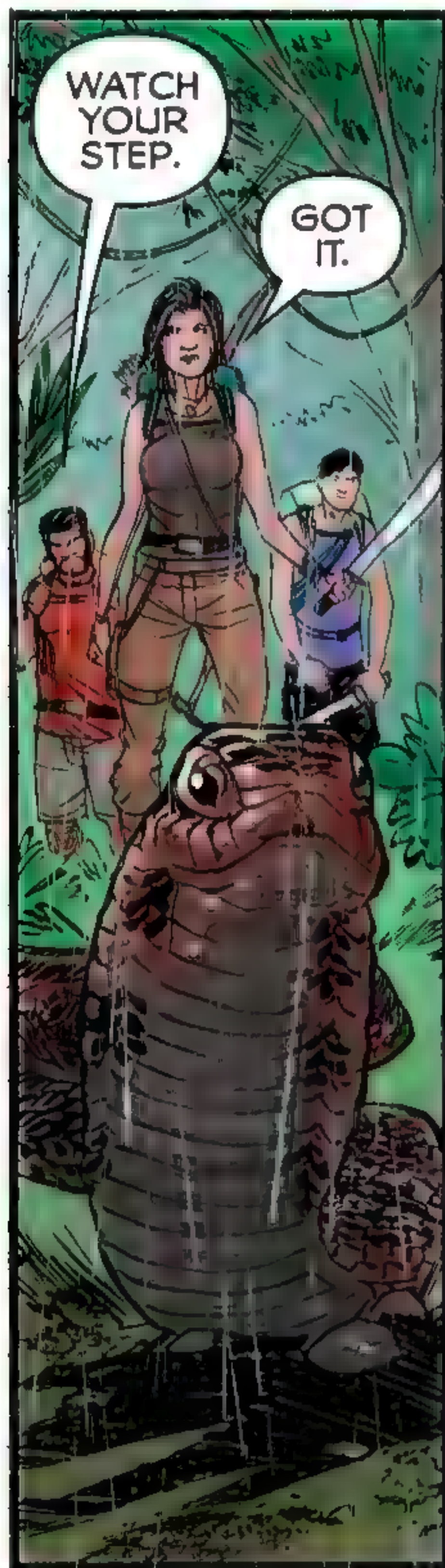
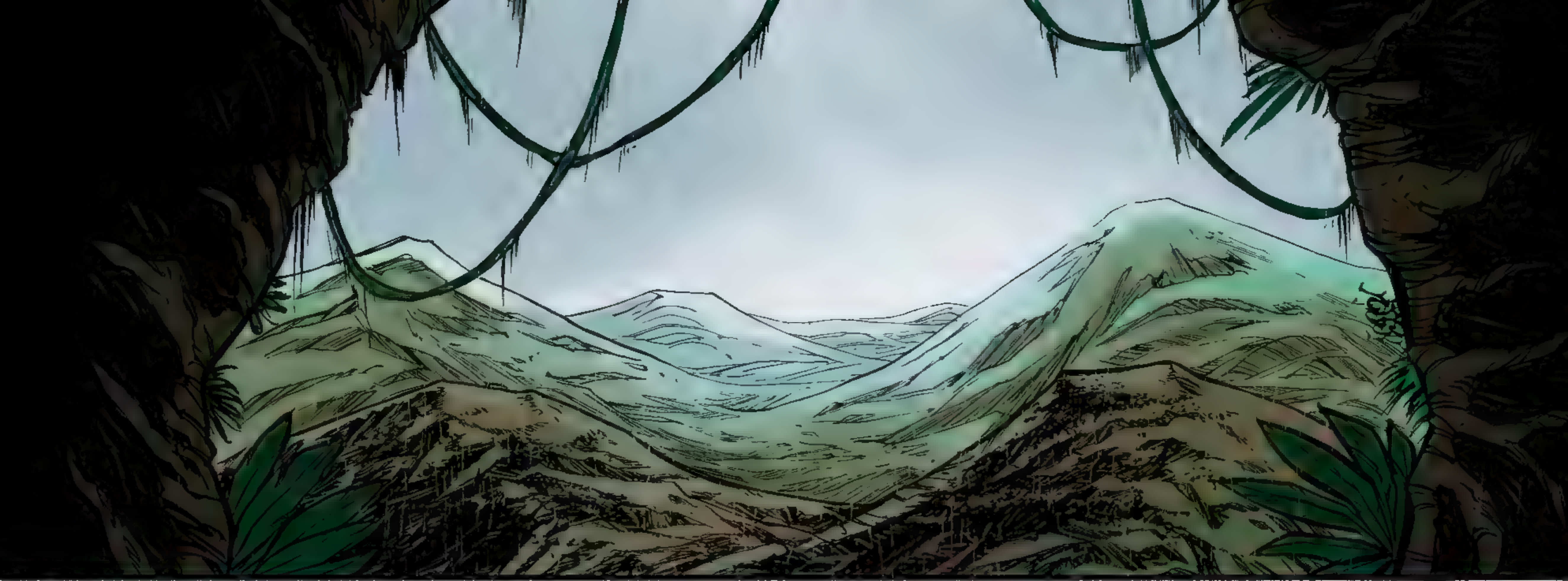
WE HAVE
TO KEEP THEM
AWAY FROM THE
VILLAGE.











WATCH YOUR STEP.

GOT IT.



SO WHOEVER THIS IS, THIS ARMY WHO'VE GOT DEMUR, THEY'VE GOT SOME RESOURCES.

ENOUGH TO HIRE A COUPLE PILOTS. A COUPLE PLANES. LOTS OF GEAR.

YOU'D THINK THEY COULD AFFORD SOME ZIT CREAM.

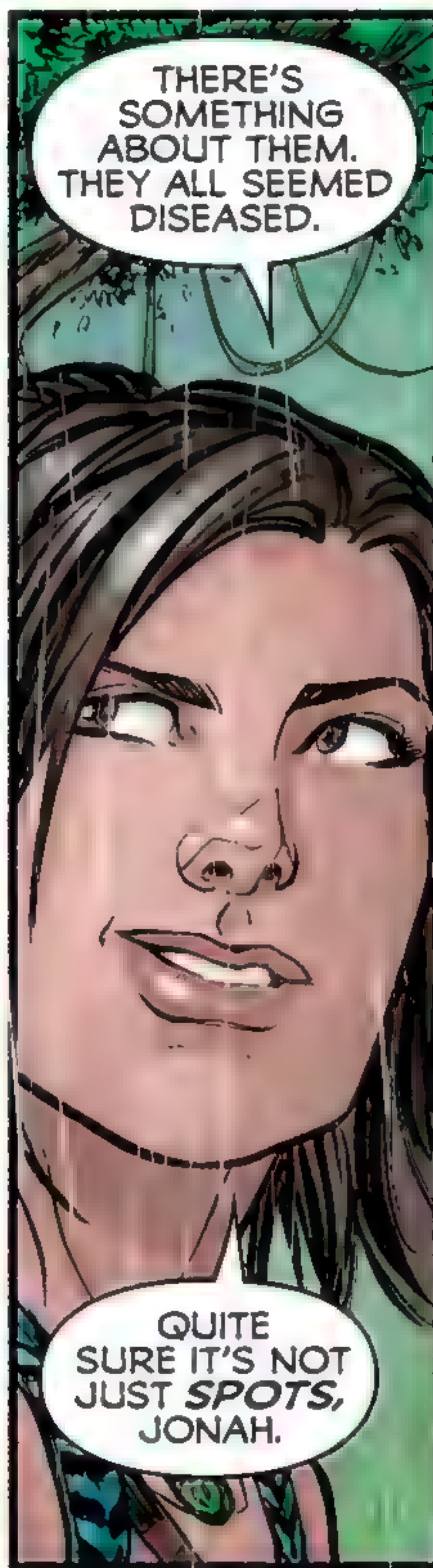


THEY'RE PREPARED. NOT SURE HOW BIG THE PICTURE IS, BUT THIS IS DEFINITELY PART OF A LARGER PLAN.

MAYBE THEY'VE HAD DEMUR IN THEIR SIGHTS FOR MONTHS.

YOU THINK IT'S TRINITY?

AN AFFILIATE? A HIRED ARMY?

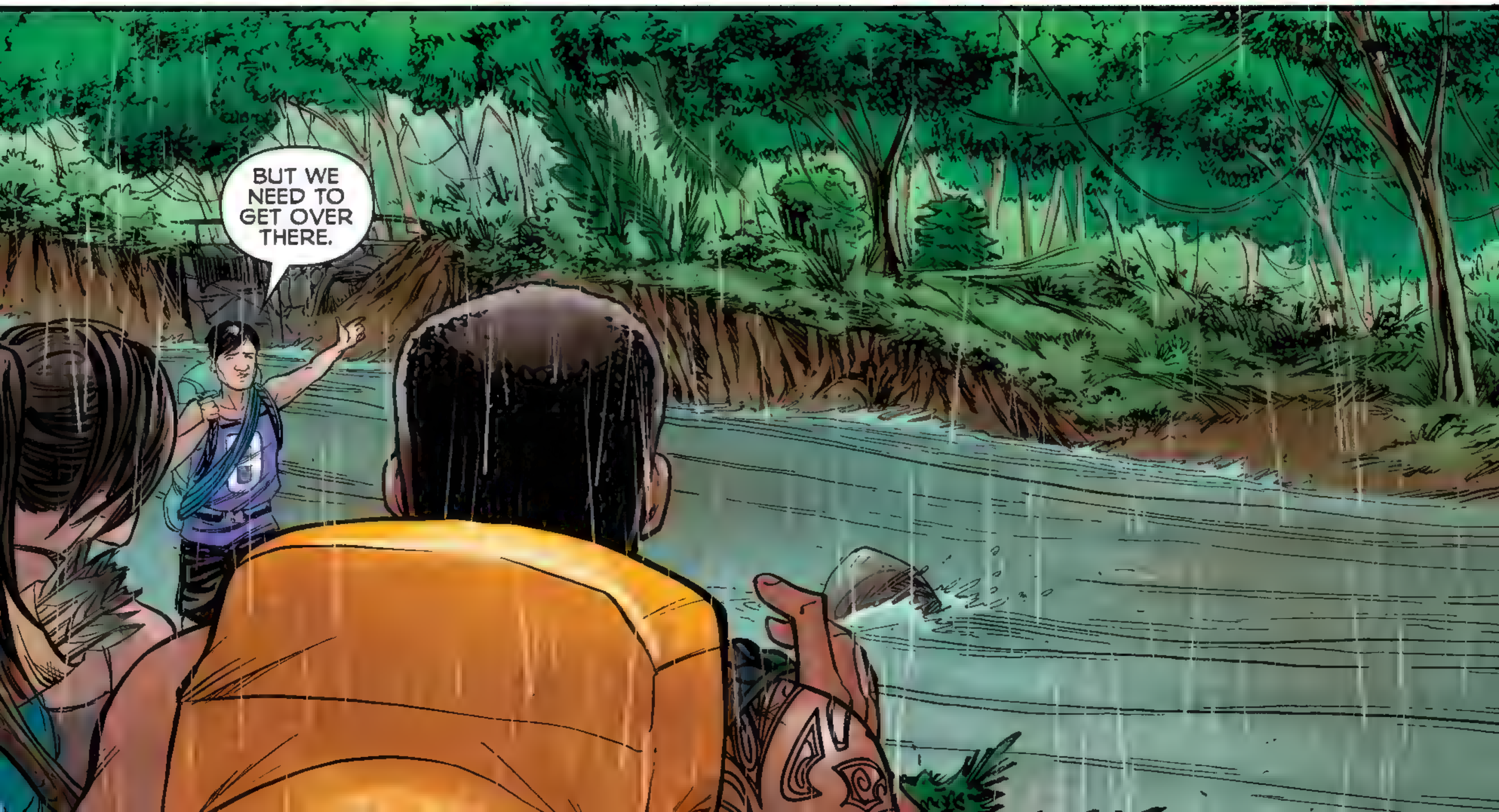


THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM. THEY ALL SEEMED DISEASED.

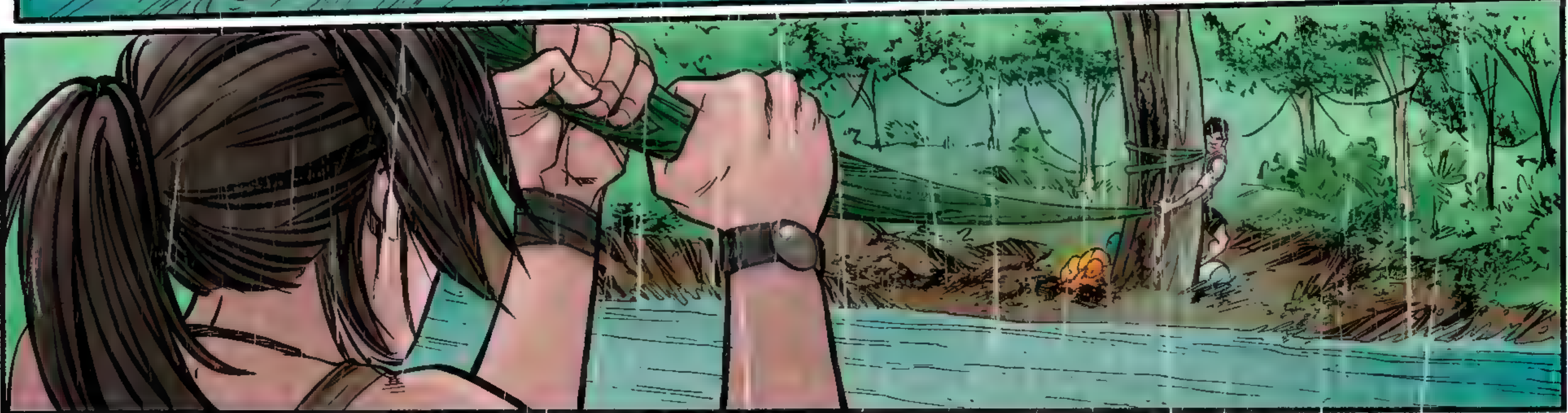
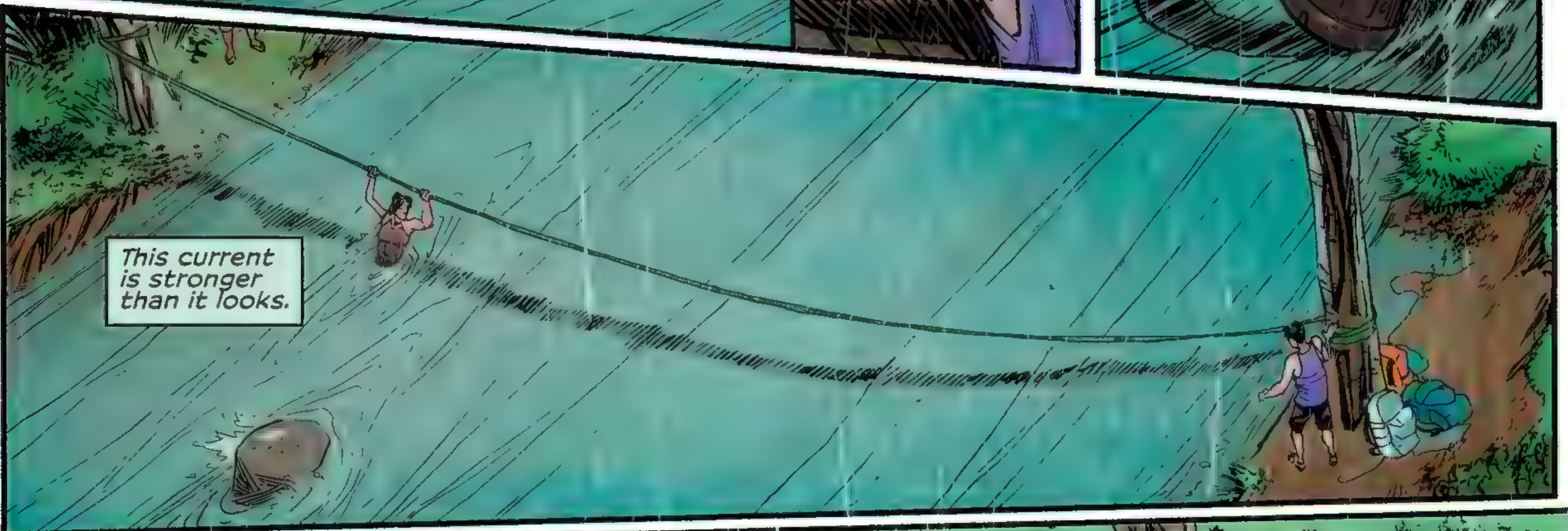
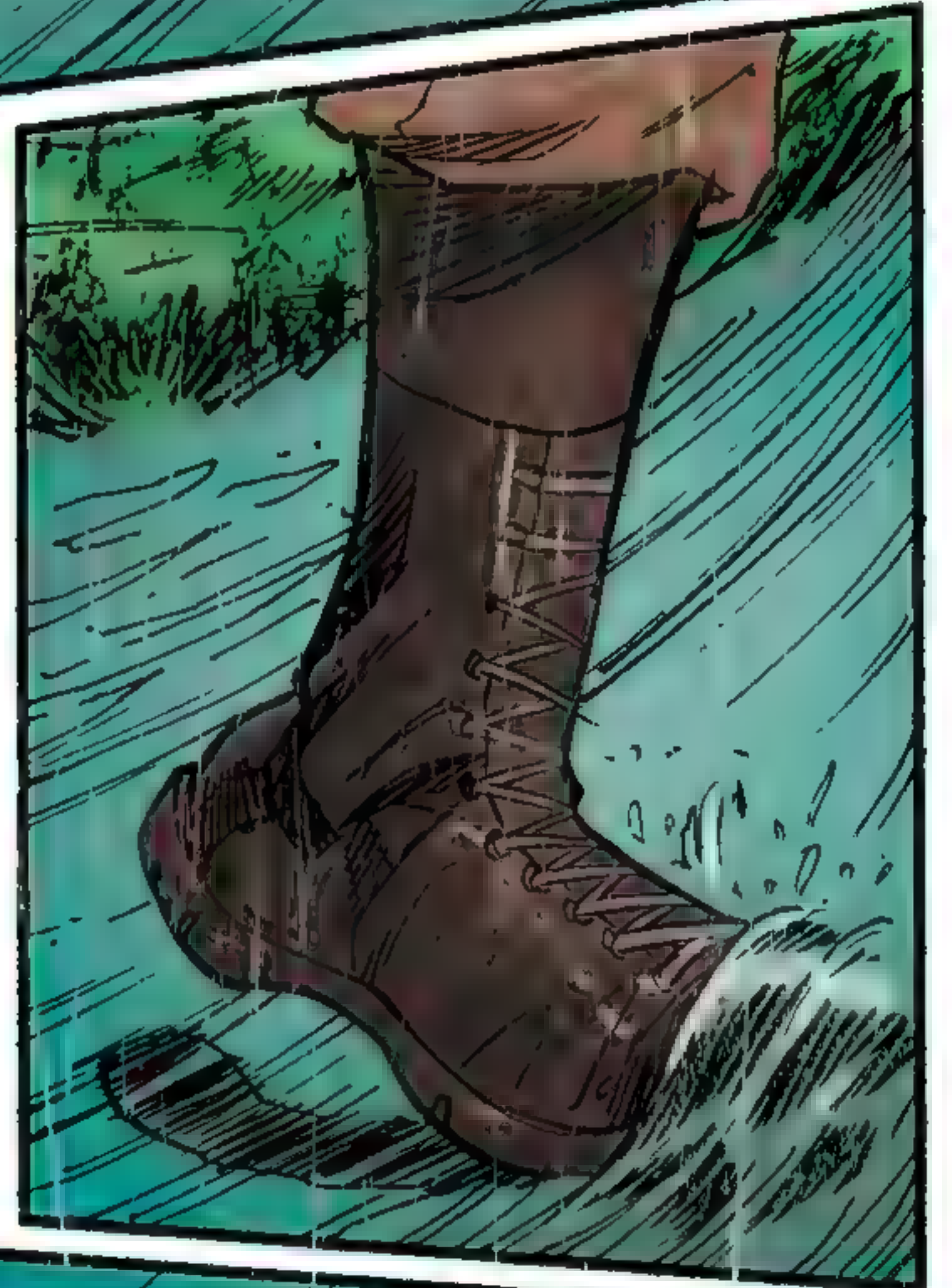
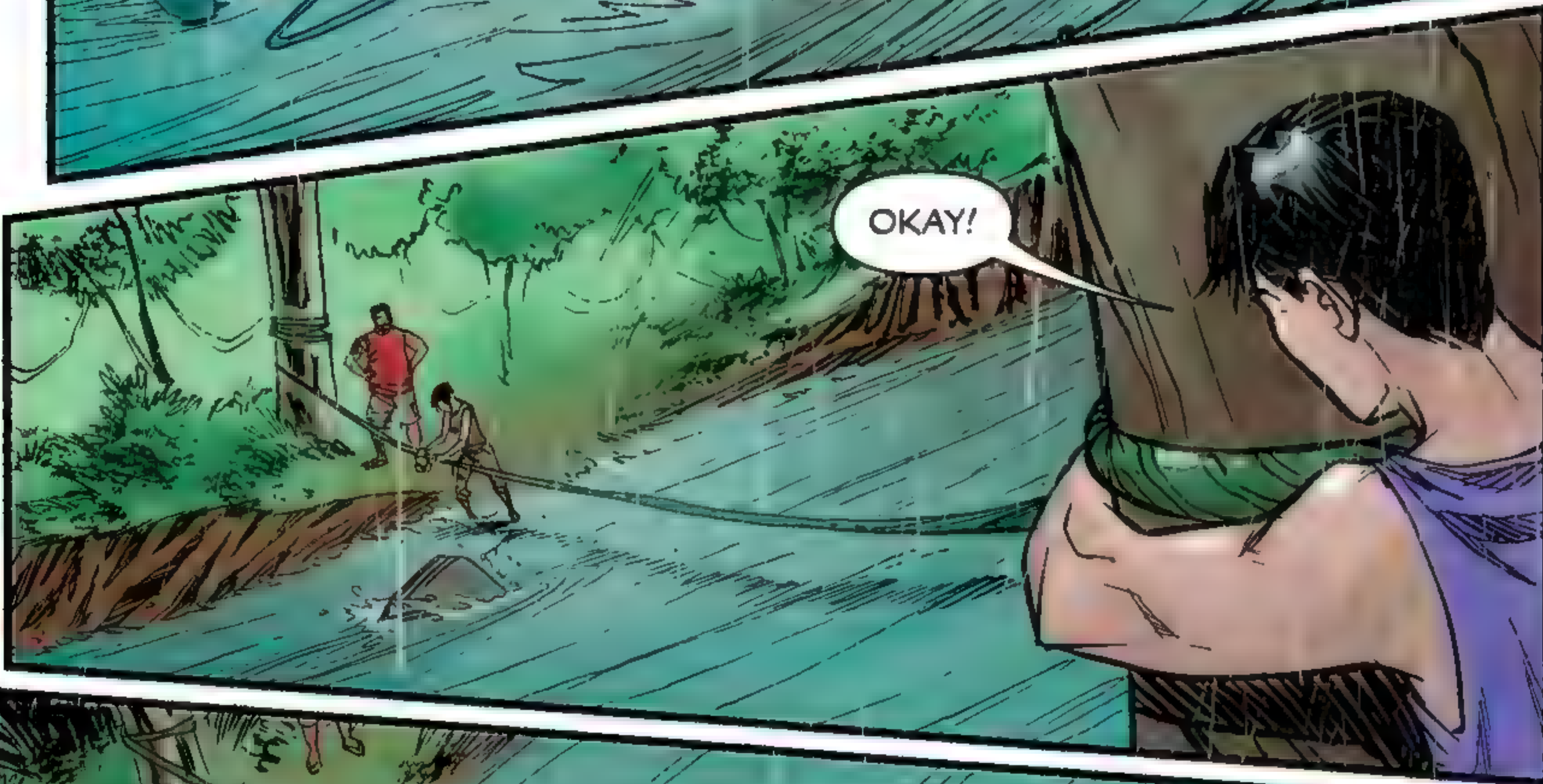
QUITE SURE IT'S NOT JUST *SPOTS*, JONAH.

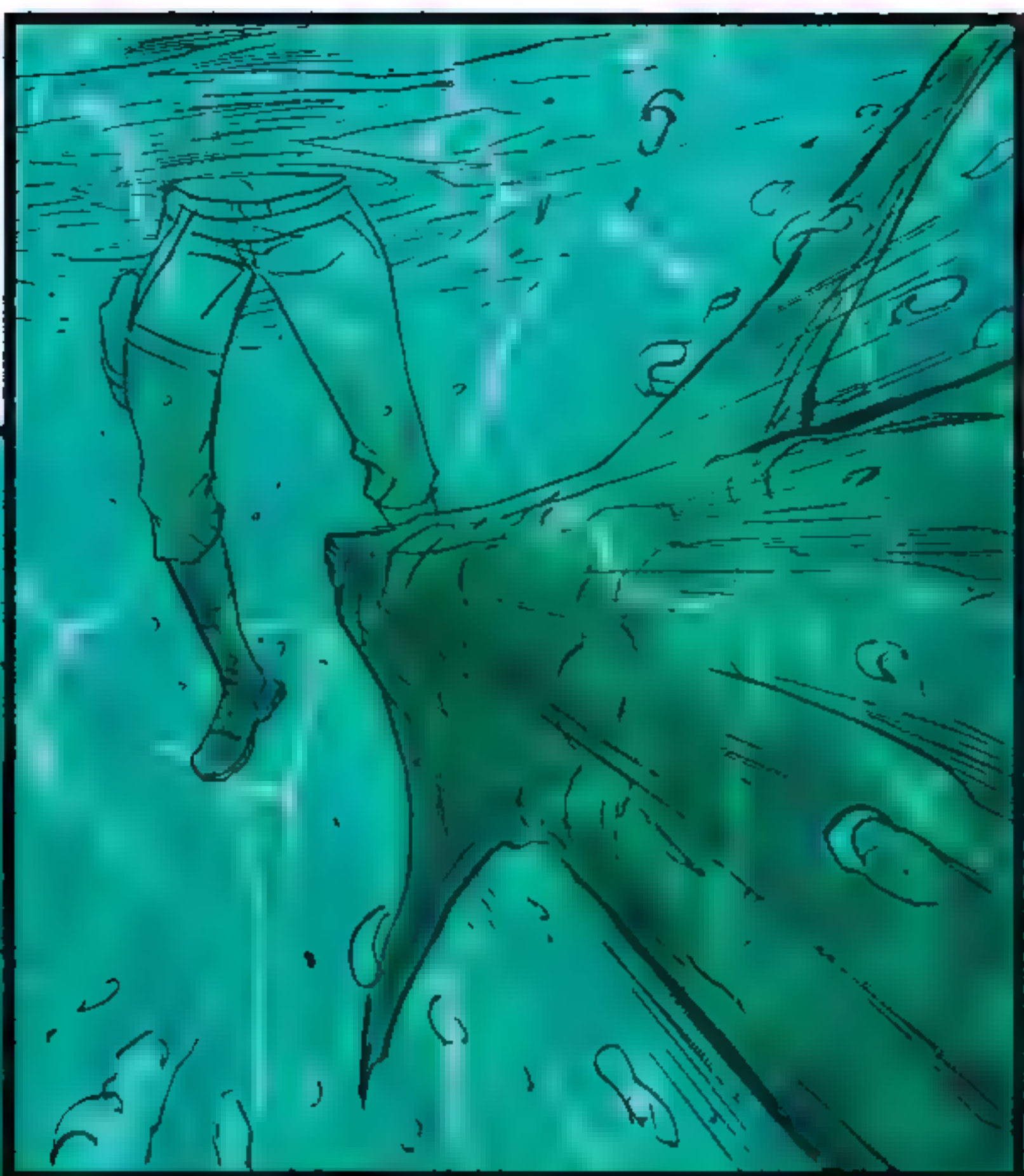
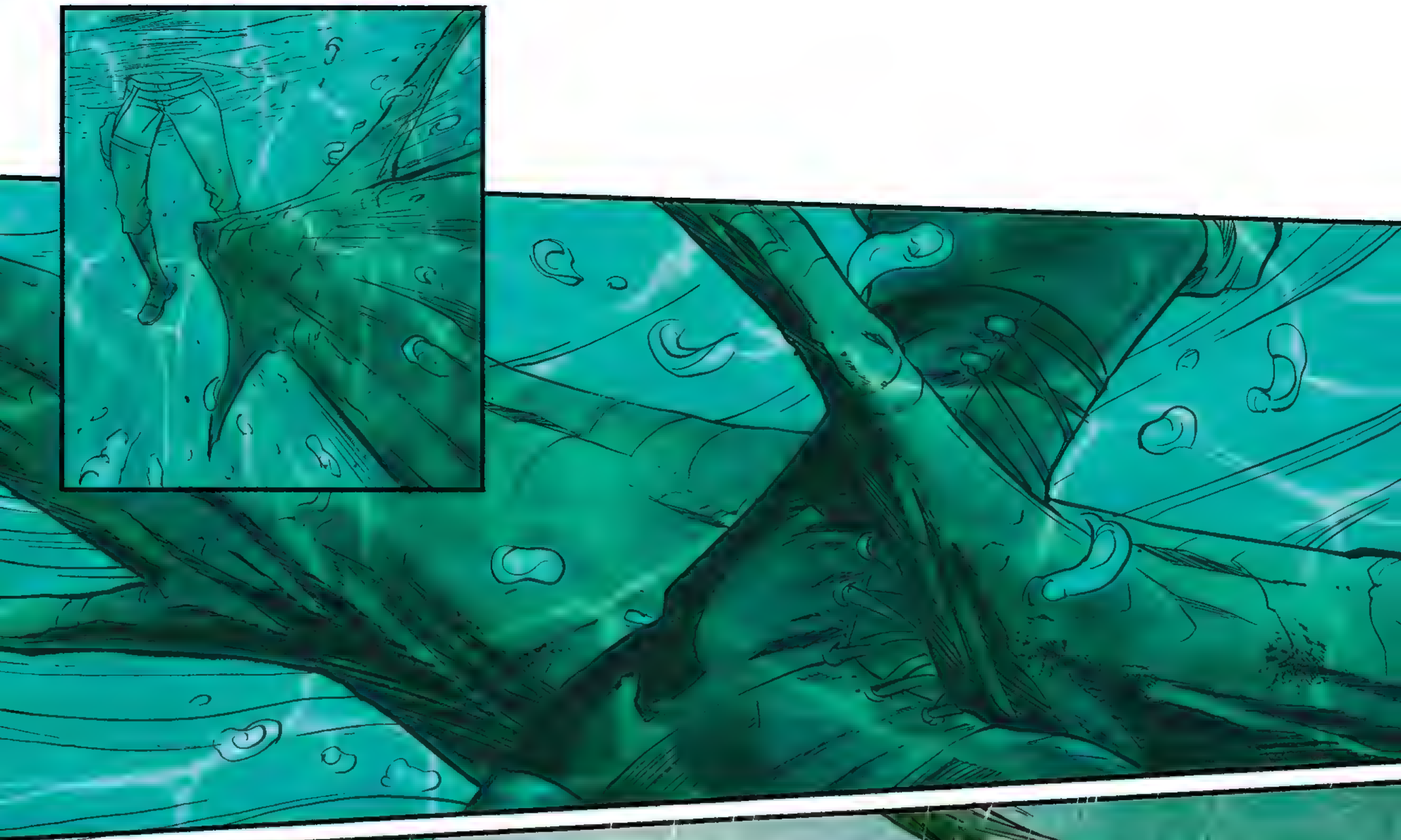


BRIDGE IS OUT.



BUT WE NEED TO GET OVER THERE.





HUP!




LARA!

Darkness.
Decreased
visibility.



Déjà vu.

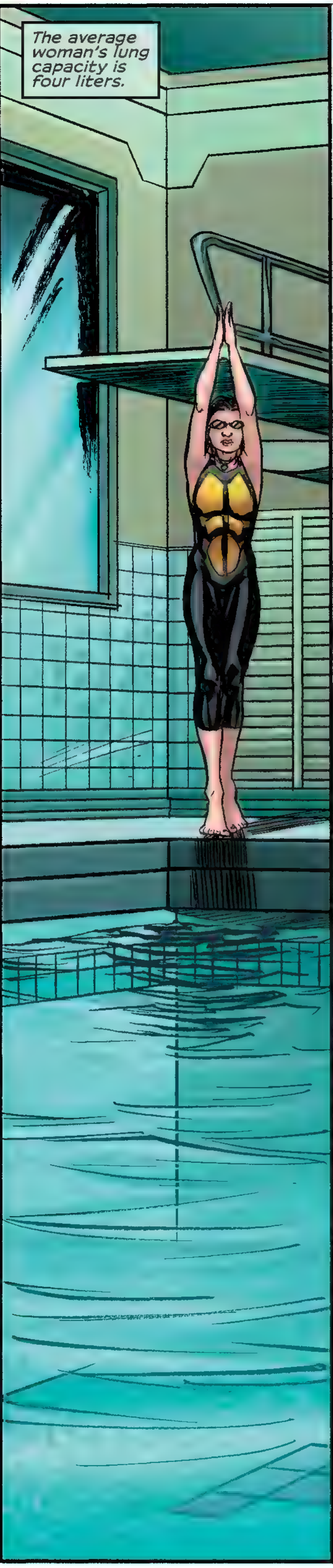




I've trained...

...for this.

The average woman's lung capacity is four liters.



I can hold my breath...



...for two minutes...





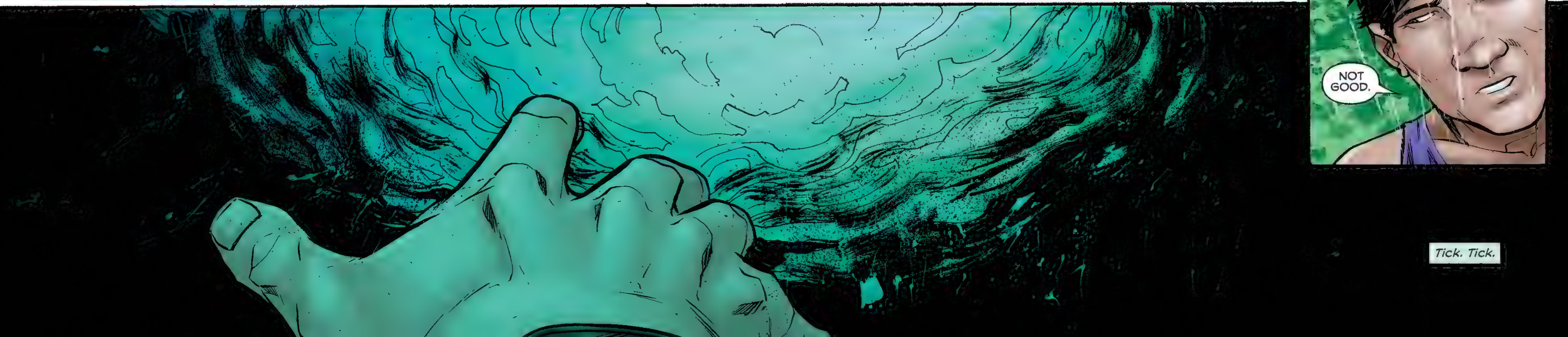
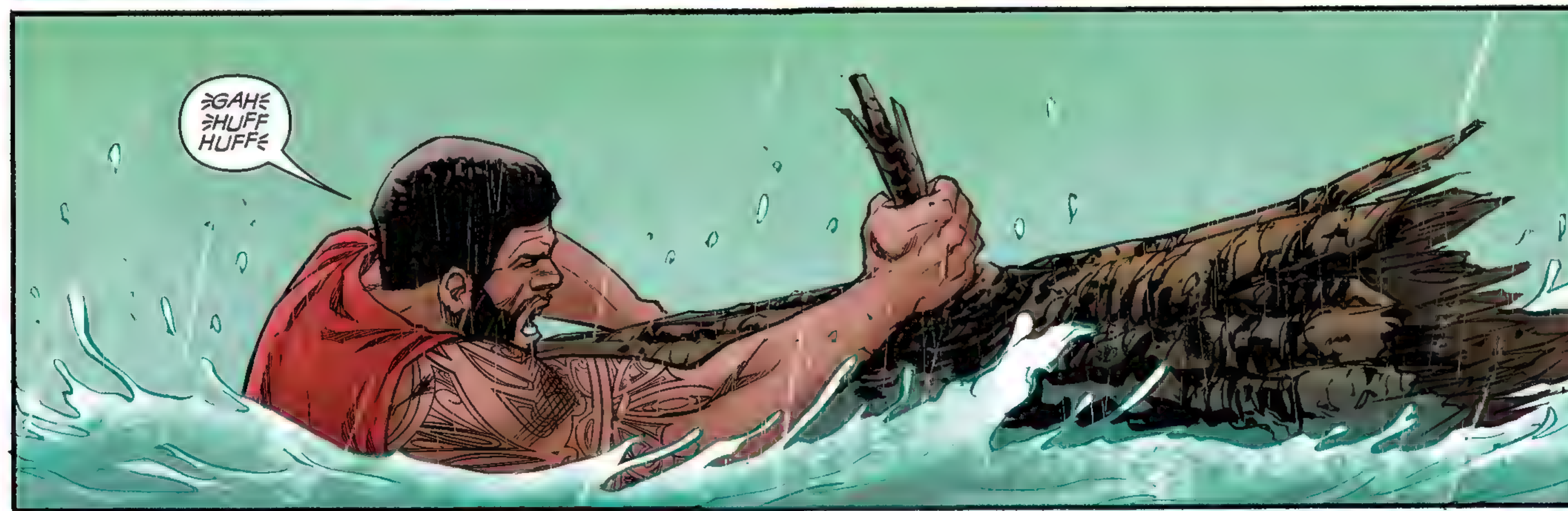
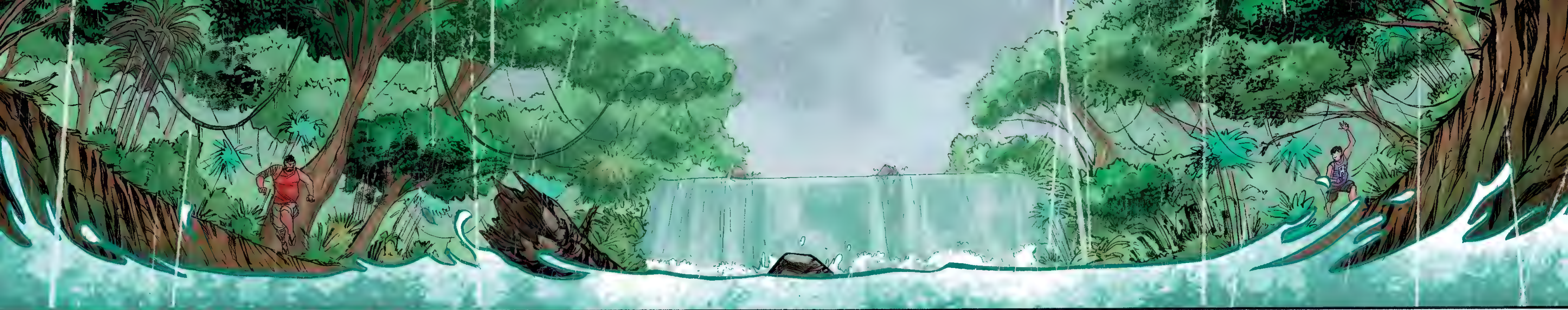
...forty-two seconds.



Training is a clock, inside me, in this chaos...



...ticking off the seconds.



Tick. Tick.



COME ON, LARA.



Struggle...
burning up
oxygen.

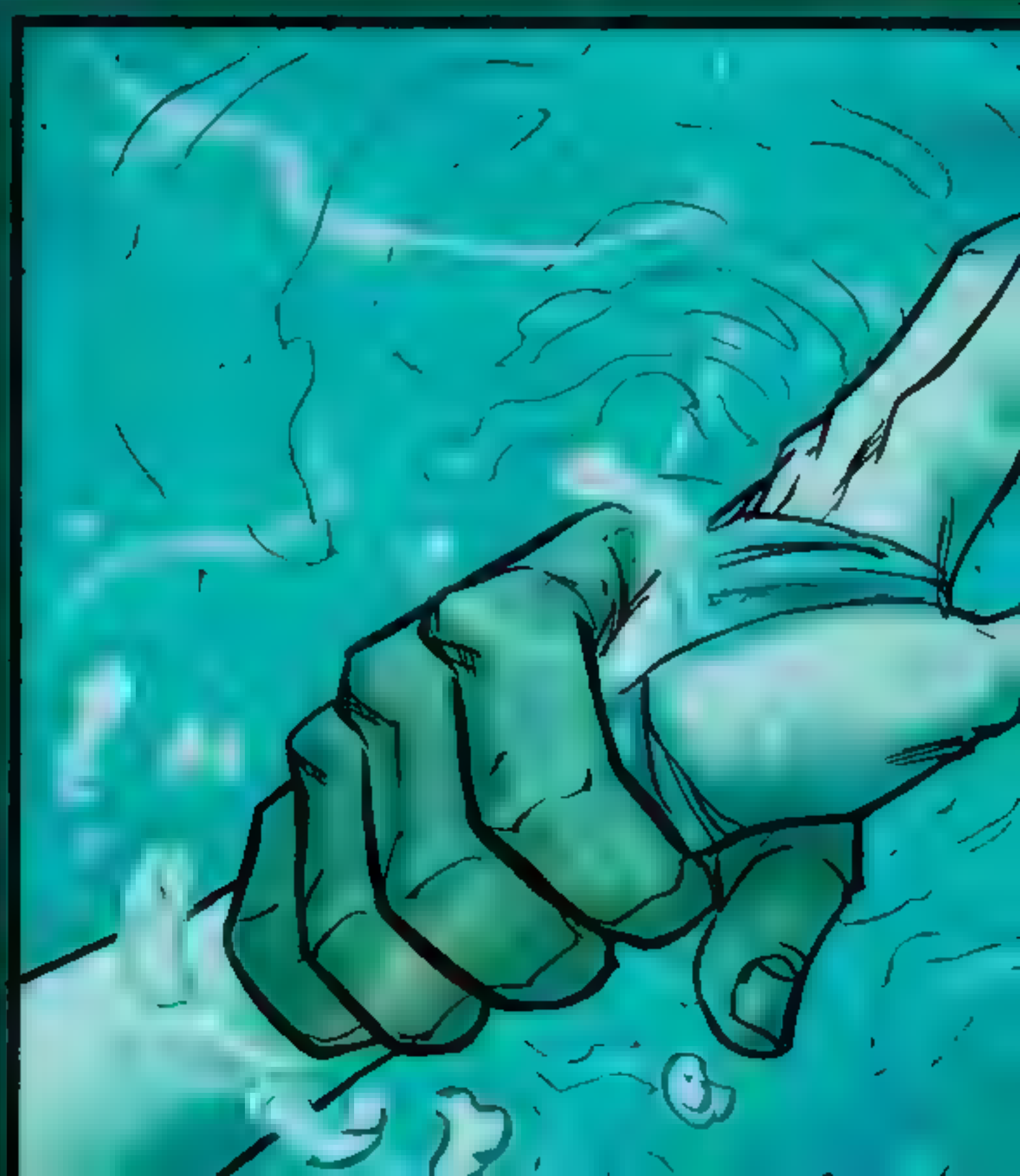
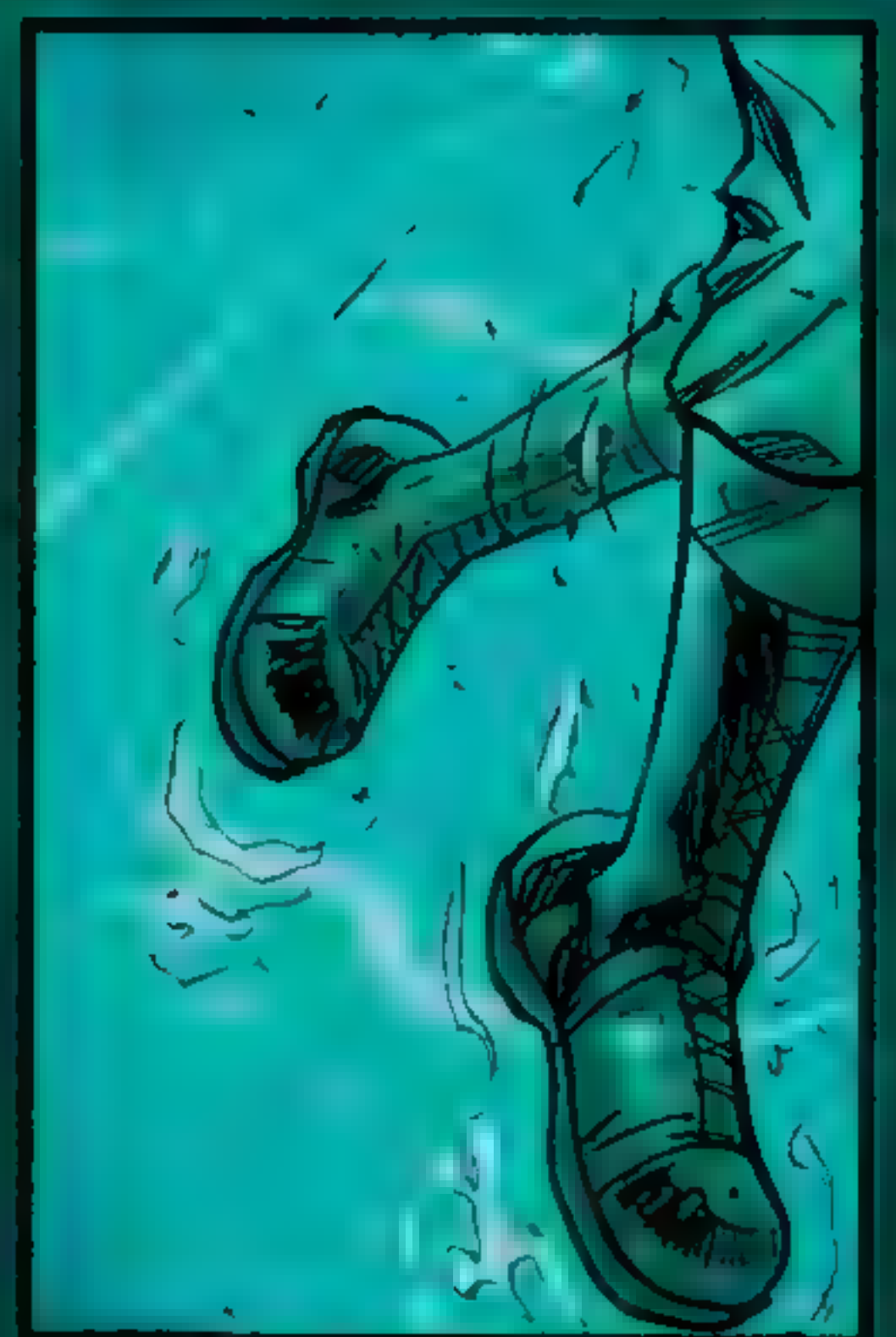
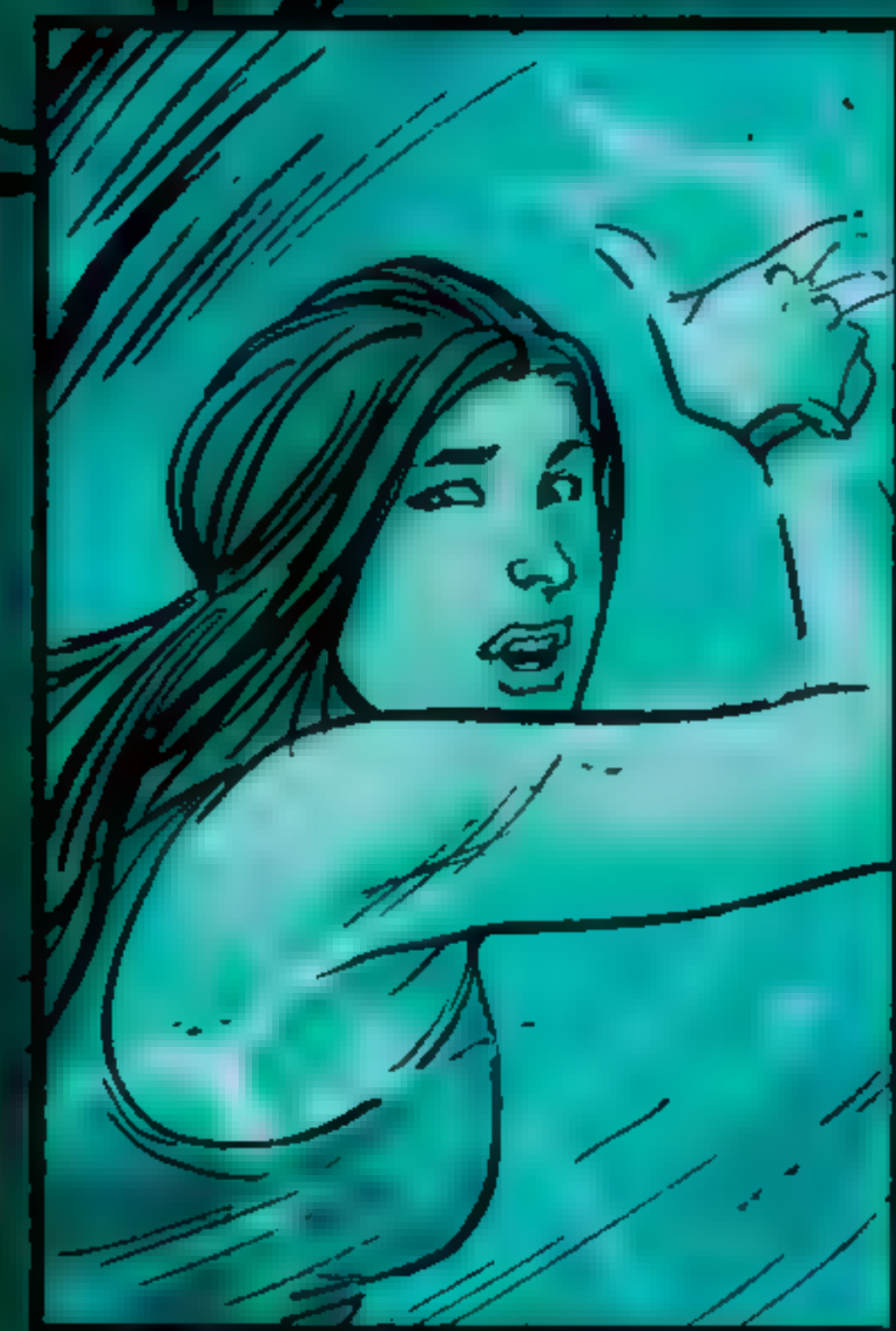
Time is
running...

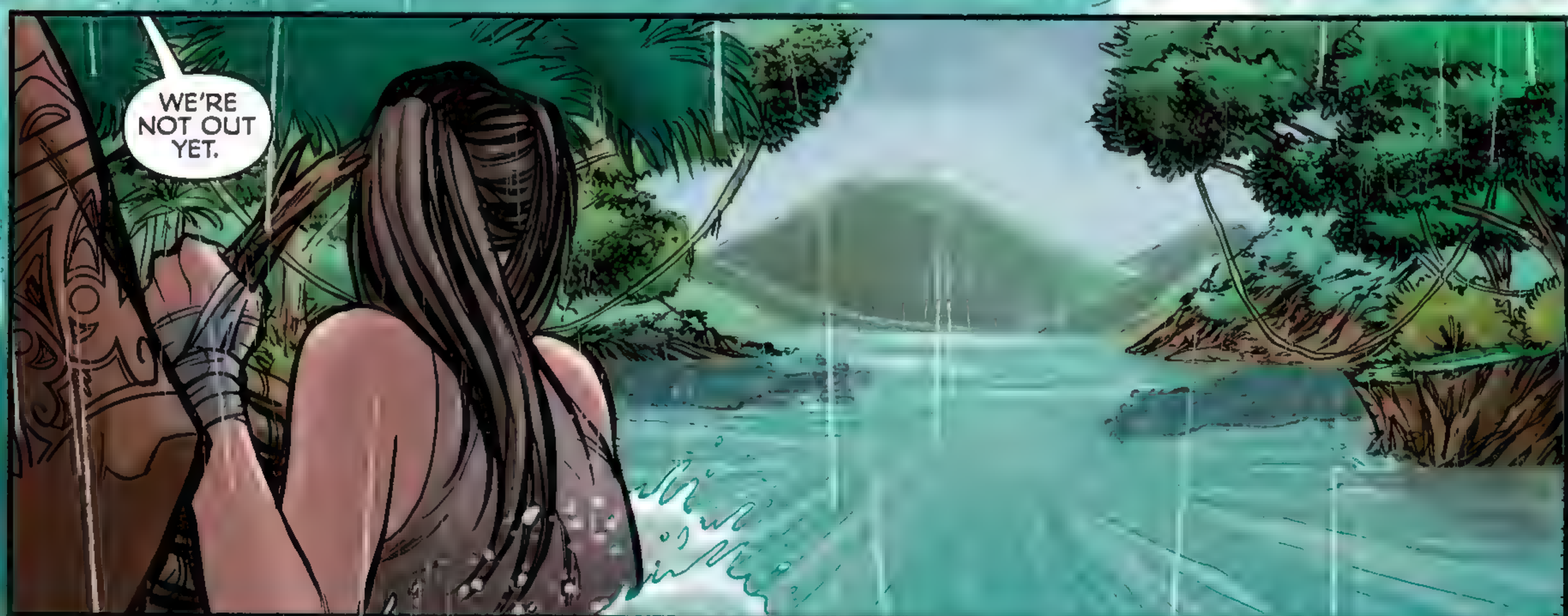
Something
pulling...

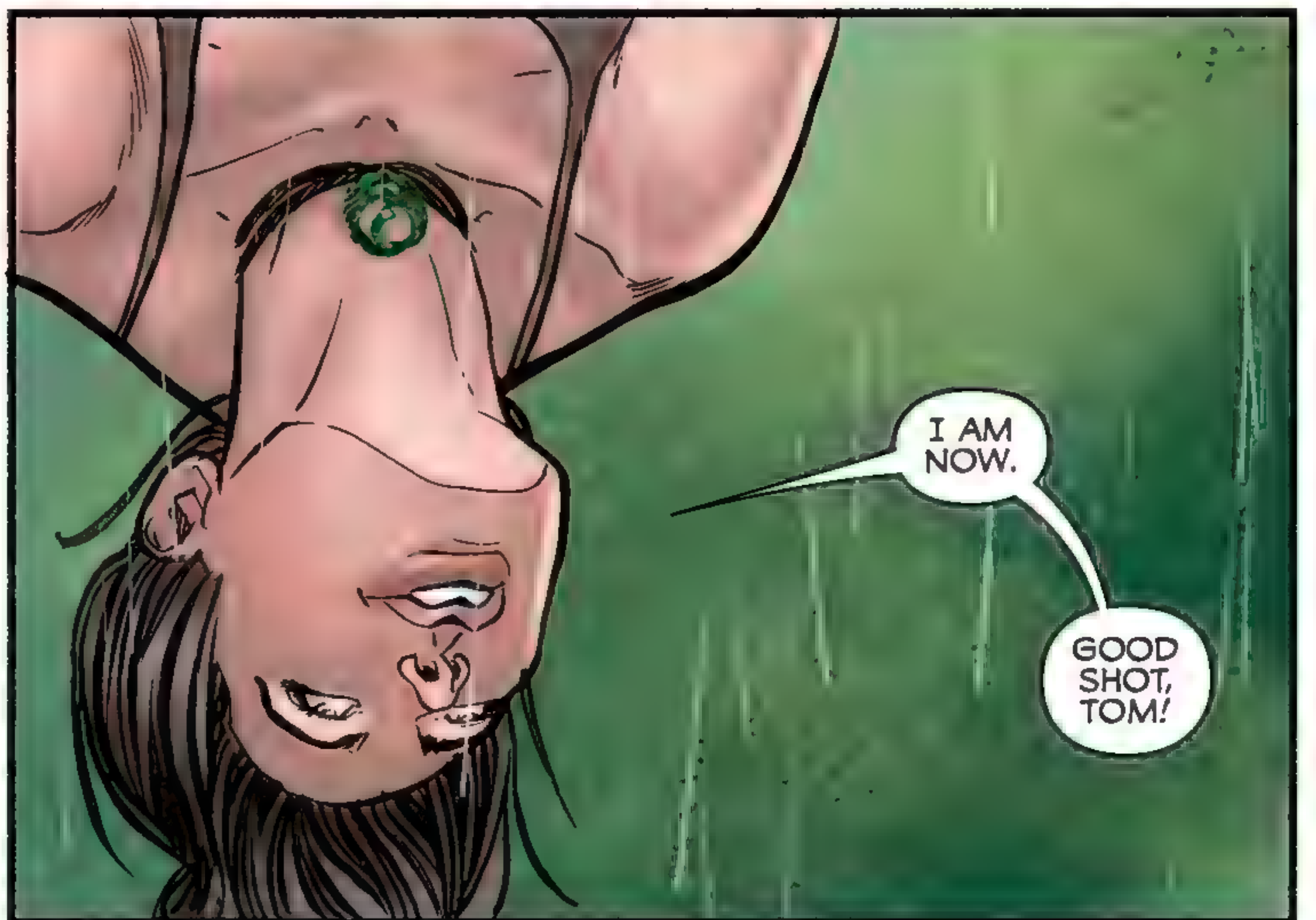
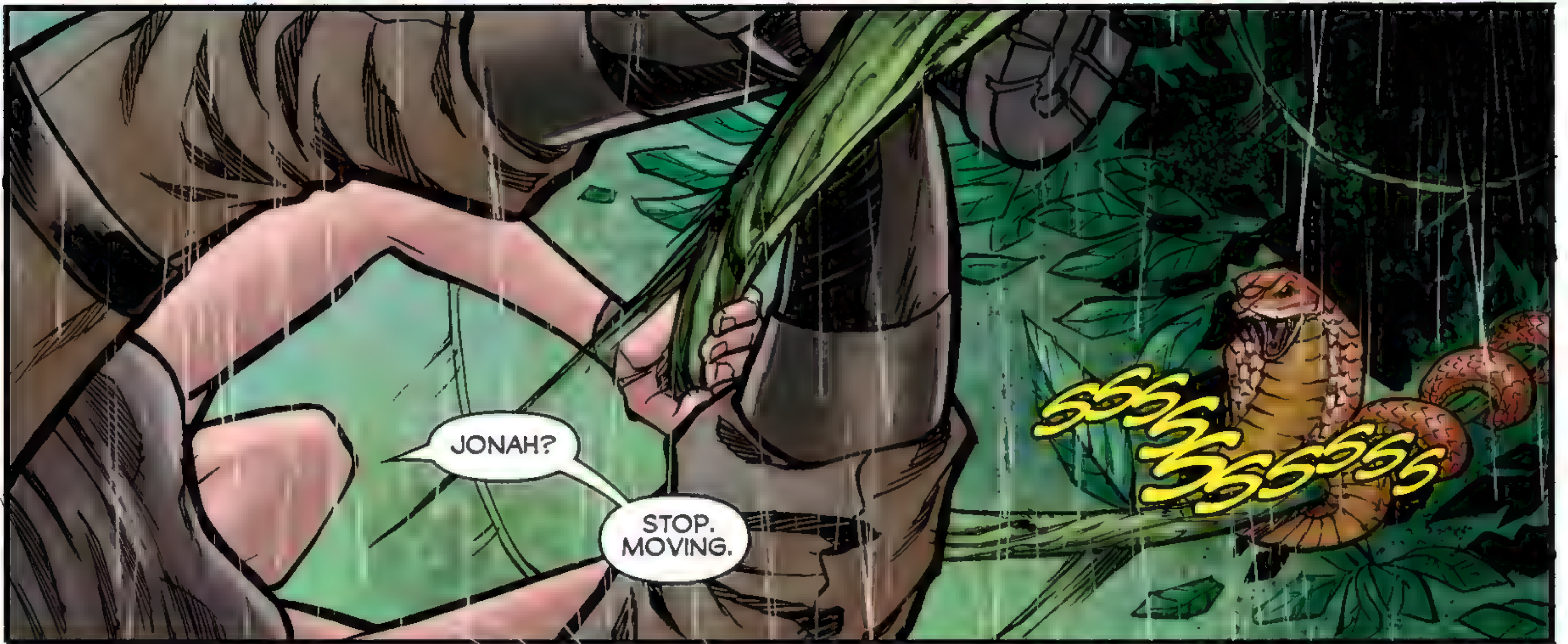
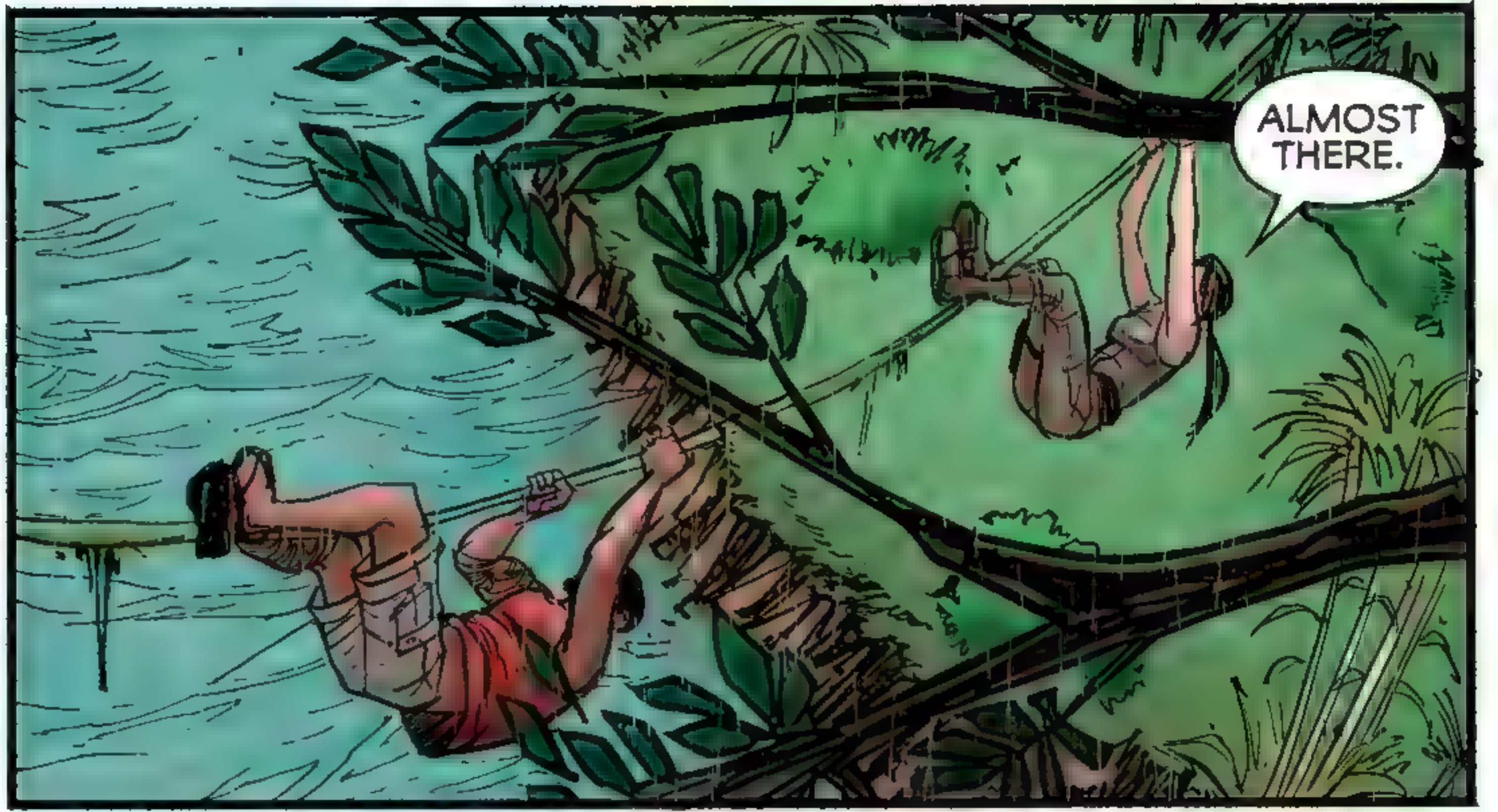
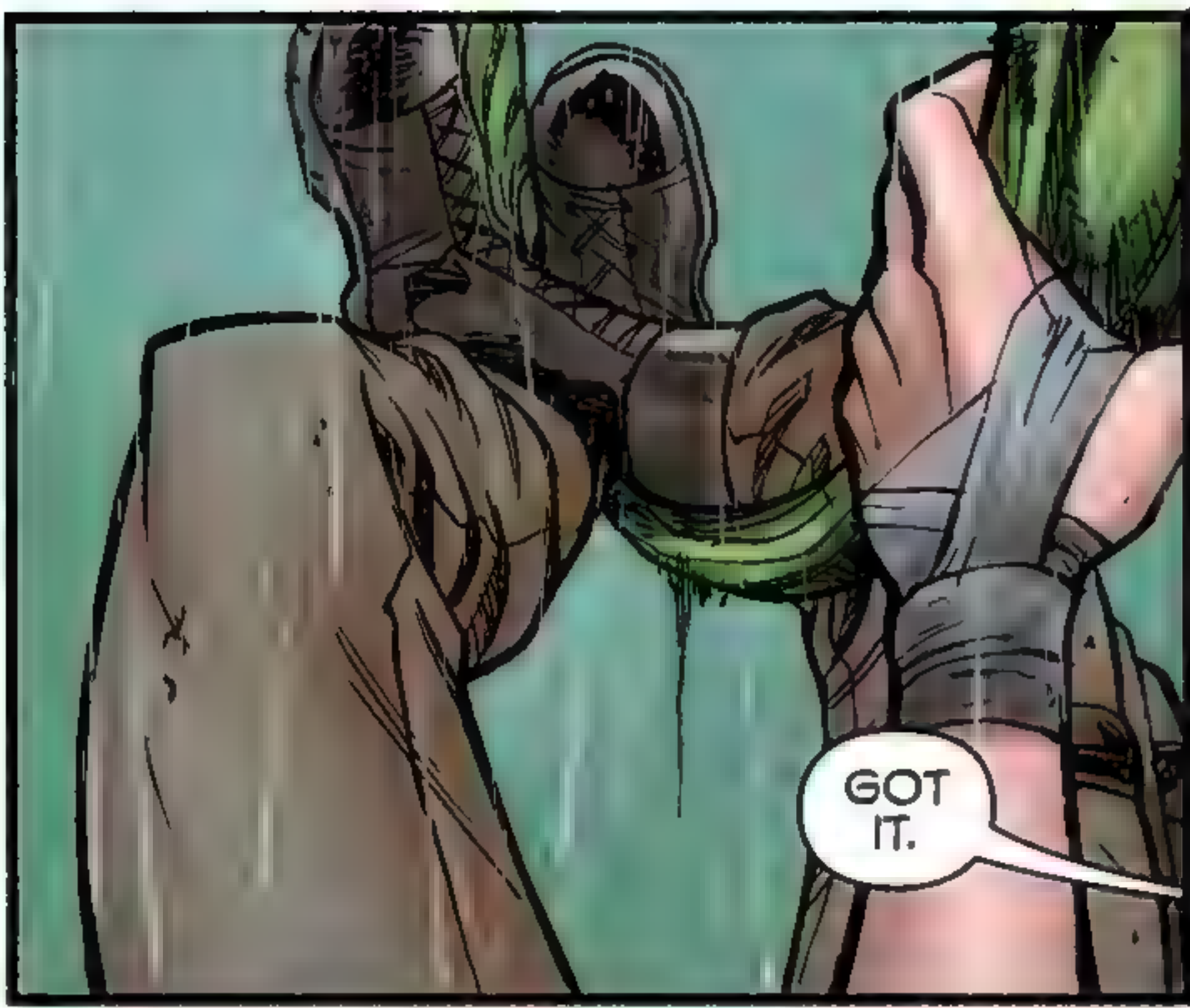
Sam.

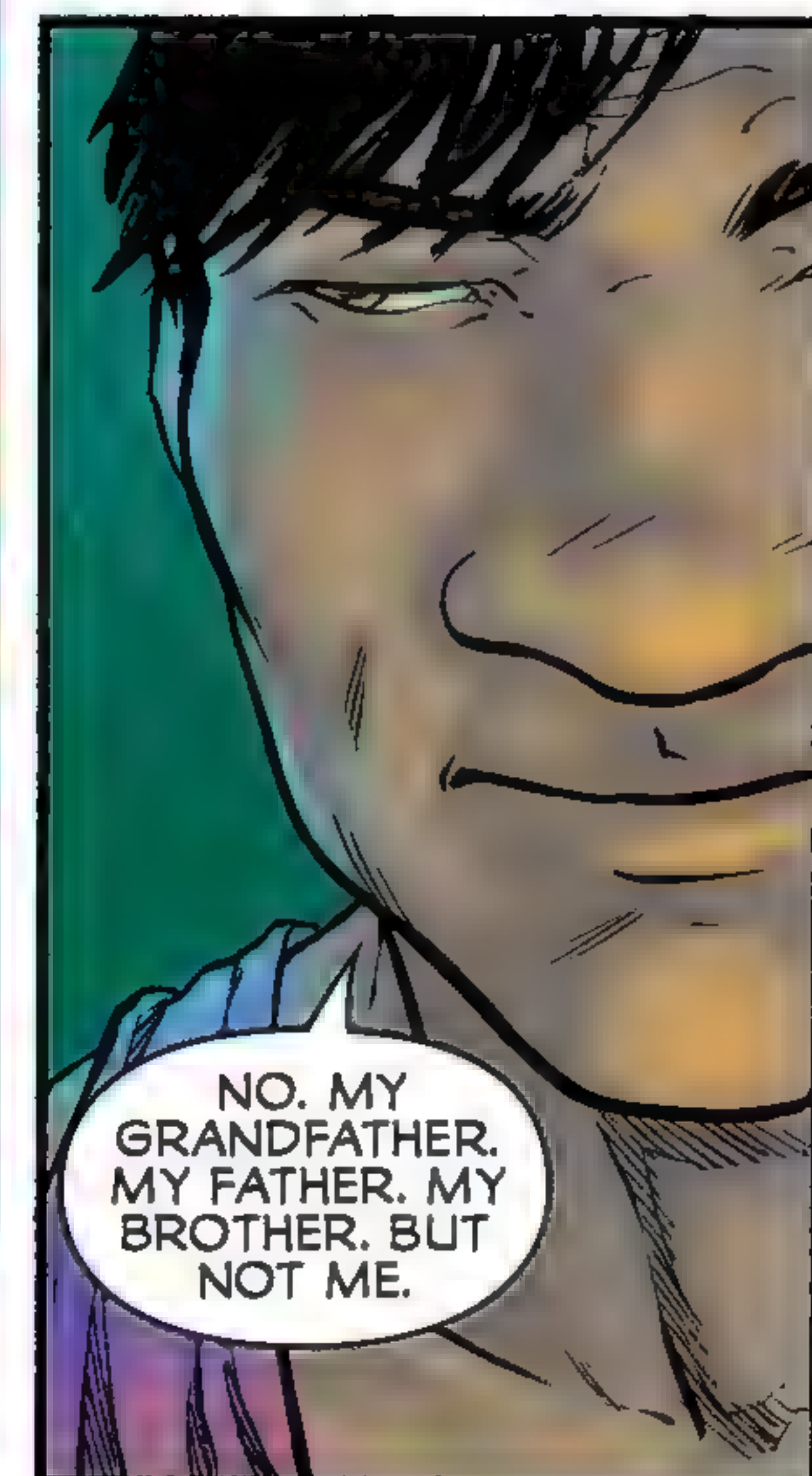
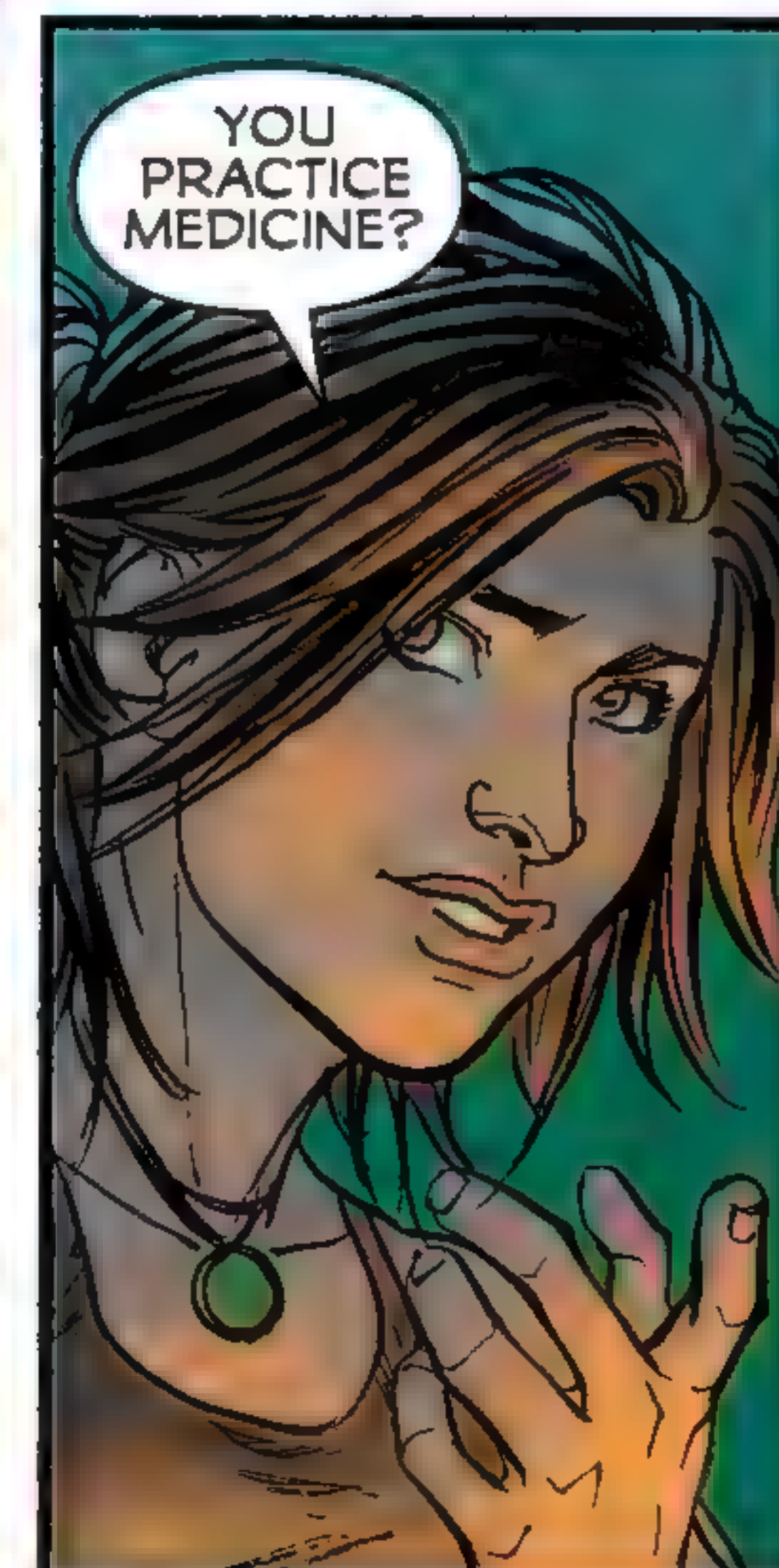
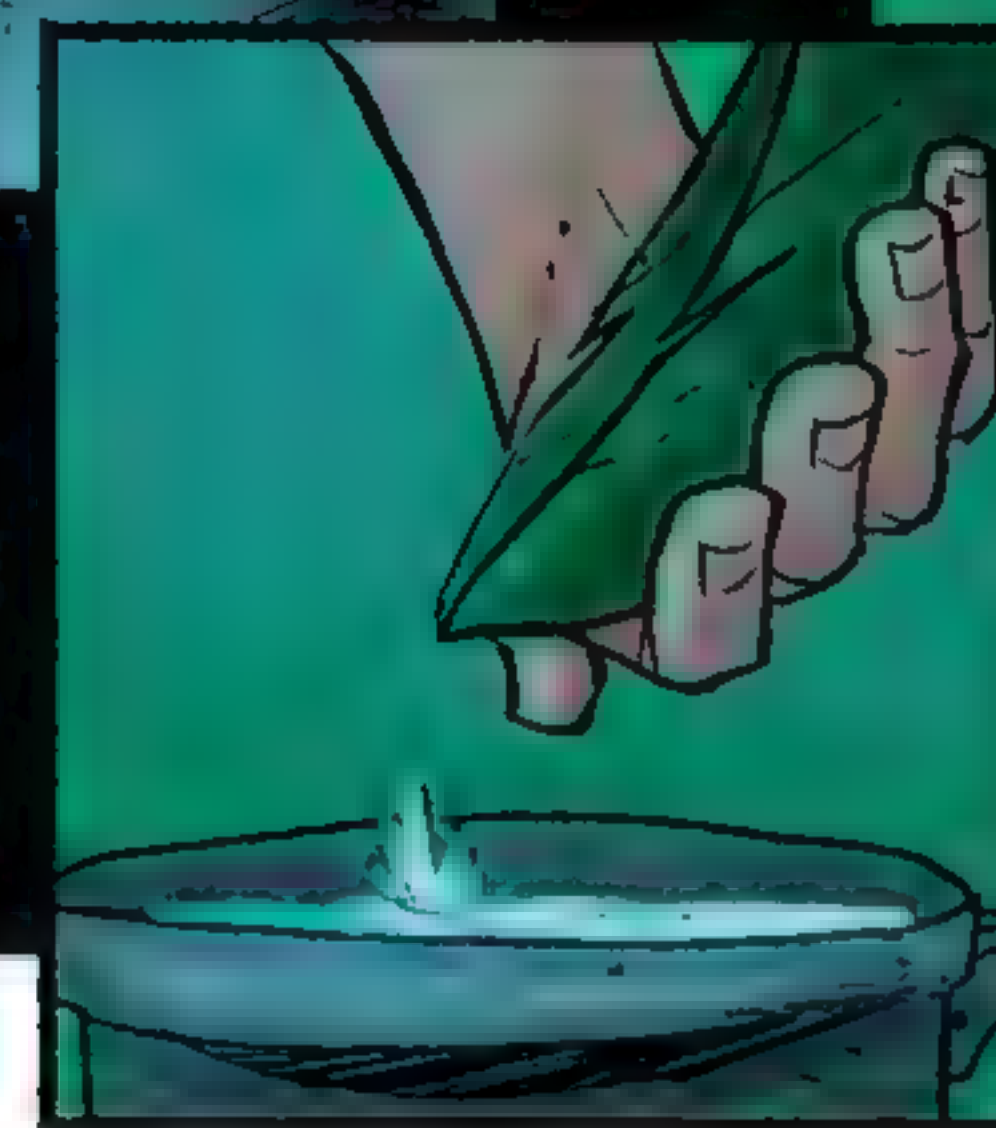
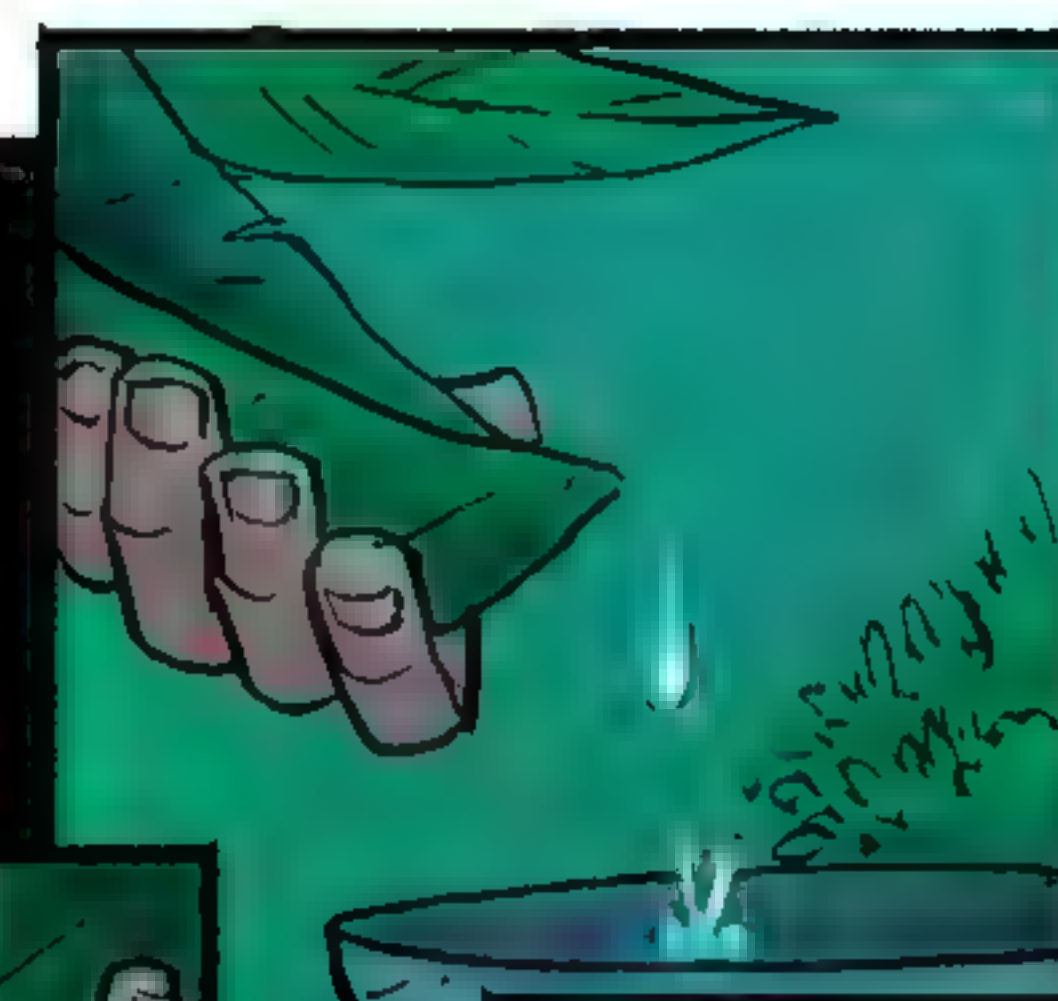
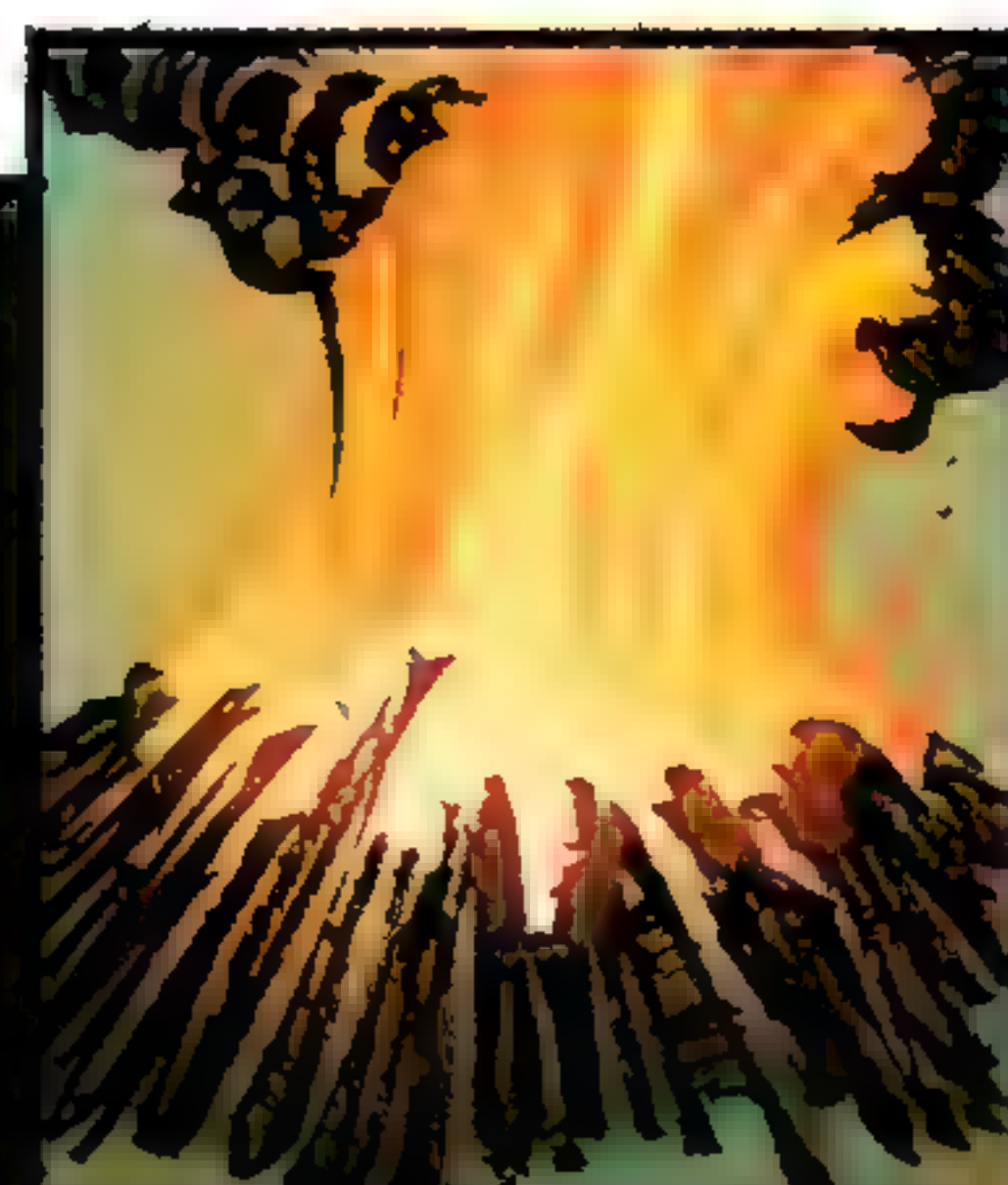


NO!











LARA,
I WILL TAKE
YOU TO THIS
PLACE.

BUT YOU
AND YOUR
FRIEND MUST
BE CAREFUL
OF THE CAVES
AND WHAT
YOU FIND
THERE.

*Something about Tom's
voice when he says
"friend." Pushes me
back to another time.*



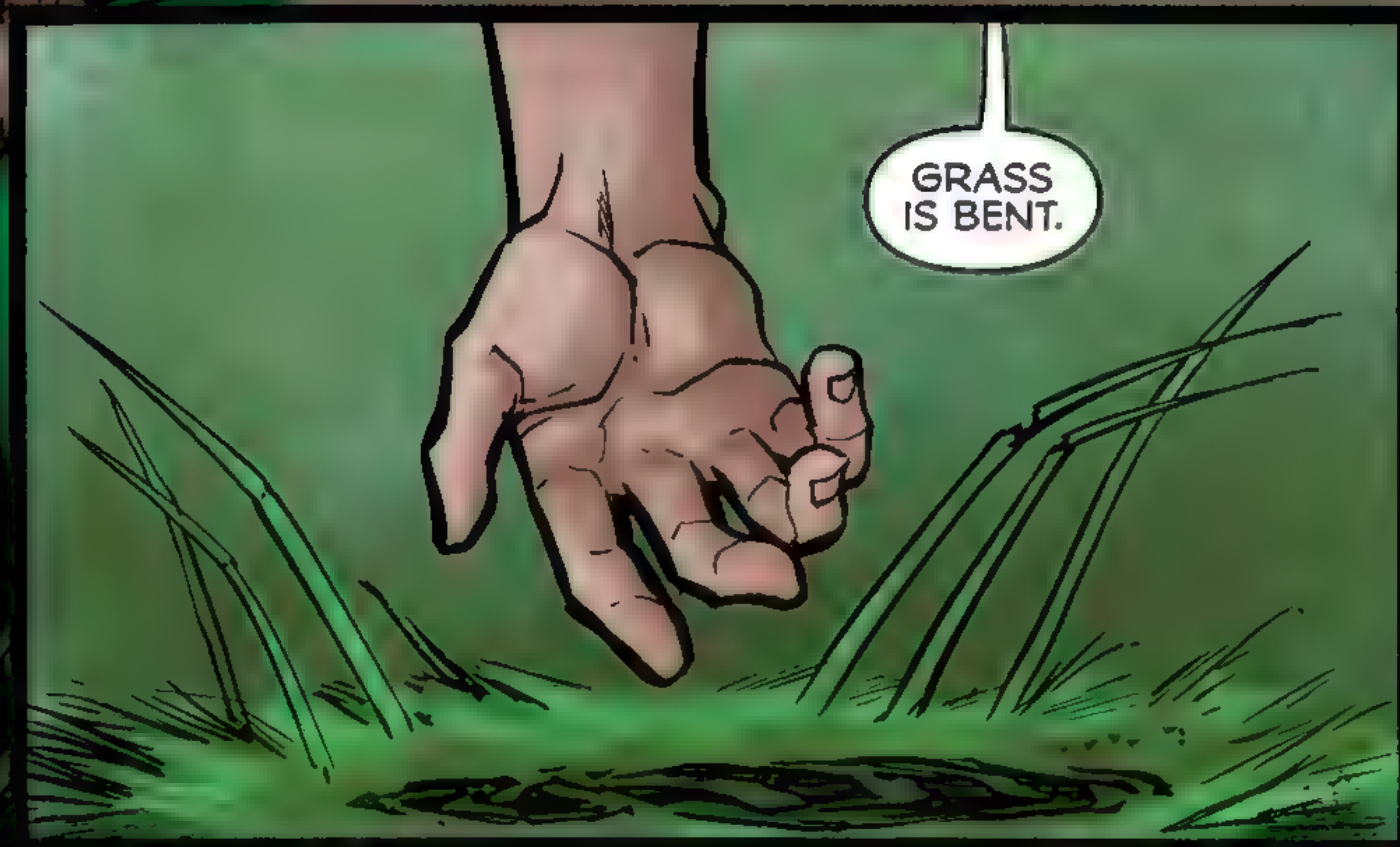
*To friends and
ghosts that are
always with me.*

PROMISE
ME ONE THING,
OKAY?



MEANWHILE, IN
ANOTHER PART
OF THE JUNGLE.





LOOKS
LIKE THEY GOT
HERE FIRST.





There are a lot of them.
They've got Demur.



NOT
MUCH OF A
SET UP FOR AN
AMBUSH.



NOT
A LOT OF
ARTILLERY.



I HAVE
AN IDEA.



THIS GOES INTO
THE SAME CAVE, I'M
SORRY, BUT I CAN'T STAY.
I PROMISED MY BOSS I
WOULD BE BACK.

THANK
YOU, TOM.
FOR BRINGING
US HERE.

BE
SAFE.



YOU STAY HERE.
I NEED SOMEONE
ABOVEGROUND.

I'LL
BE RIGHT
HERE BY
THE LINE.

BE
REAL
SAFE.

I WILL.



*The heart
of a place.*





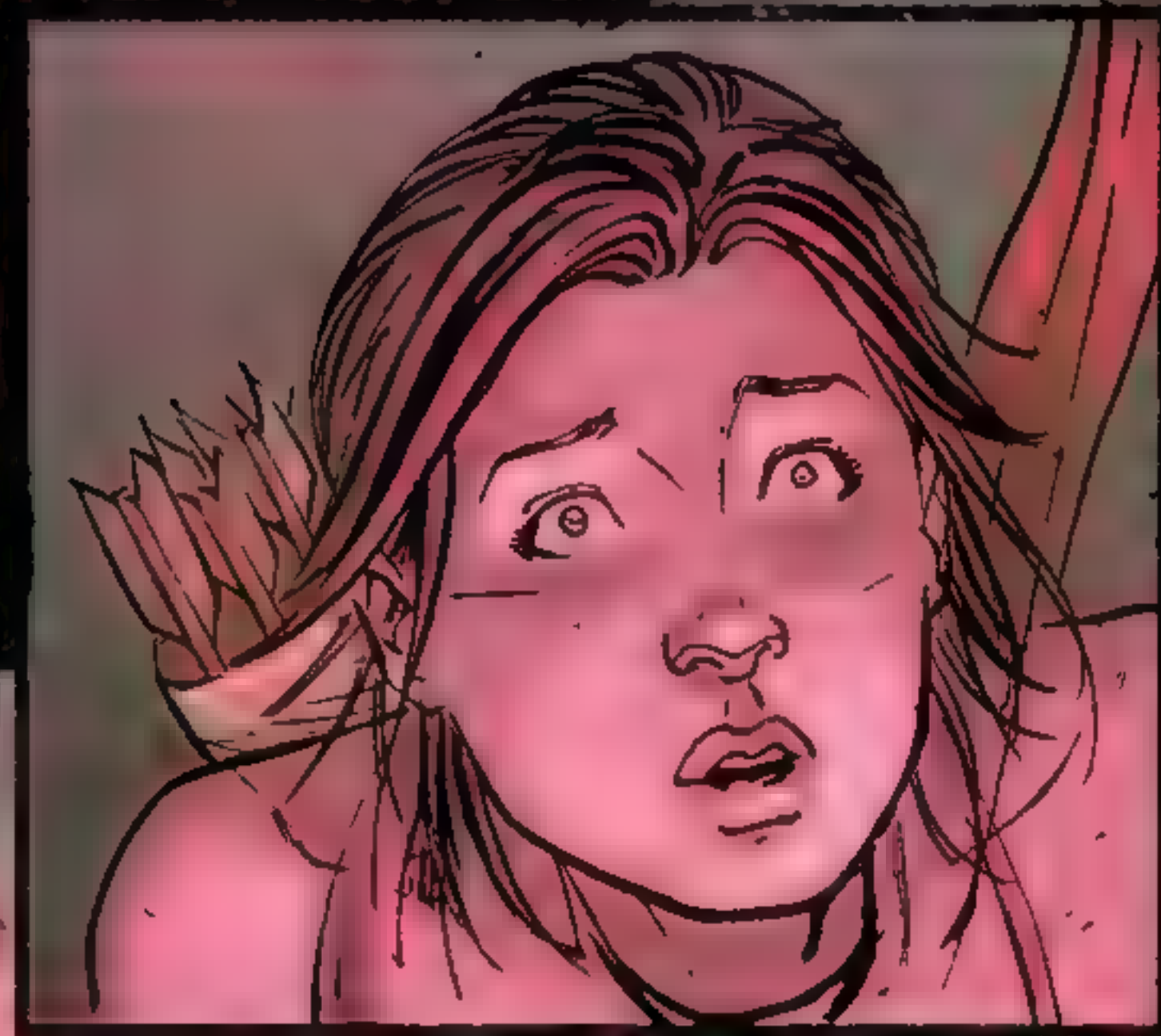
Where every light...



...feels like an intruder.



FLAP
FLAP
FLAP



SCREEEE

SCREEEE

SCREEEE

SCREEEE



COULD I GET A HEADLIGHT THING?

IT'S, UH, A LITTLE H-HARD TO SEE.



YOU KNOW, UH, FRANCES...FOUND THE MUSHROOM. IT WAS AN ACCIDENT.

SOMETIMES WITH THIS STUFF... ACCIDENTS...



I MEAN, WE CAN DEFINITELY *TRY* TO FIND IT--



YOU WILL FIND IT. OR DIE HERE.



SEARCH THE CAVES. IF CROFT IS ALIVE, SHE WILL BE HERE.



Right. Find Demur.
Find mushroom...



CROFT.



TERMINATE
TARGET.

AFFIRMATIVE.



click!



click!



POK
POK

HUFF
HUFF

...be safe.



1996.

UNIVERSITY OF
PENNSYLVANIA
GRADUATE
FIELDWORK
EXPEDITION.



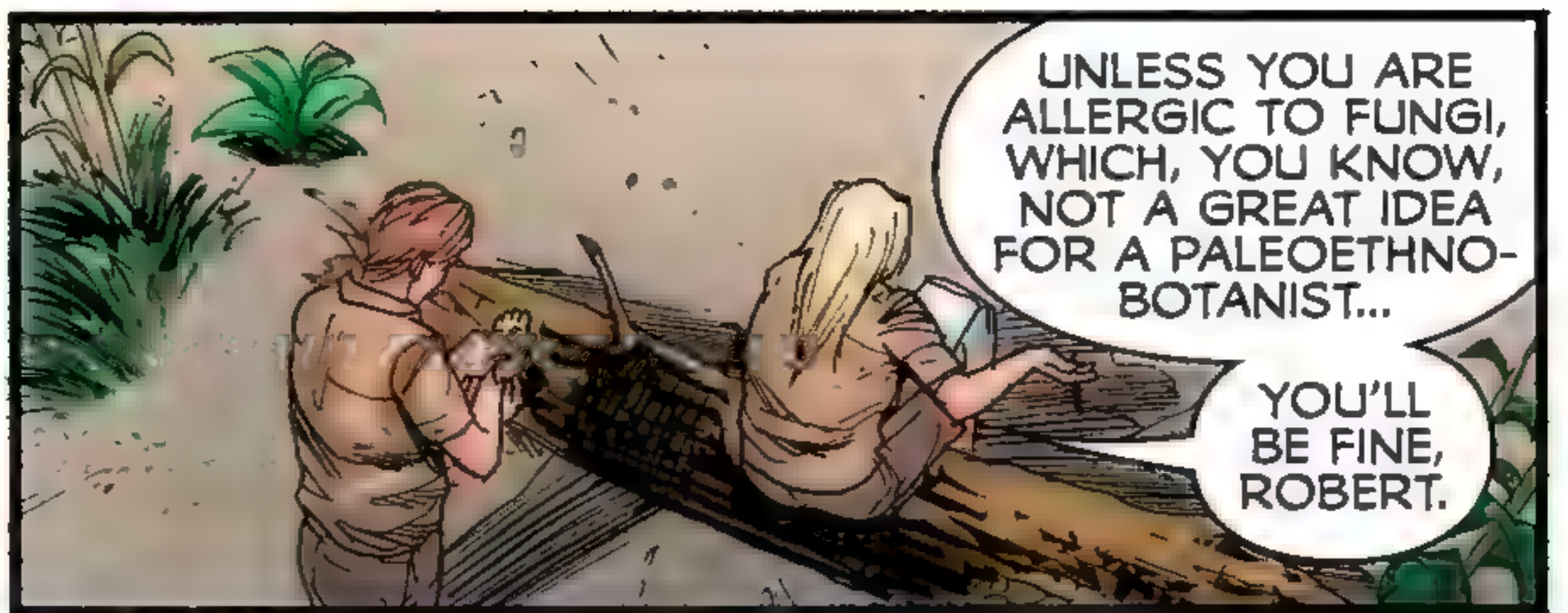


UH, FRANCES? YOU'RE RELATIVELY SURE THIS IS NON-TOXIC?



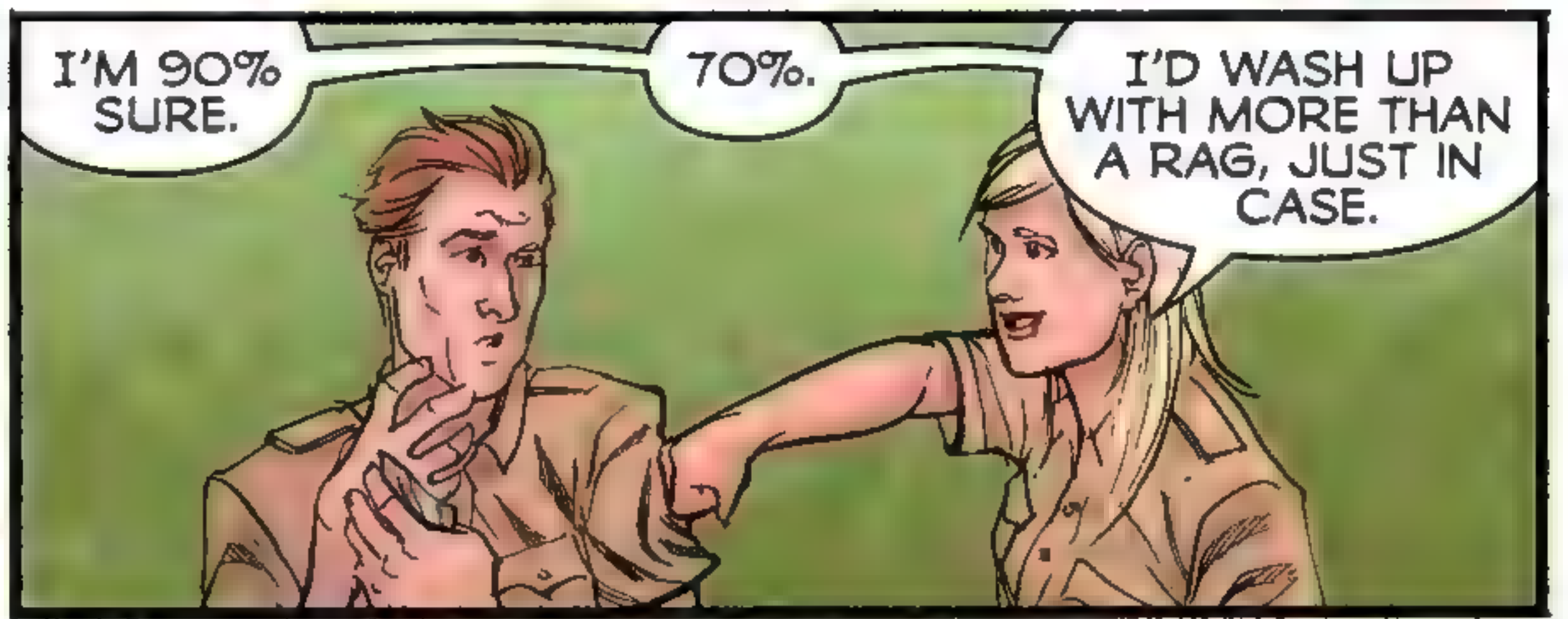
~SIGH~

FANGSHI MUSHROOM
is/ta grah/2m
dscvry



UNLESS YOU ARE ALLERGIC TO FUNGI, WHICH, YOU KNOW, NOT A GREAT IDEA FOR A PALEOETHNOBOTANIST...

YOU'LL BE FINE, ROBERT.



I'M 90% SURE.

70%.

I'D WASH UP WITH MORE THAN A RAG, JUST IN CASE.



ACTUALLY, I'M CURIOUS TO SEE IF YOU HAVE A REACTION.

LET ME KNOW IF YOU FEEL ANYTHING WEIRD.



THAT GUY IS WEIRD.

ALL GRAD STUDENTS ARE A LITTLE WEIRD.

HE'S FINE.



I DUNNO.

EH, HE'S A NICE GUY.

I THINK.



PRESENT DAY.

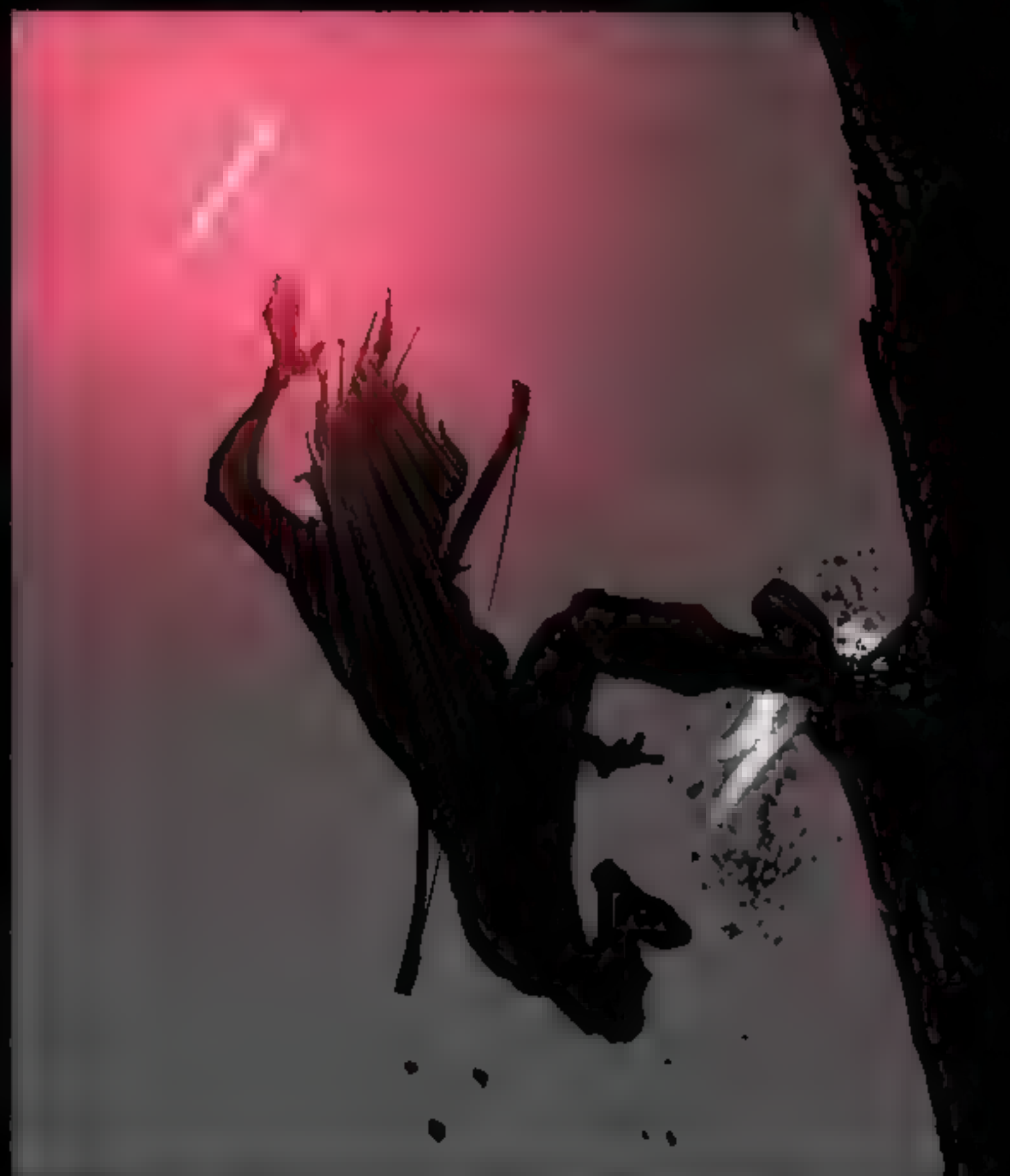
PLEASE...



I'M
TIRED.
I--



REPORT.



TWO SHOTS
FIRED. HIT NOT
CONFIRMED.



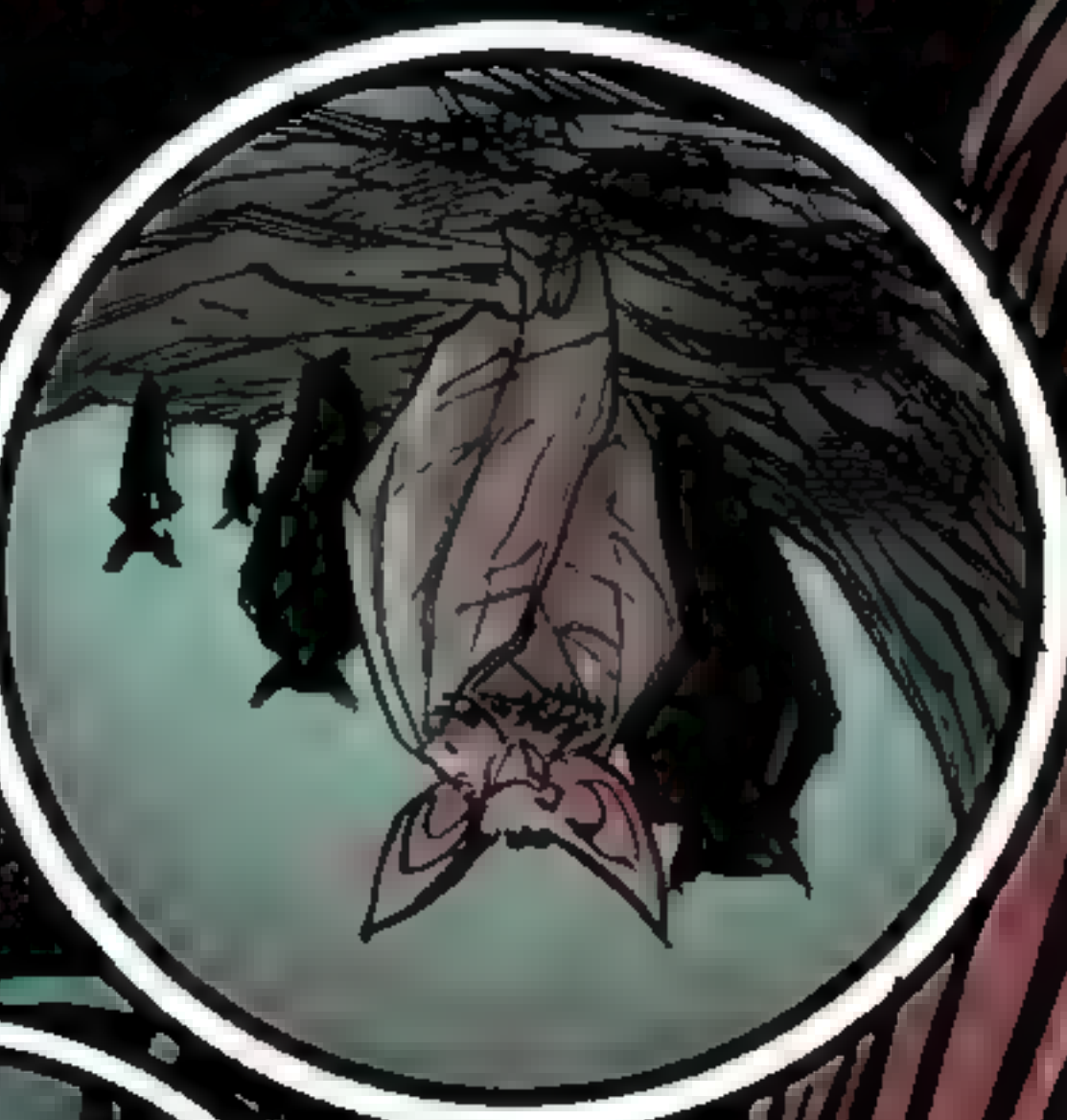
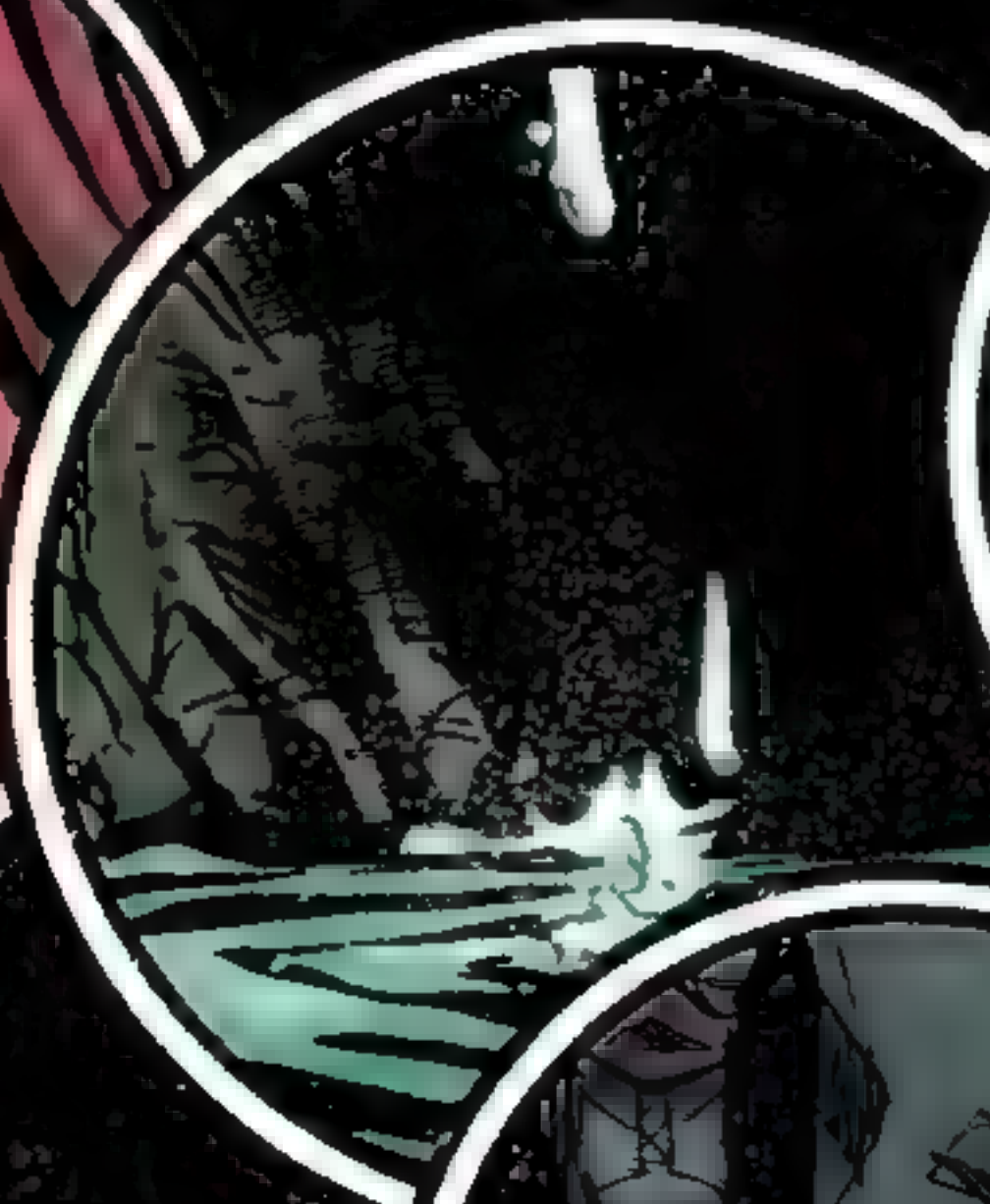
GET
CONFIRMATION.



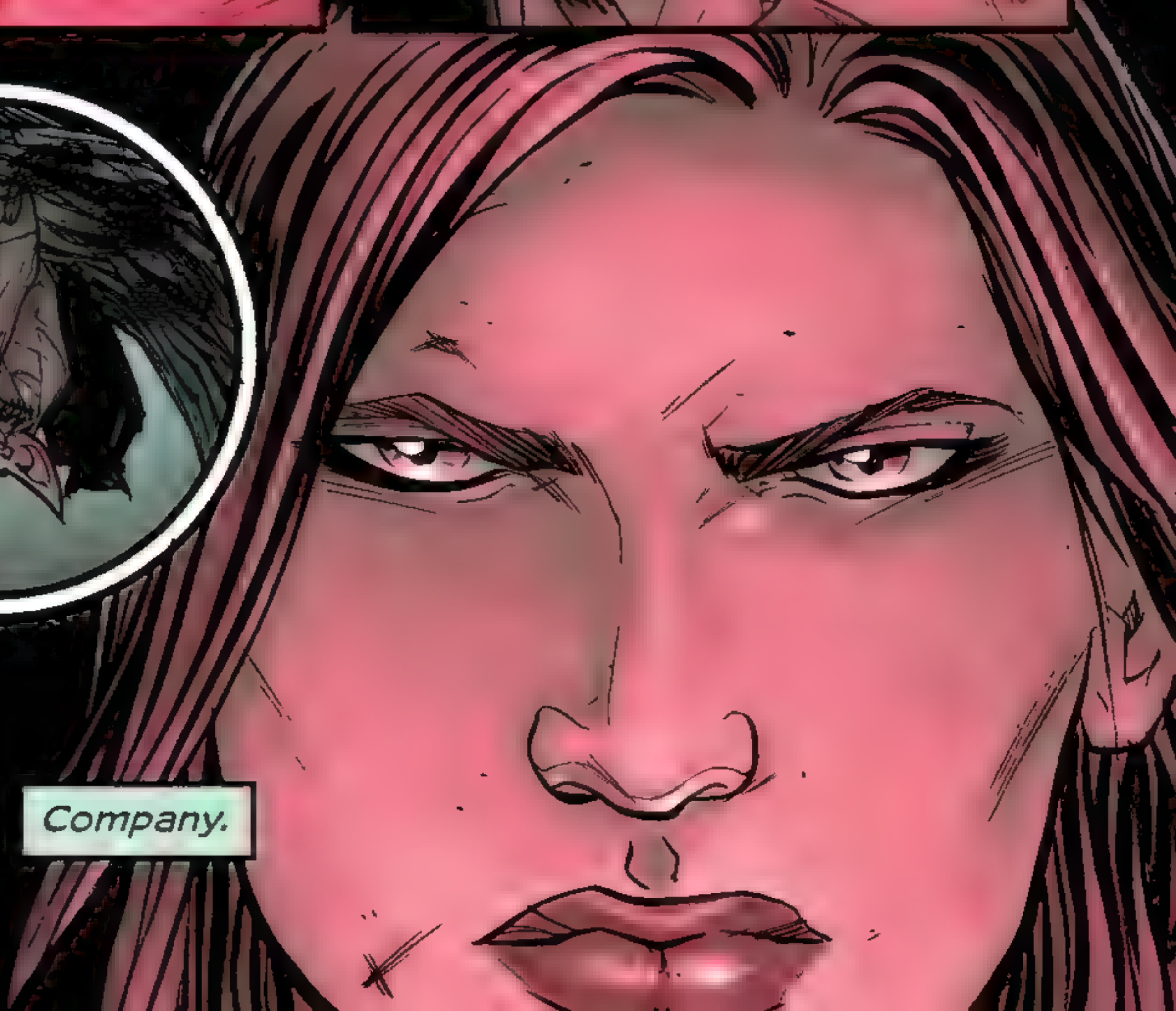
Okay.



What do
you hear?



Company.





THERE.



55K?

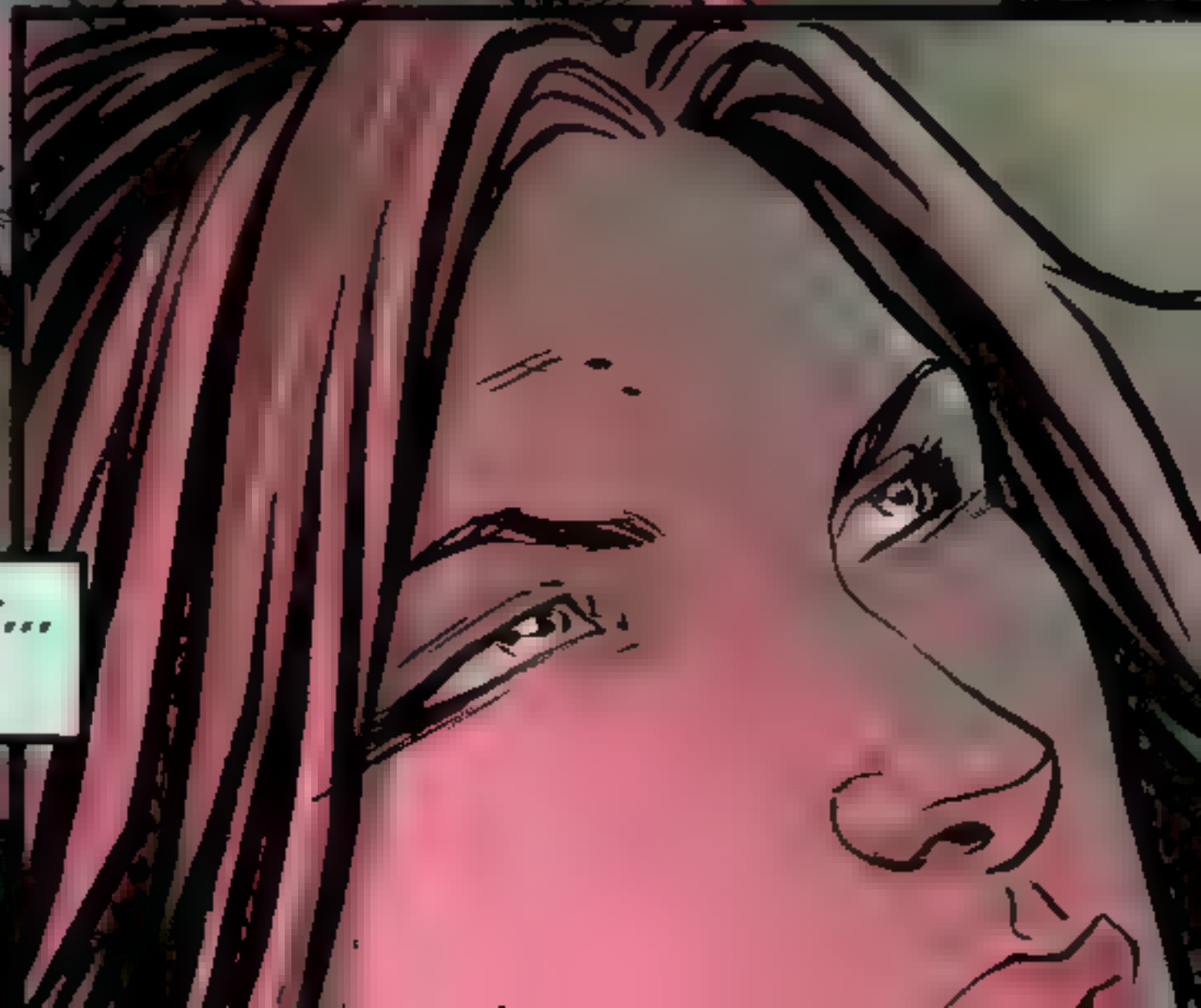


UNGH.

SPLIT



Is that... light?





REPORT
ON CROFT.

REPORT.

84R
AND 55K,
RESPOND!



FINISH
WHAT THEY
COULD NOT.



OR
DO NOT
RETURN.



YOU
DON'T HAVE
NAMES?



AH!



YOUR ONLY
CONCERN,
PROFESSOR...



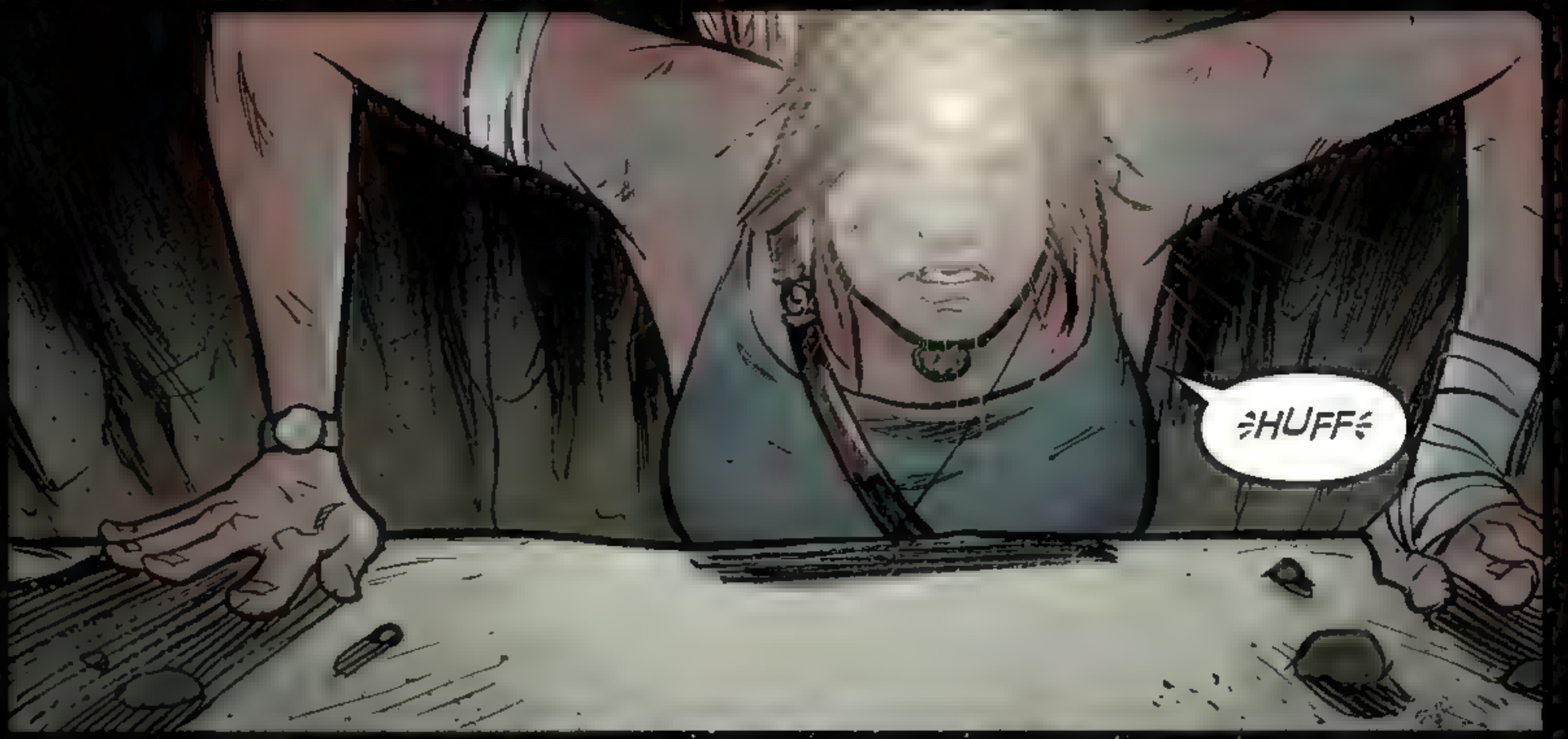
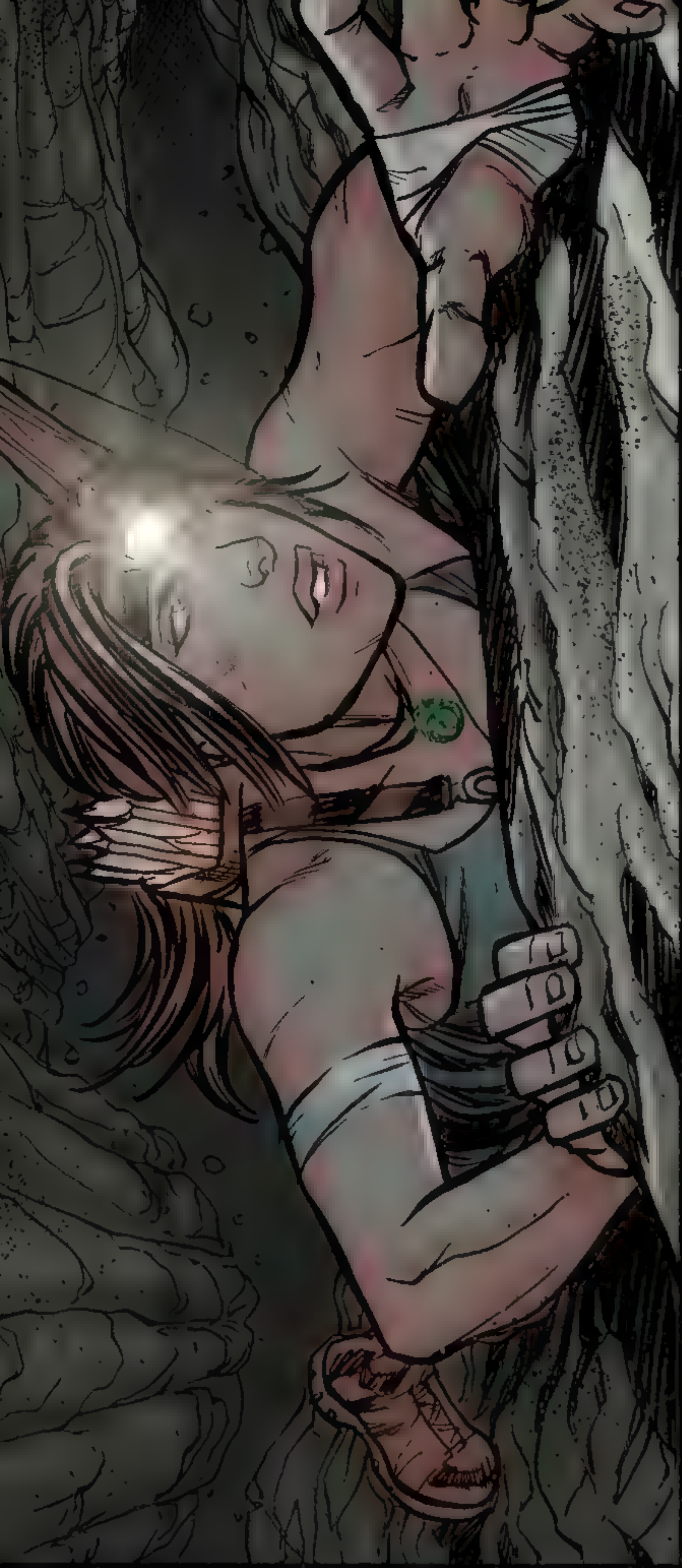
...IS TO
RETRIEVE THE
SPORE.



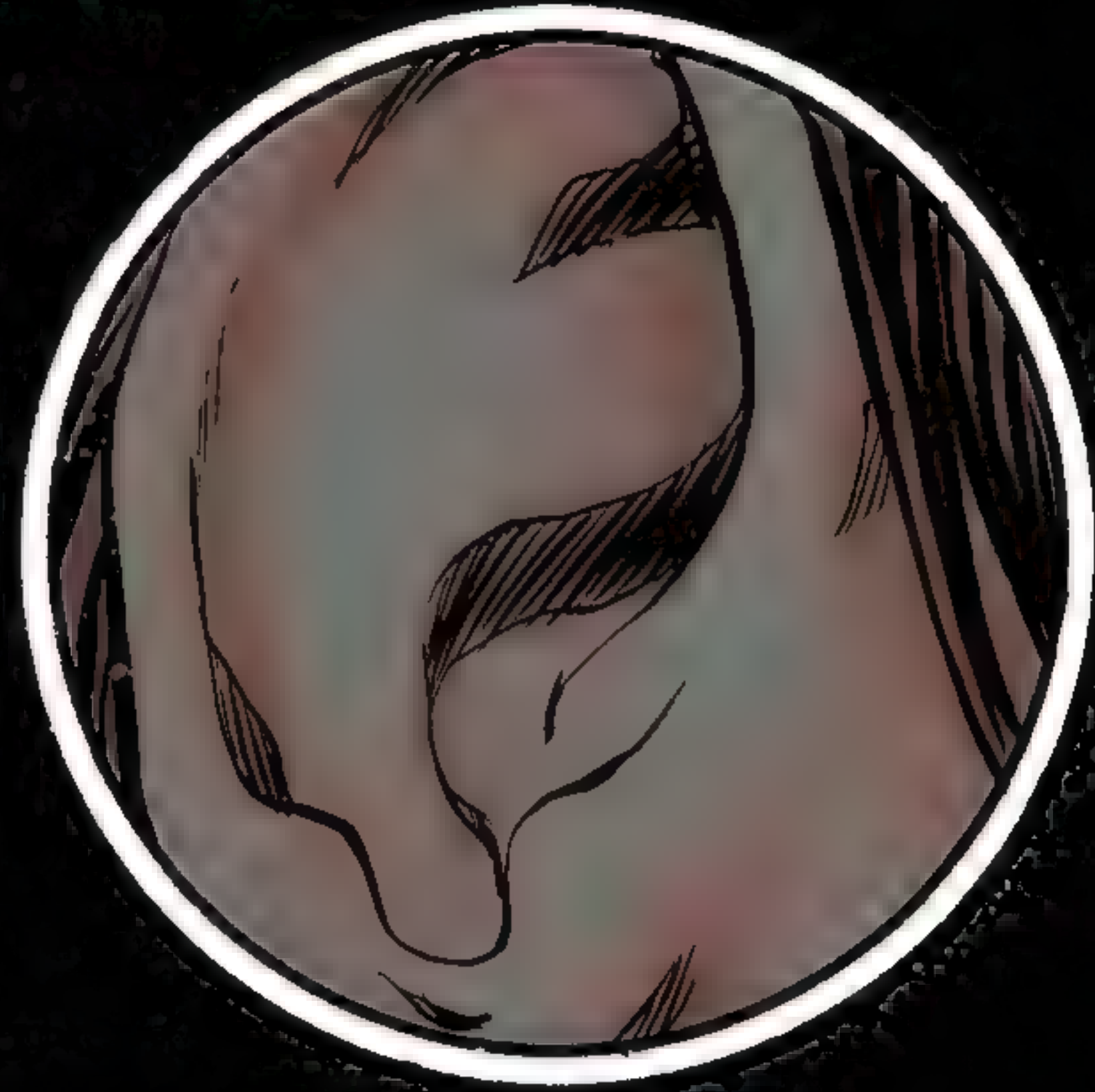
SURE,
YEAH. THE KEY
TO ETERNAL LIFE,
RIGHT?

THE SPORE IS
THE BIRTHRIGHT OF
THE KNIGHTHOOD.

RIGHT. OF
COURSE. IT
SHOULD BE
JUST DOWN
HERE.



No voices.



Or footsteps.





WELL,
HELLO.



LOOKS
TO BE LATE
BCE.
NO
CHARACTERS.

INTERESTING.

POSSIBLY
HAN
DYNASTY.



BIT
OF A GAP
THERE.



HMMM.

IS THERE
A REASON
IT EXTENDS
BELOW THE
FLOOR?



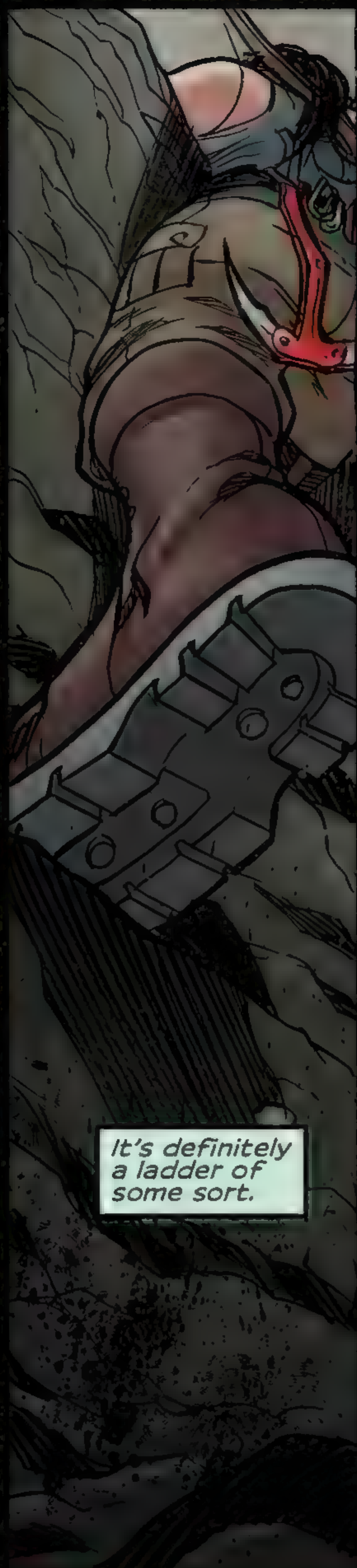
The edge
is smooth.
Cut away.

Looks like
someone's
carved
something
into the
rock.

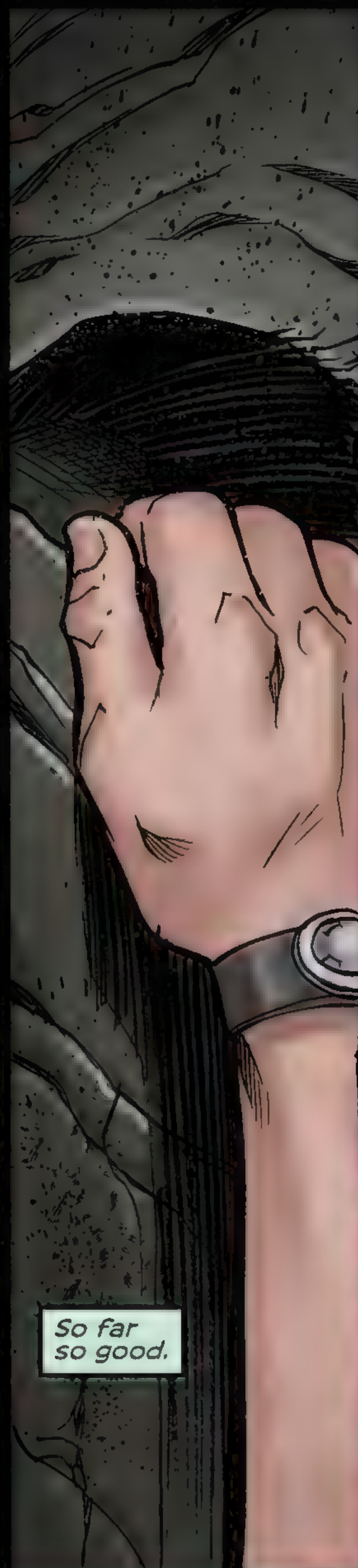
Maybe
footholds.



LET'S
HOPE I'M
RIGHT.



*It's definitely
a ladder of
some sort.*



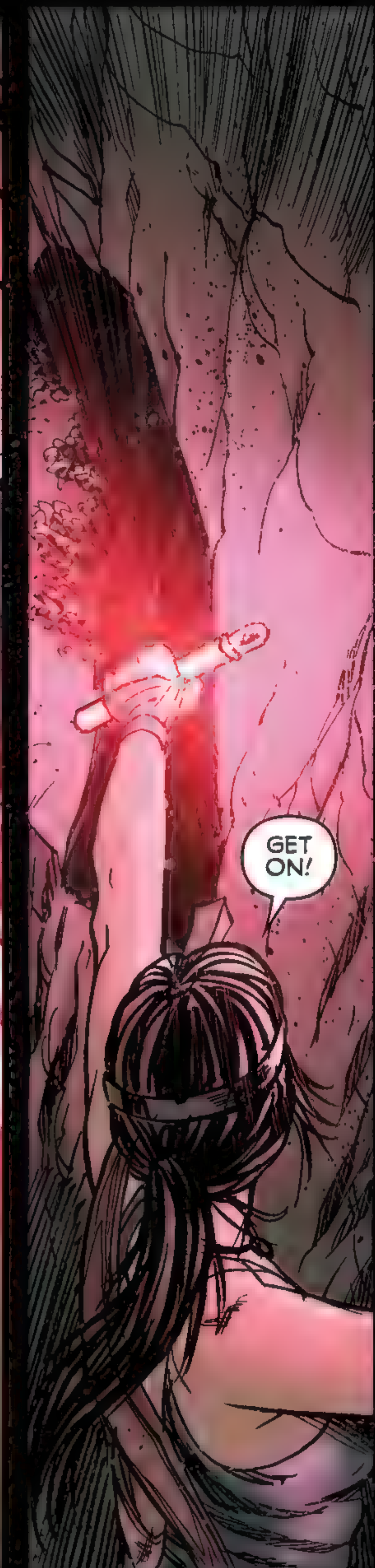
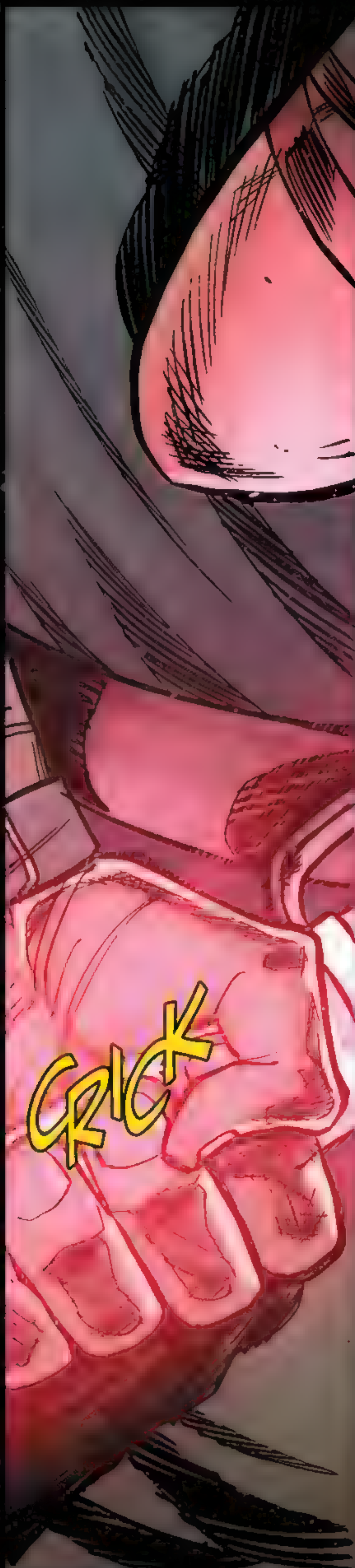
*So far
so good.*



GAH.



OH.







HUZZAH.



SQUELF



WHAT HAVE WE HERE?



CROSSBOW TRAP.

LIKE SOMETHING FROM AN IMPERIAL TOMB.



ZZZWWK!

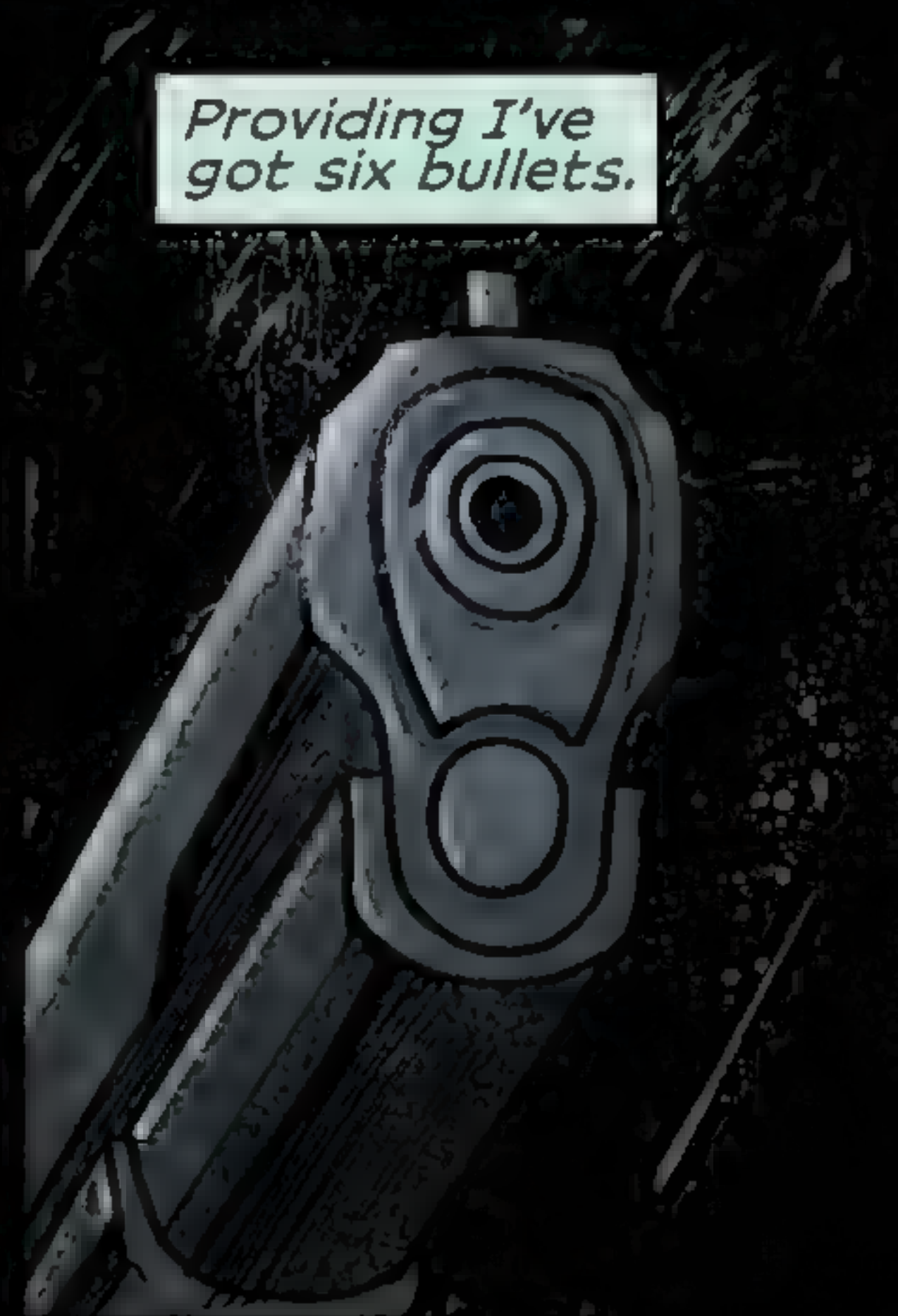
Well preserved.

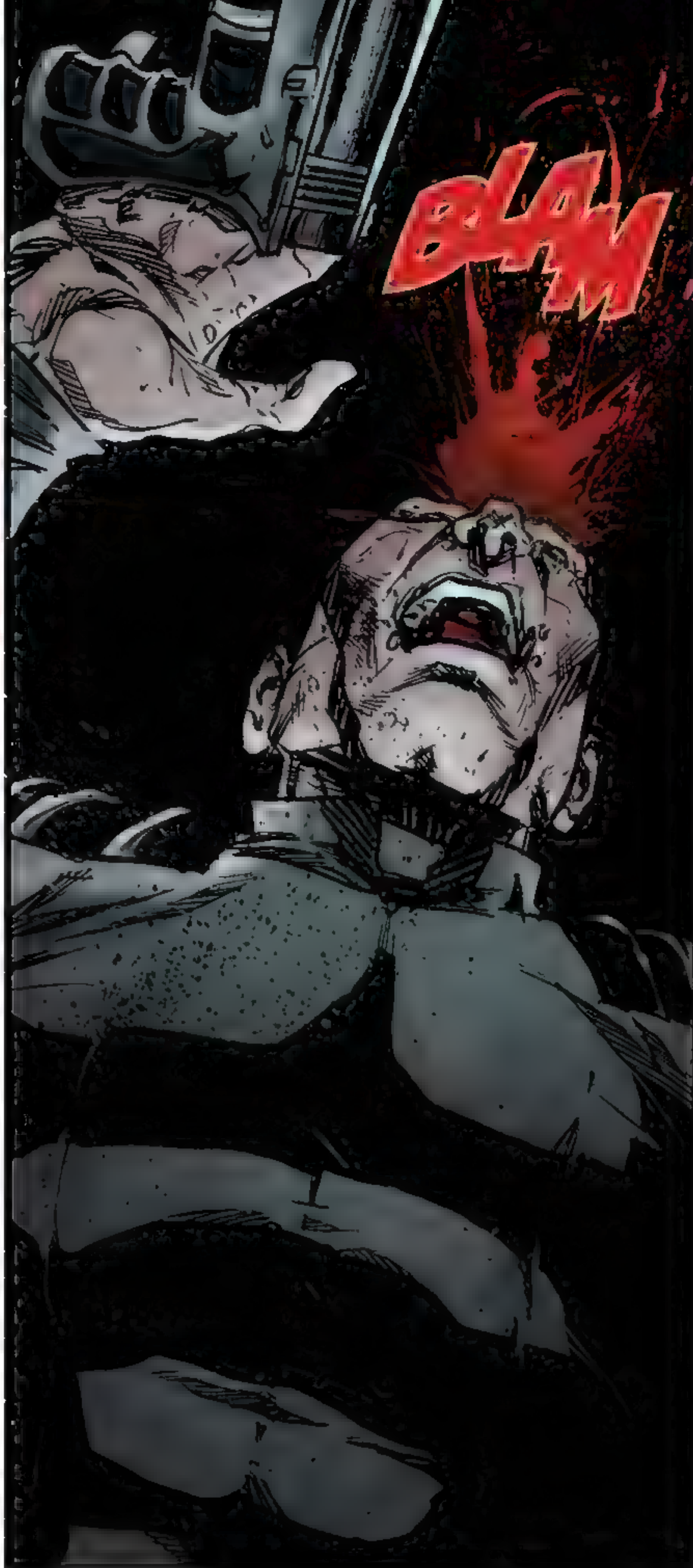


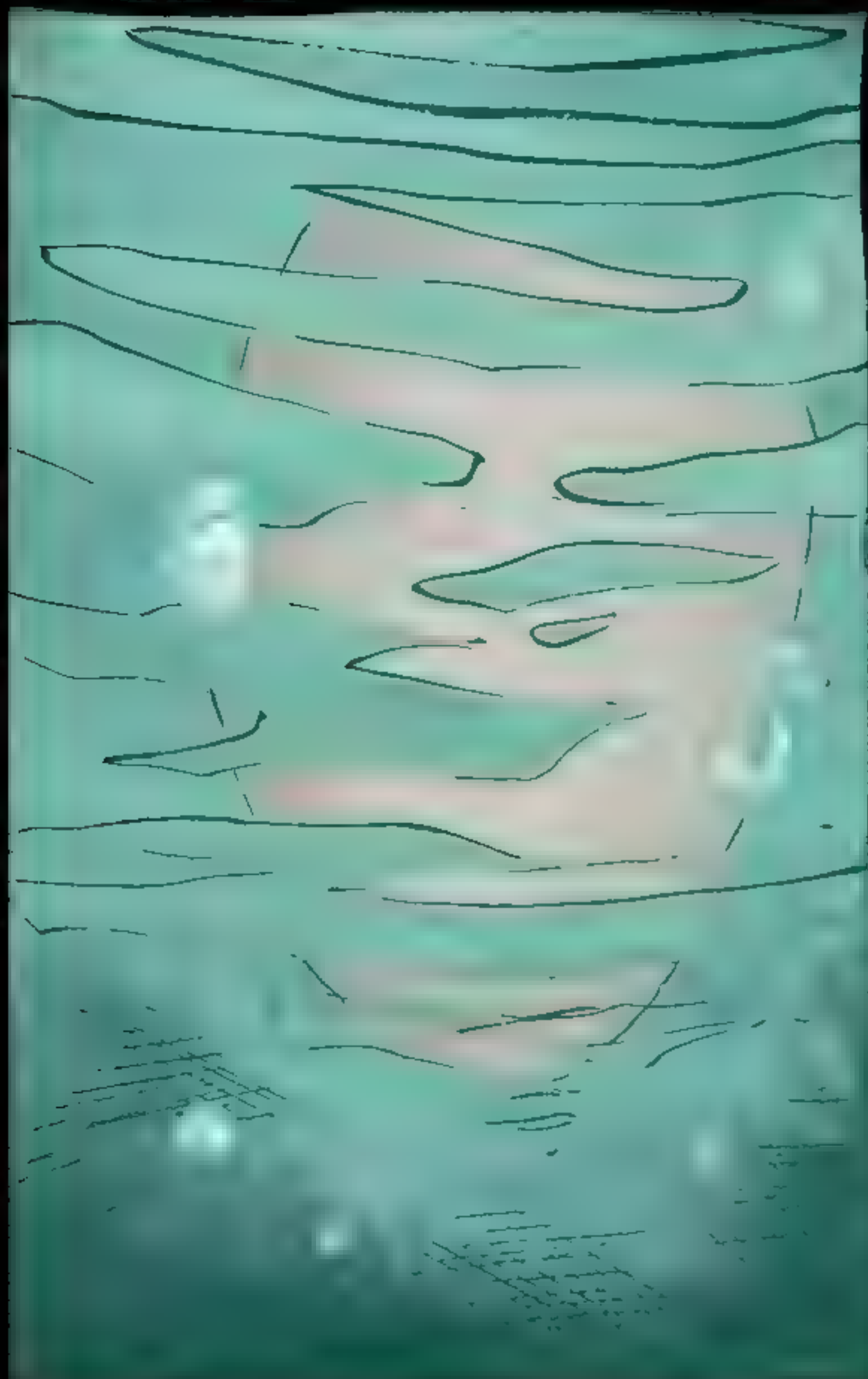
In case there's not a hail of gunfire to help me find my way back.



Right. Now let's see where the rest of this drop leads.







BAAAAAA!



YOU WILL
DIE NOW, LARA
CROFT.

BLUB GLUB



CRACK!



HOW
DO YOU
KNOW MY
NAME?

WHO
ARE
YOU?

KACH



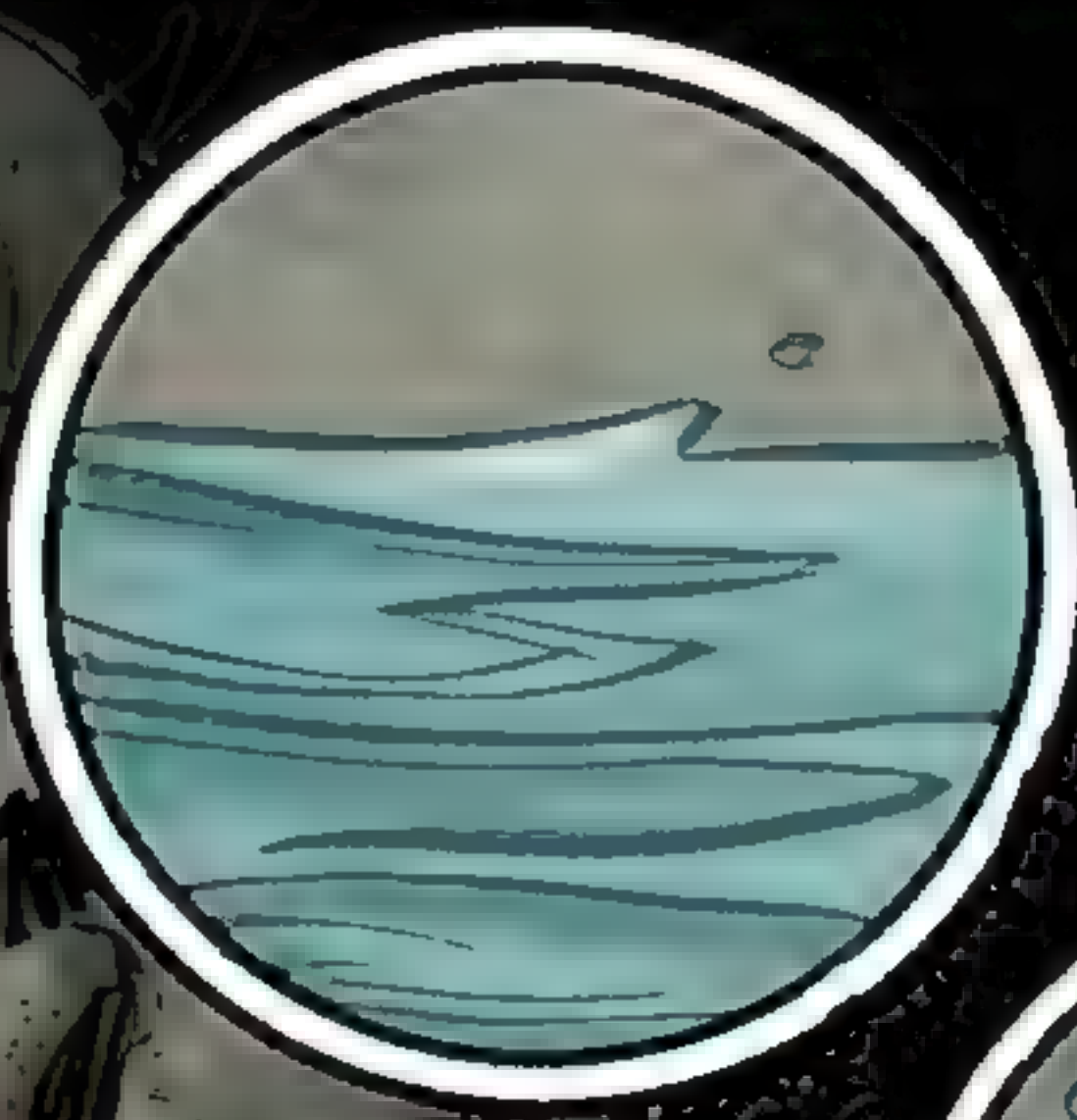
WE ARE THE
KNIGHTHOOD
OF THE DARK
SPORE.

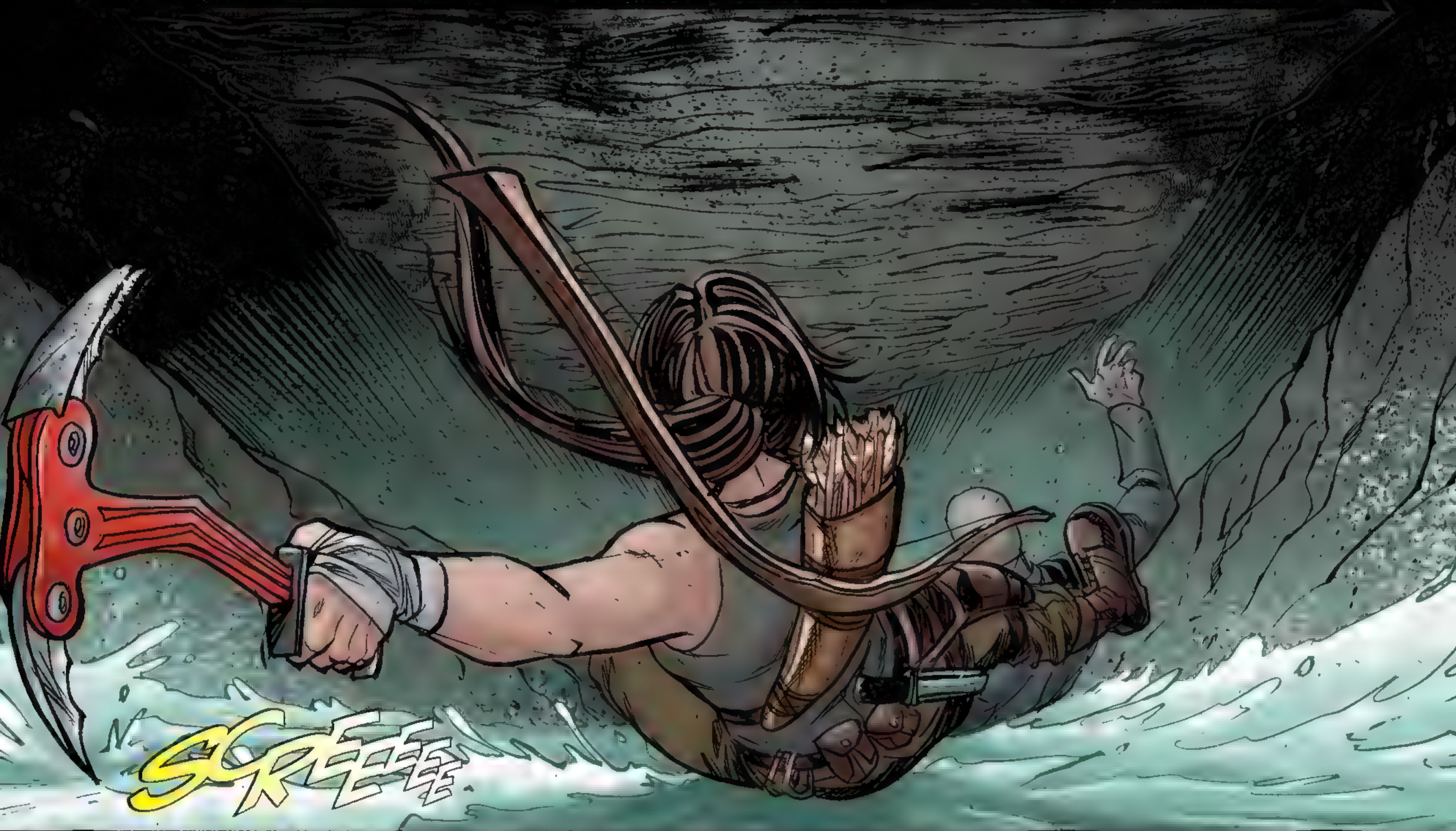


WITH
THE SPORE,
WE WILL BE
ETERNAL.

KNIGHTHOOD?

THAT'S
A NEW
ONE.







TIME IS
RUNNING OUT,
PROFESSOR.



IT
M-MUST
JUST
BE...



WE
SHOULD LOOK...
FOR GRAVESTONES.
THERE SHOULD BE
GRAVES.



GRAVES?



Y-YES.
B-BECAUSE
THAT'S WHERE, UH,
THEY'D HAVE THE
MUSHROOMS.



OUR
RESEARCH
DID NOT INDICATE
THE PRESENCE
OF GRAVES,
PROFESSOR.



PROFESSOR--



HUFF
HUFF
HUFF

HELP
ME, HELP ME,
HELP ME.

1996.

ROBERT?



WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
HERE? YOU'RE NOT
AUTHORIZED --



AH,
FIELDWORK,
RIGHT?

IT'S
REALLY NOT
SAFE TO BE
WITHOUT A
TEAM.

YOU
KNOW
THAT.



I JUST...
WANTED TO
HELP, BECAUSE
I KNOW I BROKE
YOUR, UH,
SPECIMEN.

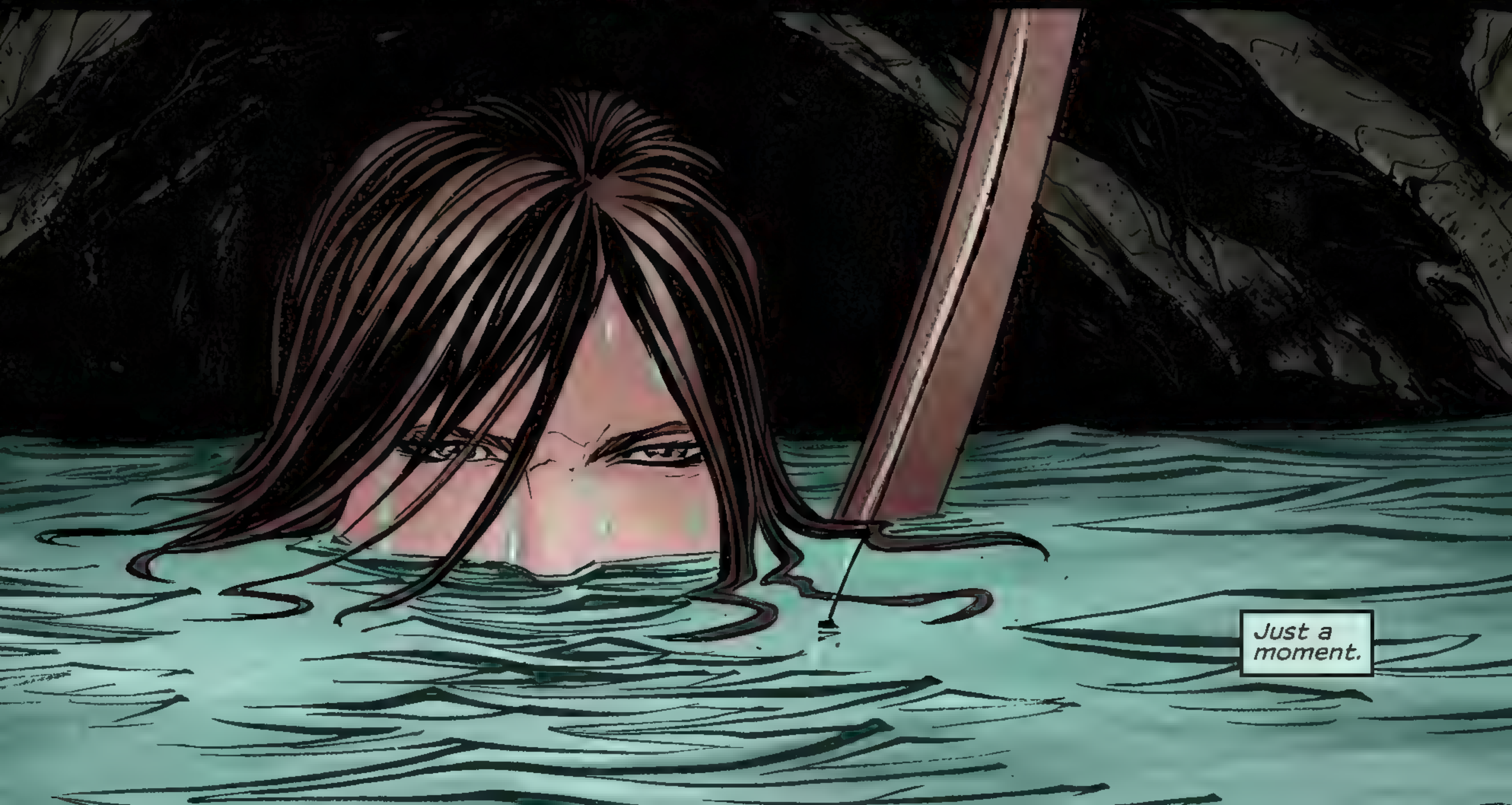
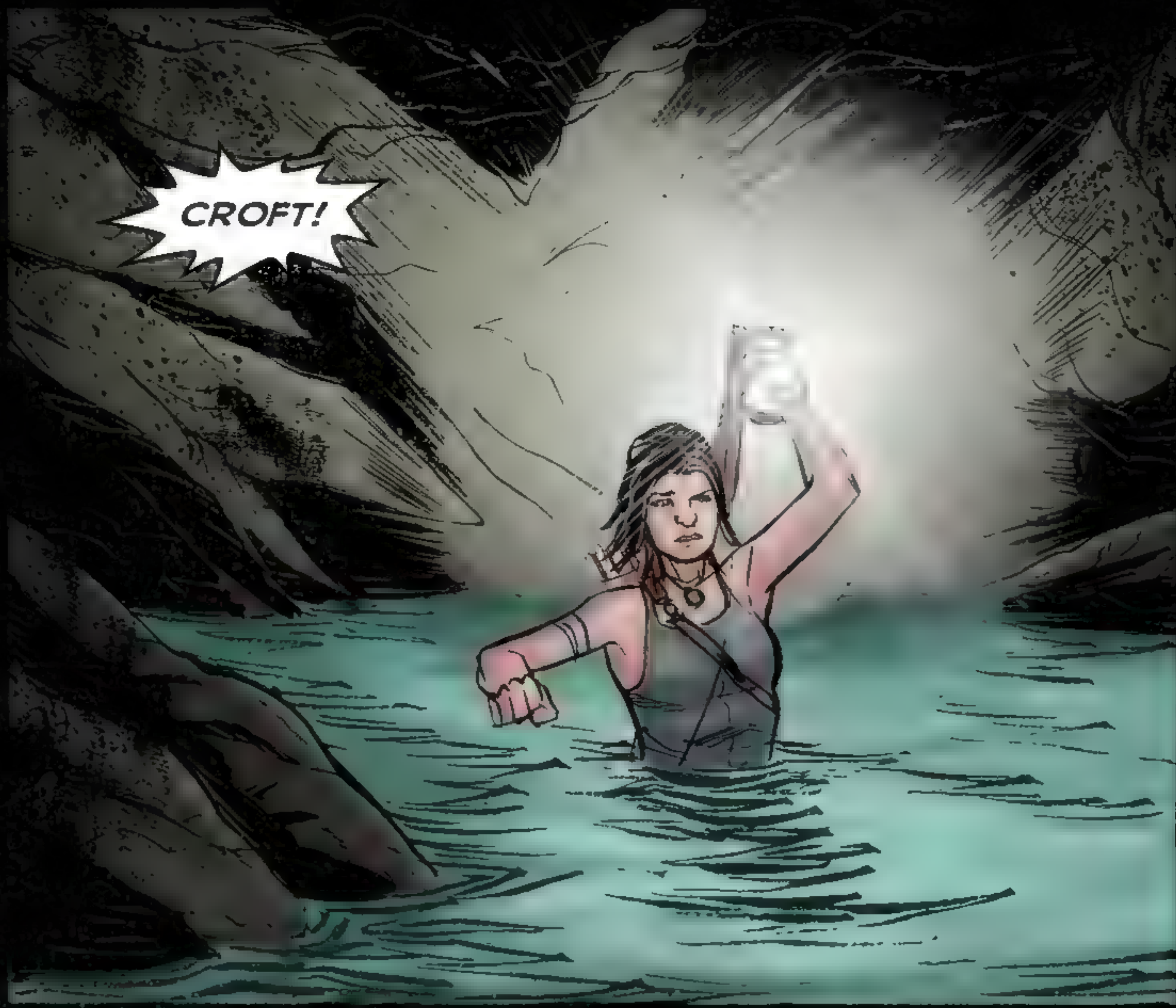


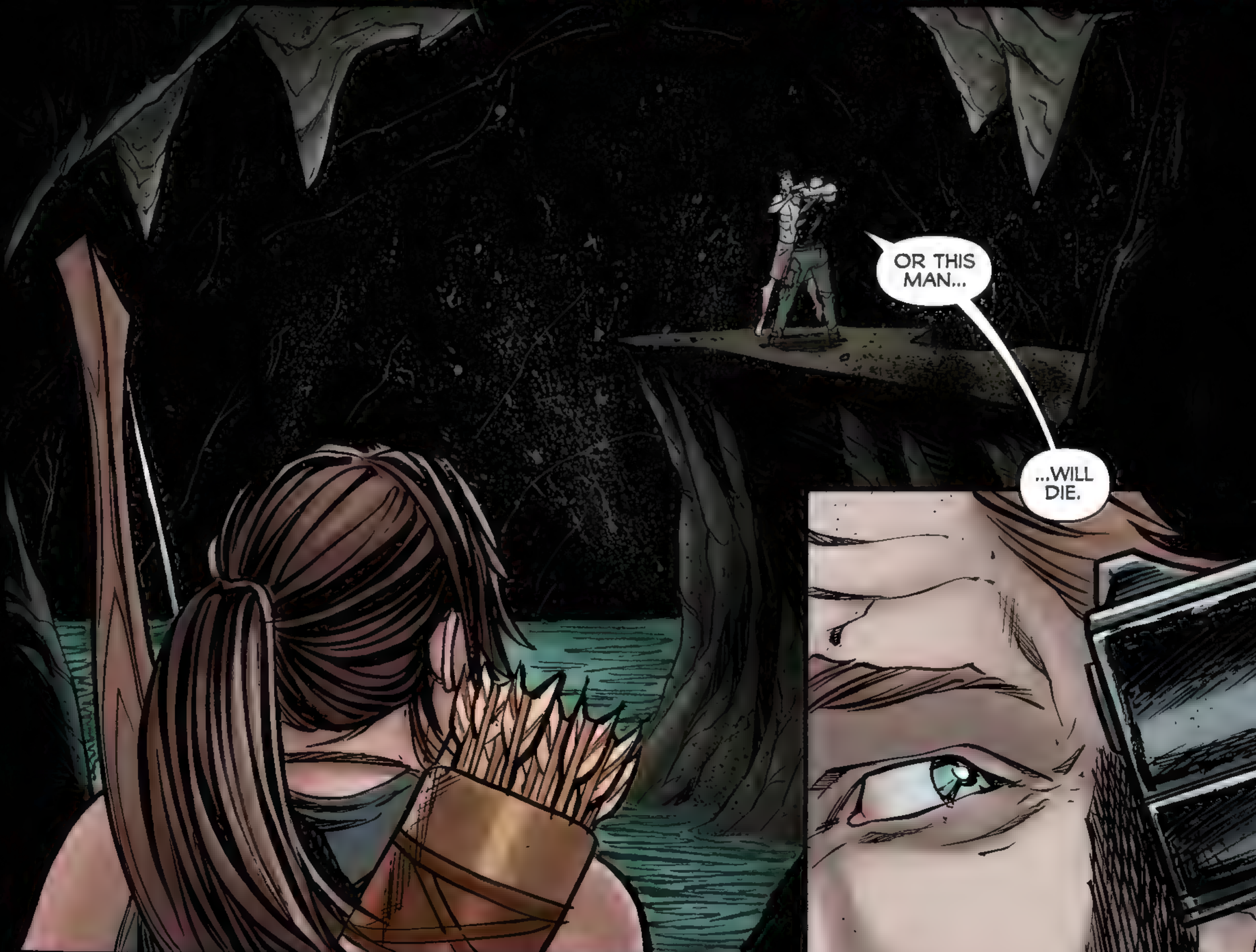
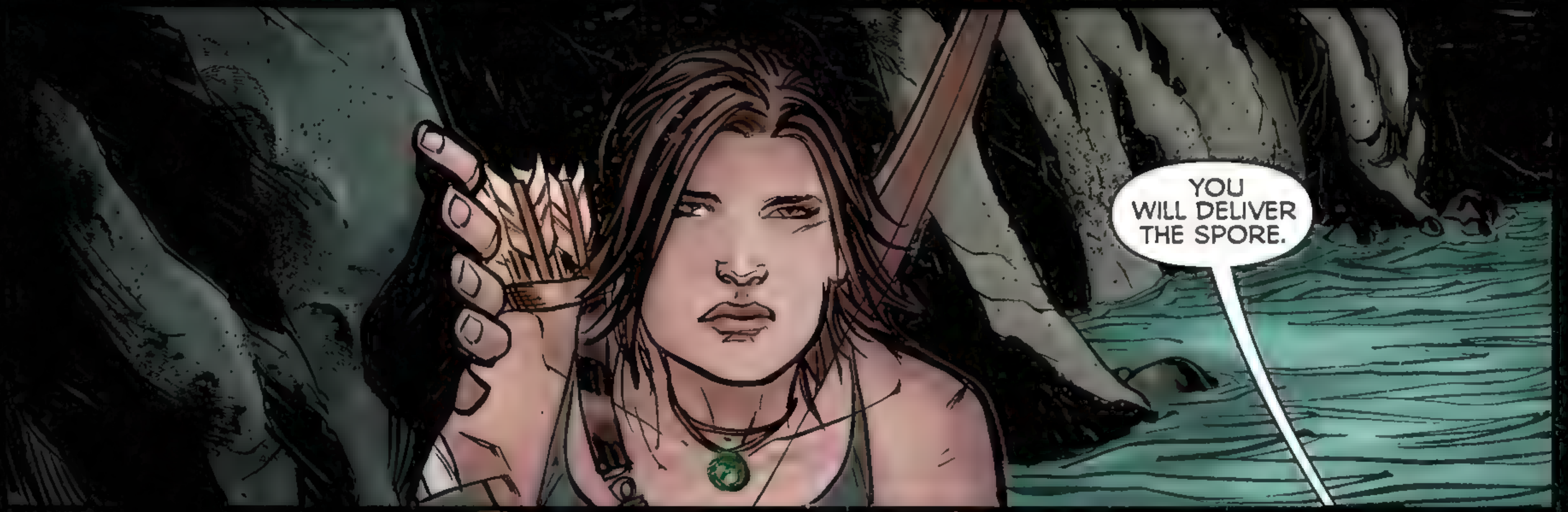
WE SHOULD
GO. PROFESSOR
GREEN WAS LOOKING
FOR YOU.



TODAY. SO FAR
AWAY FROM 1996.

YOU
HAVE SEALED
YOUR FATE,
PROFESSOR.







SHOW
YOURSELF,
LARA
CROFT!

Bloody hell.



Better a fall
than a bullet,
Professor.

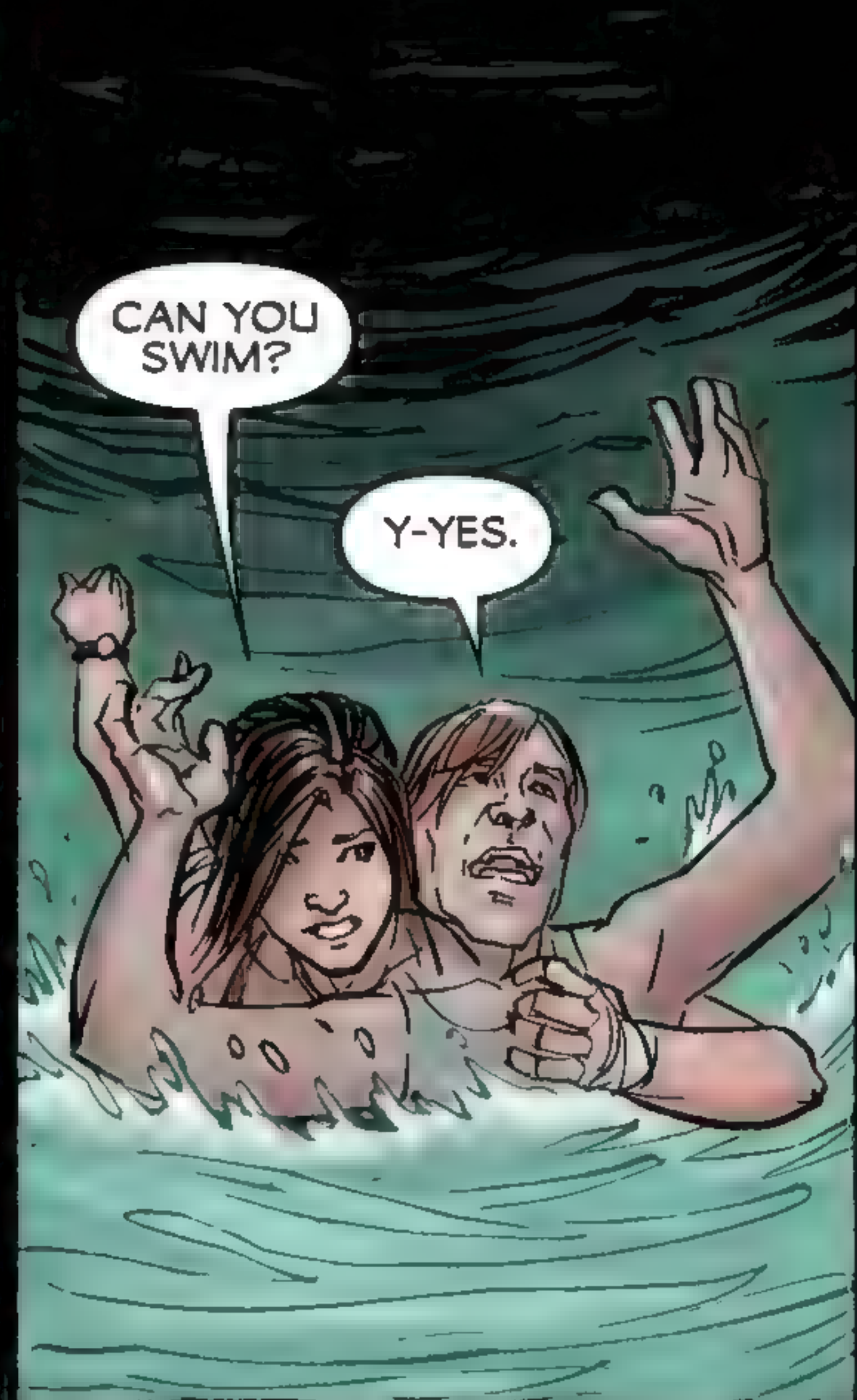
With any
luck, the
water's
deep.

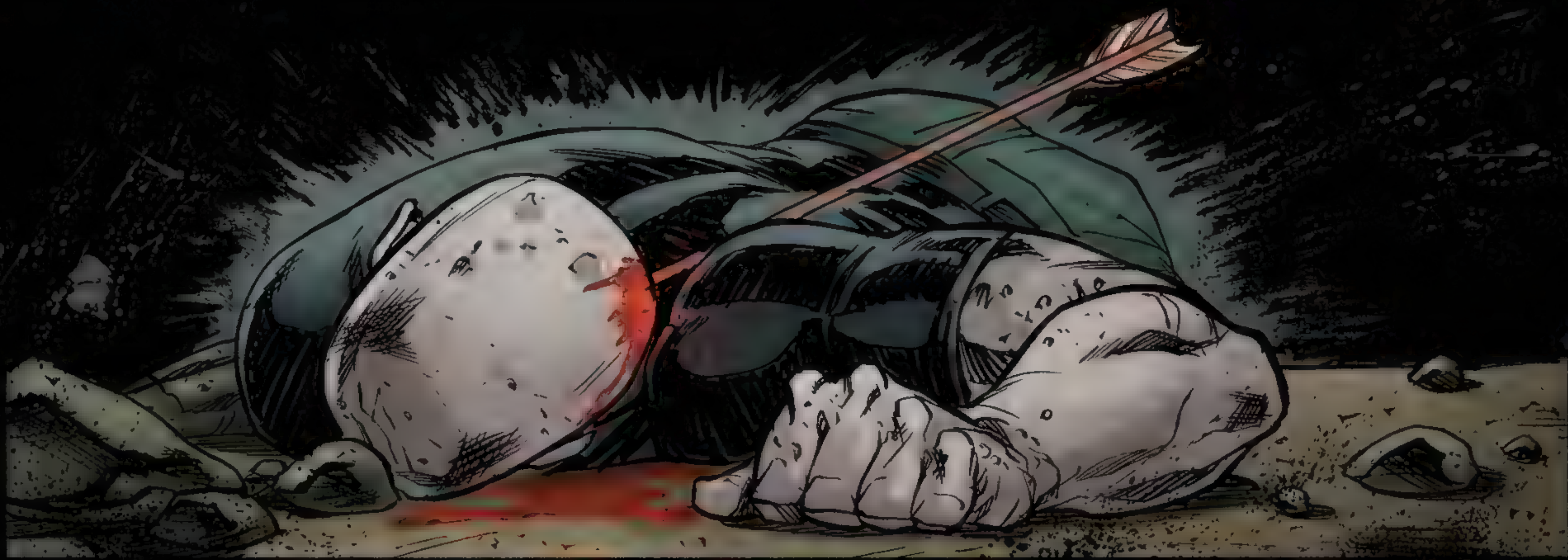
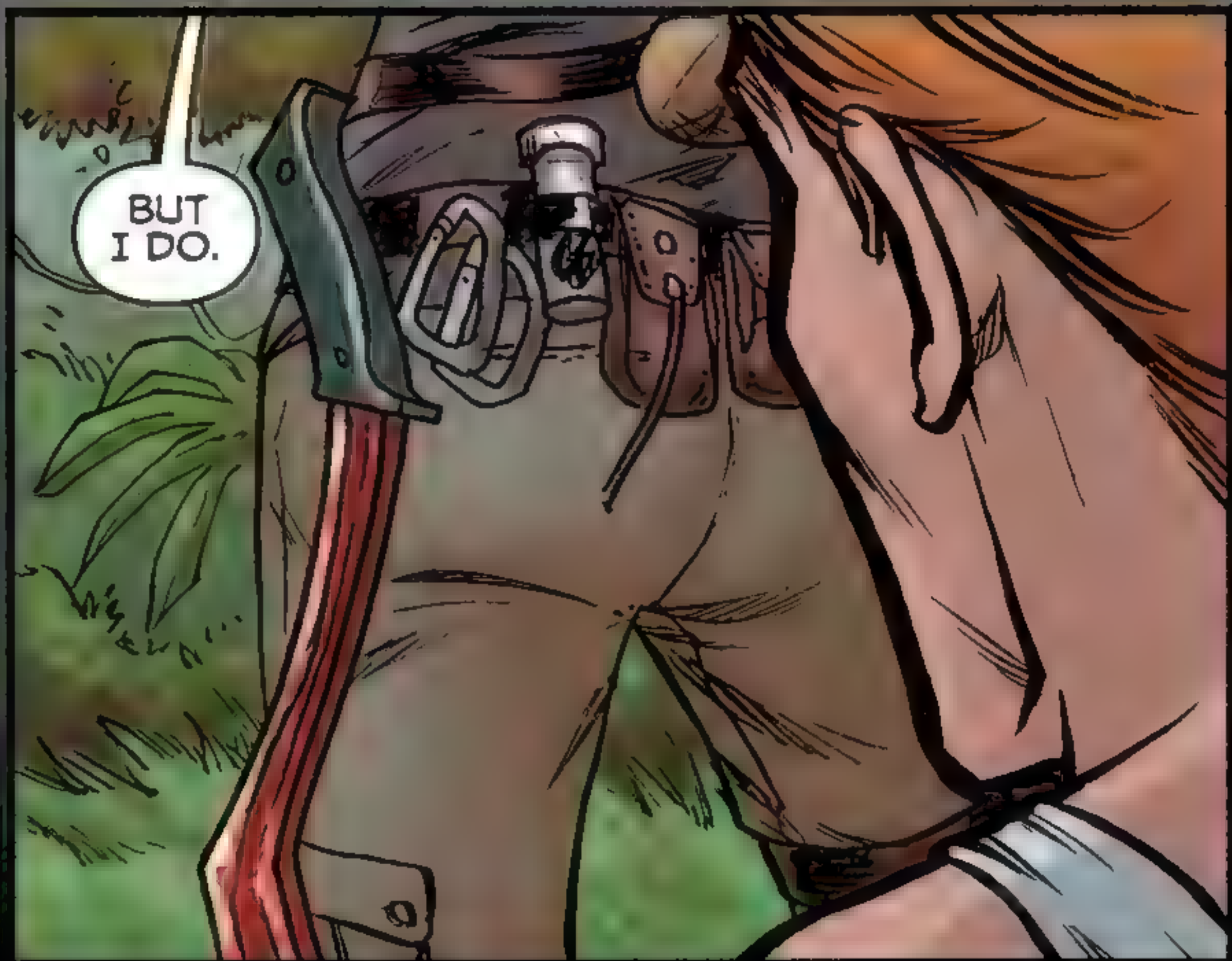
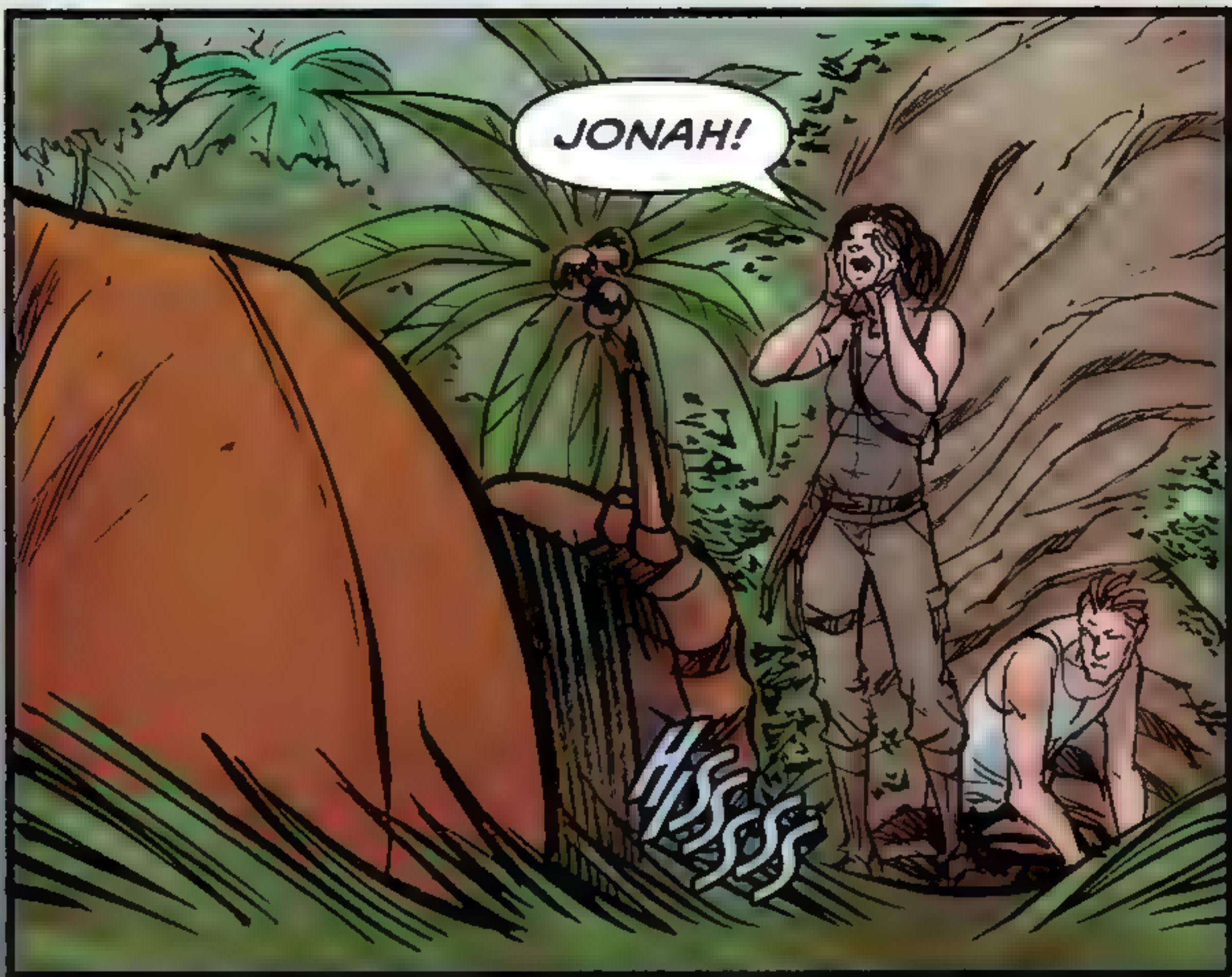


PROFESSOR!
JUMP!

AGHH!

SPLAT





NATIONAL PARK.

YUNNAN PROVINCE.

A SURPRISINGLY
SUNNY DAY.

TOURISTS
EVERYWHERE.

LARA
CROFT.

SEND THE
PROFESSOR AND
THE SPORE TO
COORDINATES WE
SPECIFY.

THE
SPORE
FOR YOUR
MAN.



I'LL TEXT
YOU SO I CAN
STAY ON THE
WALKIE-TALKIE.
OKAY?



OF-OF
COURSE.

I
DON'T WANT
THEM LEAVING
THE PARK WITH
THE SPORE.



BUT
JONAH COMES
FIRST. SO JUST
GIVE THIS TO THEM.
THAT'S ALL YOU
HAVE TO DO. ALL
RIGHT?











Center of park. Near musicians. I'm close.



YOU KNOW, SOMETIMES, A LOT OF THE TIME, I WISH I WAS LIKE THEM.

N-NOT AFRAID.



I'M NOT. I AM.

AFRAID.



SIR? MY ENGLISH... IS NOT...



HUFF HUFF



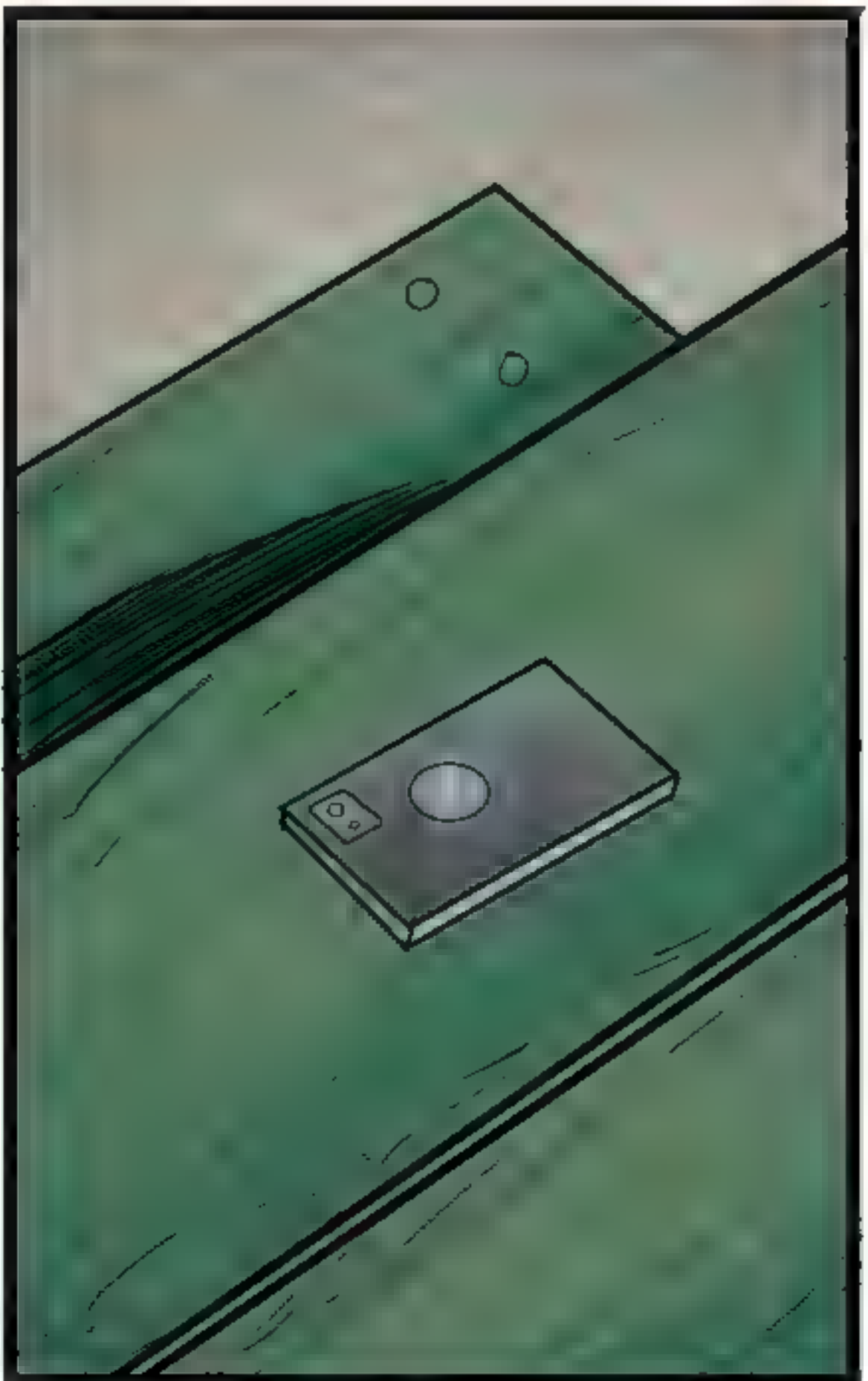
FRANCES WANTED THE SPORE BECAUSE SHE WANTED TO UNDERSTAND IT.

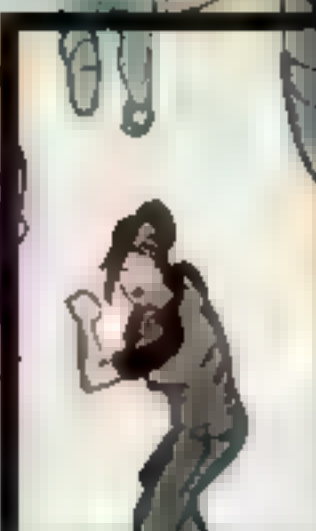


I JUST... I DON'T WANT TO DIE.

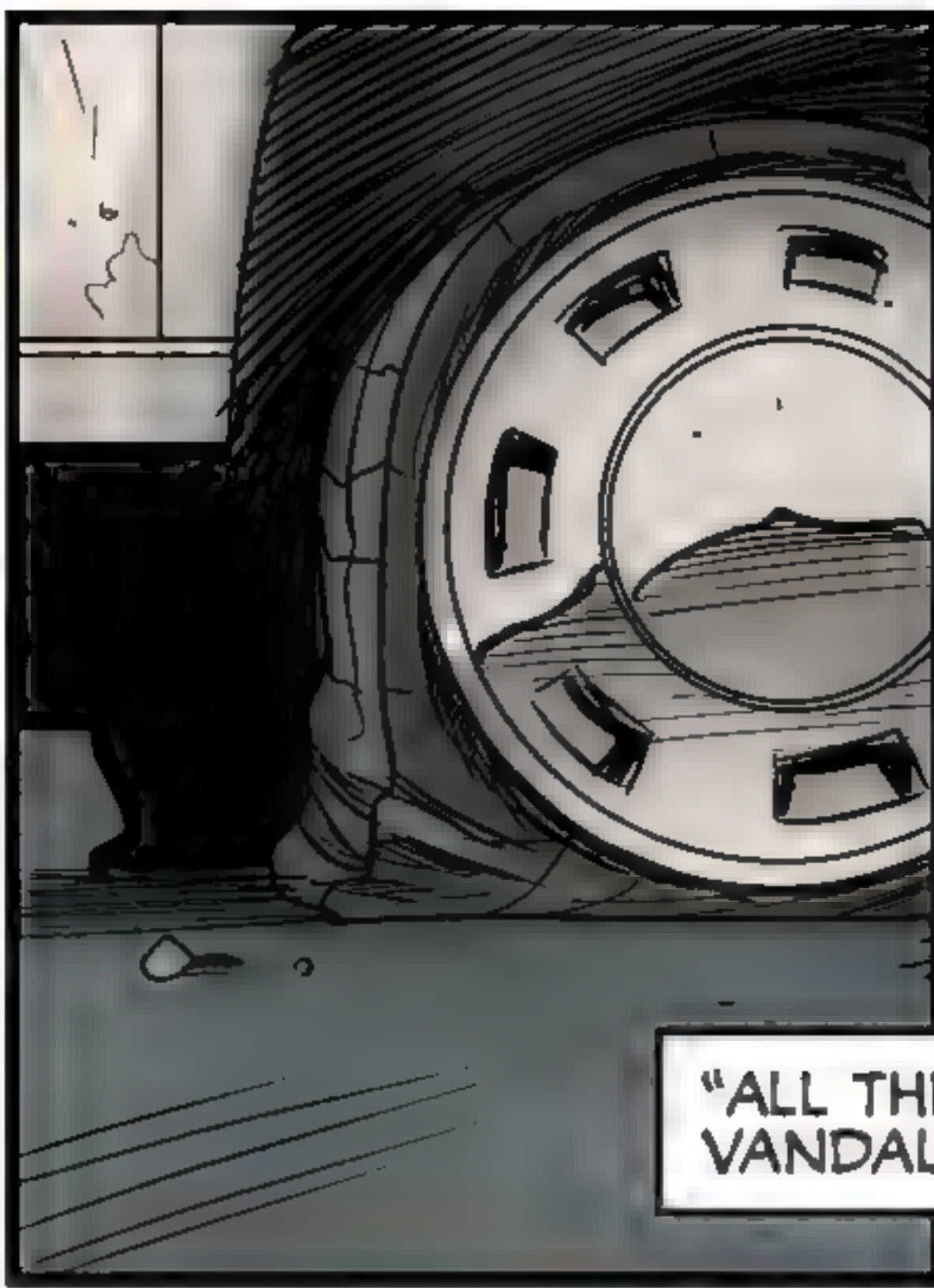
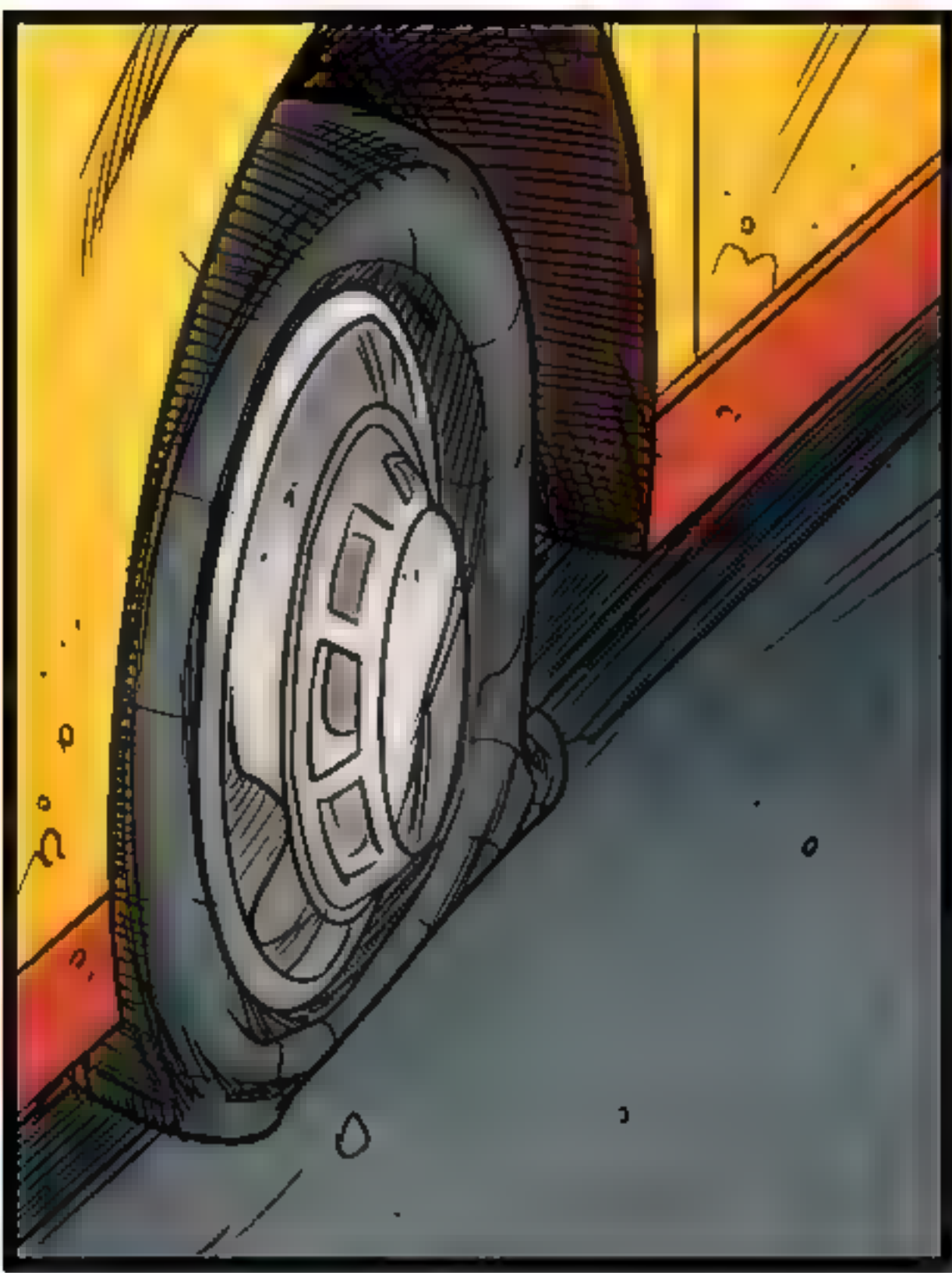


I'M SORRY, FRANCES.

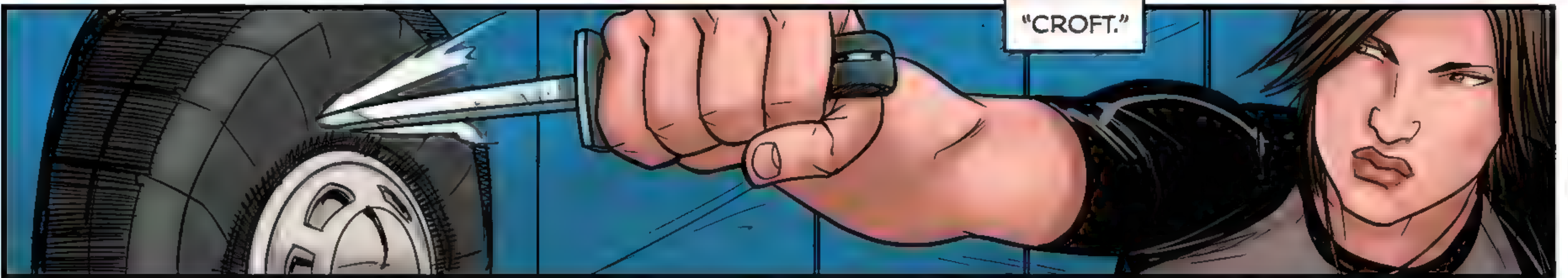
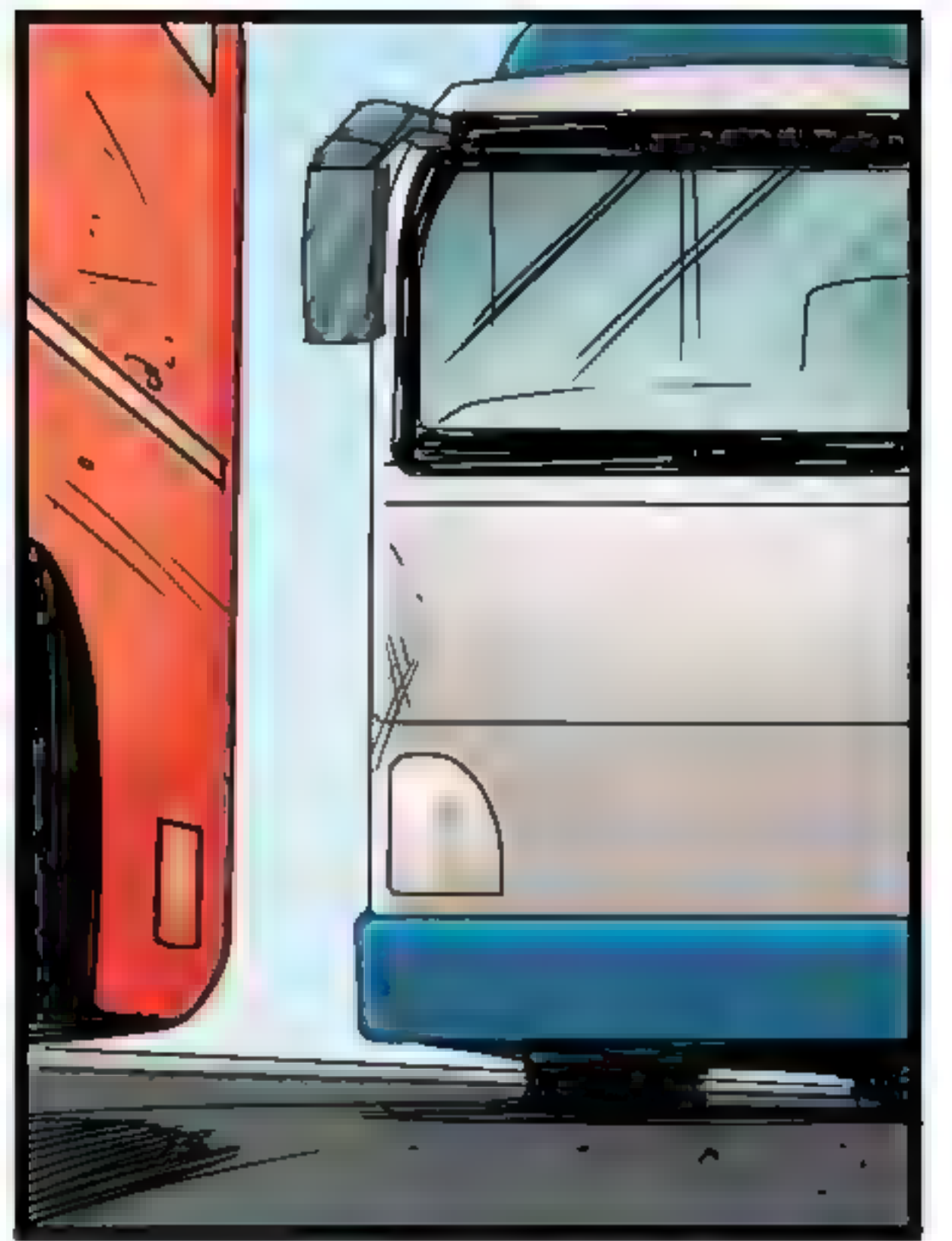








"ALL THE TRUCKS.
VANDALIZED."



"CROFT."

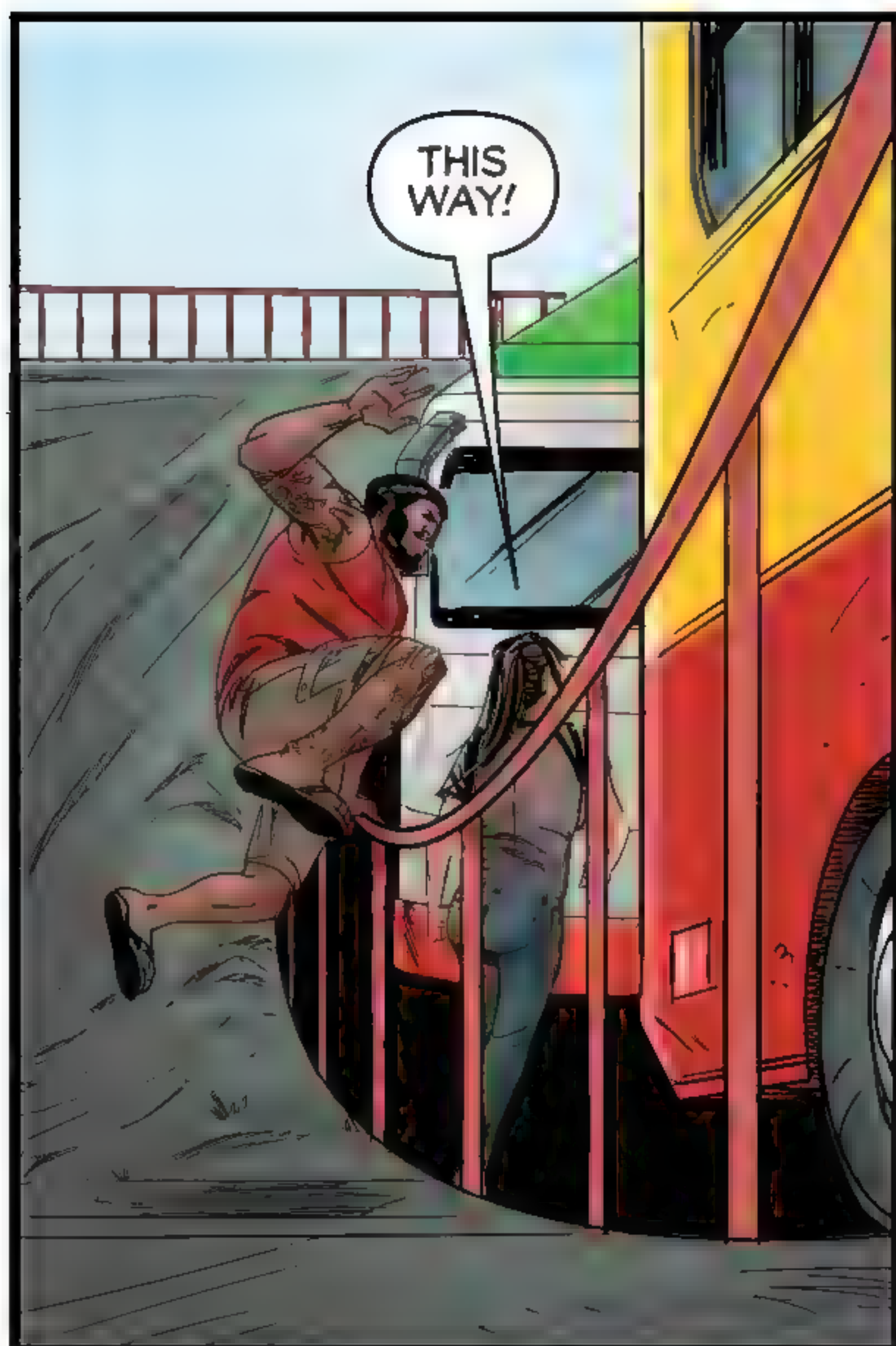


WE
CANNOT
LEAVE.

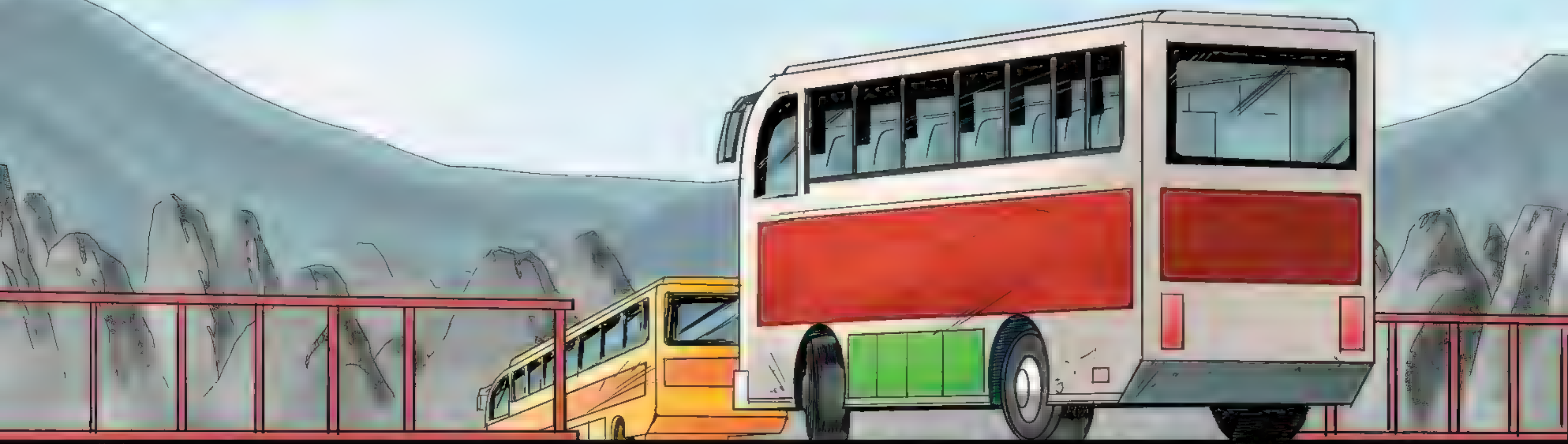


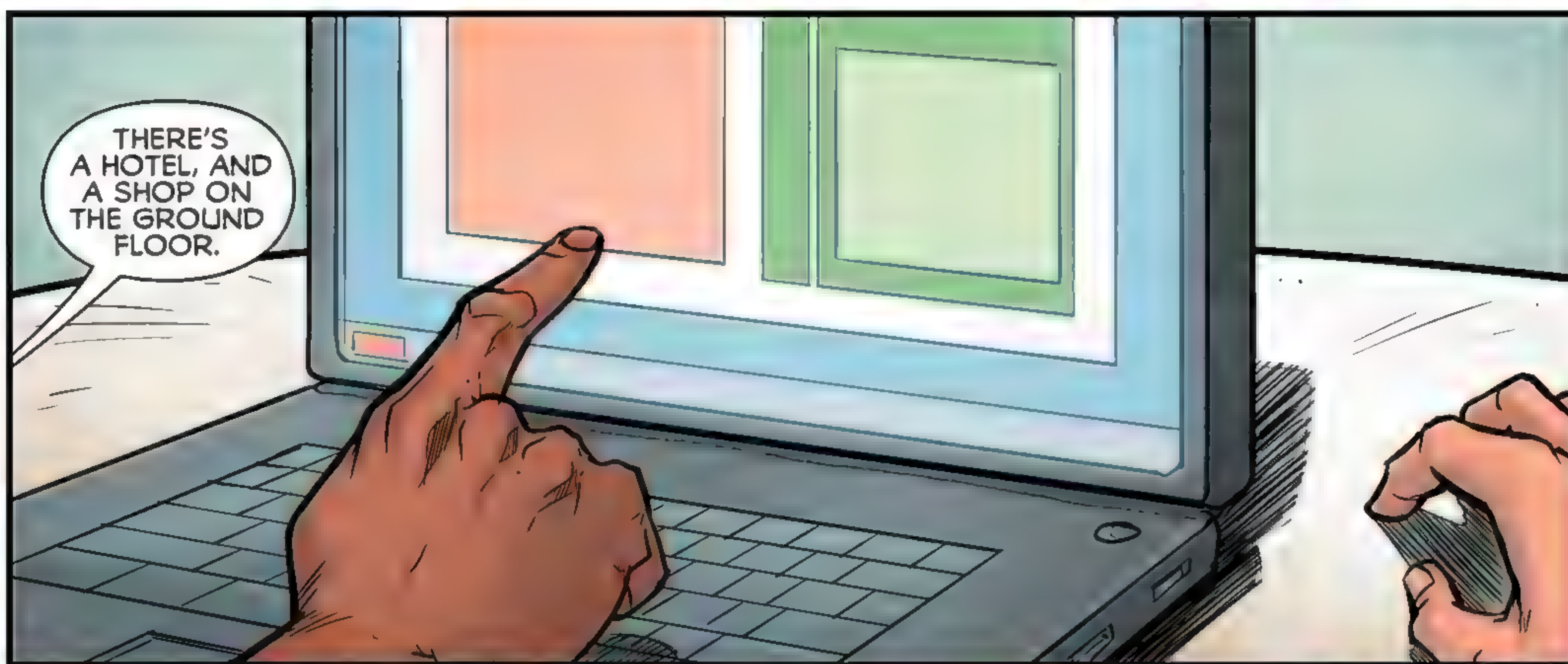
COME
ON!

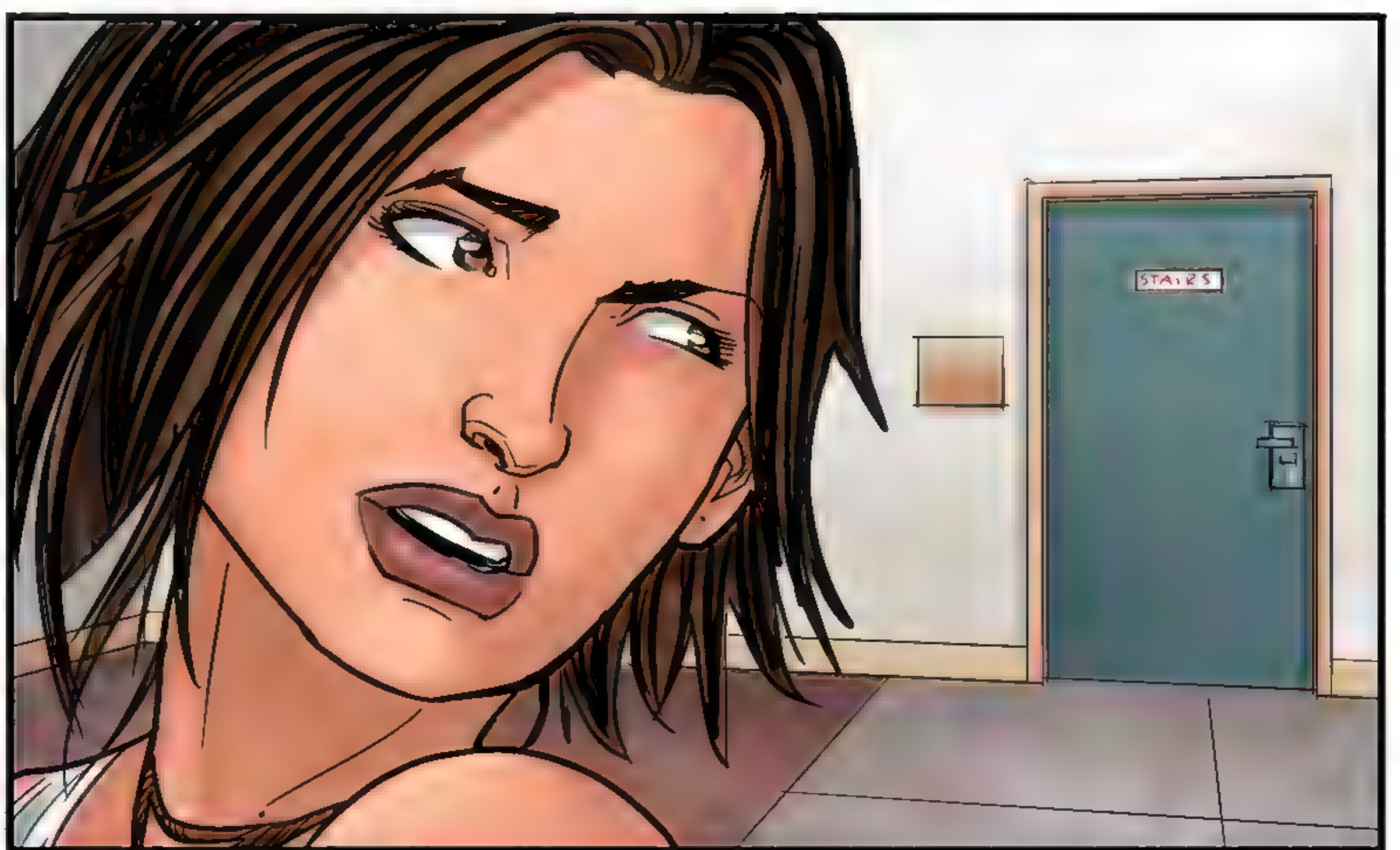
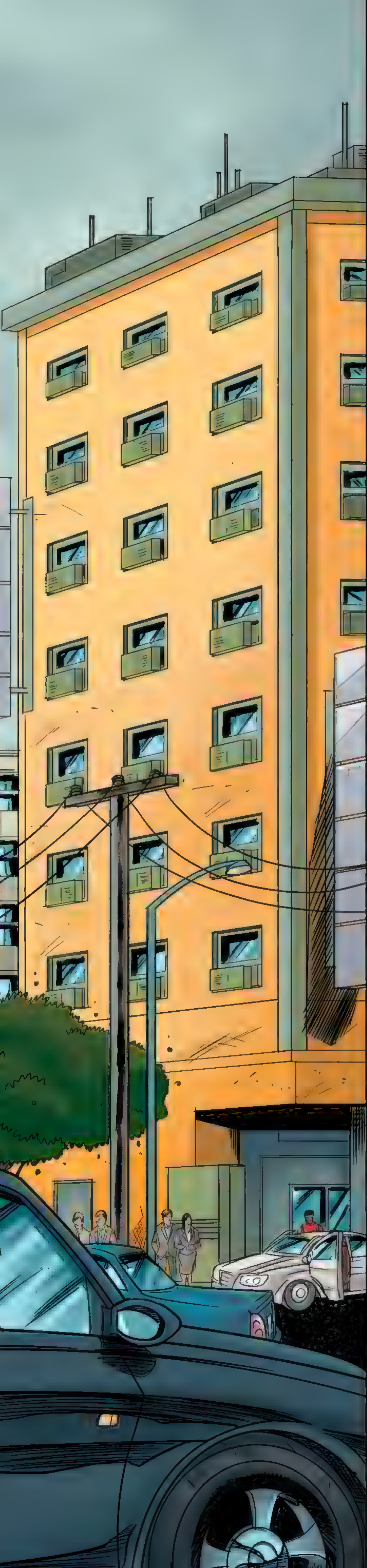




Hope this is my last cramped, dark space for a few days.









That old familiar feeling.



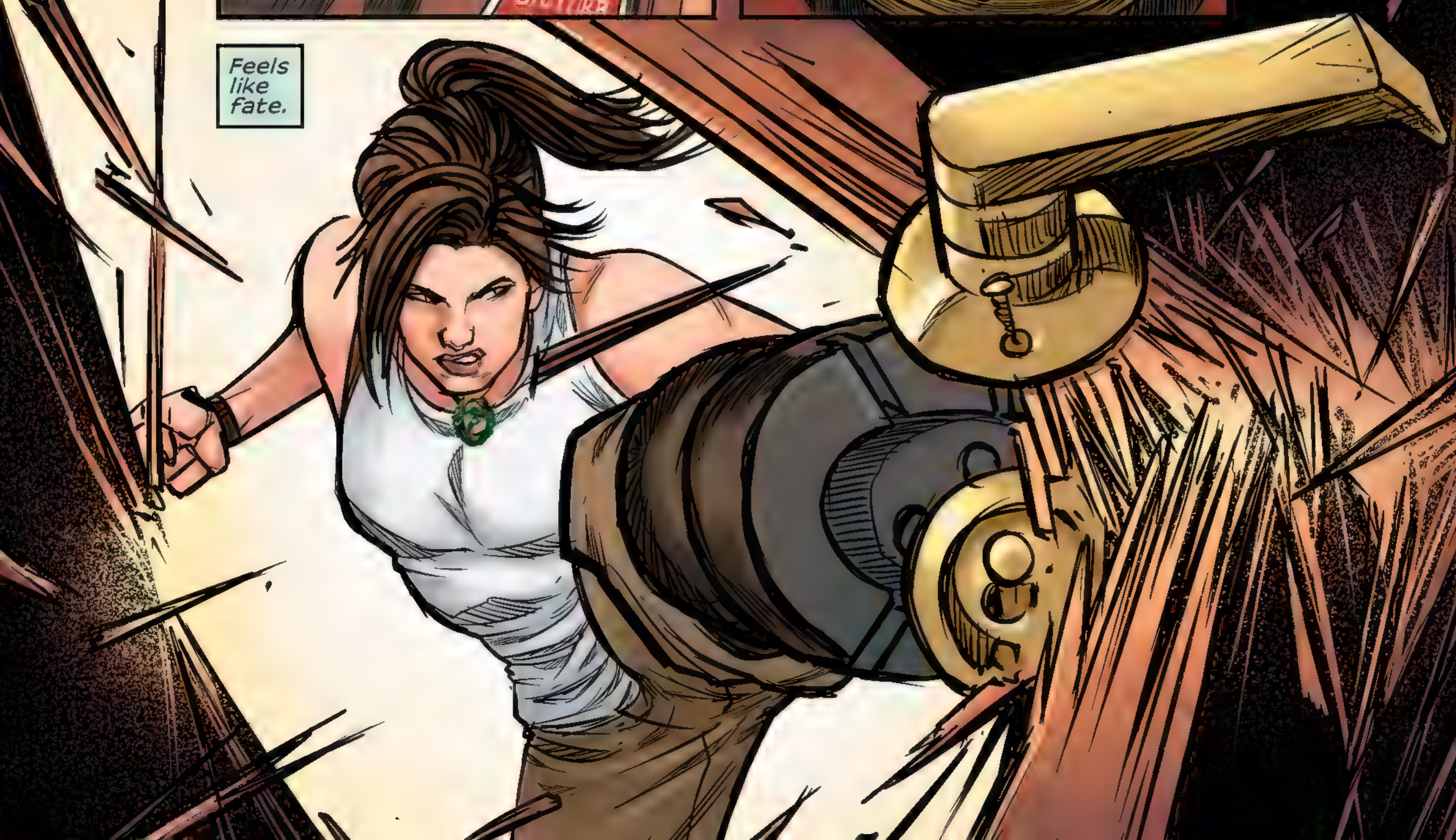
The other side of the rush of discovery.

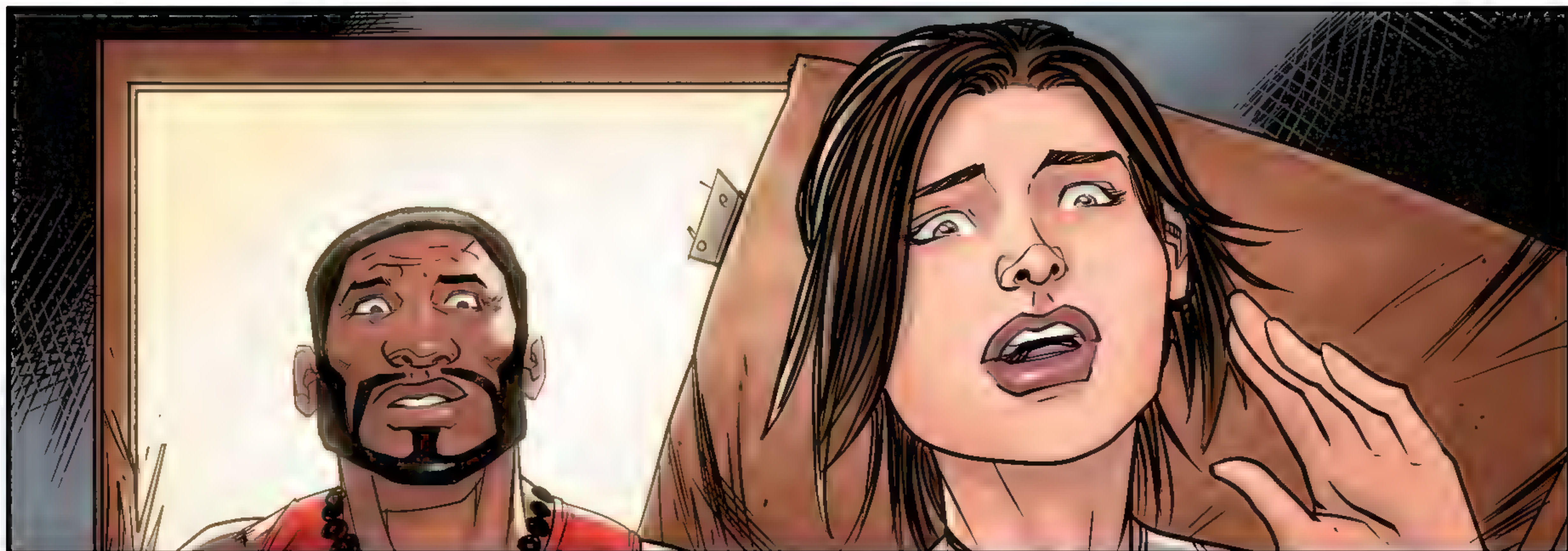


This.

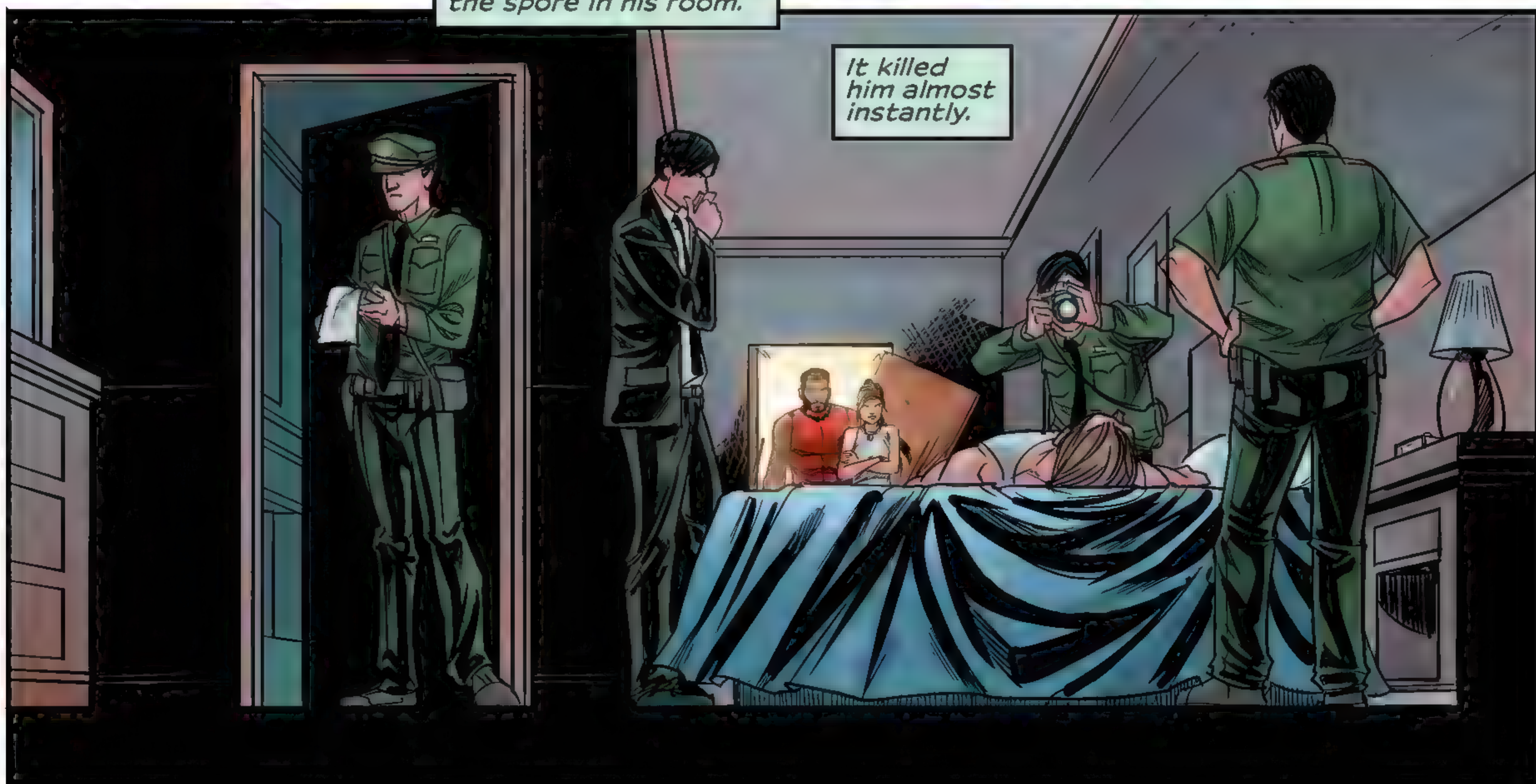


Feels like fate.

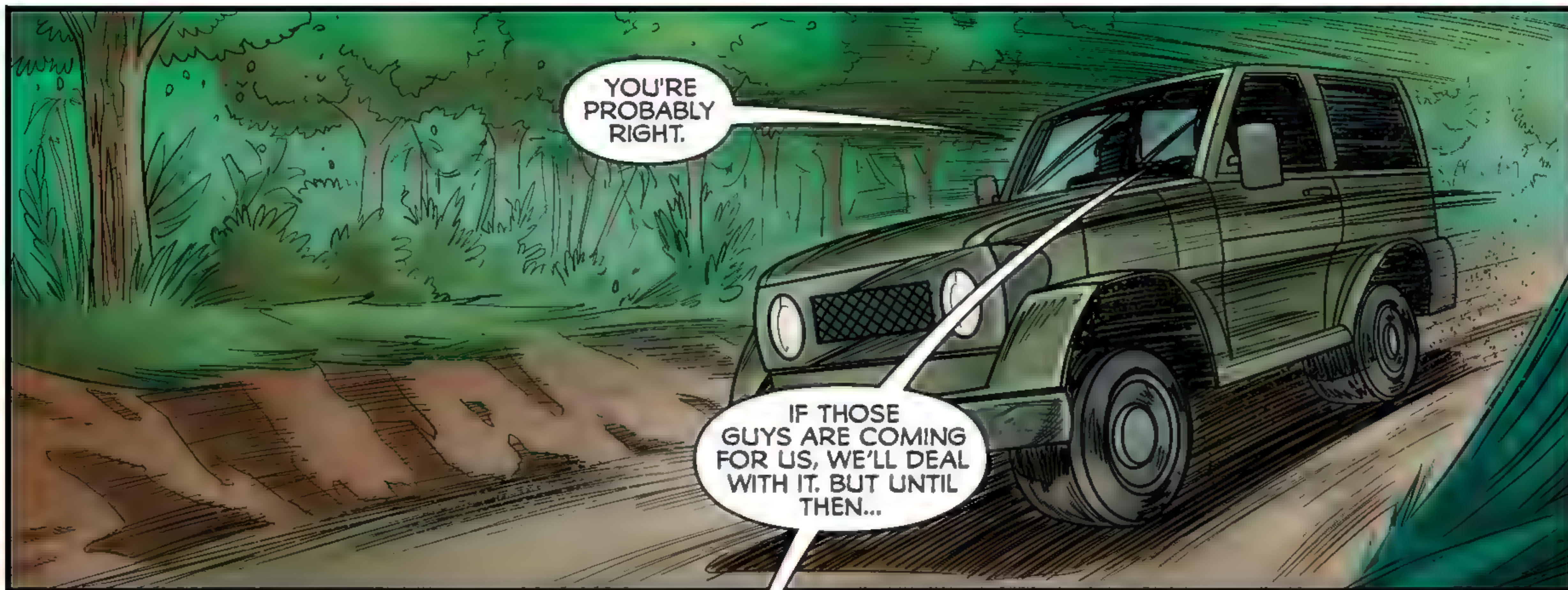




He'd been dead for hours. We found equipment for distilling the spore in his room.



It killed him almost instantly.



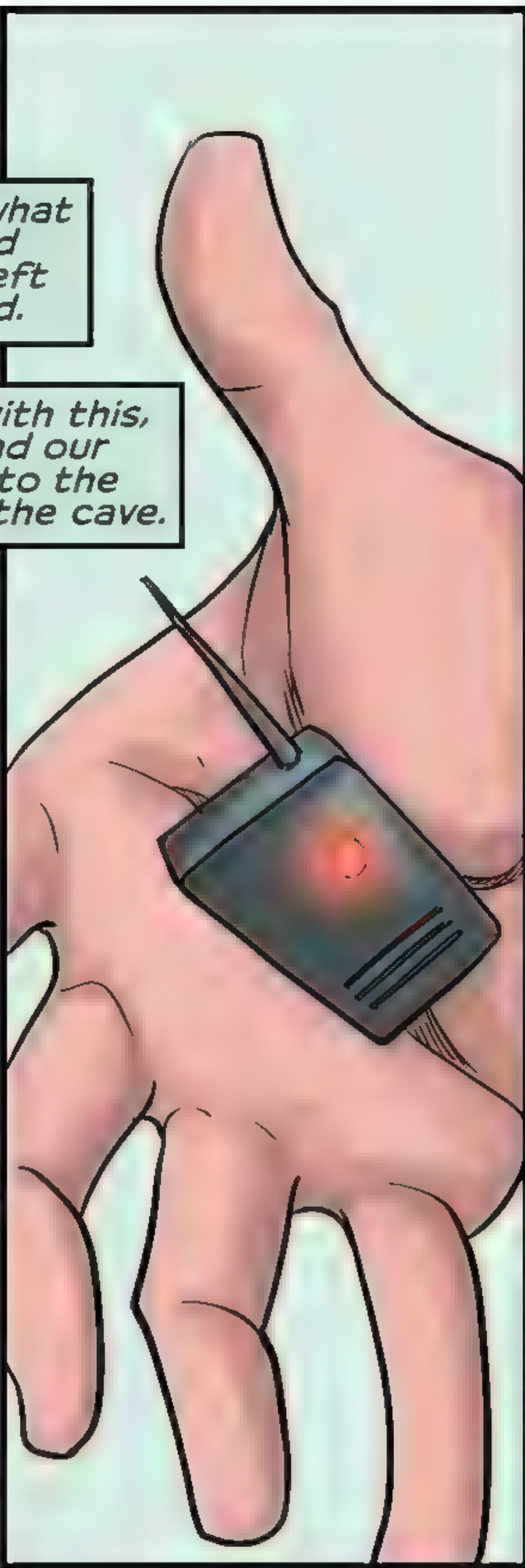


But all I
feel is loss.

Or lost. One
of those.

Strange to get what
you came for and
feel like you've left
something behind.

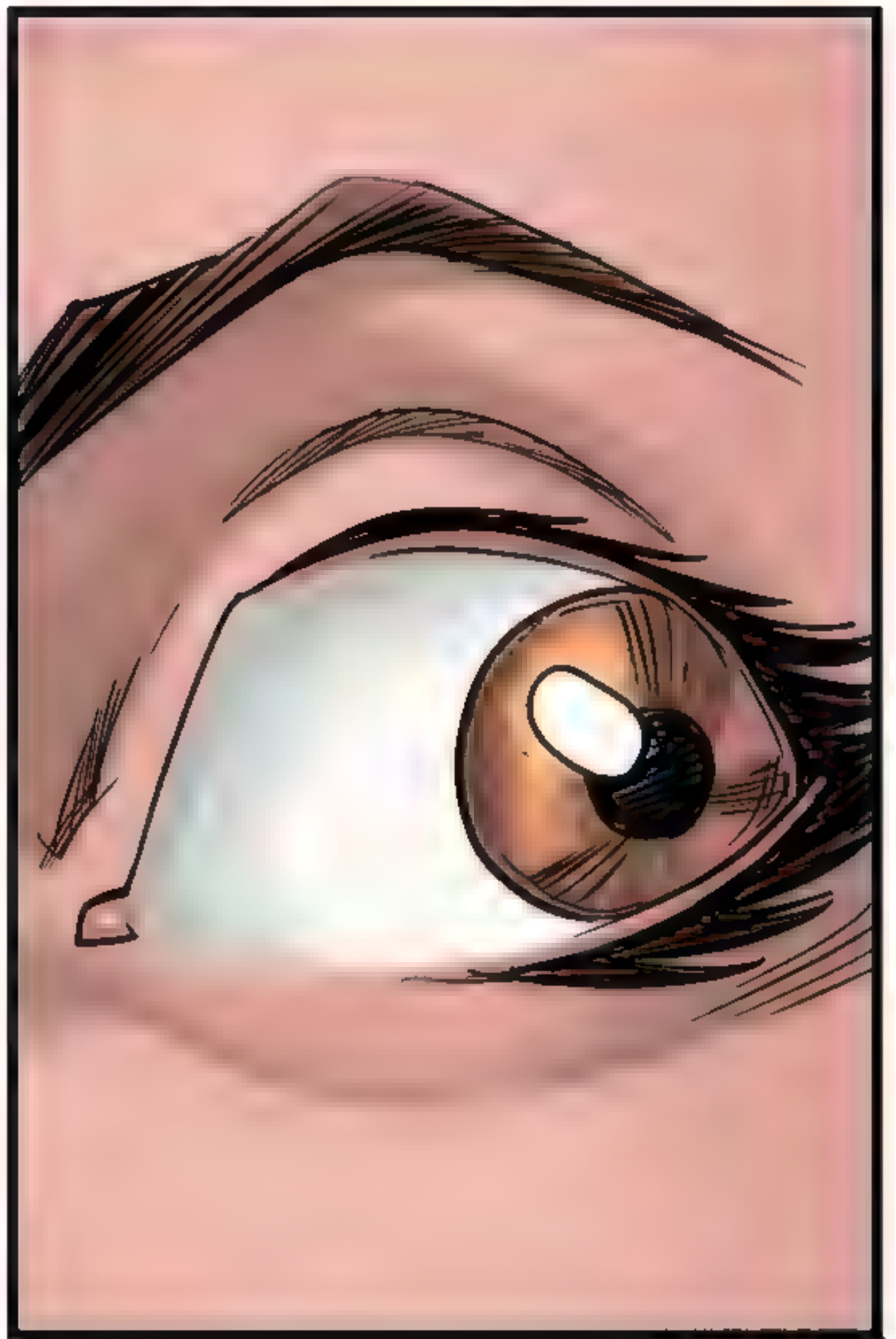
At least with this,
we can find our
way back to the
spores in the cave.



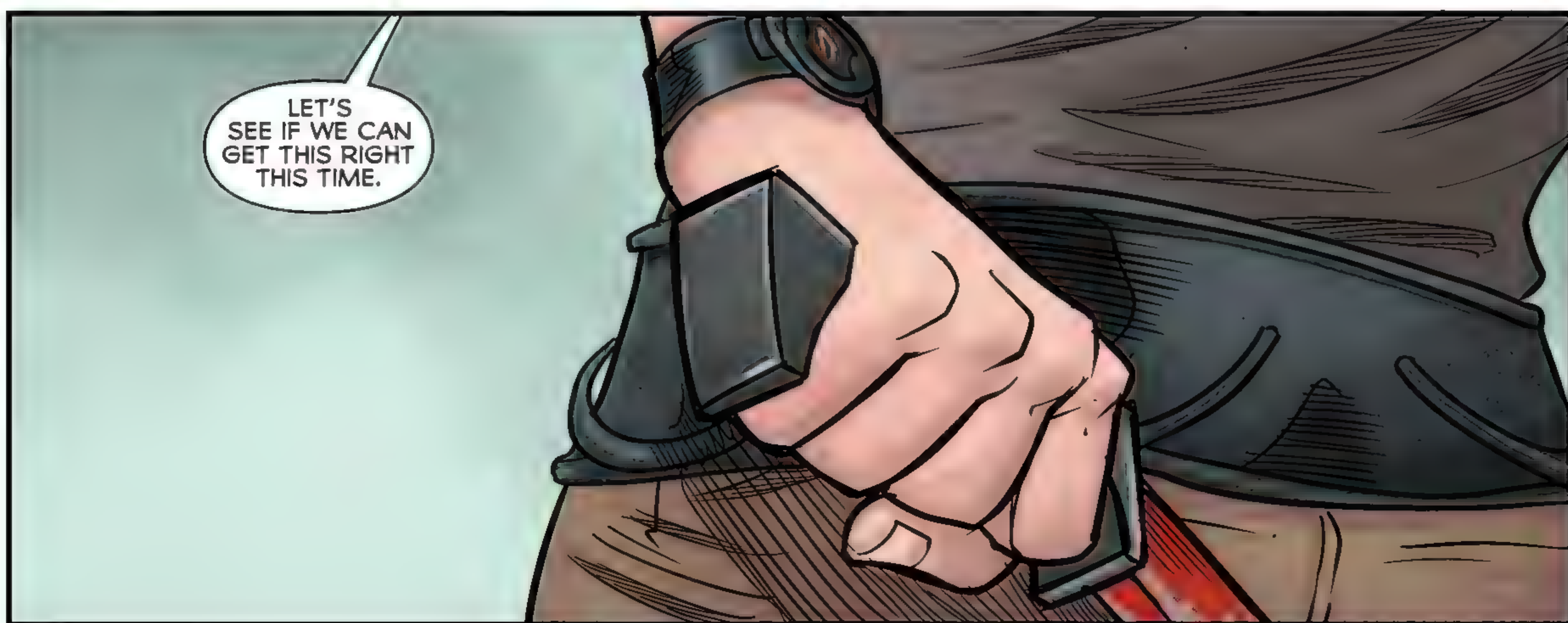
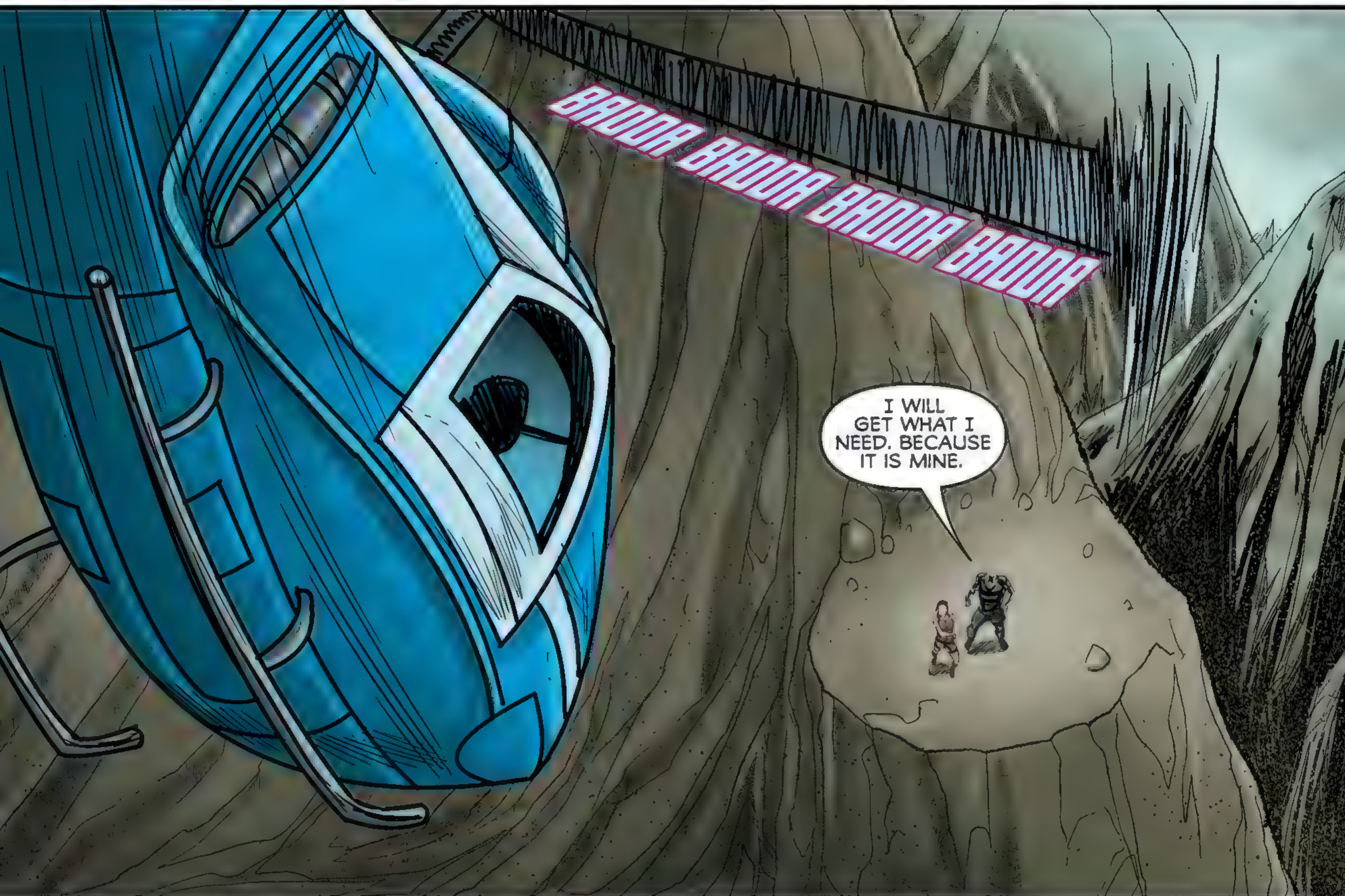
Okay.

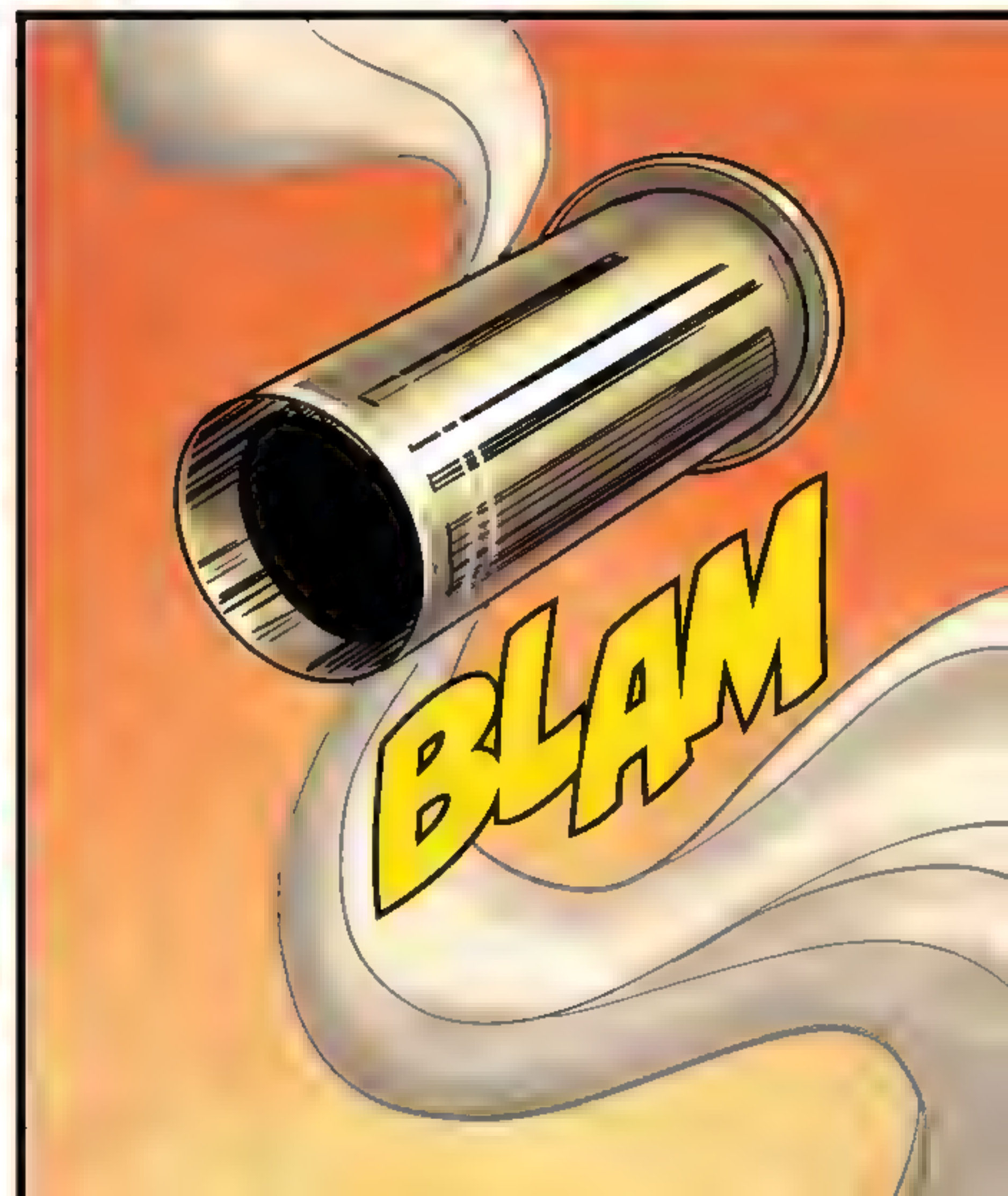
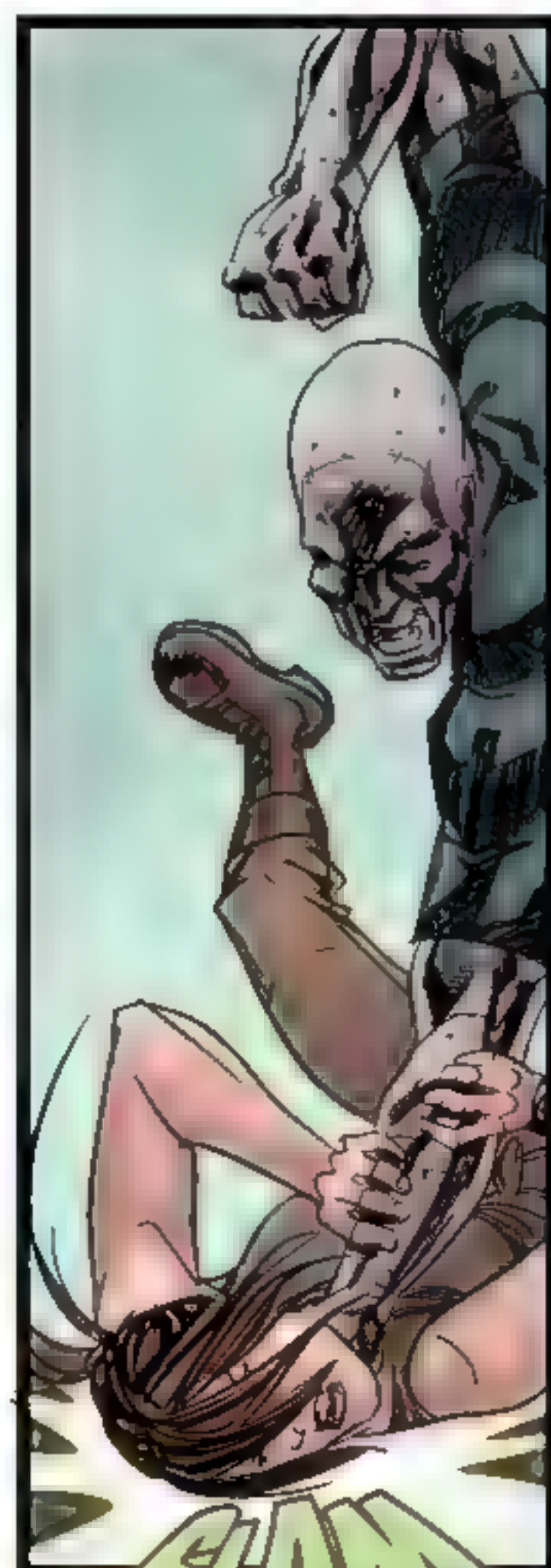
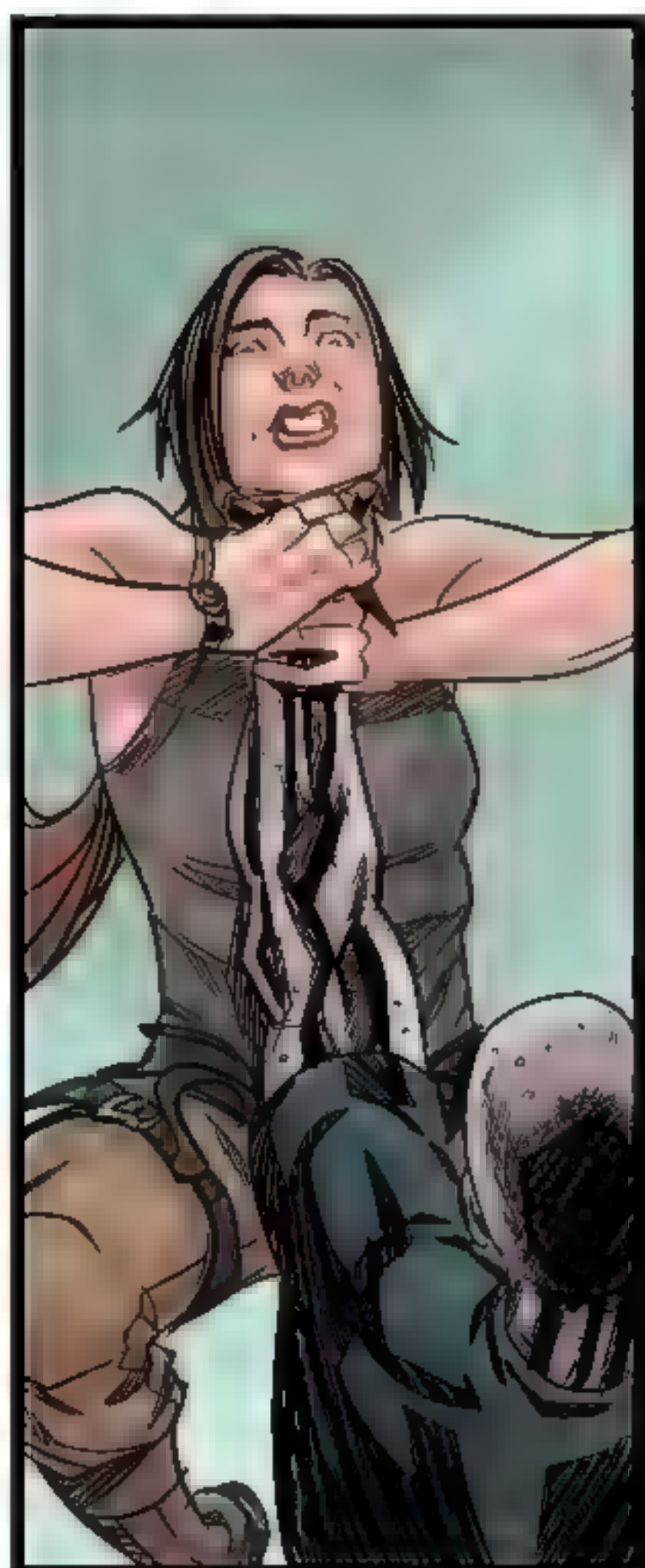
What was
it she said?
Be here.

Be here.

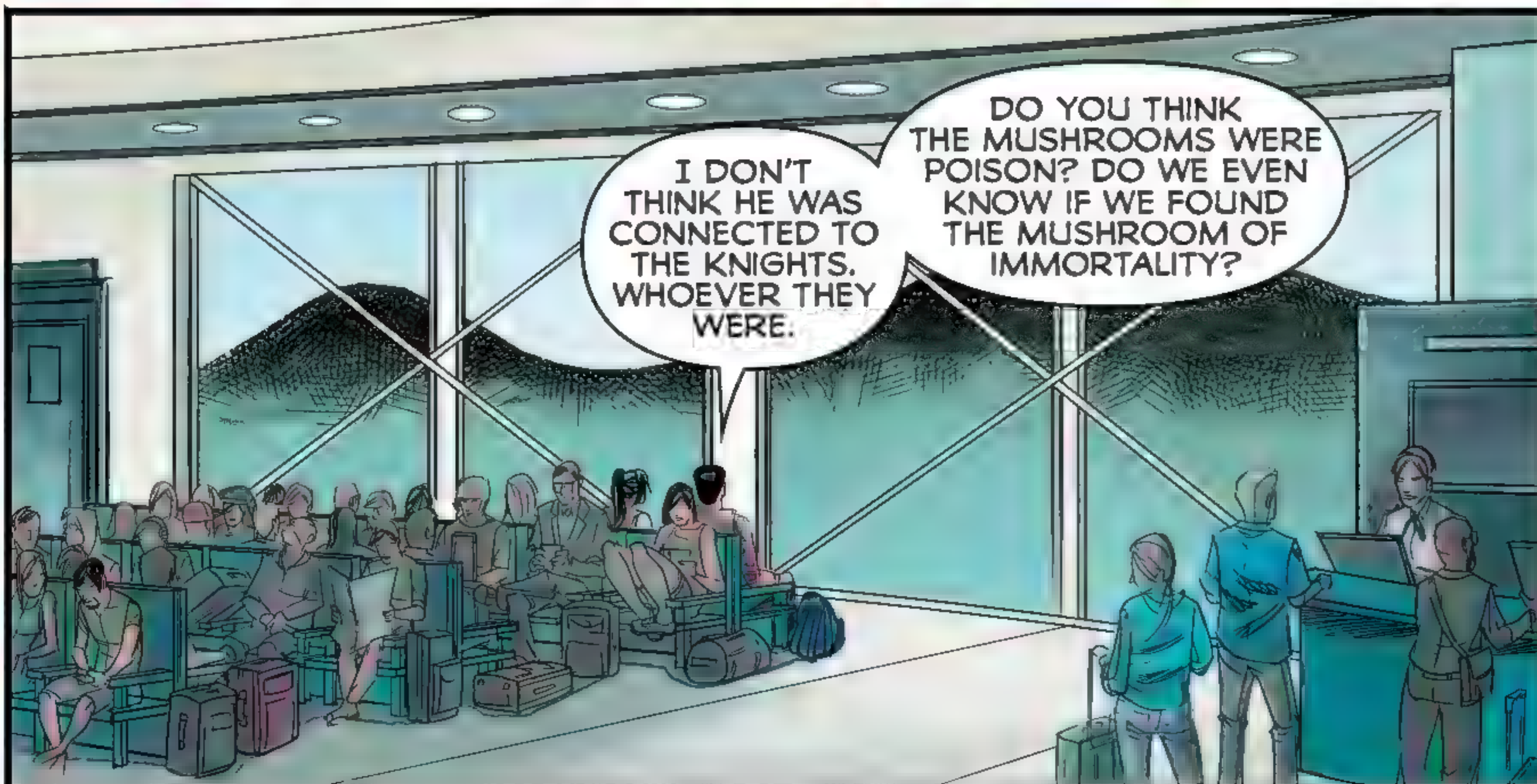
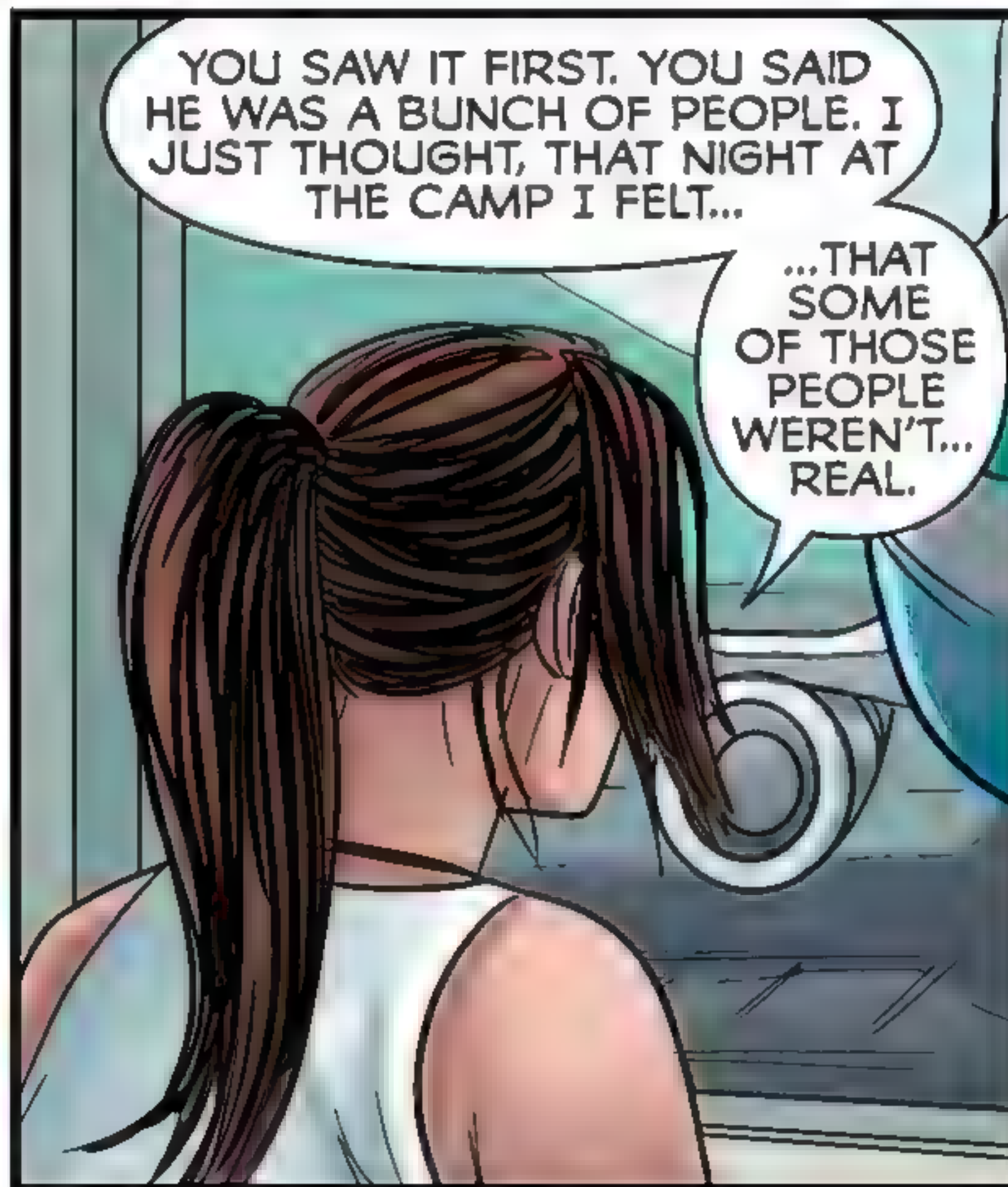
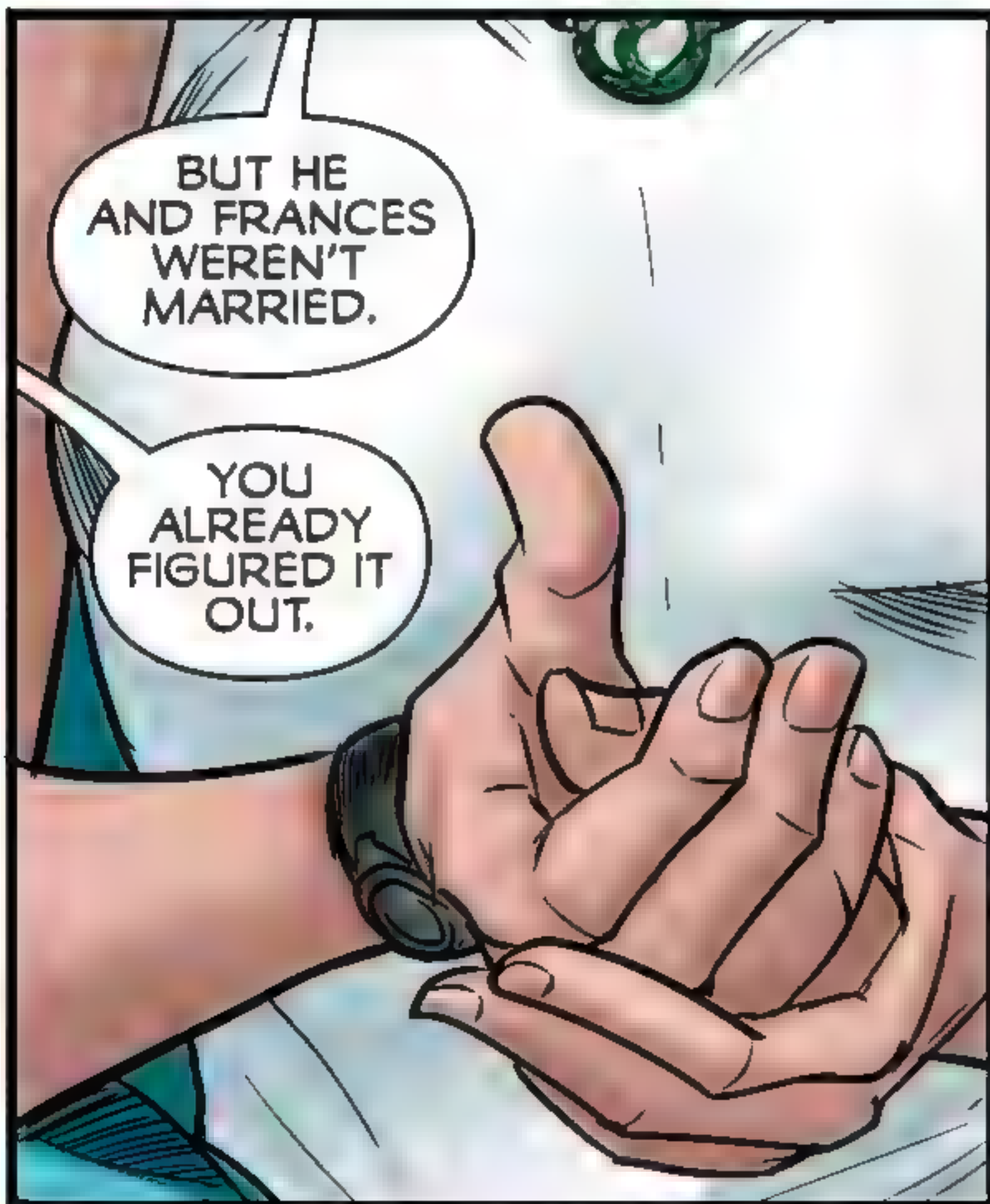
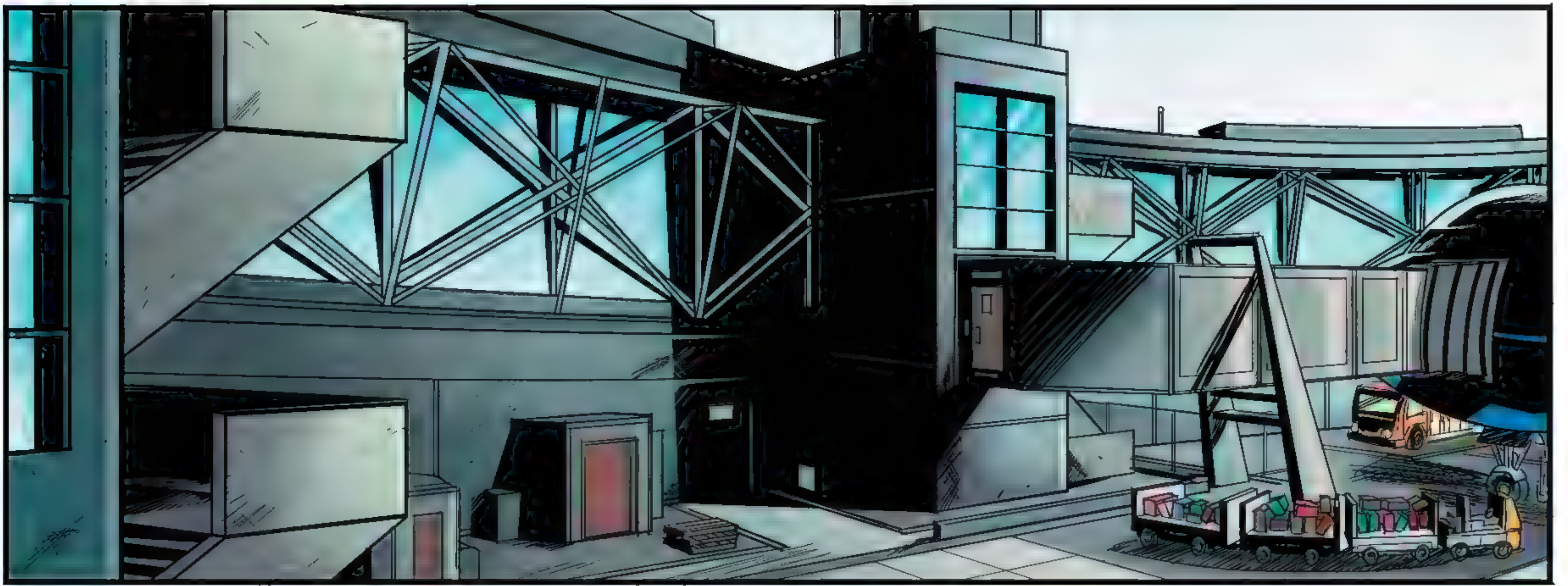


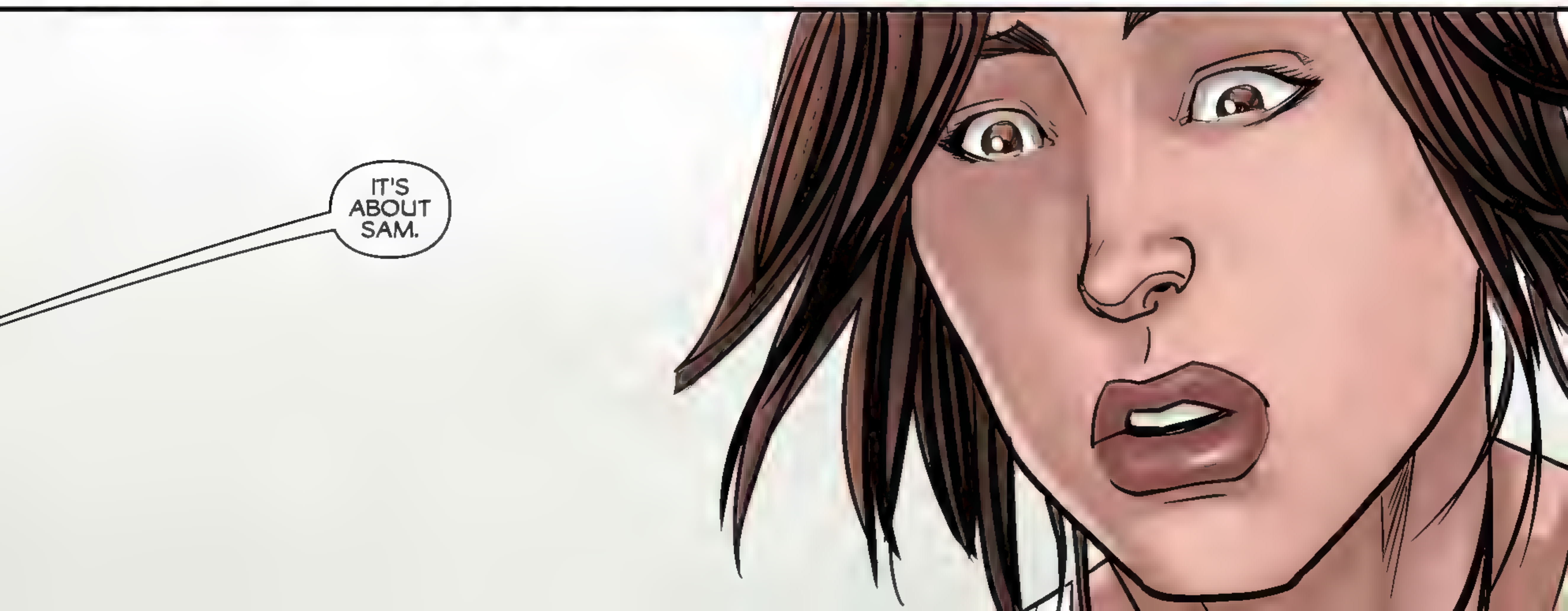
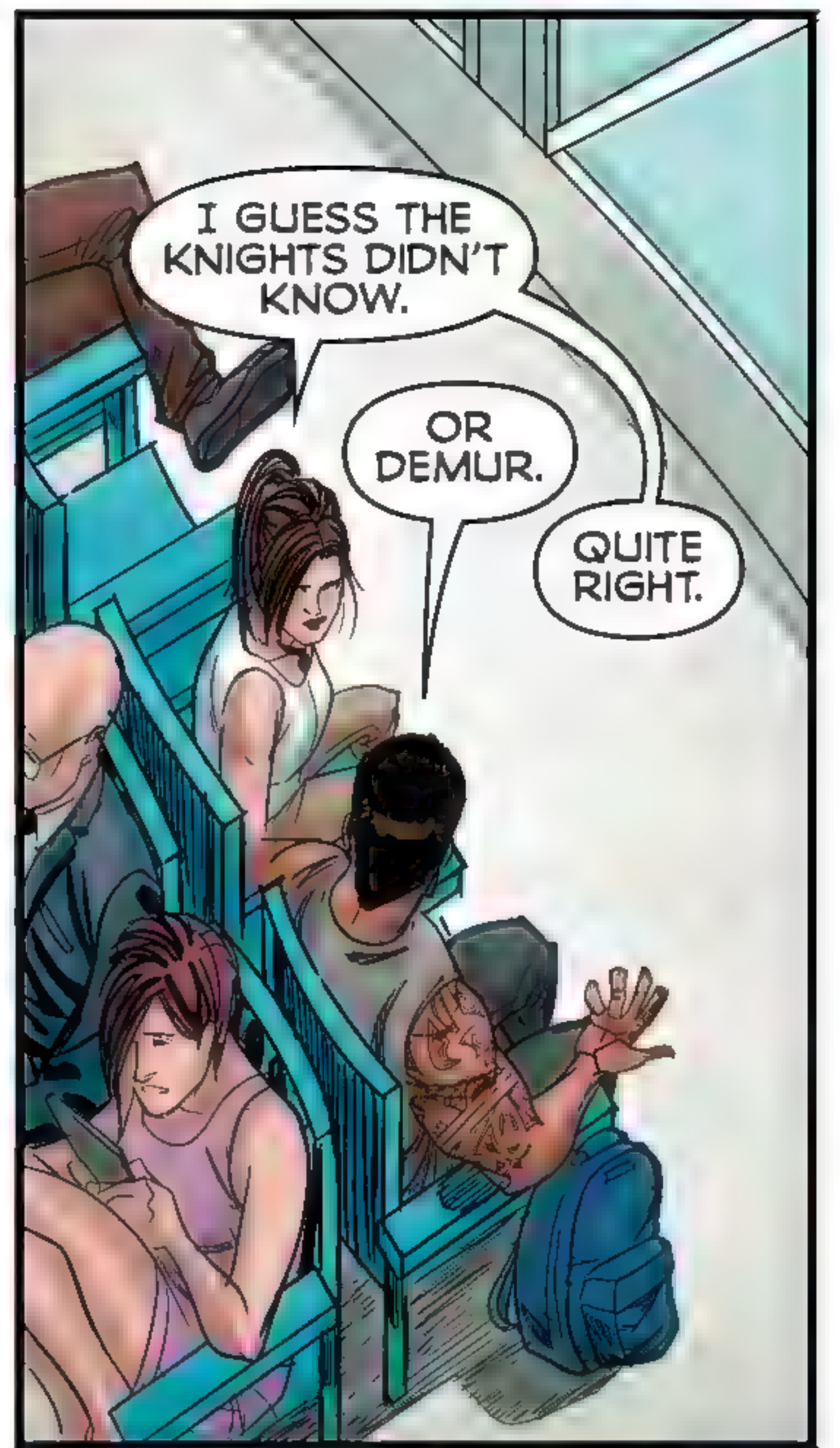
YOU'RE
A HARD
MAN TO GET
RID OF.











SWEDEN.

HALBERG
INSTITUTE.

WOMEN'S
WARD.

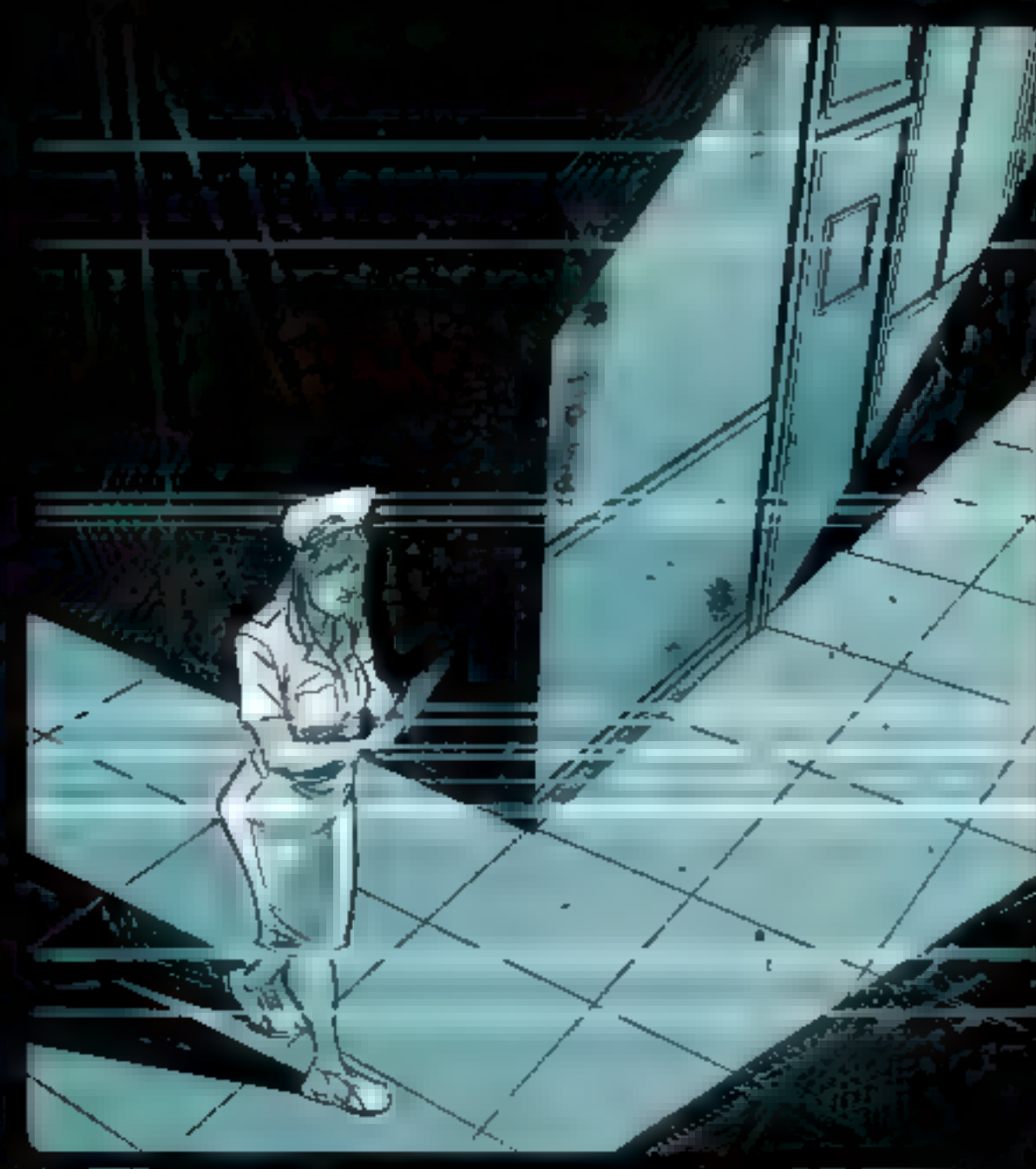
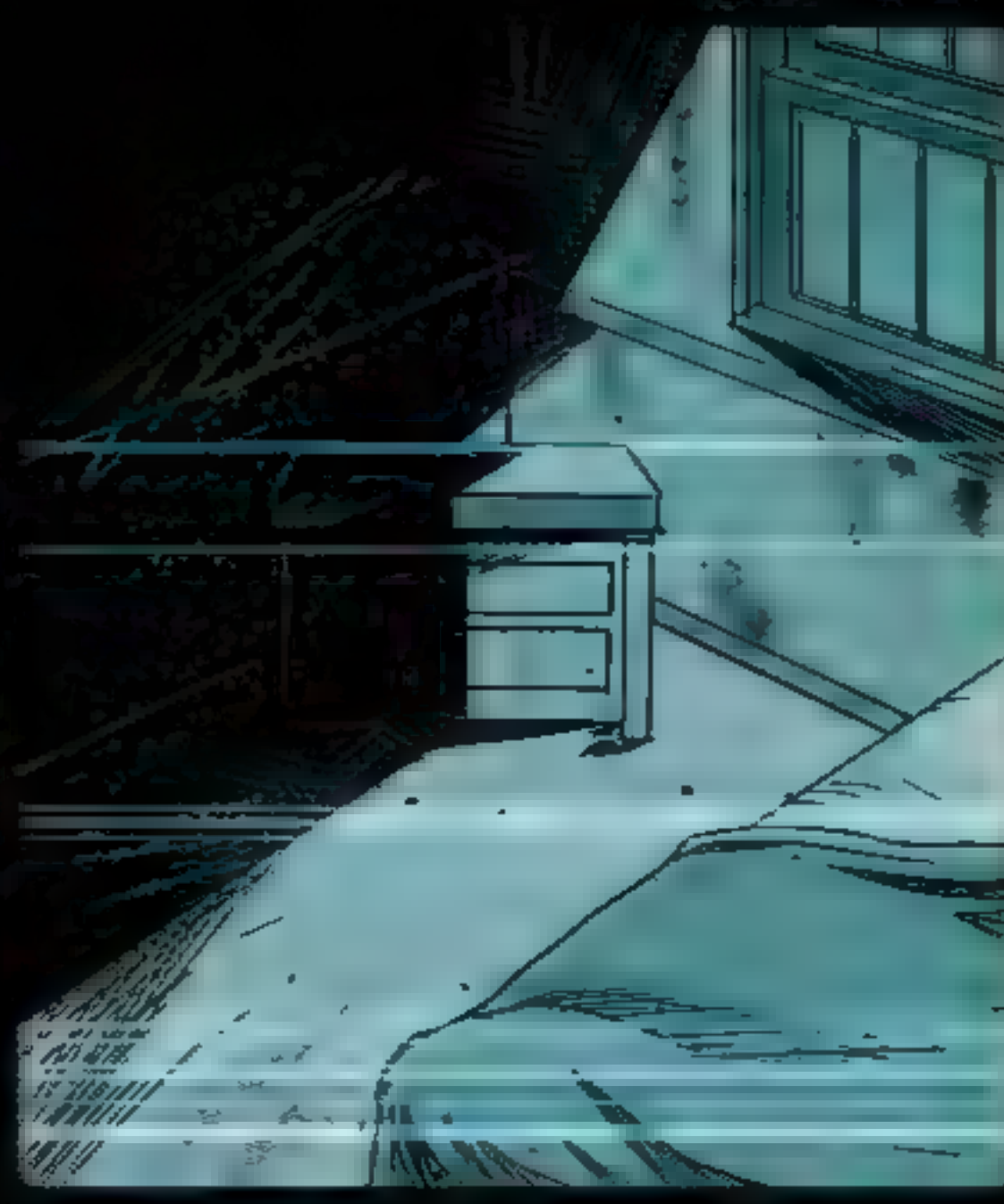
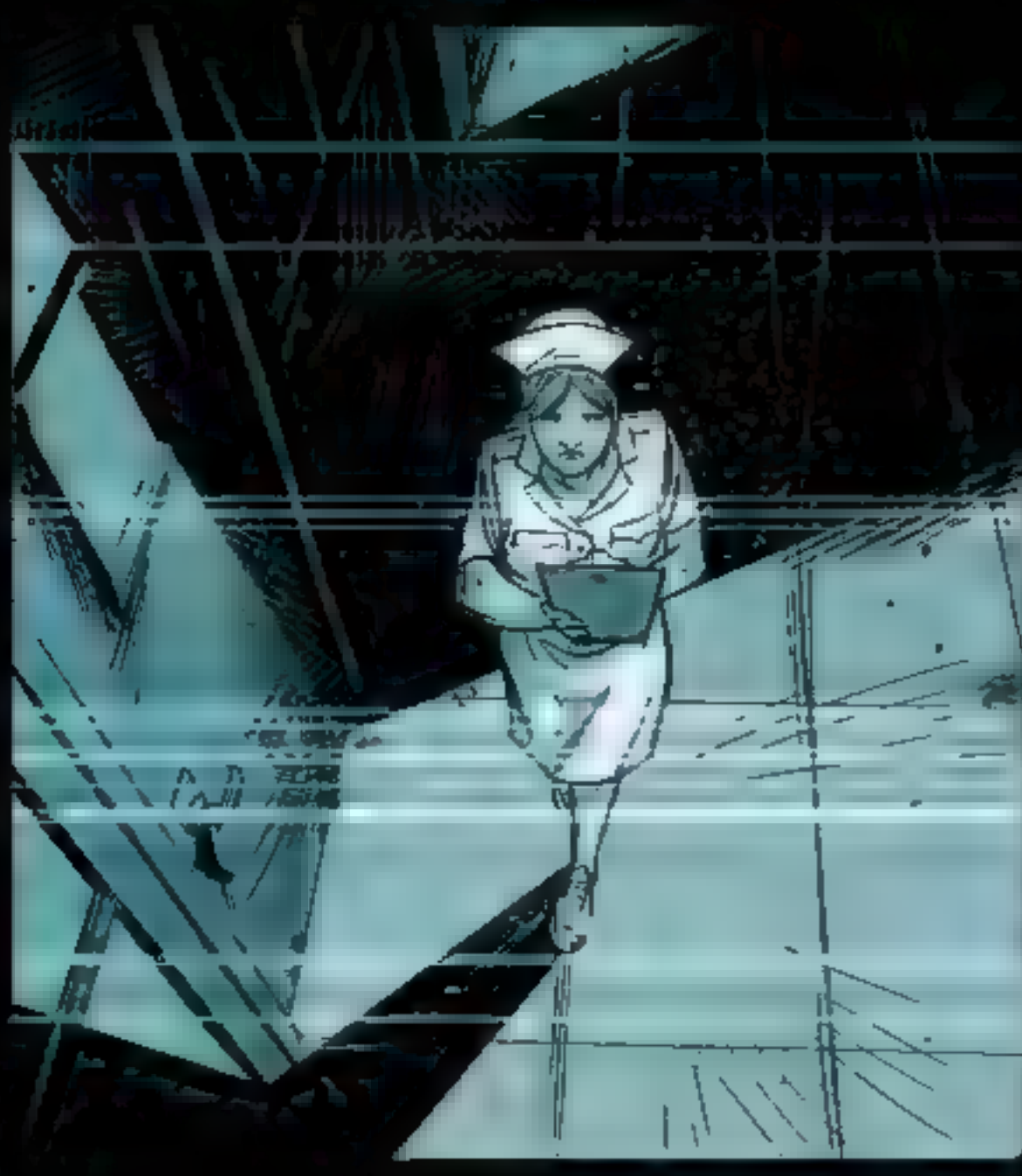
VAKEN?*

HEE
HEE...

*SWEDISH: AWAKE?

SHHHHHH...

HEE
HEE!



LONDON,
ENGLAND.

GREAT HEIGHTS GYM.

HOW
LONG HAS
IT BEEN SINCE
YOU SLEPT?

A
WHILE.

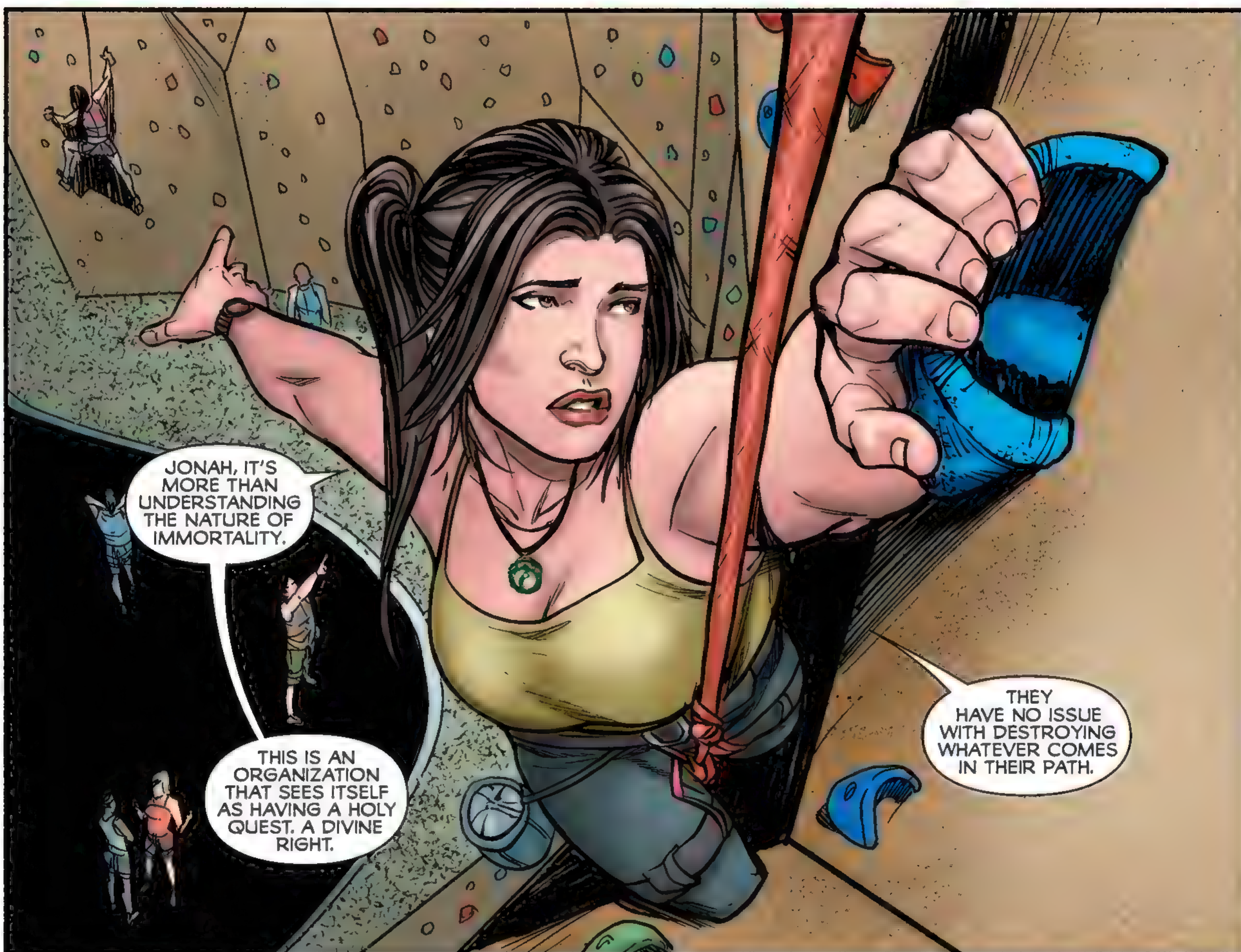
I didn't leave the house
the last week. Looking
at Dad's work on Trinity.
Piecing it together
with what we found
in Siberia. With what I
know now about Ana.
The whole picture.

I finally
ran out of
tea, so...



THINKING ABOUT NEXT STEPS?

THEIRS AND MINE.



JONAH, IT'S MORE THAN UNDERSTANDING THE NATURE OF IMMORTALITY.

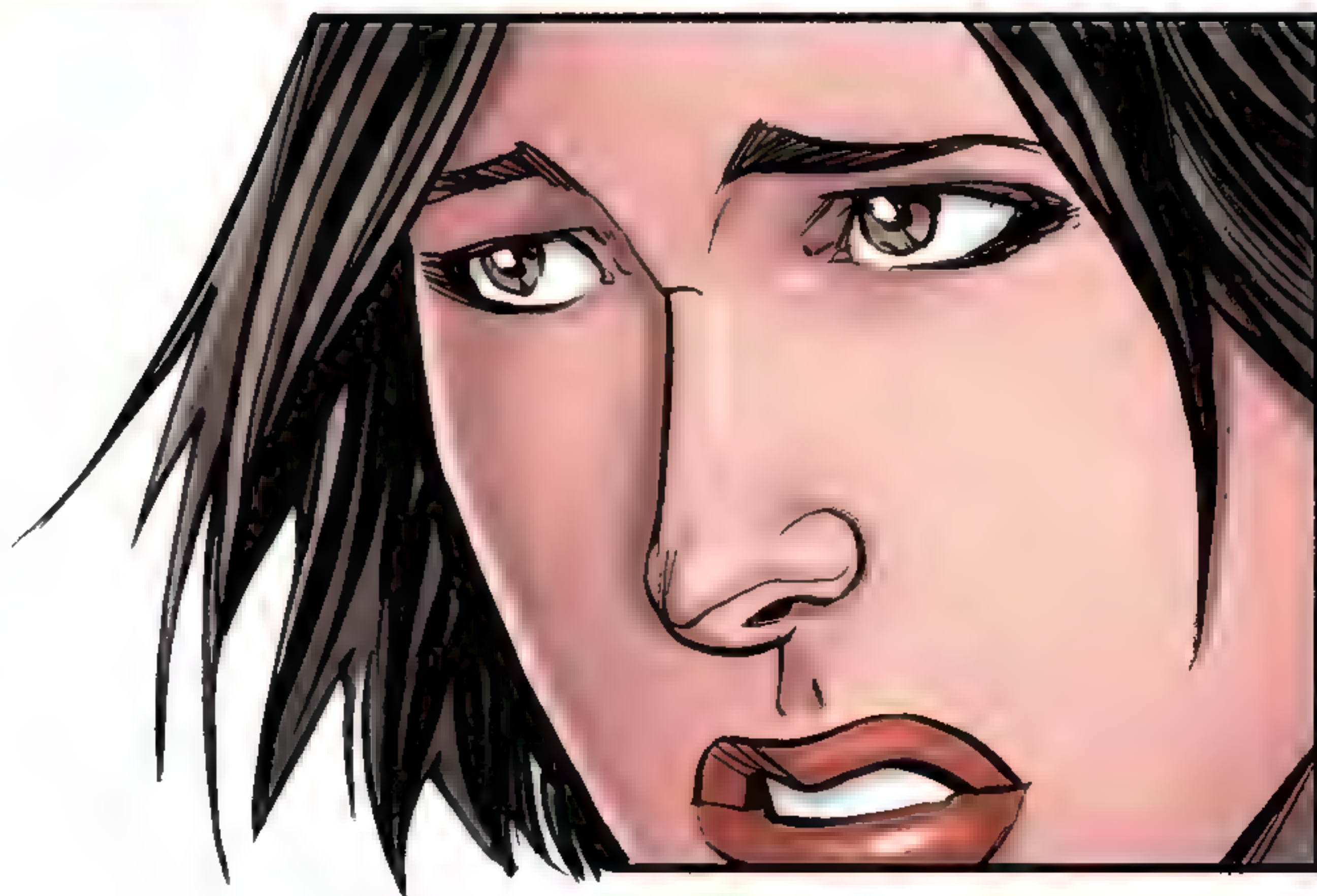
THIS IS AN ORGANIZATION THAT SEES ITSELF AS HAVING A HOLY QUEST. A DIVINE RIGHT.

THEY HAVE NO ISSUE WITH DESTROYING WHATEVER COMES IN THEIR PATH.

WHOEVER.

FRIENDS. FAMILY.

TOO MANY.

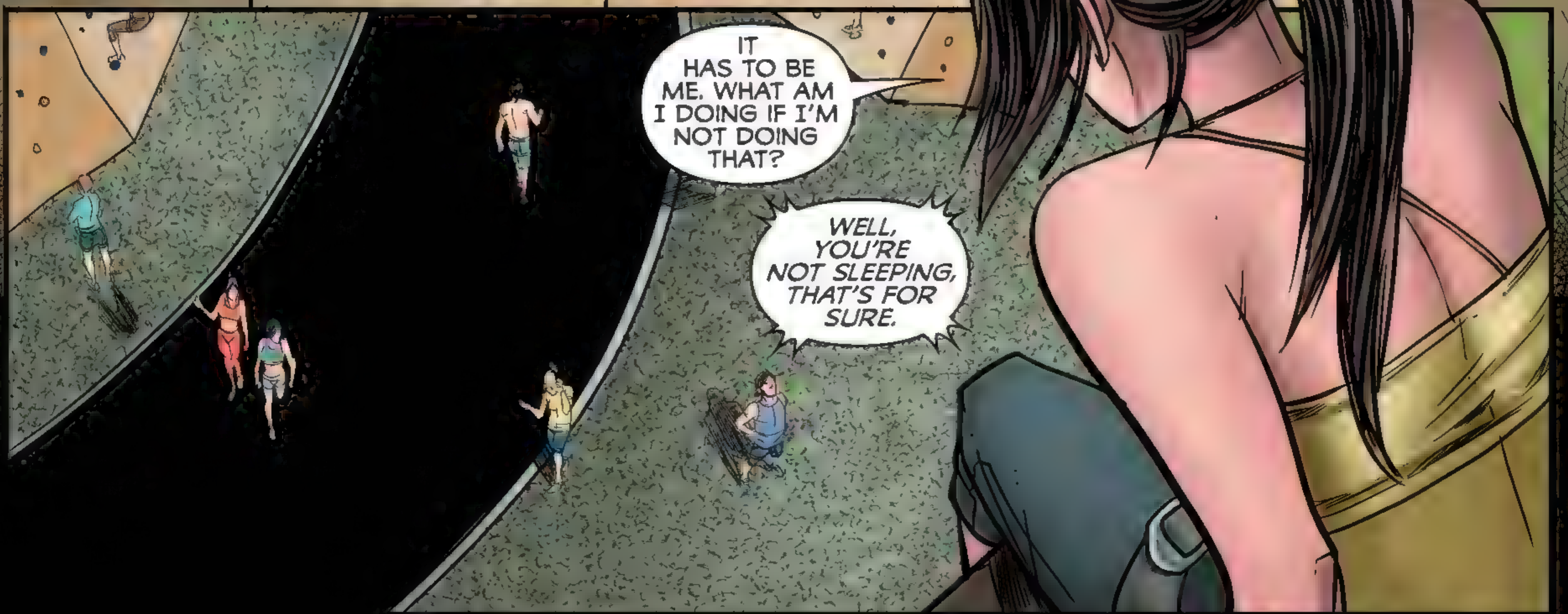
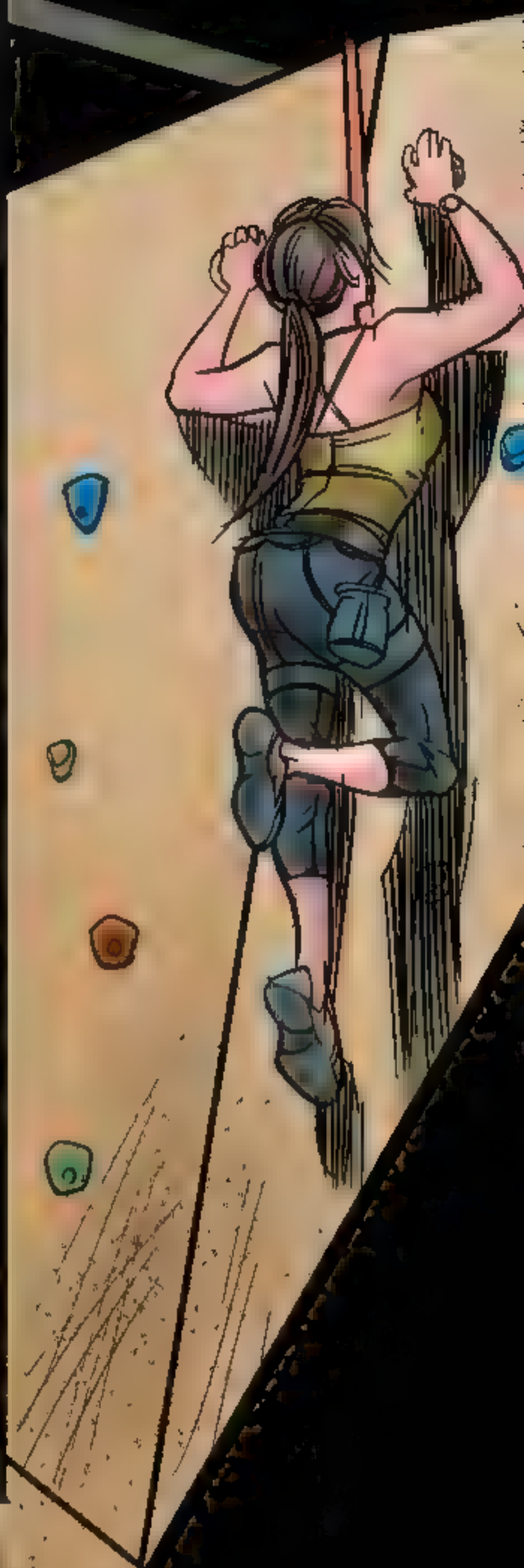




WHO ELSE KNOWS THIS THREAT EXISTS, JONAH? WHO ELSE WILL STOP THEM?



I TRY TO SLEEP AND I THINK, "SOMEONE HAS TO STOP THEM."



IT HAS TO BE ME. WHAT AM I DOING IF I'M NOT DOING THAT?

WELL, YOU'RE NOT SLEEPING, THAT'S FOR SURE.

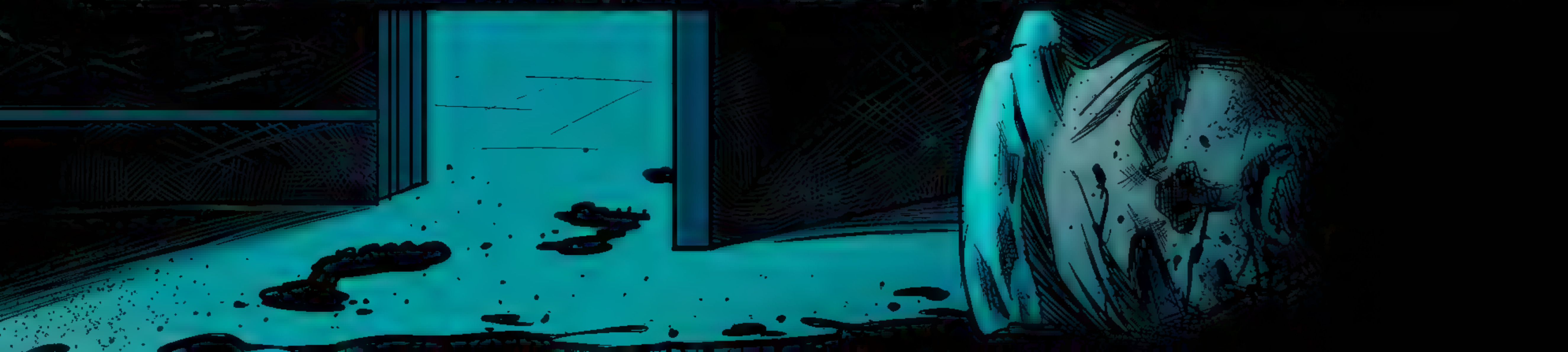
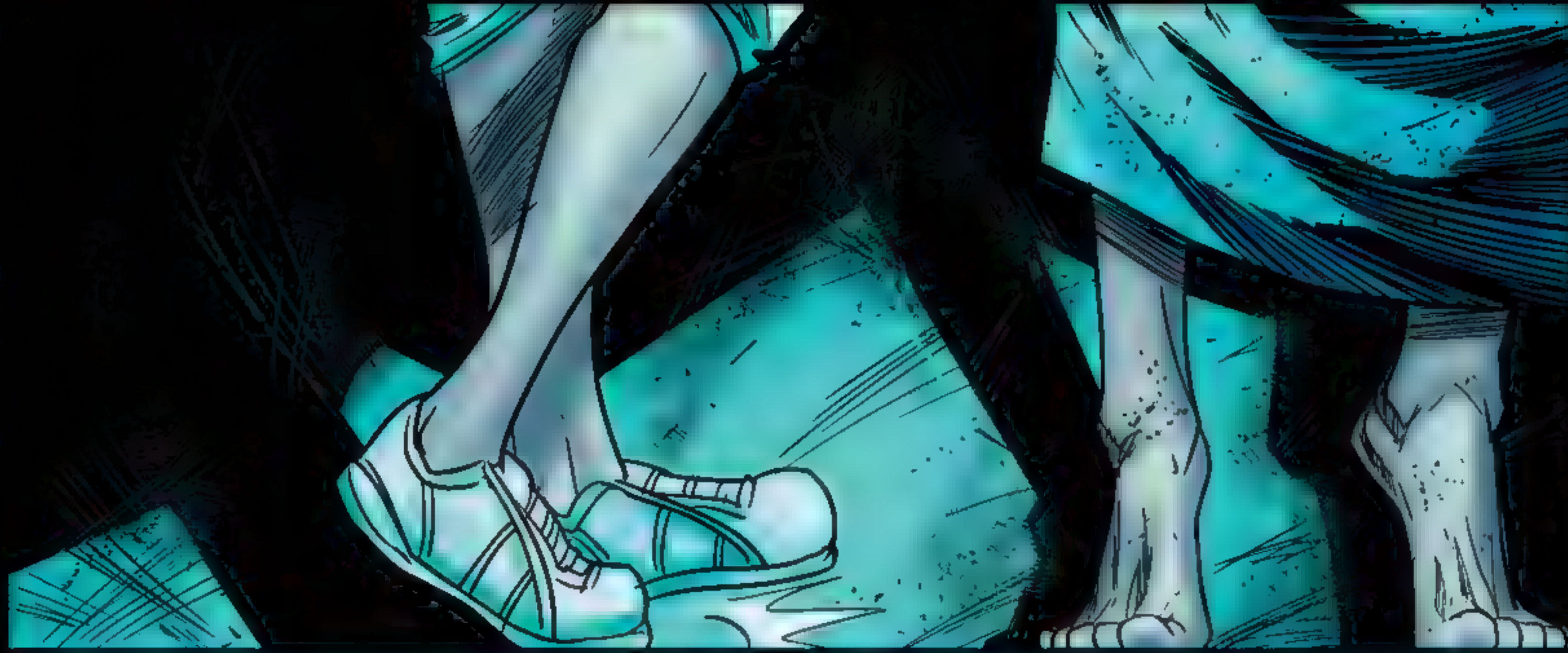


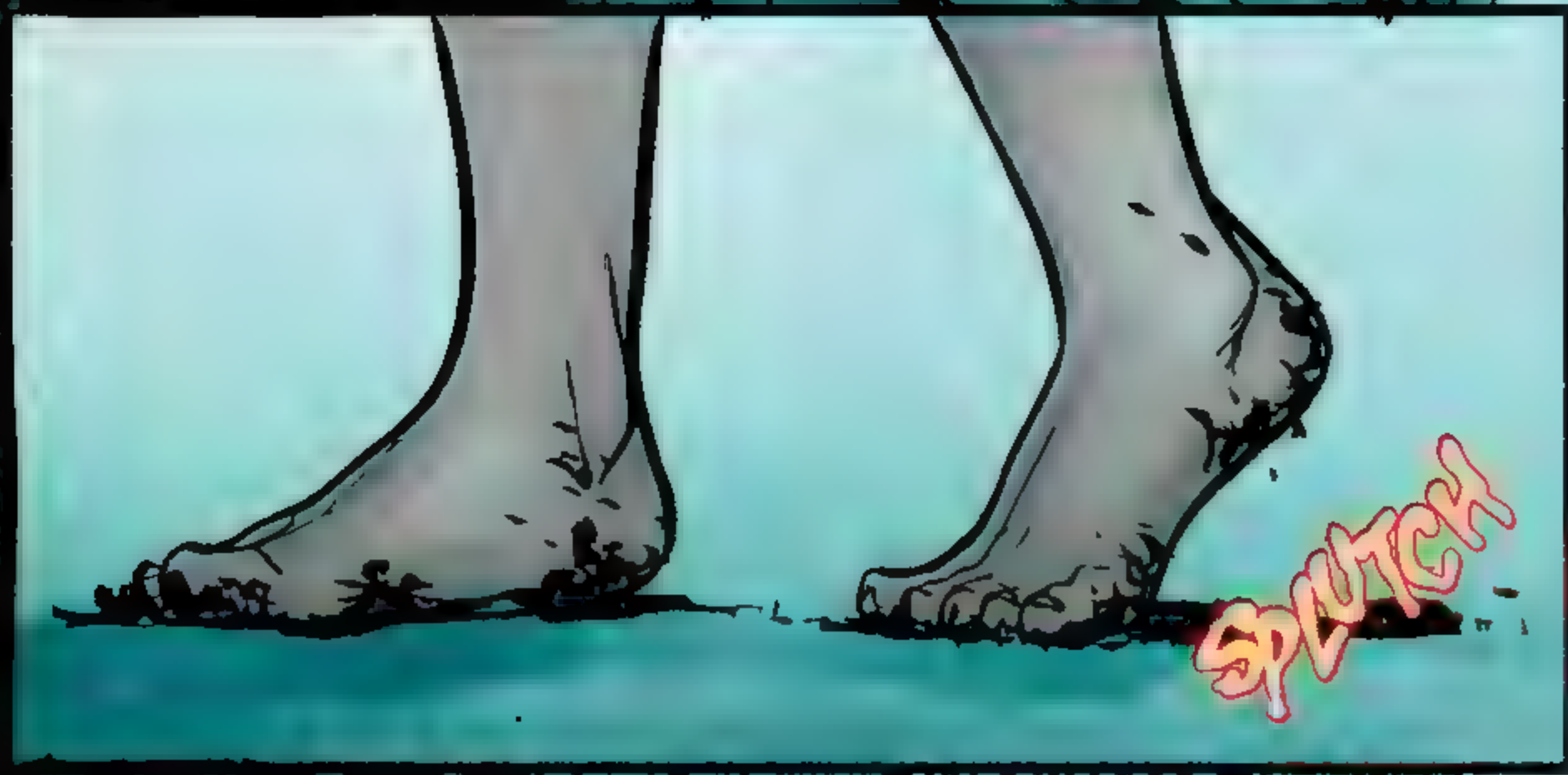
JA.

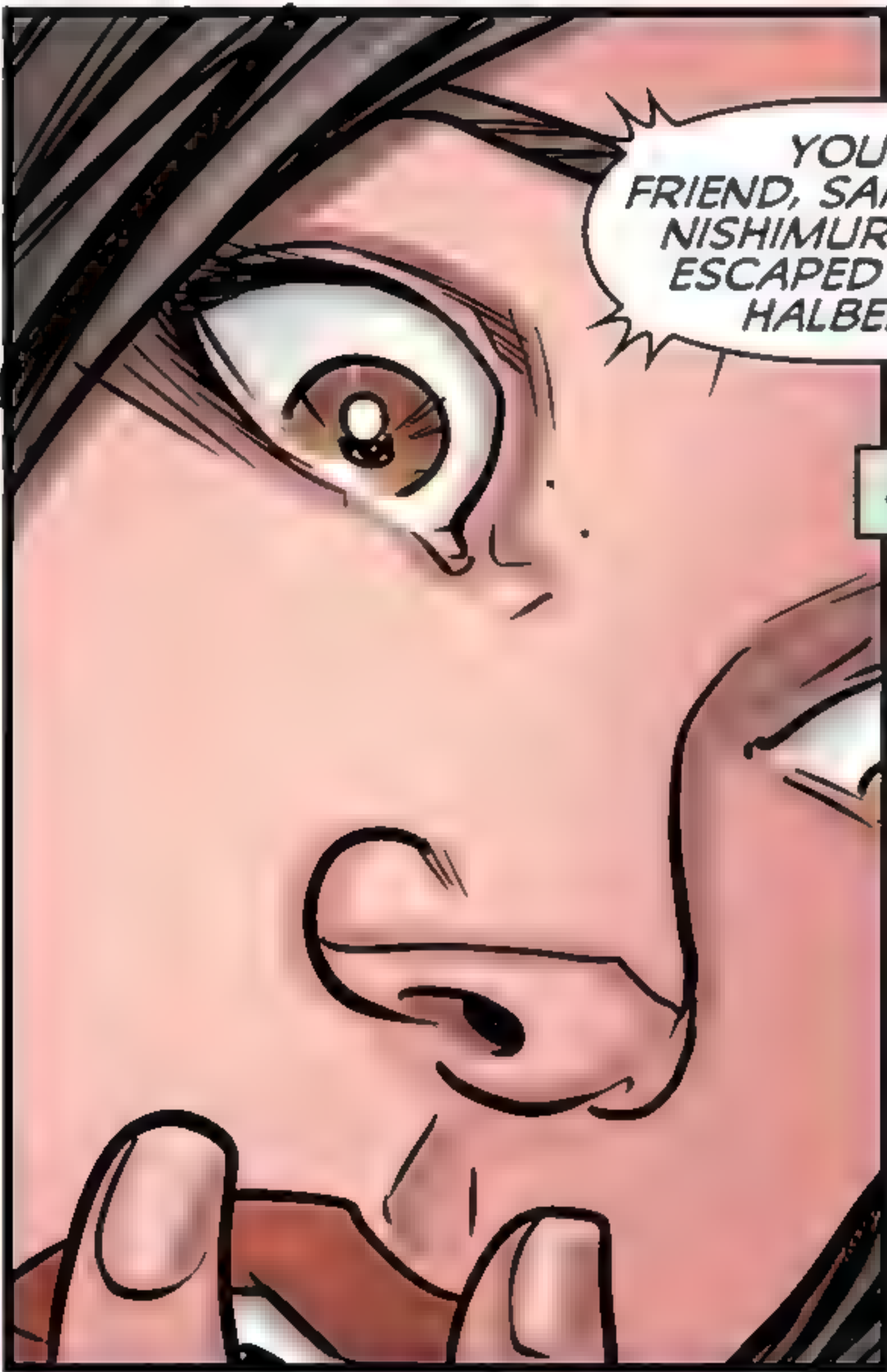
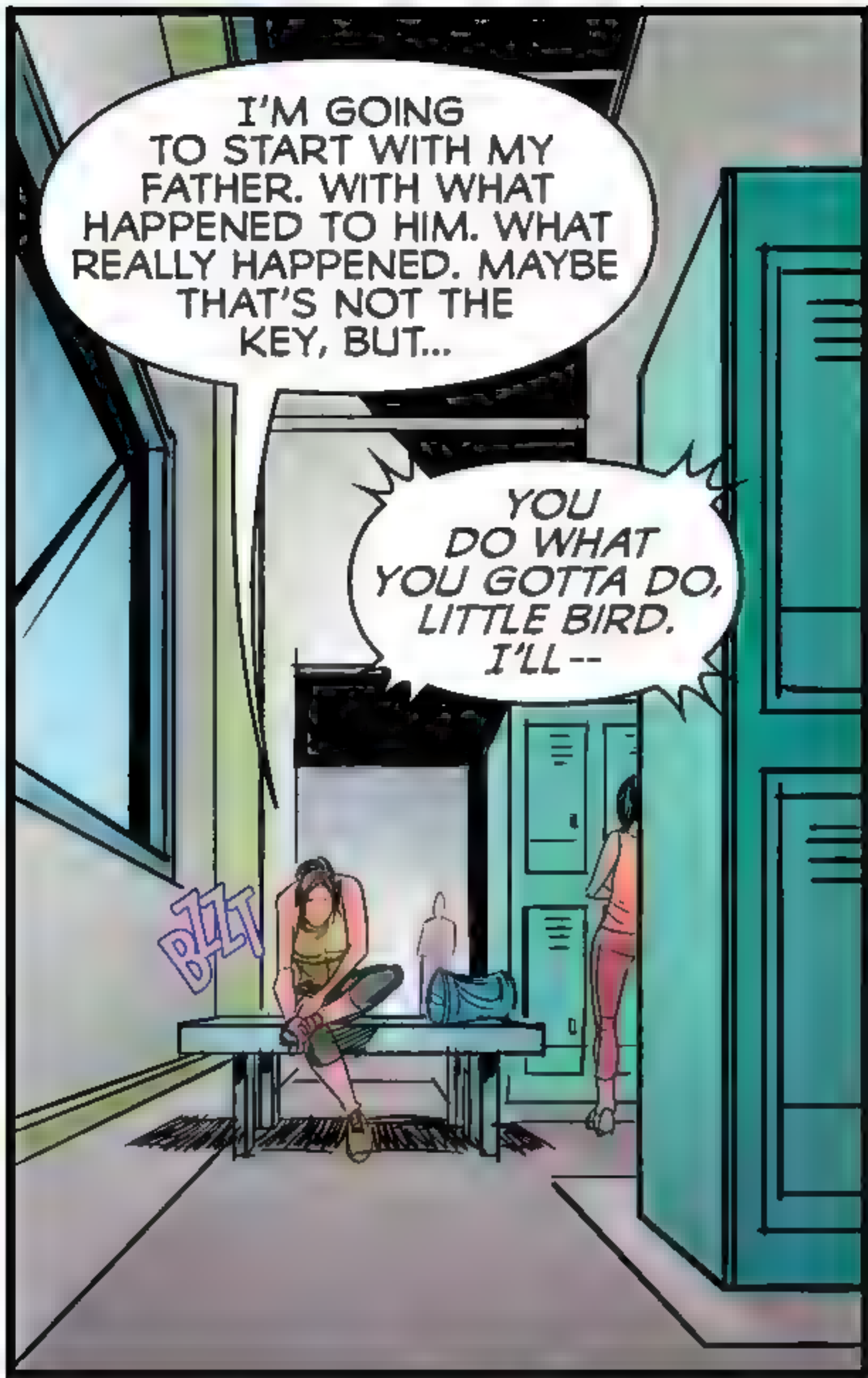


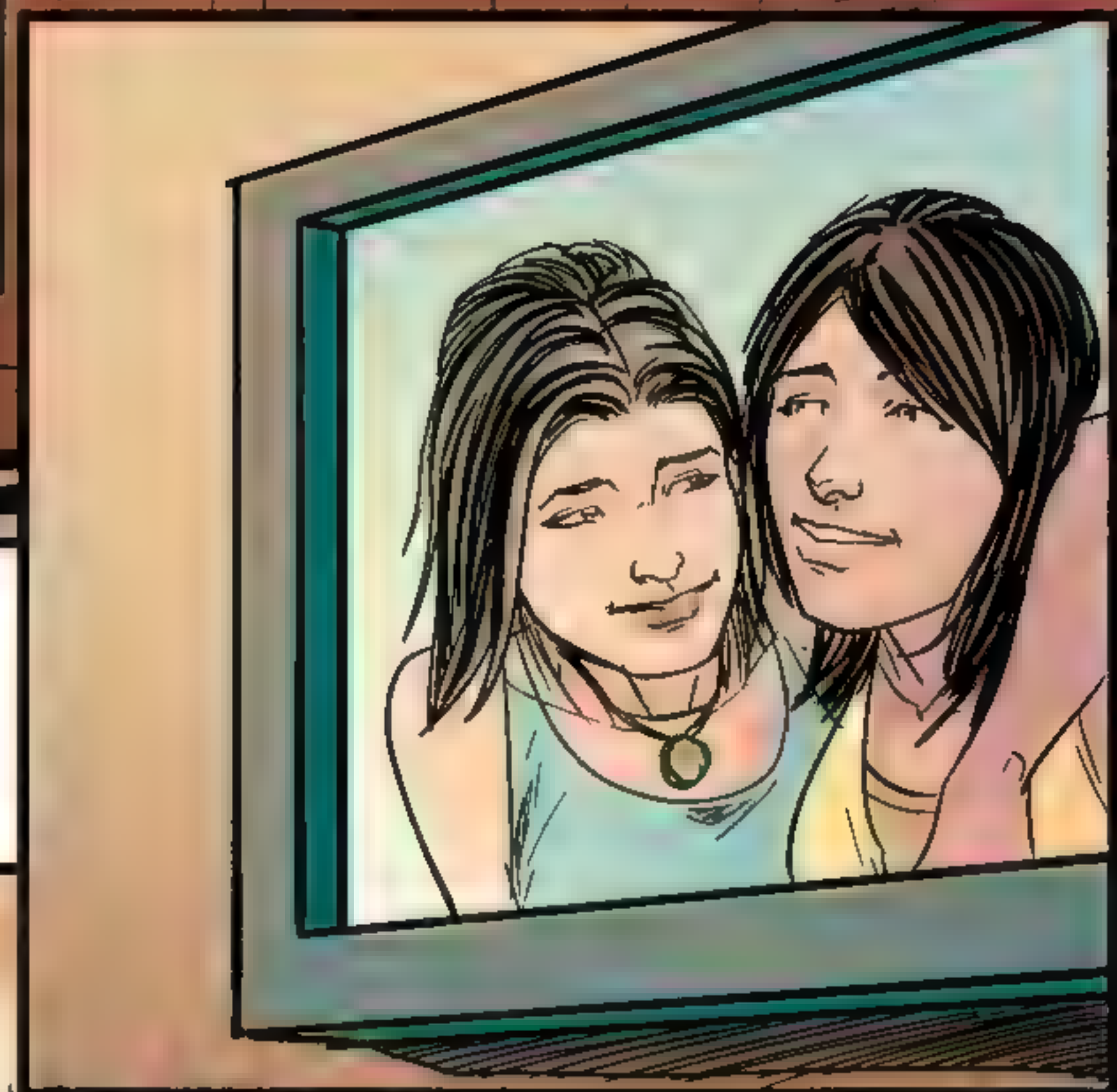
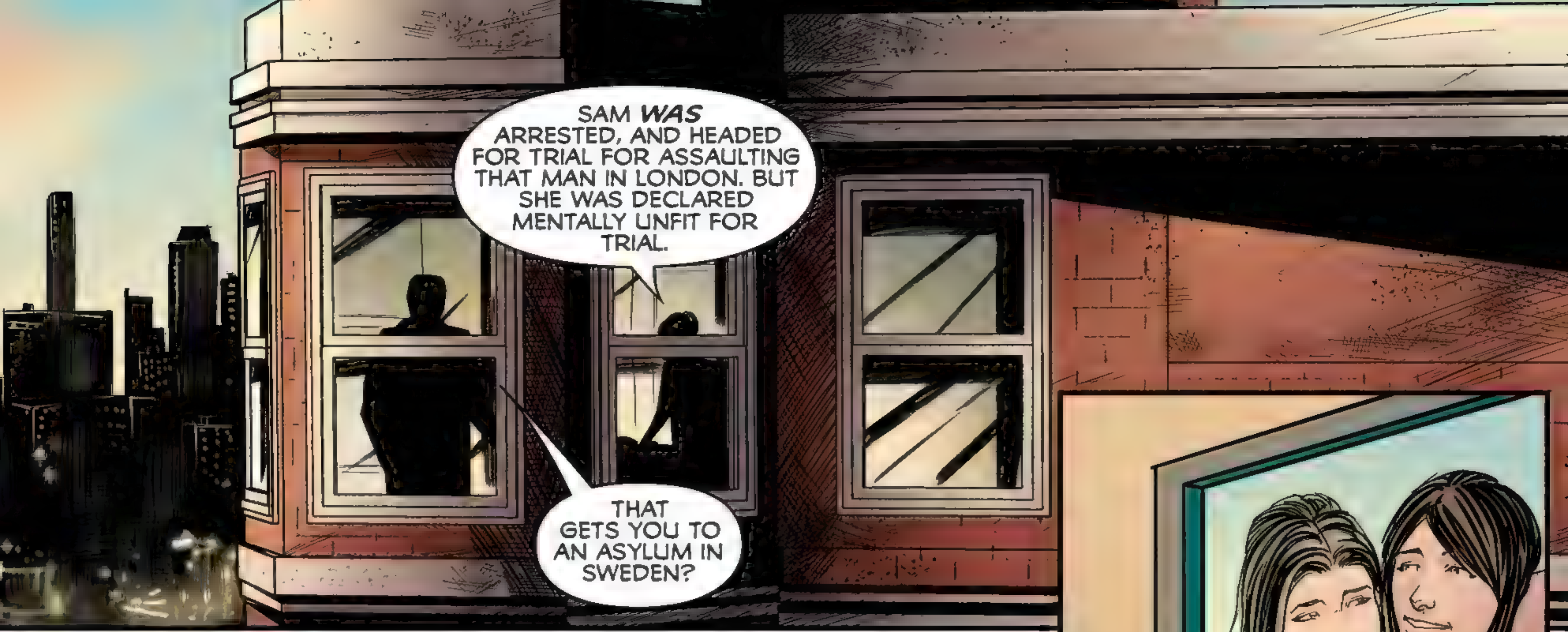
HEE
HEE













I CAN GO.

JONAH. SHE'S MY FRIEND. I HAVE FEWER FRIENDS THAN FINGERS AND SHE'S ONE OF THEM. SHE'S PUT HERSELF INTO HARM'S WAY. FOR ME.



"I KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG. AFTER YAMATAI. JONAH, THEY LASHED HER TO A STAKE AND TRIED TO EXORCISE HER SOUL!"



"EVEN AFTER WE GOT AWAY, I KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG BUT I COULDN'T HELP."



OR I JUST DIDN'T.

MY FATHER IS DEAD. I CAN'T SAVE MY FATHER. SAM IS ALIVE.

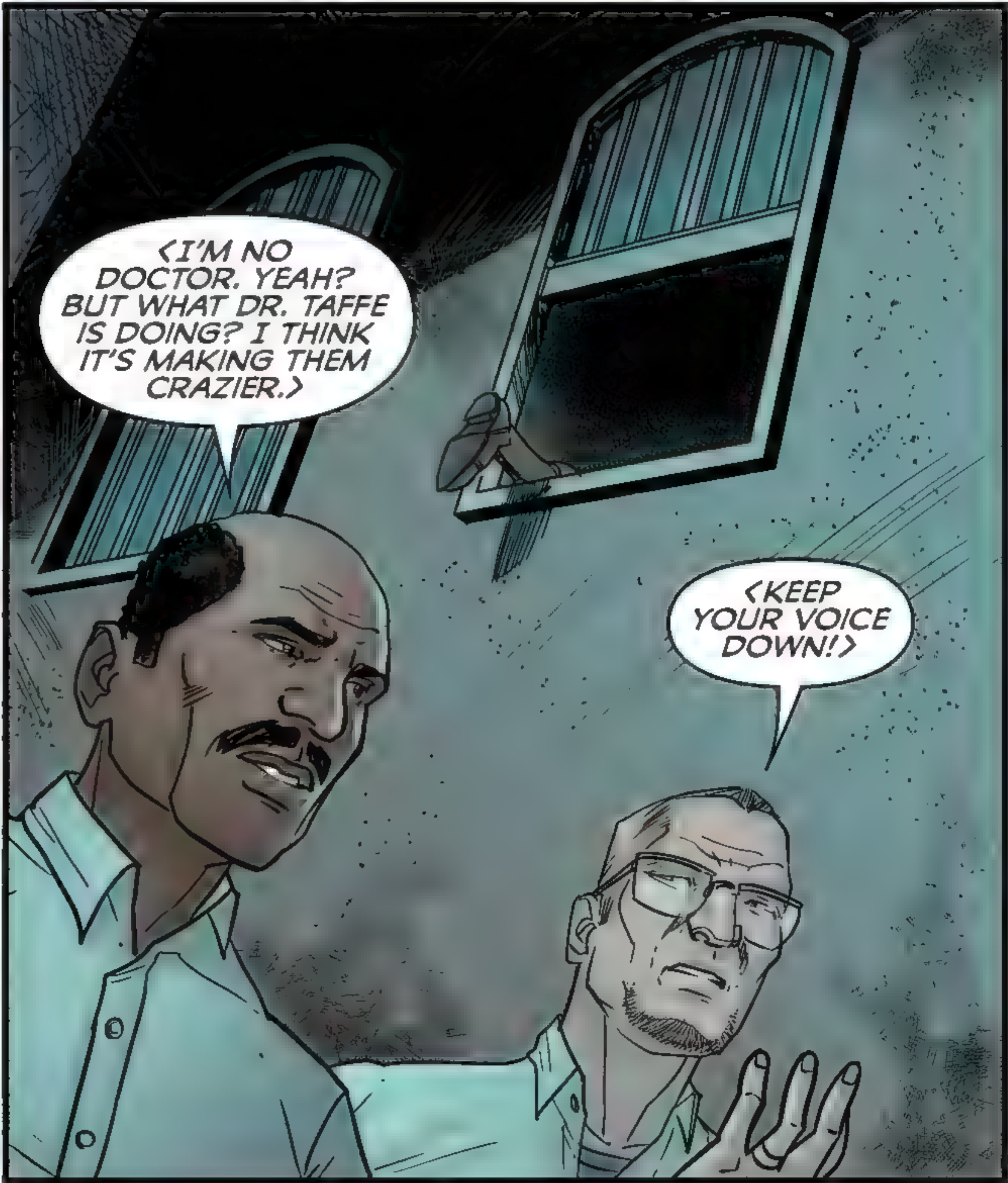
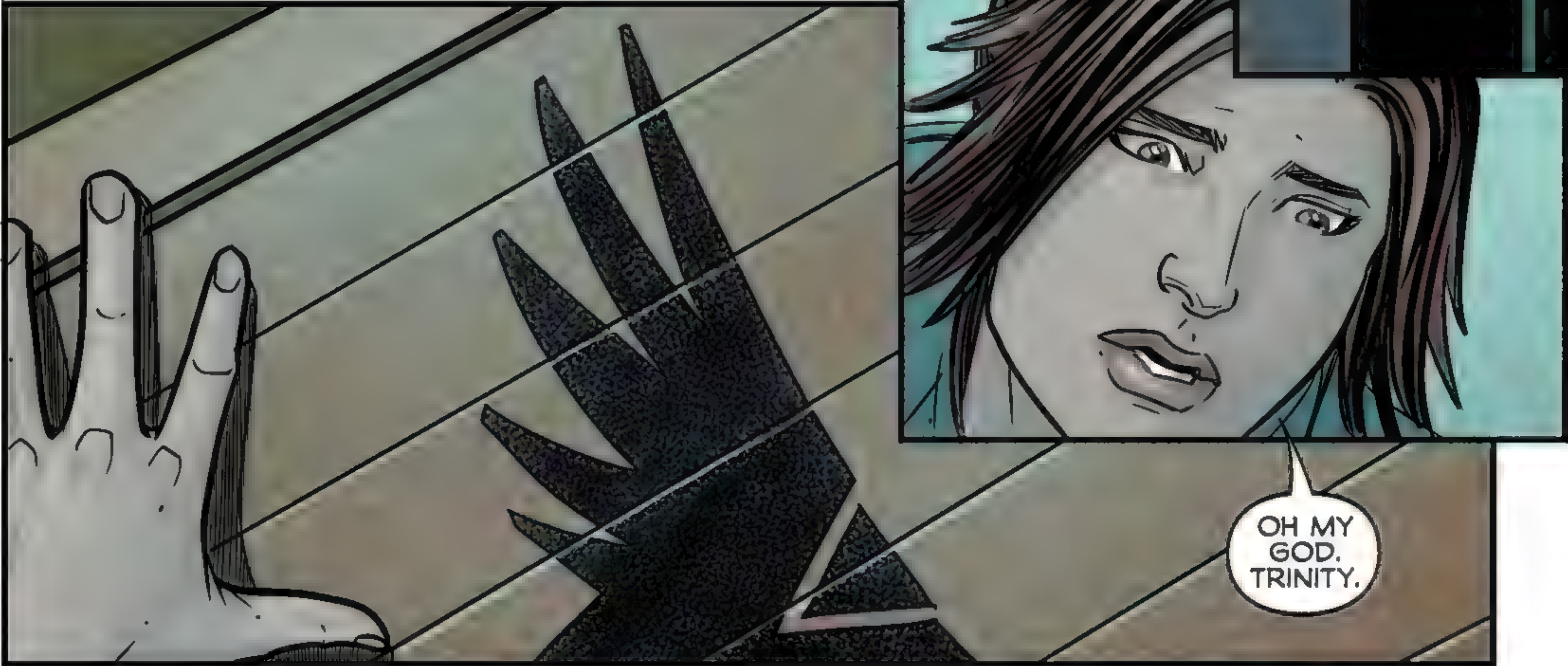
*I have to
help her.*

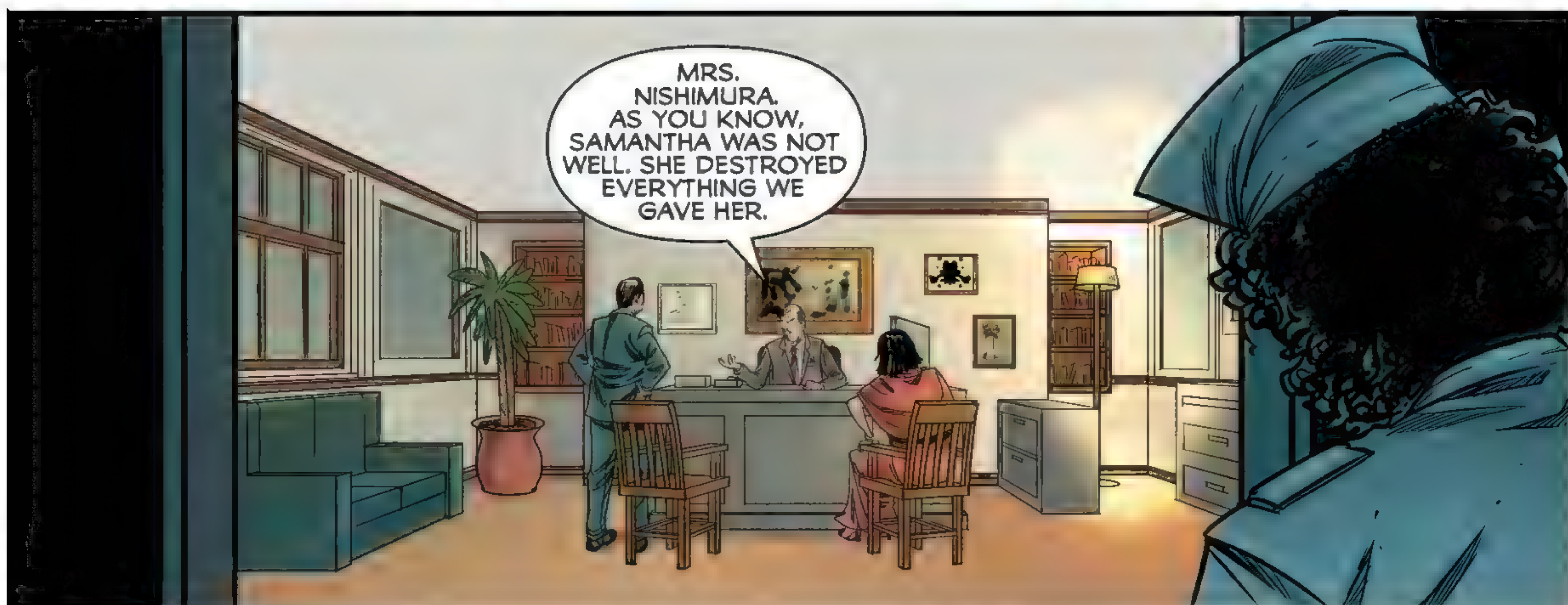
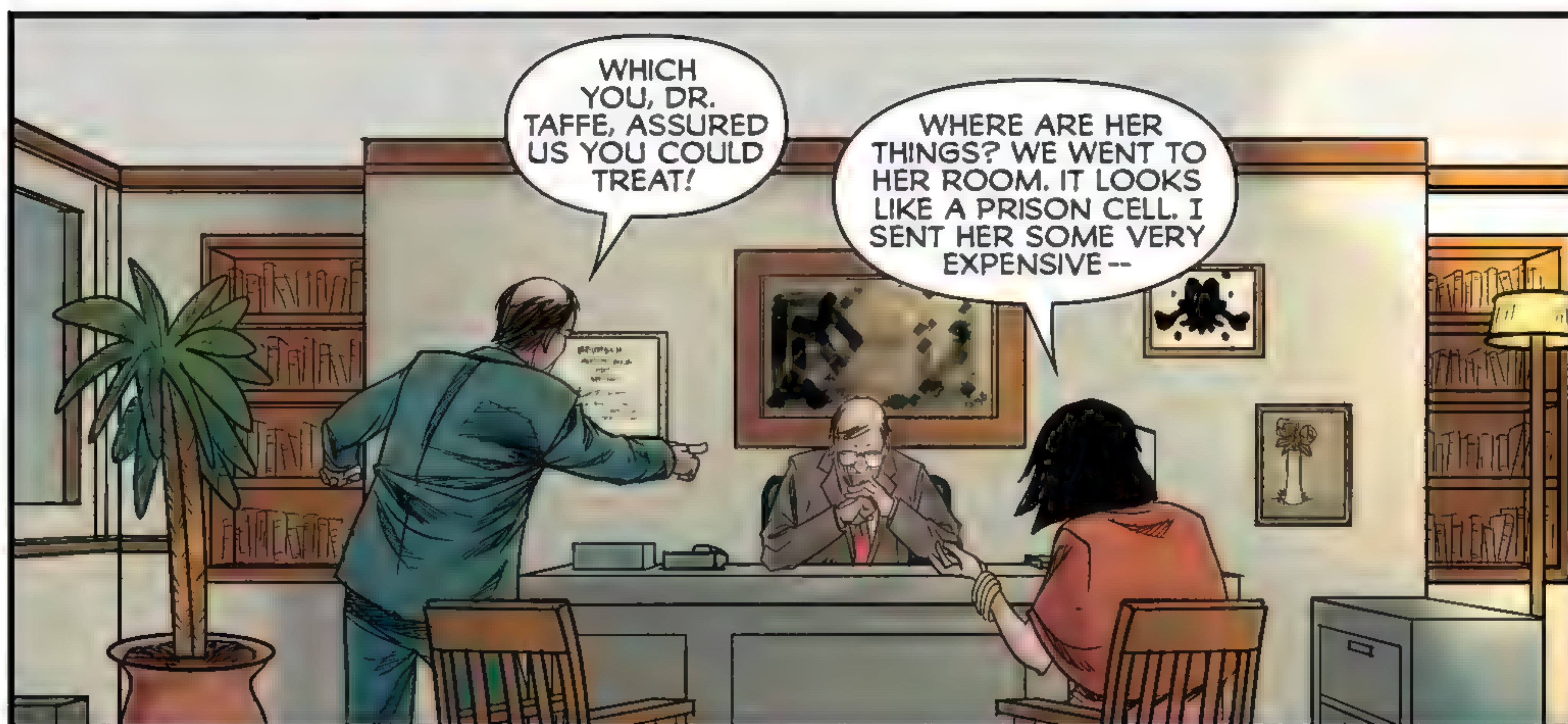
BERG
TUTION

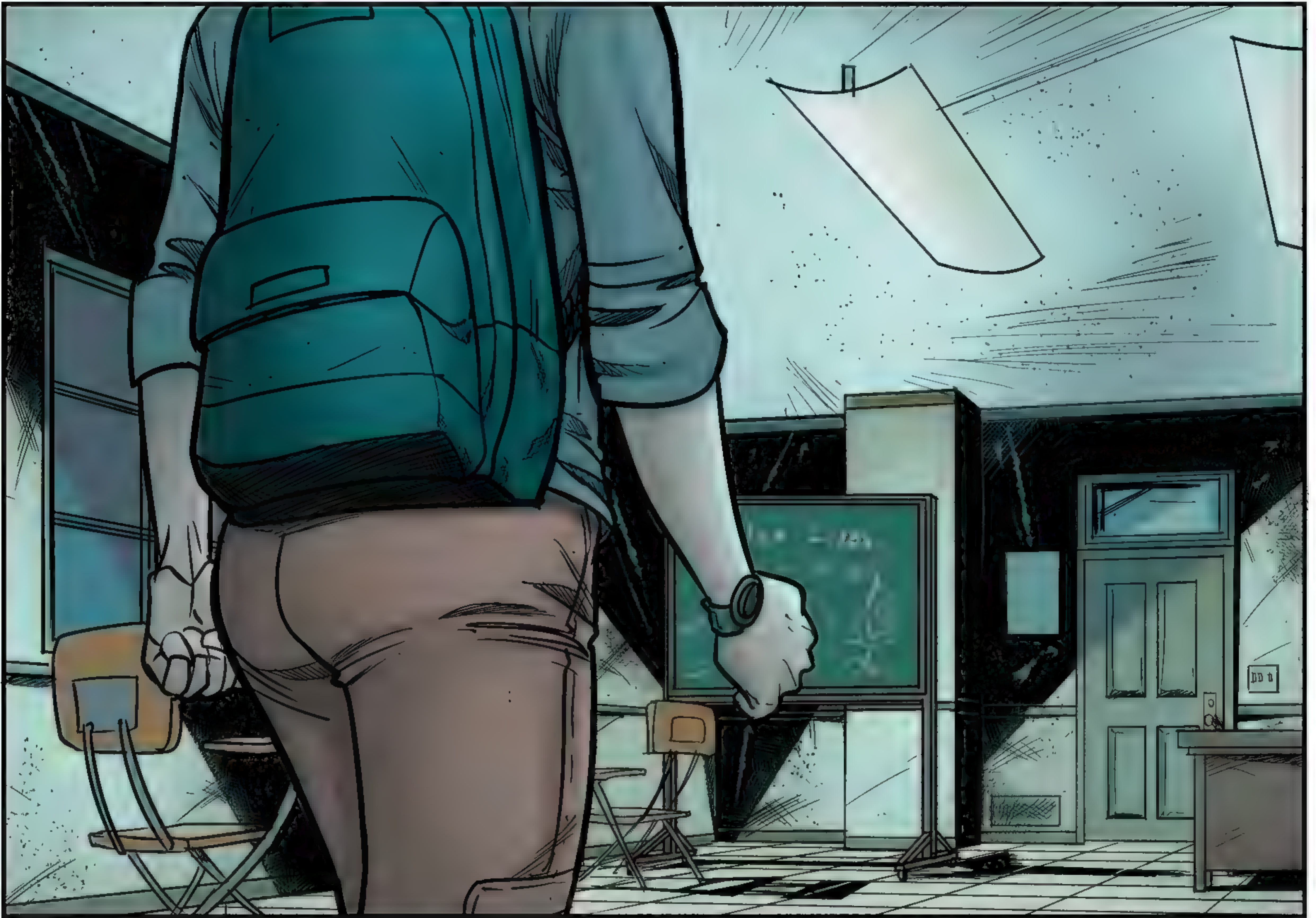
*How is it a place
can give you the
willies from twenty
feet away?*

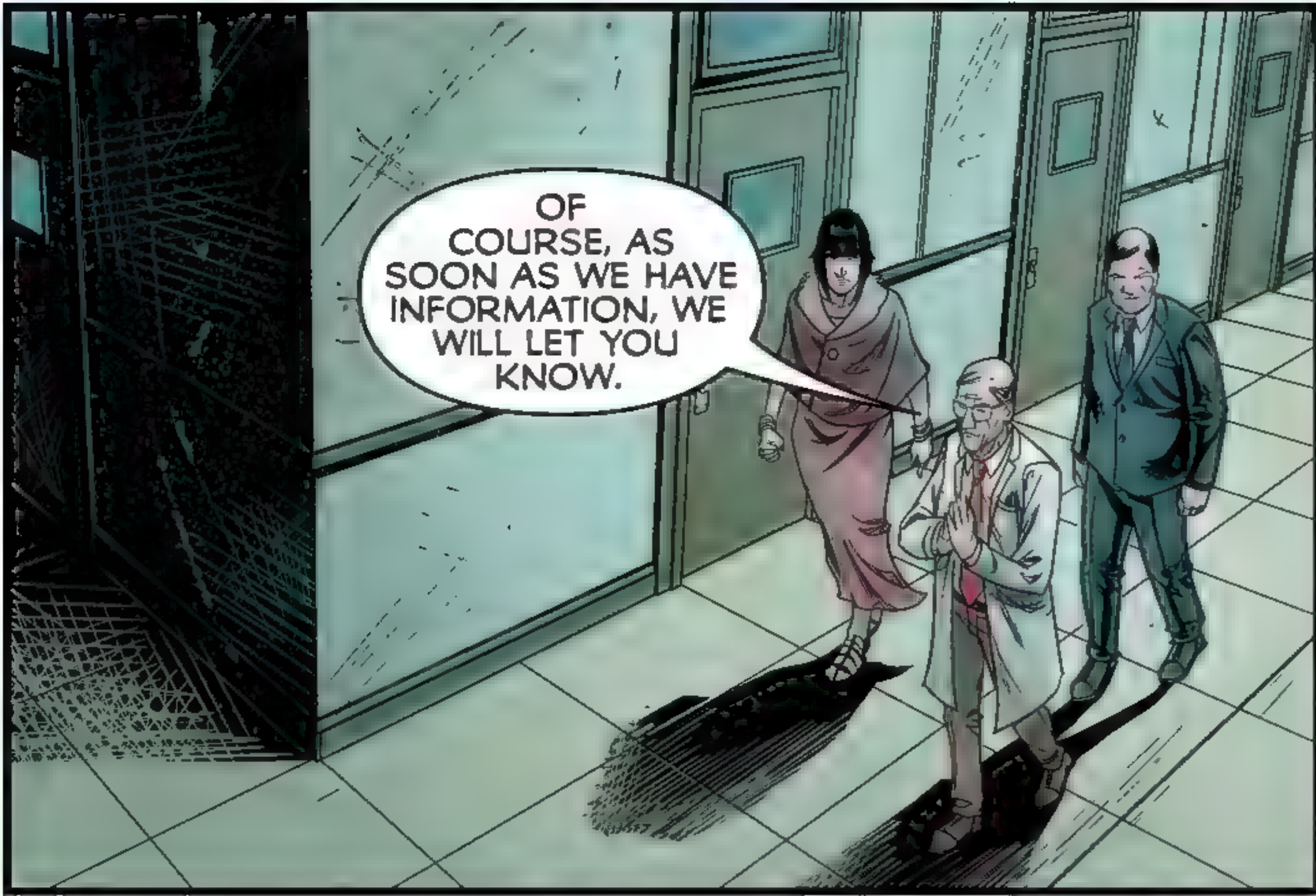
*Perhaps a covert
entrance is in order.
Until I know why
Sam escaped in the
first place.*

*Now where might the
covert entrance be?*

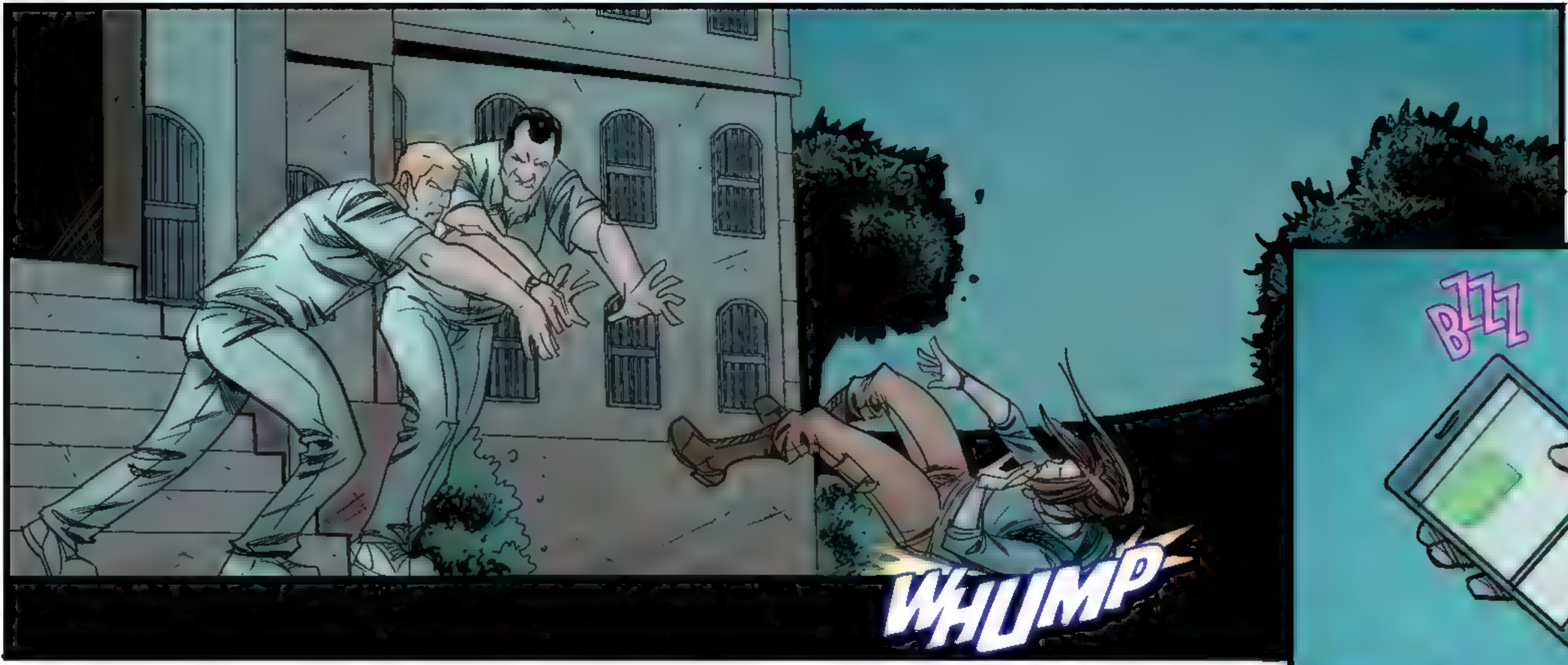




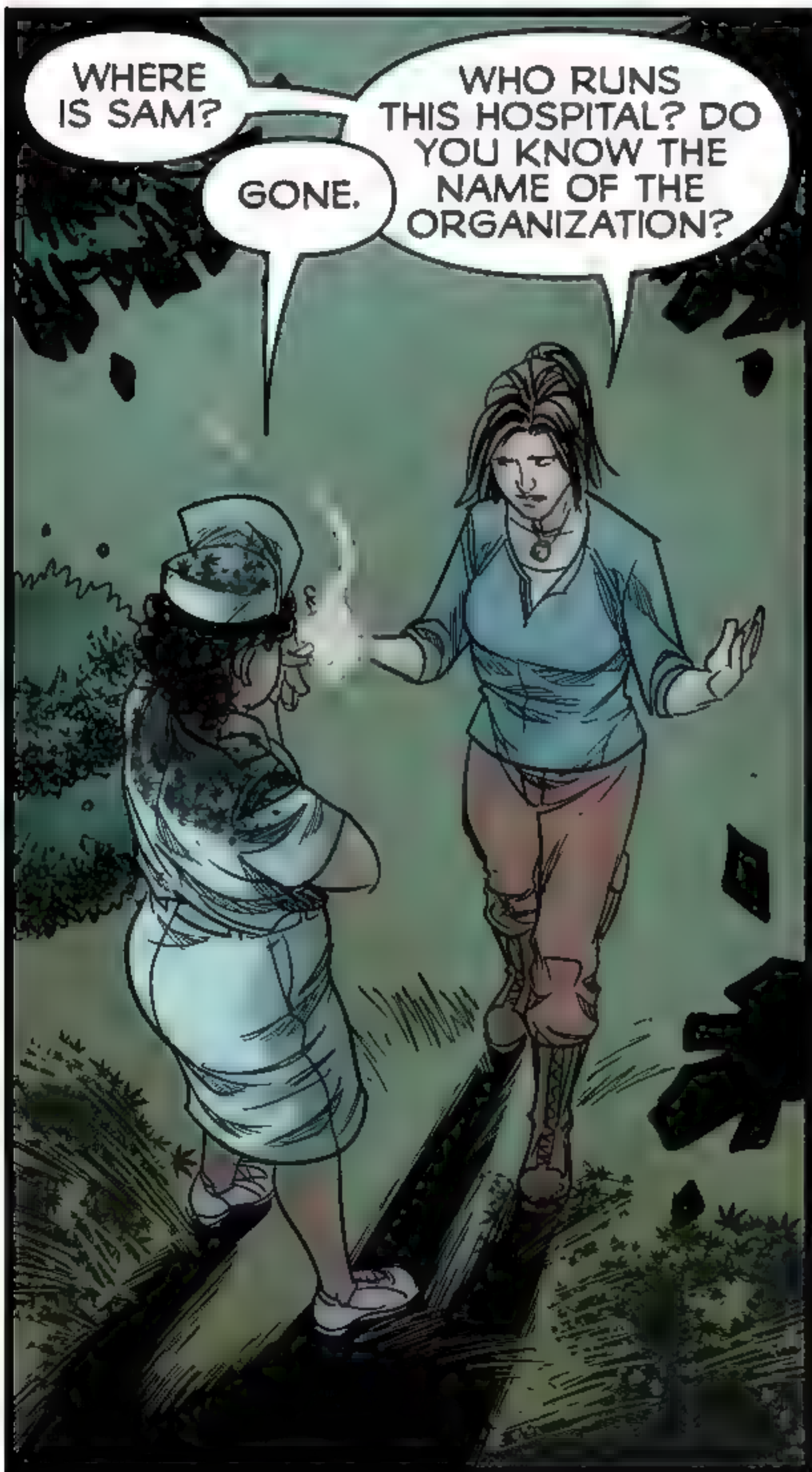








Walk to the west gate. I will see you there.



Not one bit.

3:02 A.M.

GUARDS
ARE ON
BREAK.

GUARDS?

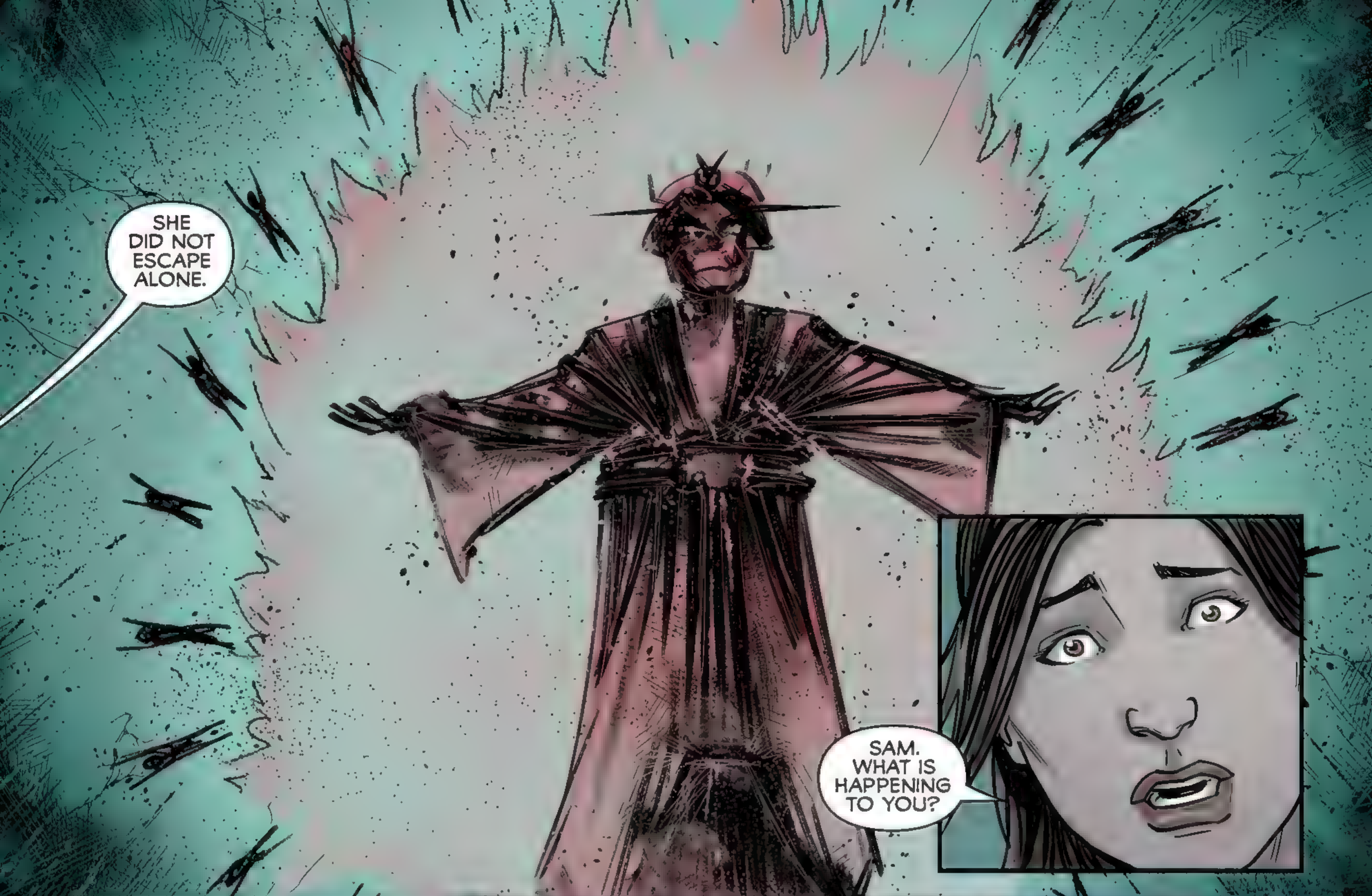
ORDERLIES.

THIS
WAS SAM'S
ROOM.

SHE TOLD
ME ABOUT
YOU.

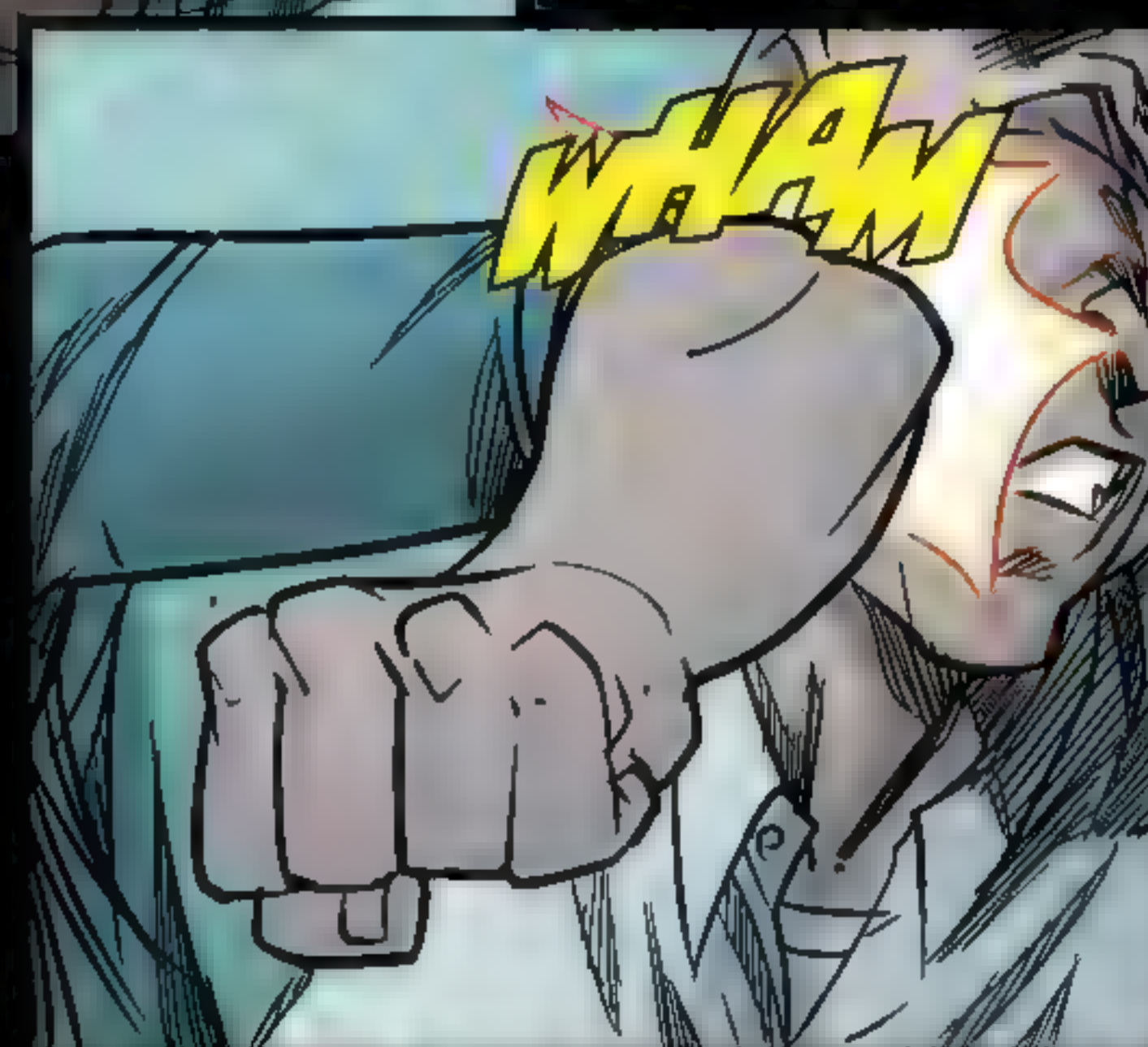
SHE WAS
FUNNY UNTIL
DR. TAFTE. THEN
SOMETHING BAD
HAPPENED.

THEY'LL
PAINT OVER IT
TOMORROW. BUT
I THOUGHT YOU
SHOULD SEE.

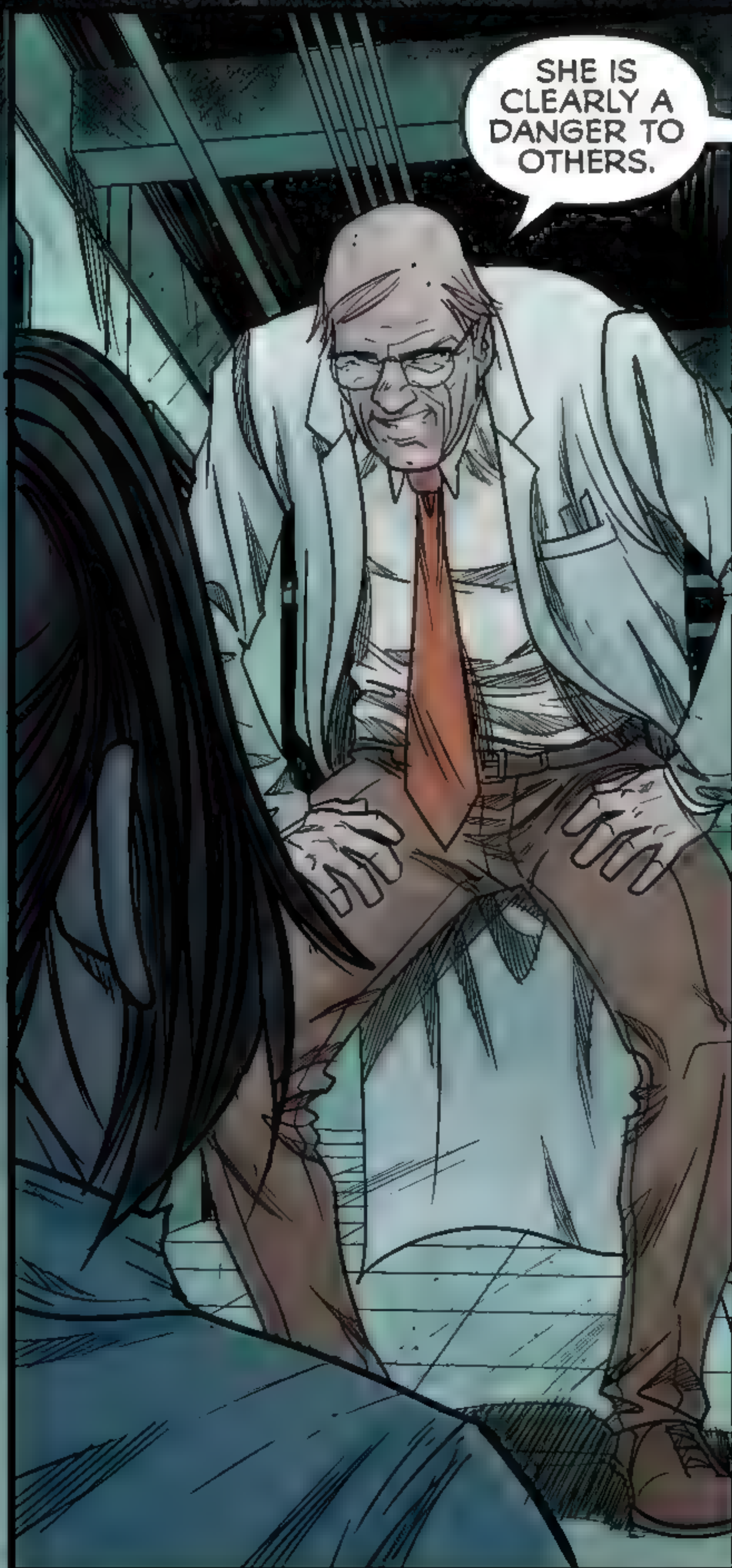
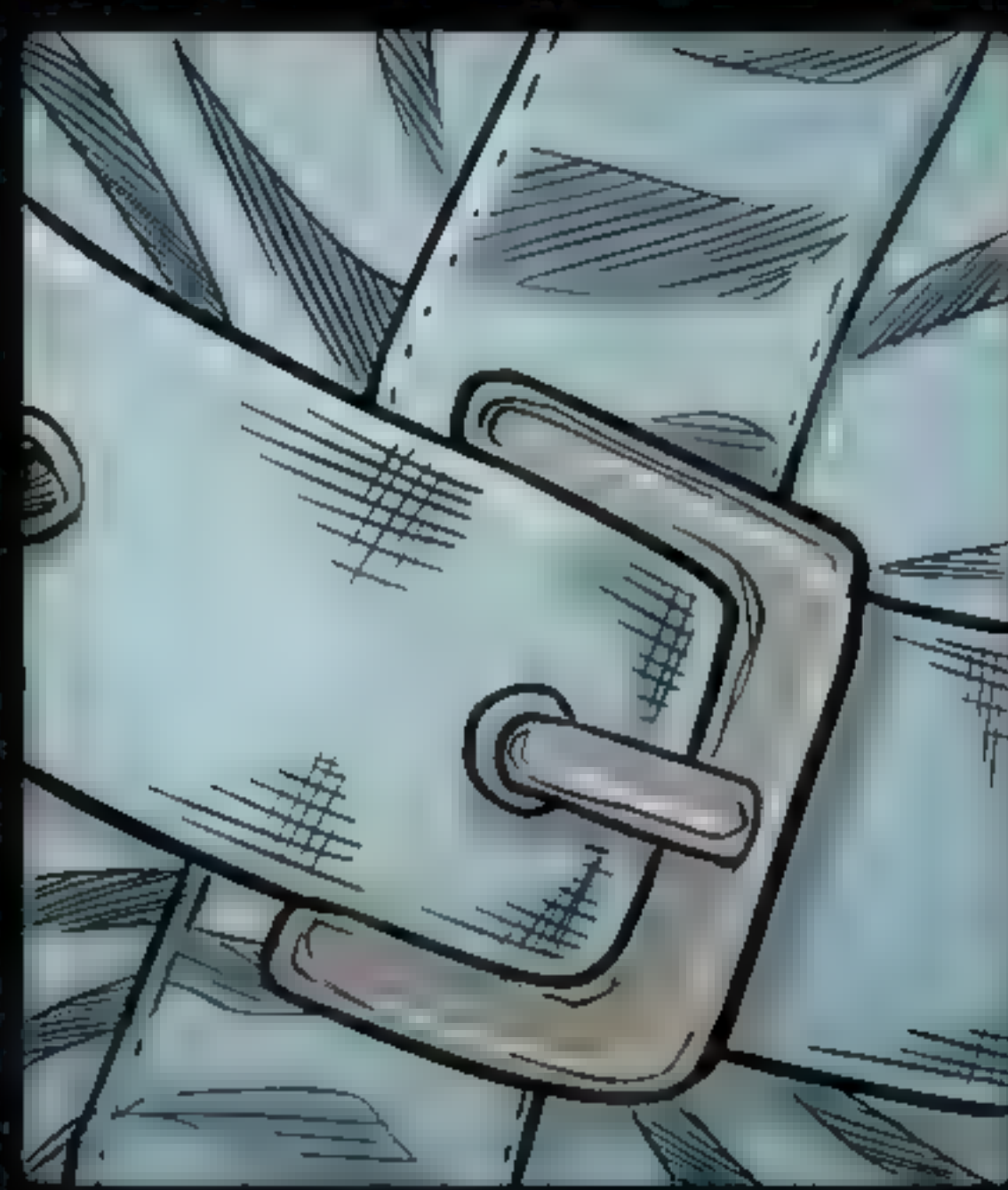




AN INTRUDER.
BROKEN INTO THE
HALBERG INSTITUTE
TONIGHT AT THREE
A.M. AN ORDERLY
SUSTAINED...NEAR-
FATAL INJURIES?



WE CAN ONLY ASSUME THAT THIS WOMAN IS HAVING SOME SORT OF MENTAL BREAK.



SHE IS
CLEARLY A
DANGER TO
OTHERS.

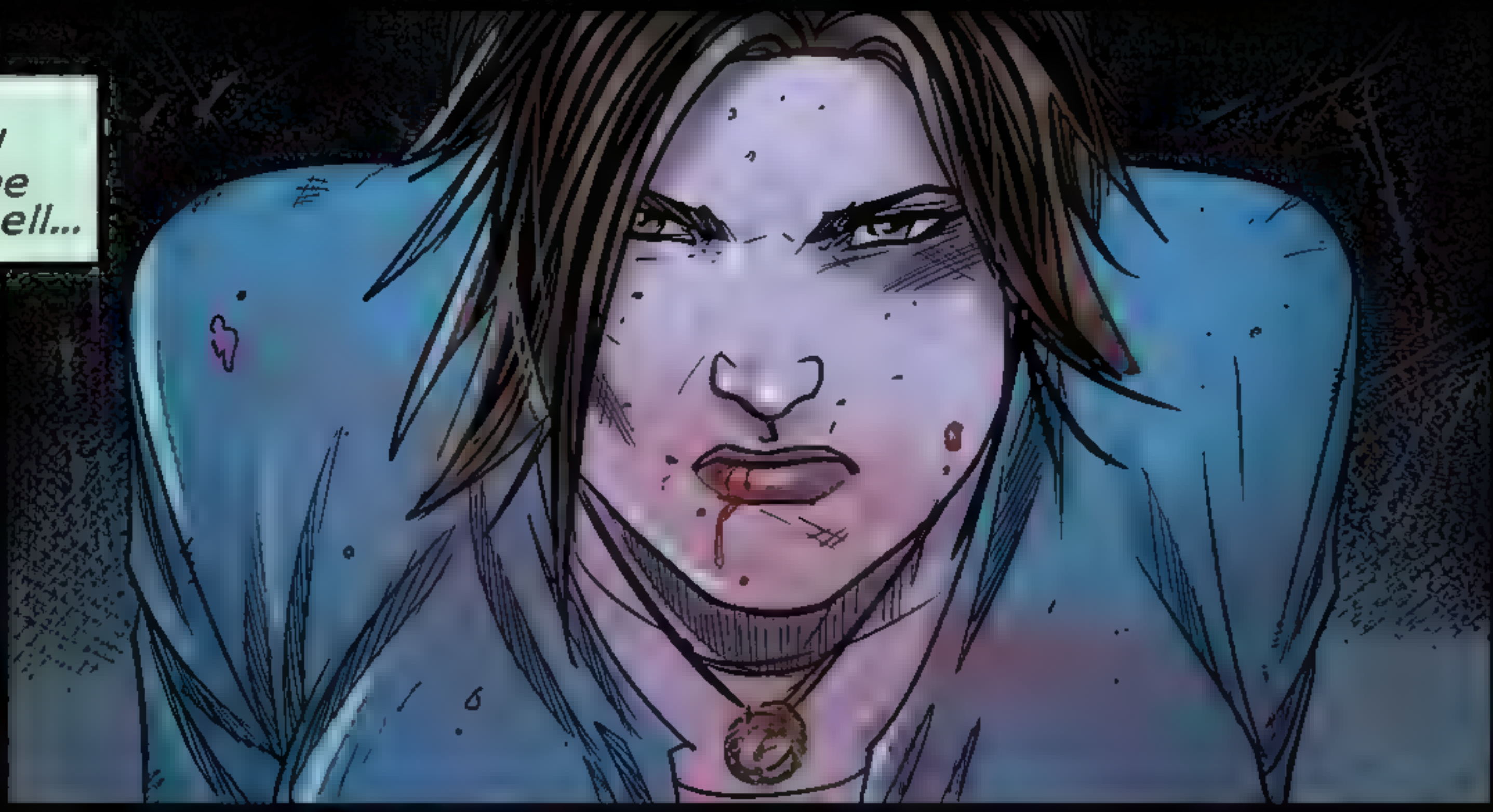
AND
SO OF COURSE,
AS A PROFESSIONAL
MENTAL HEALTH
INSTITUTE, WE HAD
NO CHOICE BUT TO
RESTRAIN HER.



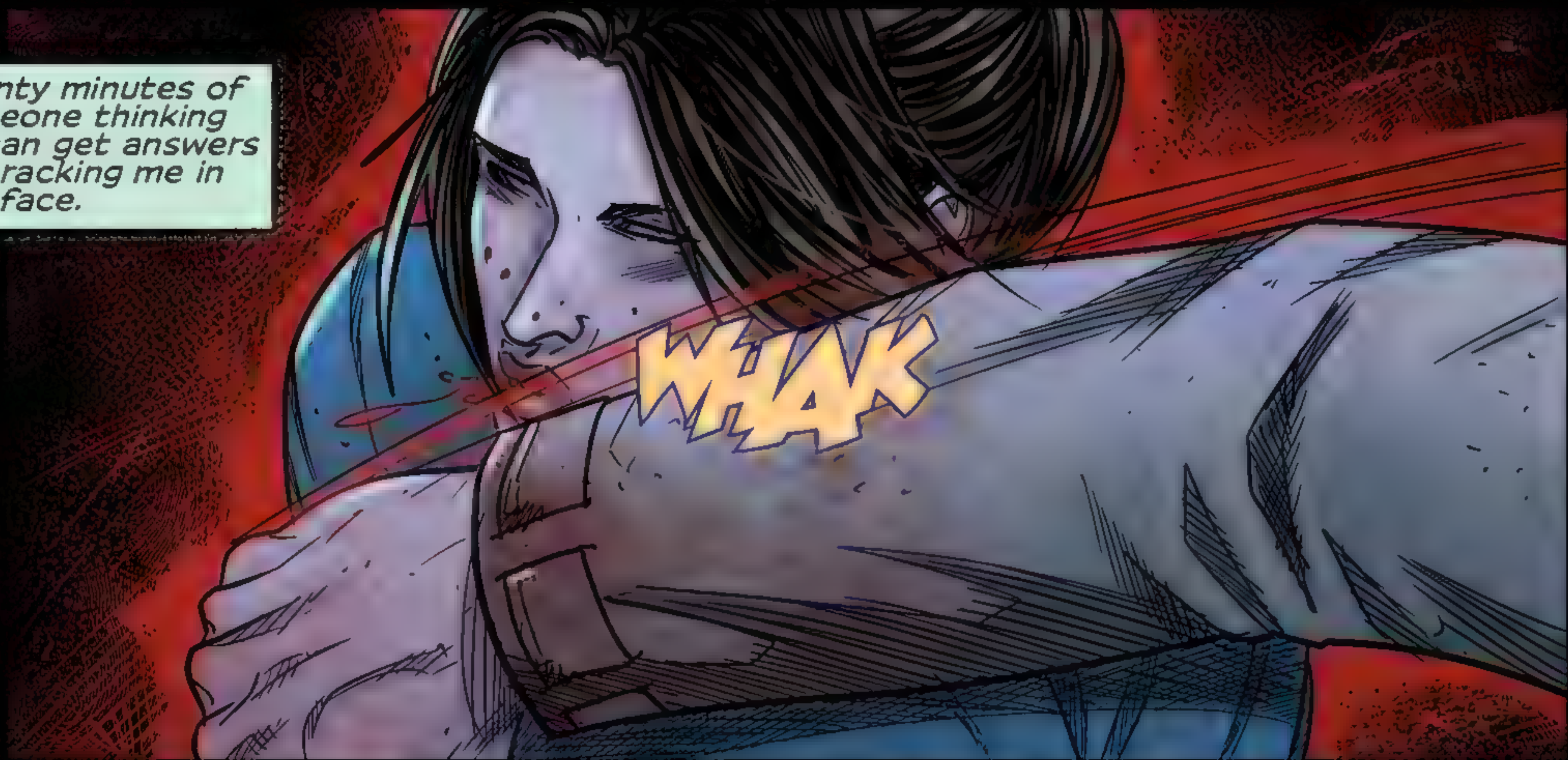
Sam.

I'm failing
you again.

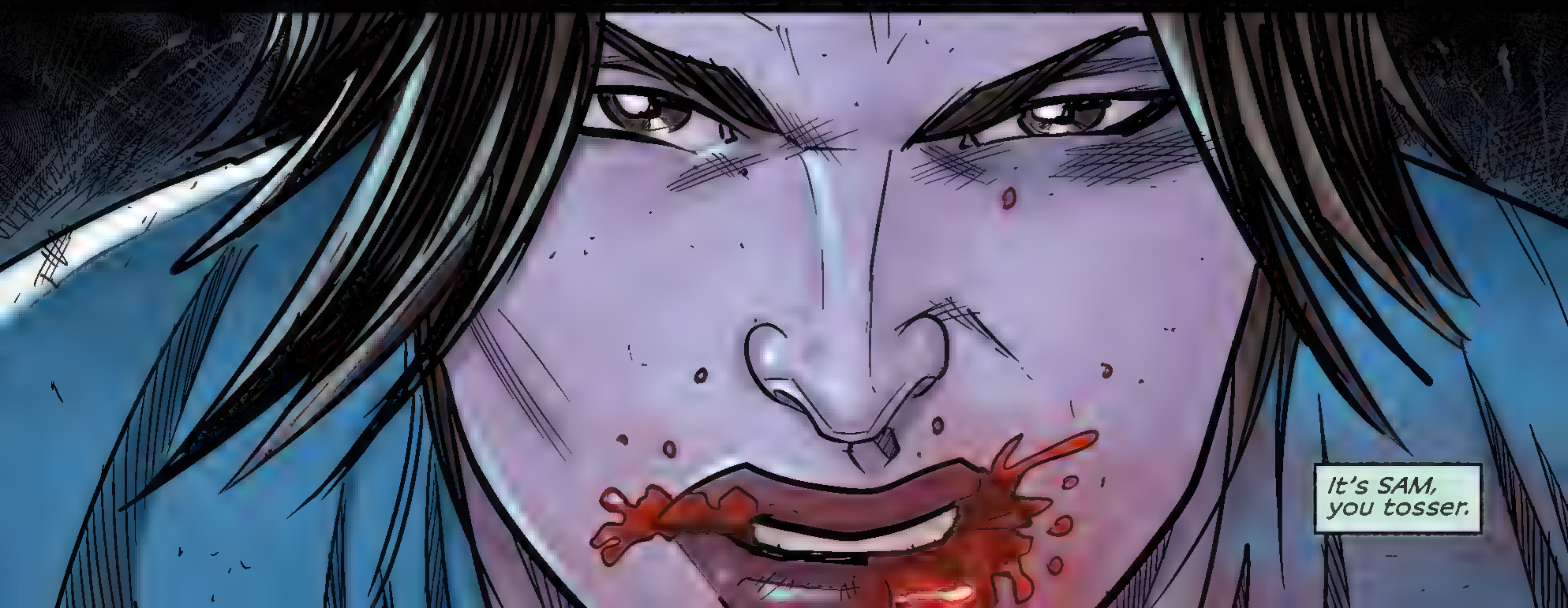
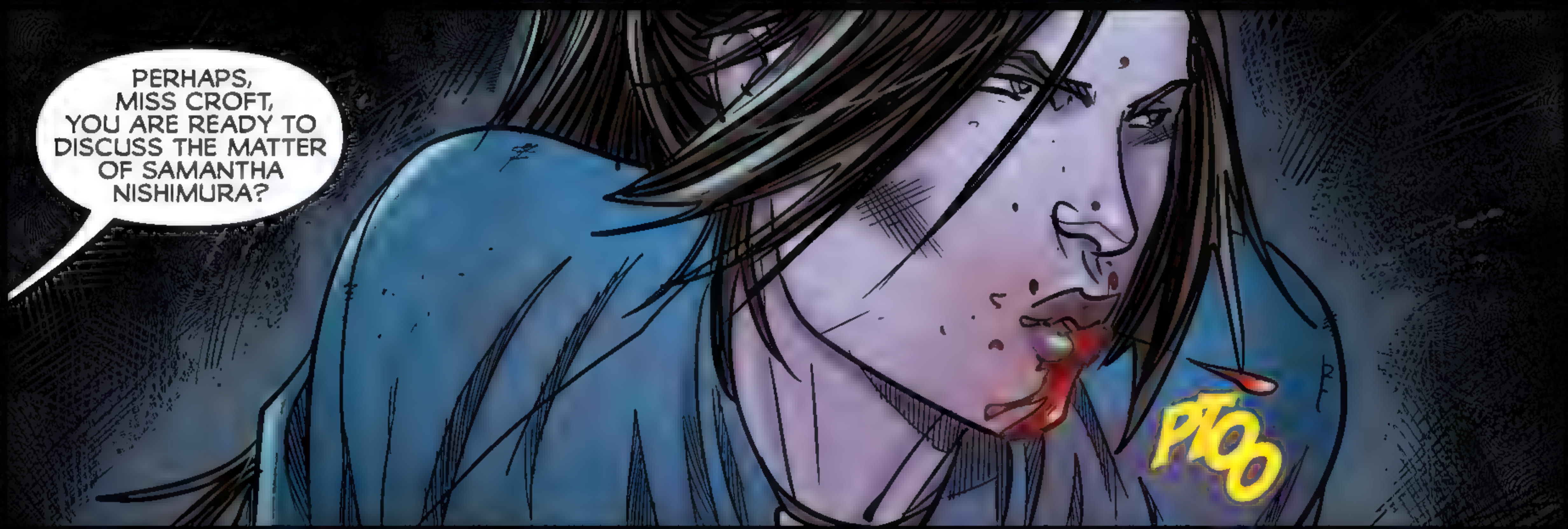
Two hours
blindfolded
in a van, one
night in a cell...



Twenty minutes of
someone thinking
he can get answers
by cracking me in
the face.



PERHAPS,
MISS CROFT,
YOU ARE READY TO
DISCUSS THE MATTER
OF SAMANTHA
NISHIMURA?



It's SAM,
you tosser.



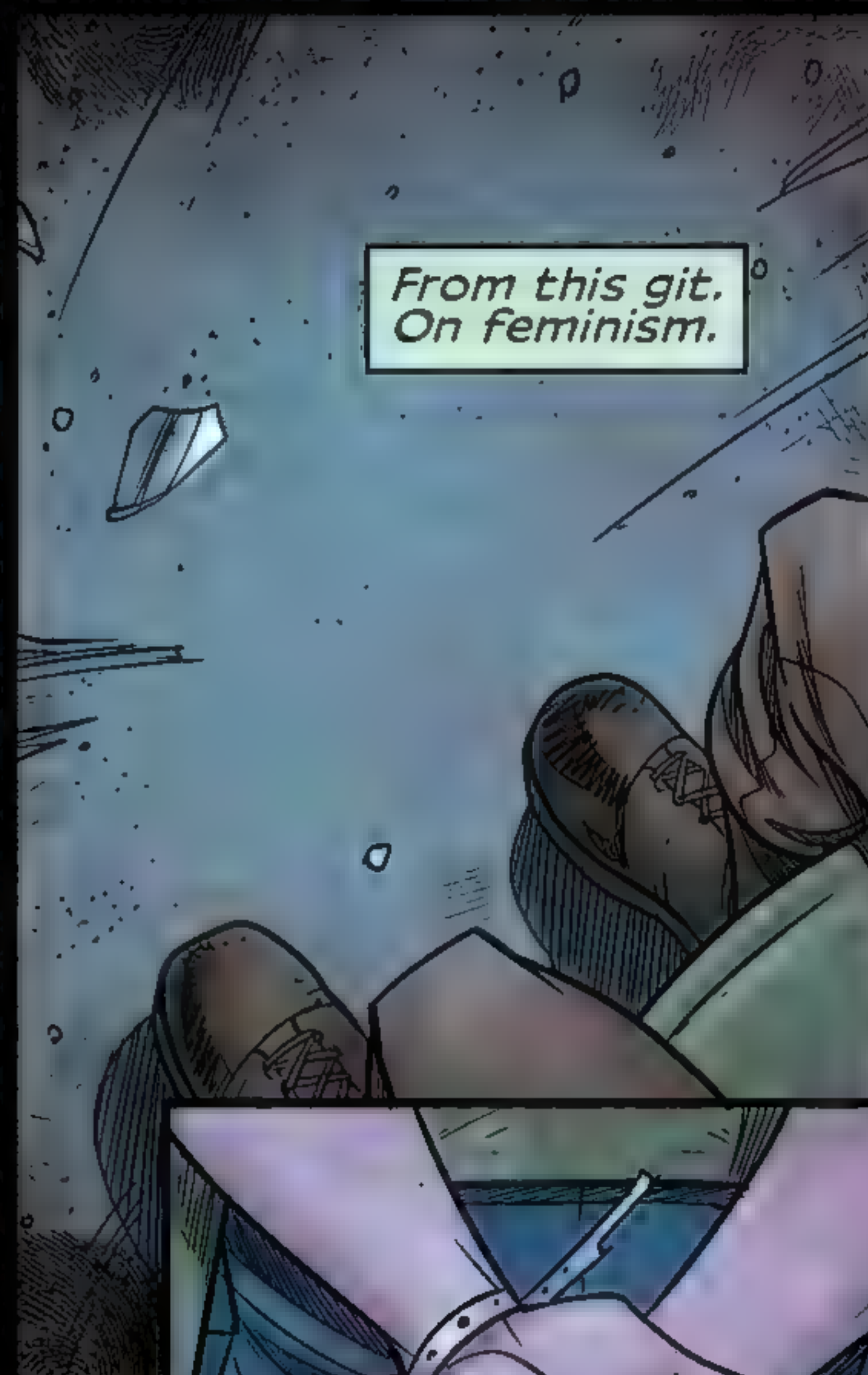
ARE YOU A
FEMINIST TYPE
PERSON, MISS
CROFT?



VERSED
IN THE HISTORY
OF WOMAN AND
MADNESS?



Brilliant.
A lecture.



From this git.
On feminism.



Keep talking,
whoever you are,
while I figure
out how to get
out of here.



THERE IS A THEORY THAT THE HISTORY OF WOMEN AND MADNESS STEMS FROM THEIR OPPRESSION.



IS THAT WHAT DROVE YOUR FRIEND SAMANTHA TO MADNESS, YOU THINK, MISS CROFT?

OPPRESSION?



I ENJOYED WORKING WITH SAMANTHA. MUCH OF MY EXPERIMENTATION IS ON...

...LESS COMPLEX SUBJECTS.

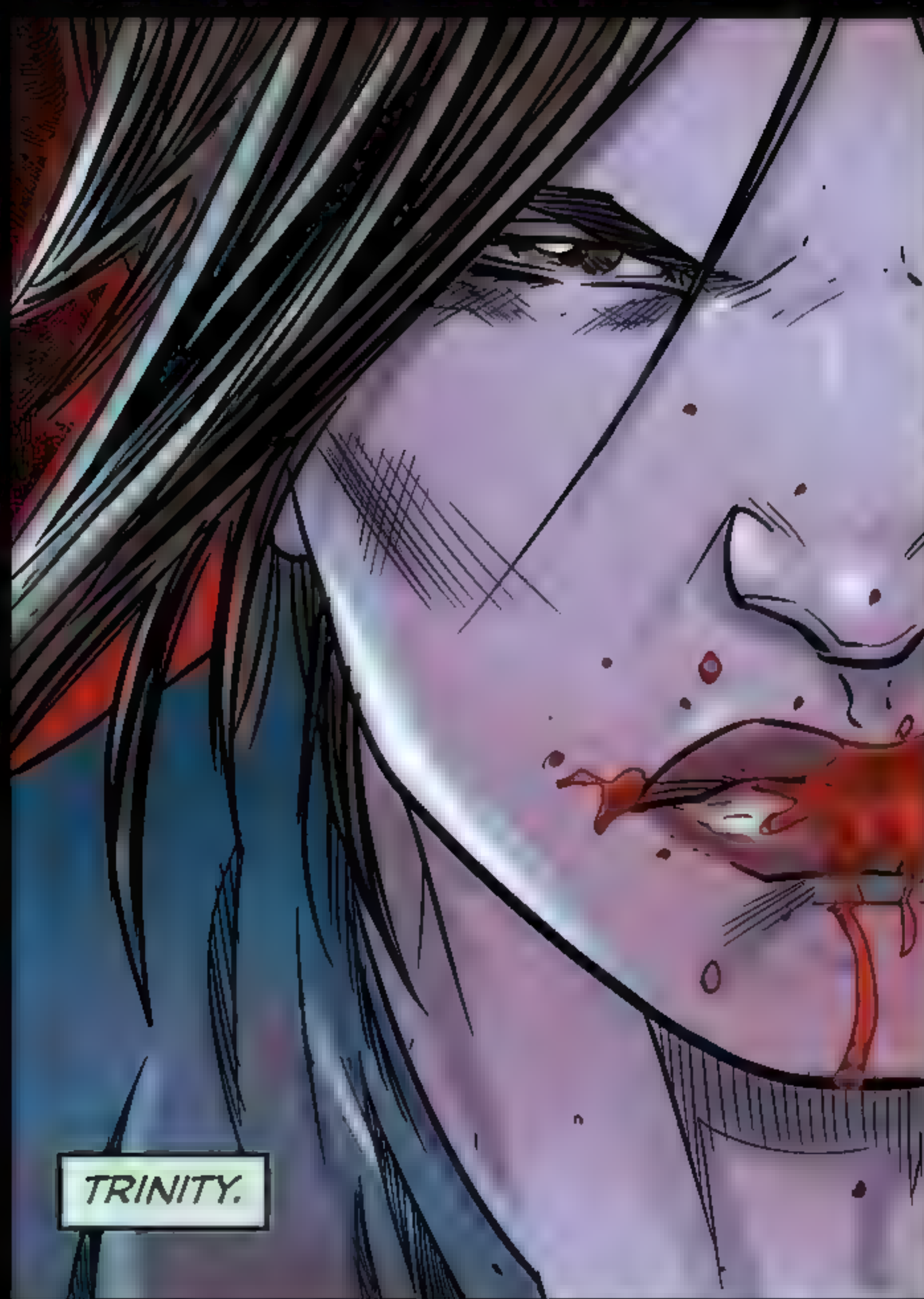


"MY COLLEAGUES BROUGHT ME IN TO SEE IF SHE COULD MAKE A CONNECTION TO THE DIVINE SOURCE.

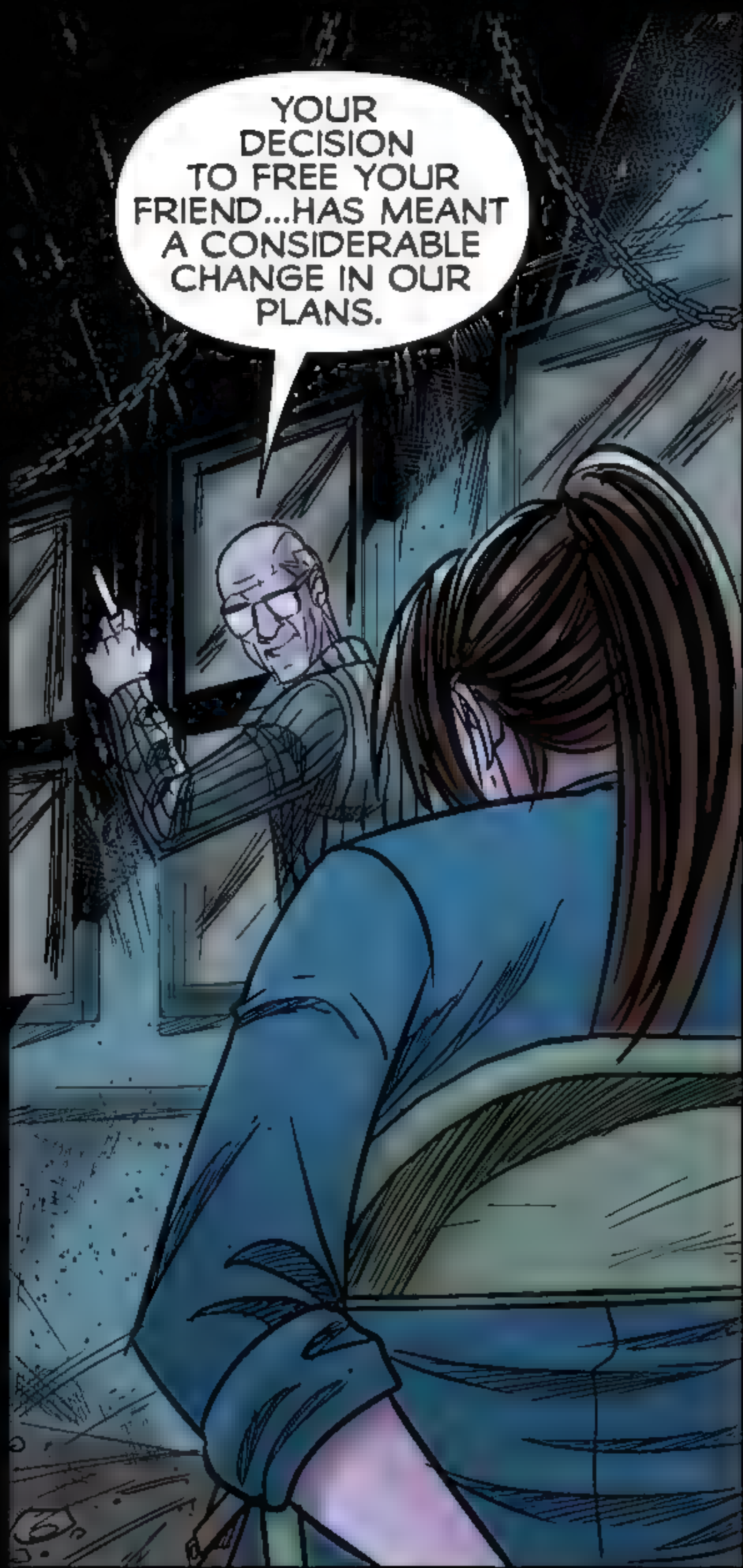
"I WAS CLOSE..."



The Divine.



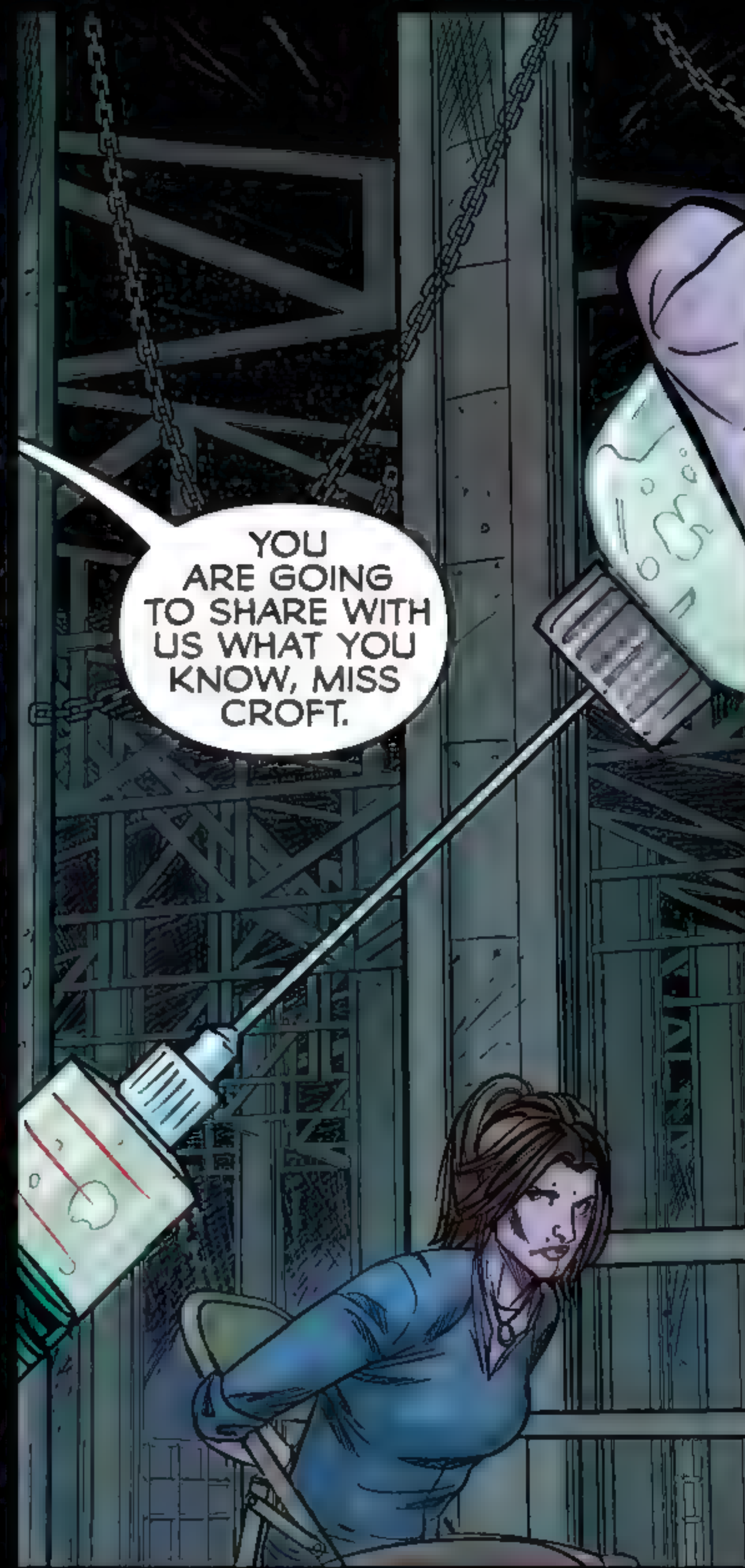
TRINITY.



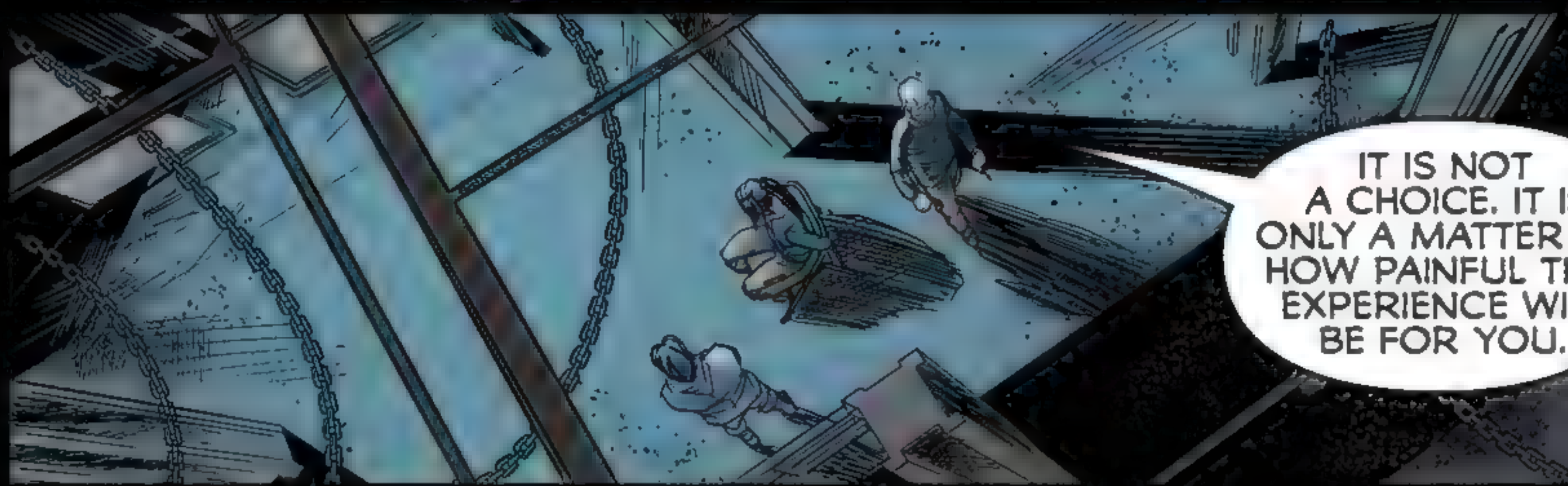
YOUR
DECISION
TO FREE YOUR
FRIEND...HAS MEANT
A CONSIDERABLE
CHANGE IN OUR
PLANS.



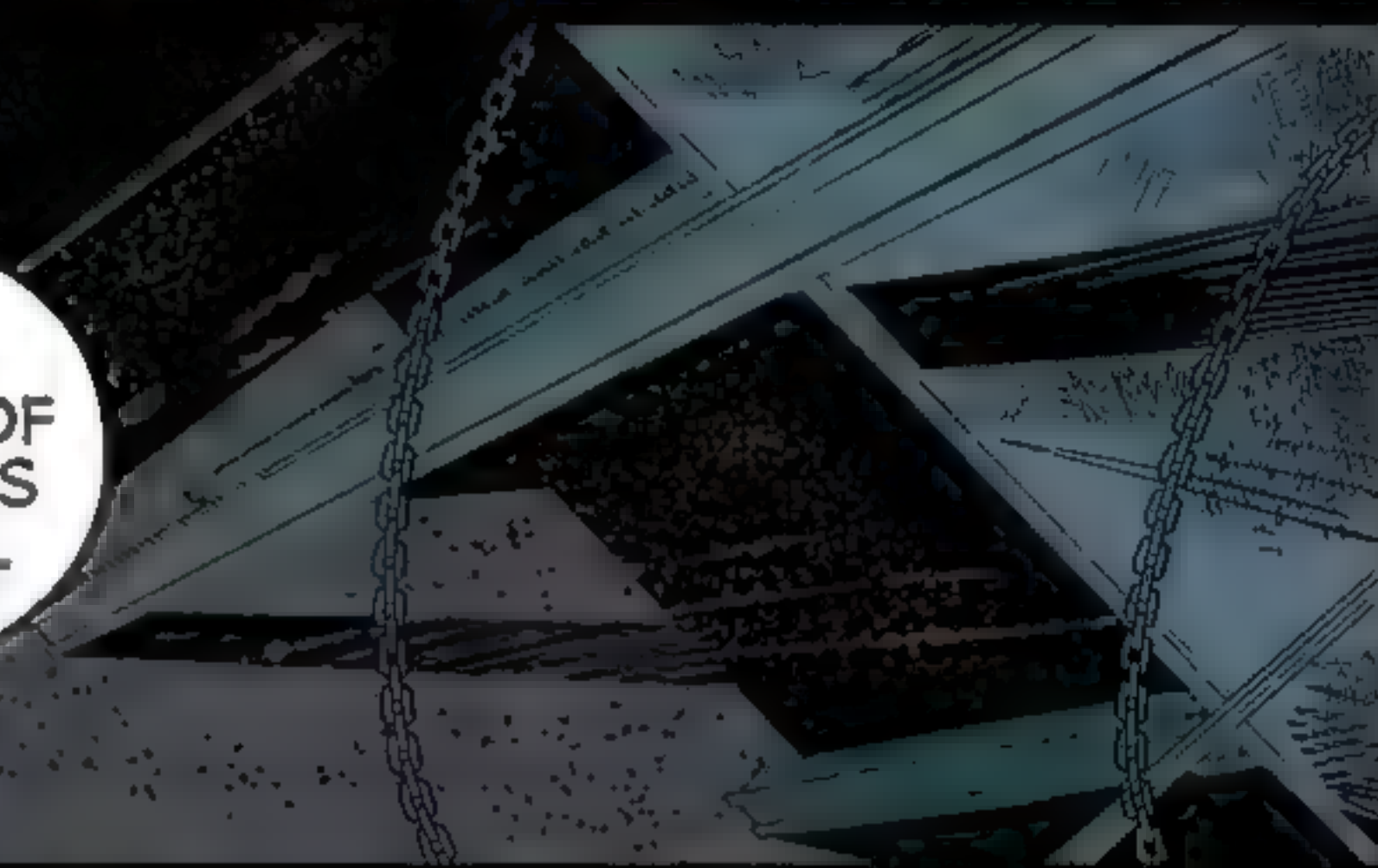
My decision?



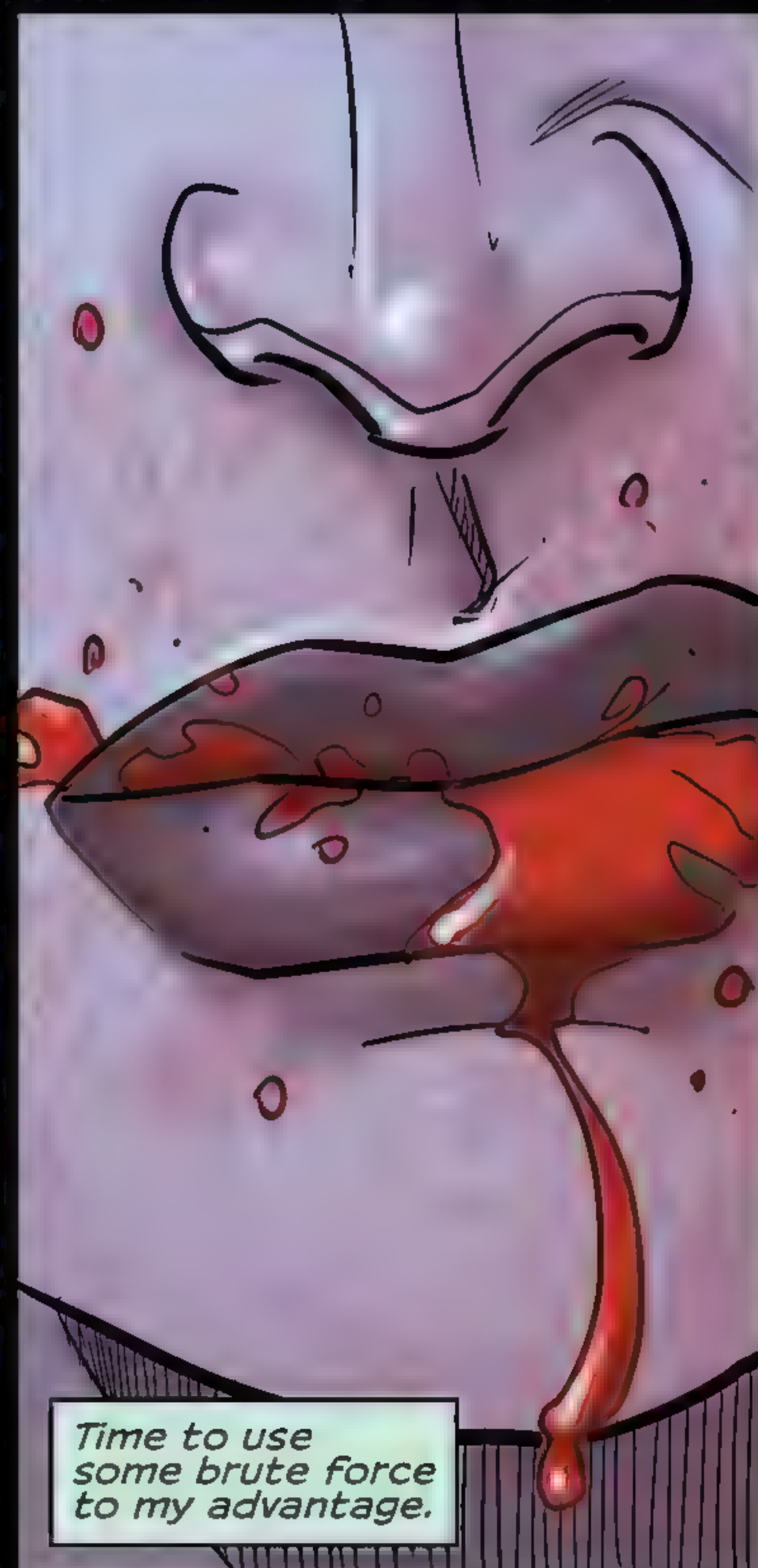
YOU
ARE GOING
TO SHARE WITH
US WHAT YOU
KNOW, MISS
CROFT.



IT IS NOT
A CHOICE. IT IS
ONLY A MATTER OF
HOW PAINFUL THIS
EXPERIENCE WILL
BE FOR YOU.



A PENNY
FOR YOUR
THOUGHTS, MISS
CROFT.



*Time to use
some brute force
to my advantage.*

I WAS
THINKING IF YOU
HURT MY FRIEND IN
ANY WAY, I'LL BREAK
YOUR LEGS,
DOCTOR.

CRACK

THAK

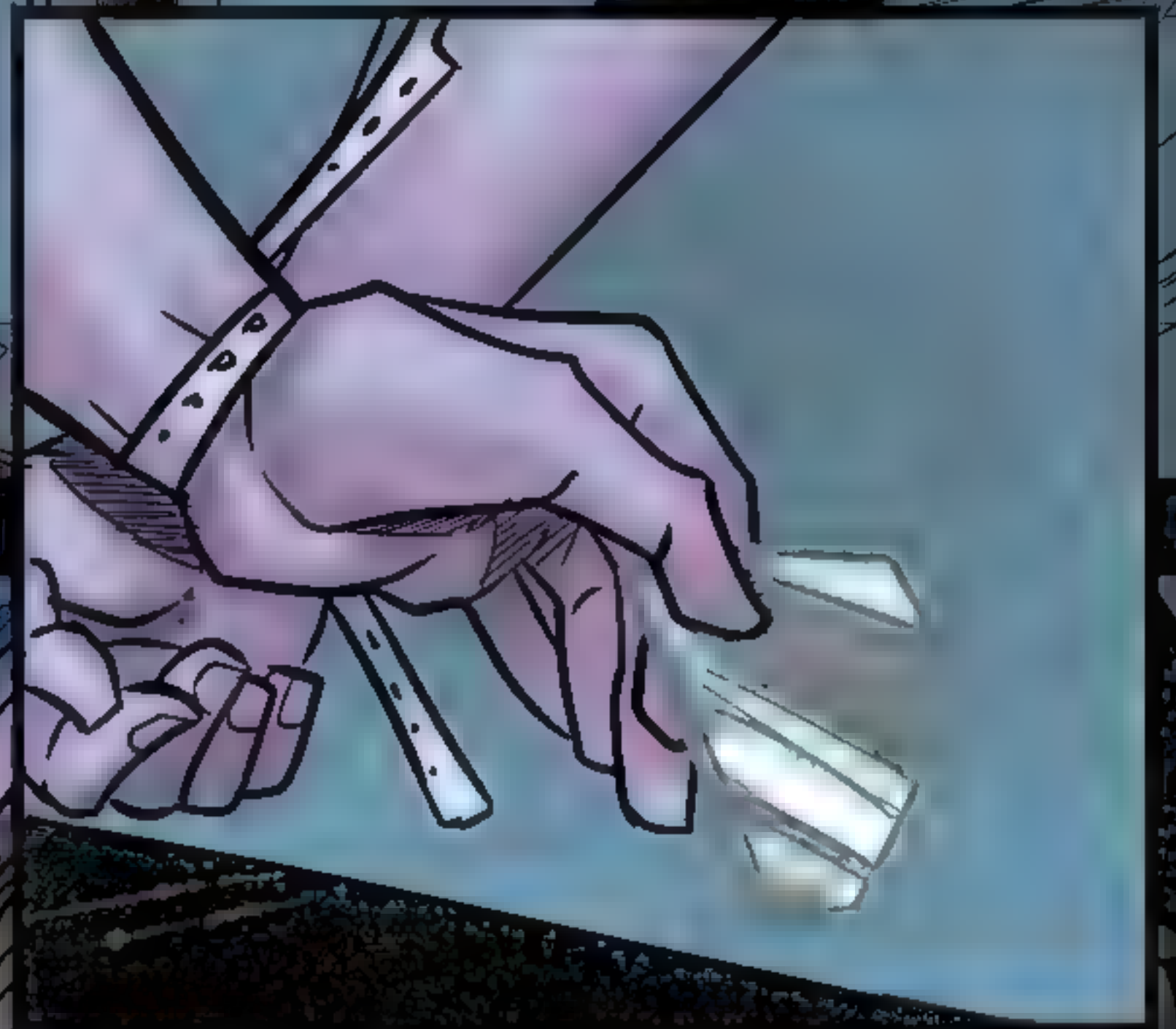
OOF!

WHAM

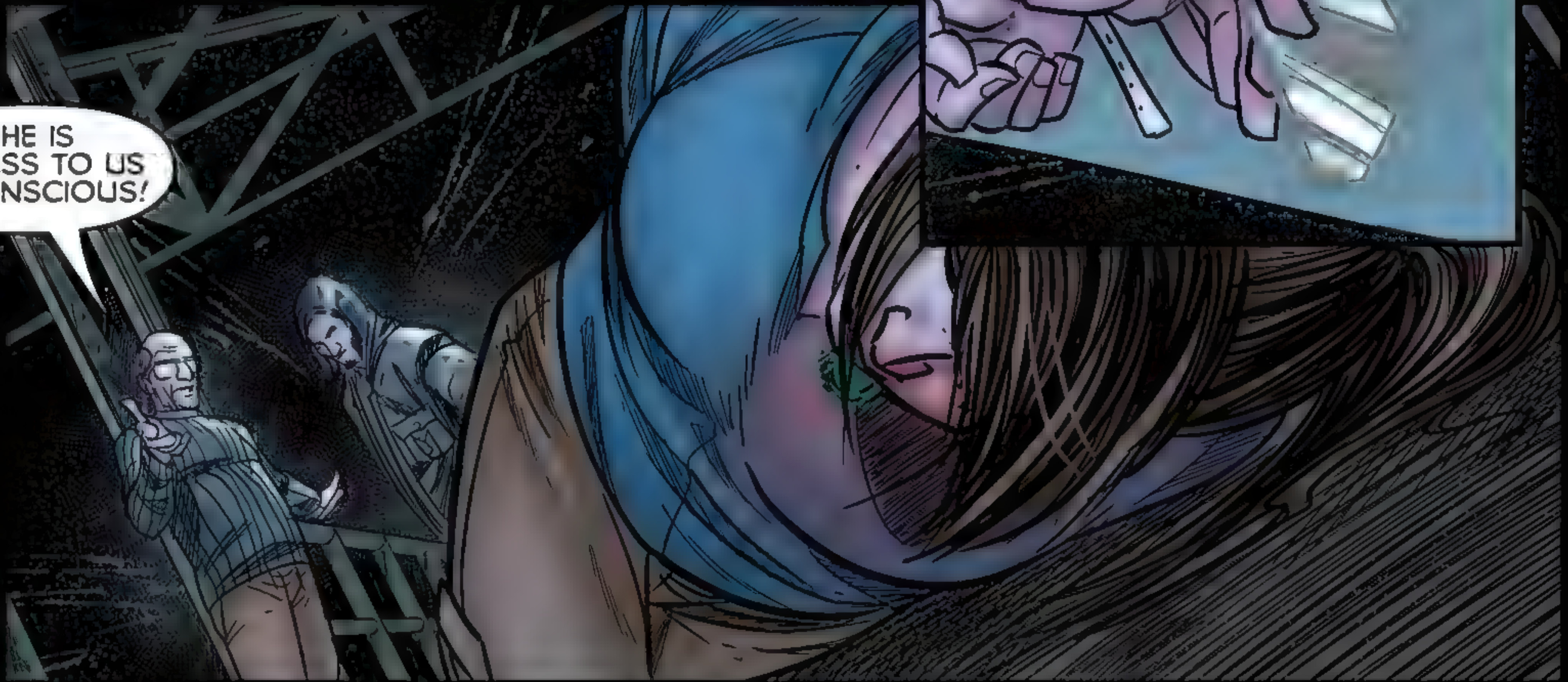
SPLINK



IDIOT!



SHE IS
USELESS TO US
UNCONSCIOUS!

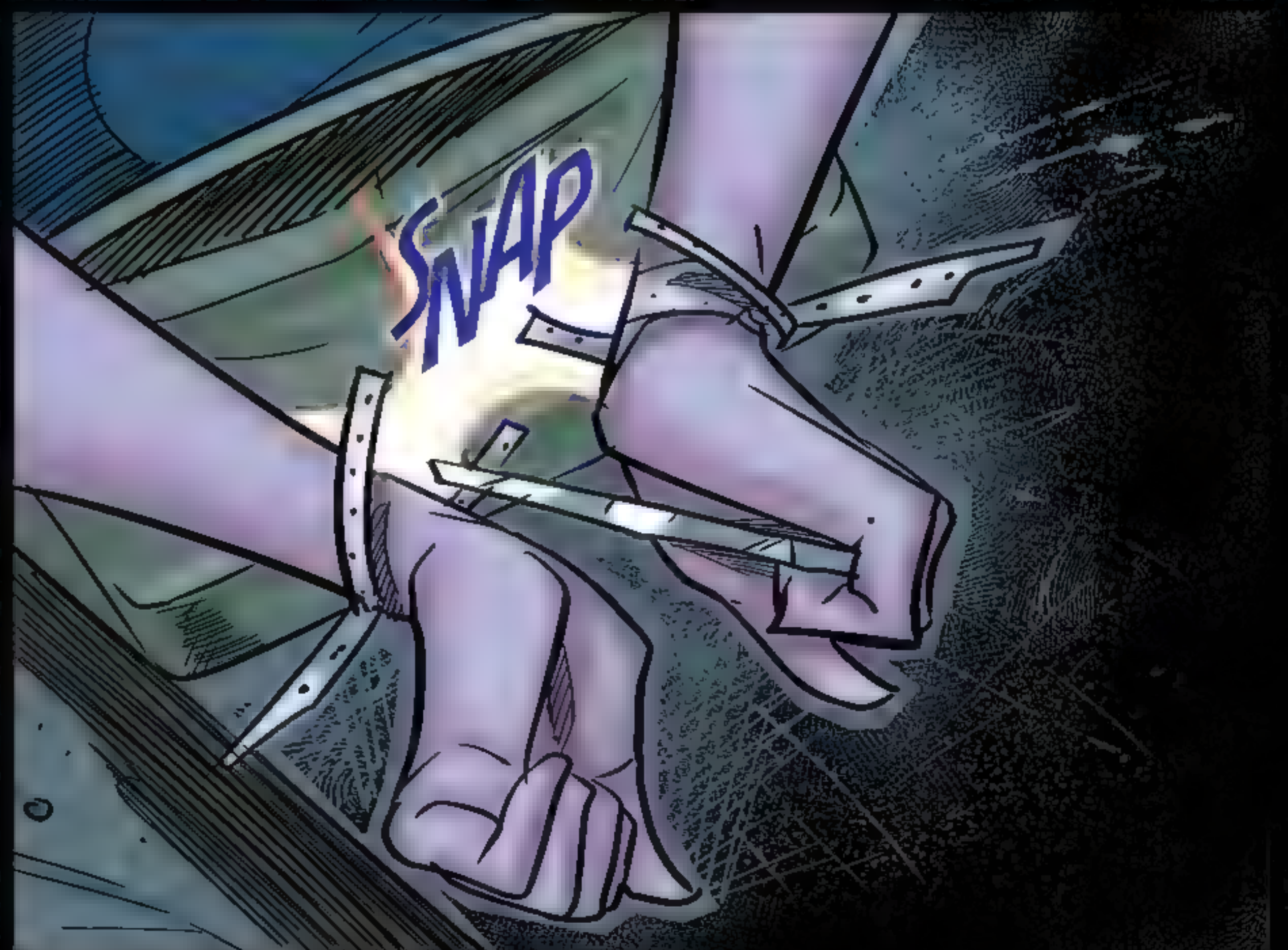


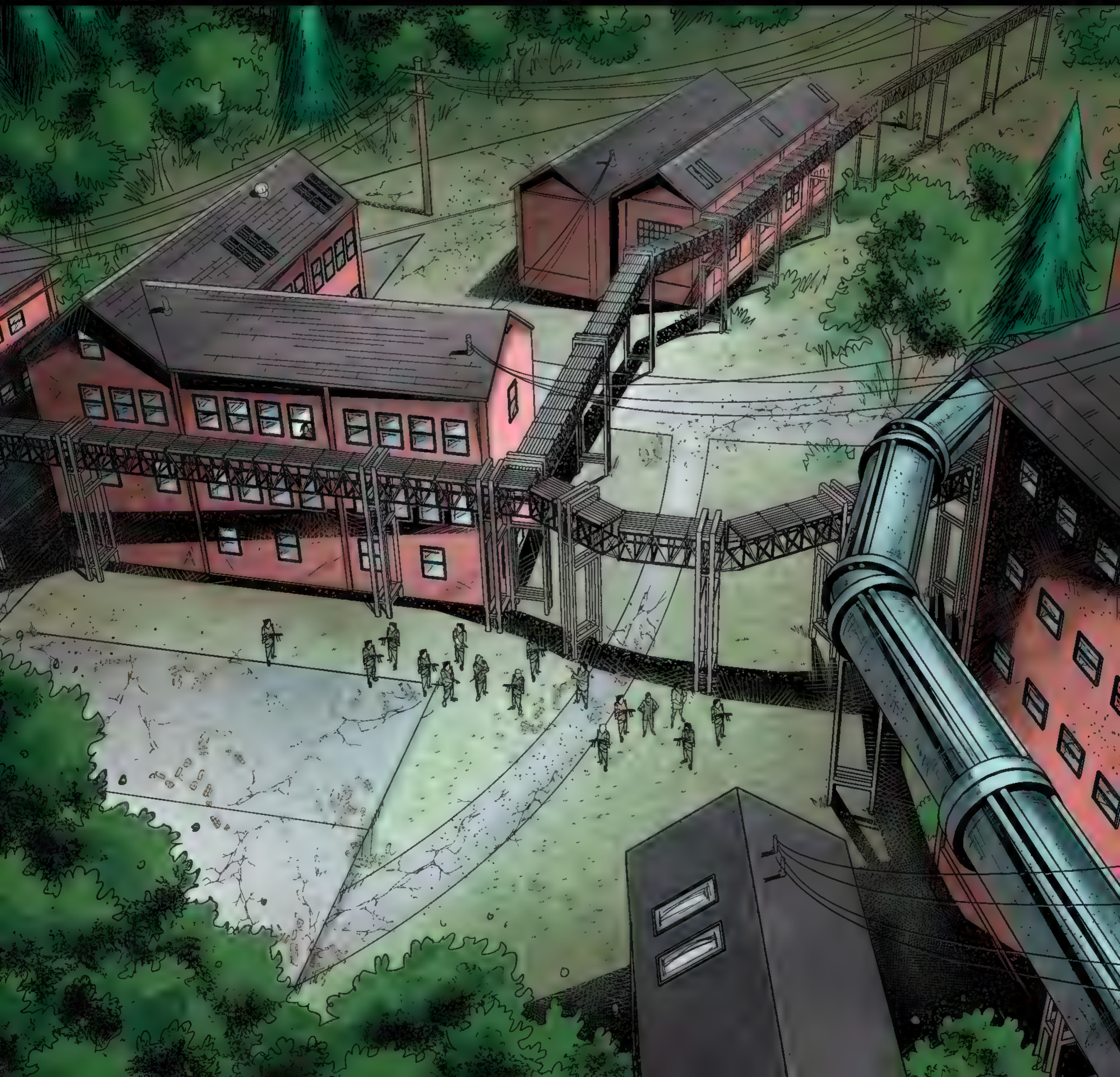
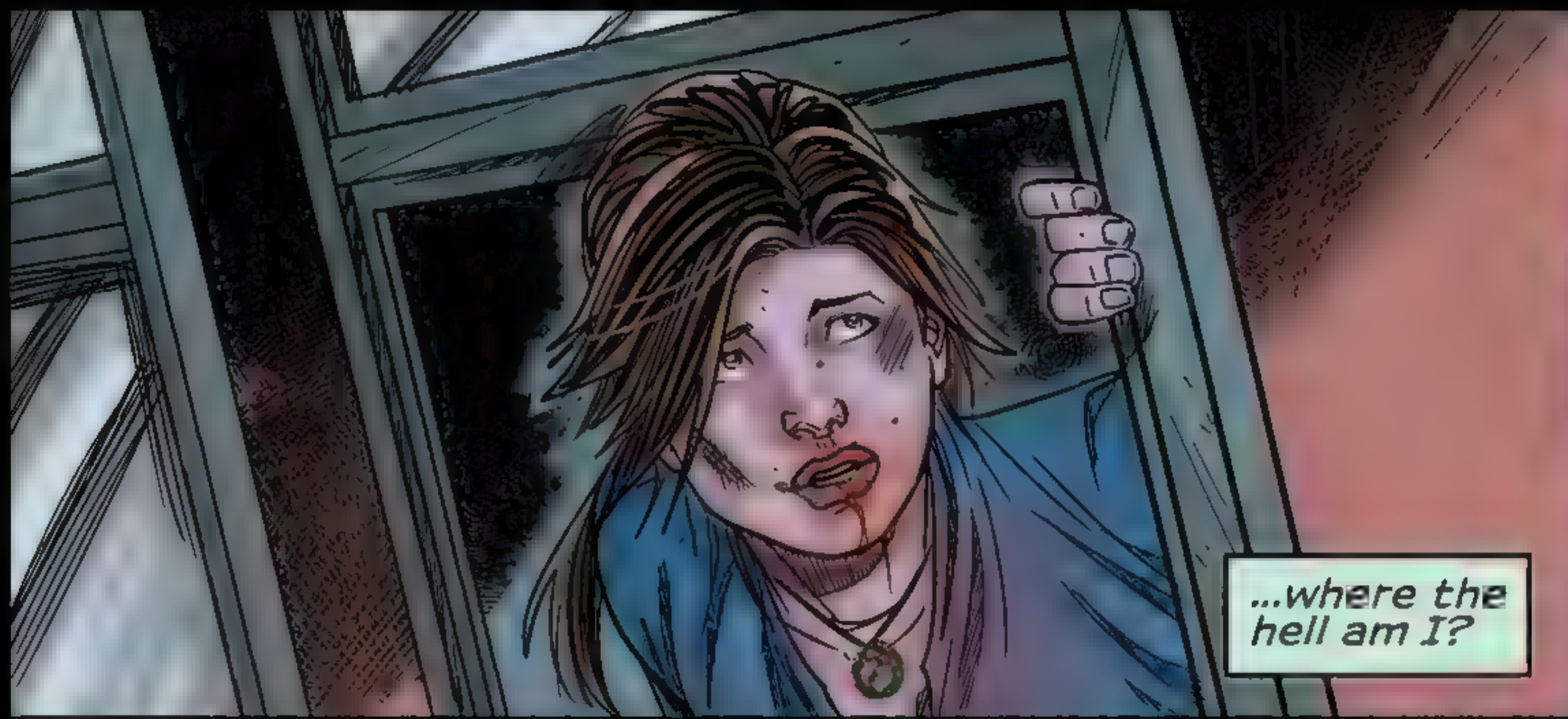
GET THE
COMMANDER ON
THE PHONE!

AND GET
ME A NEW
SYRINGE!



*Either my acting has
improved...or that
man is no doctor.*





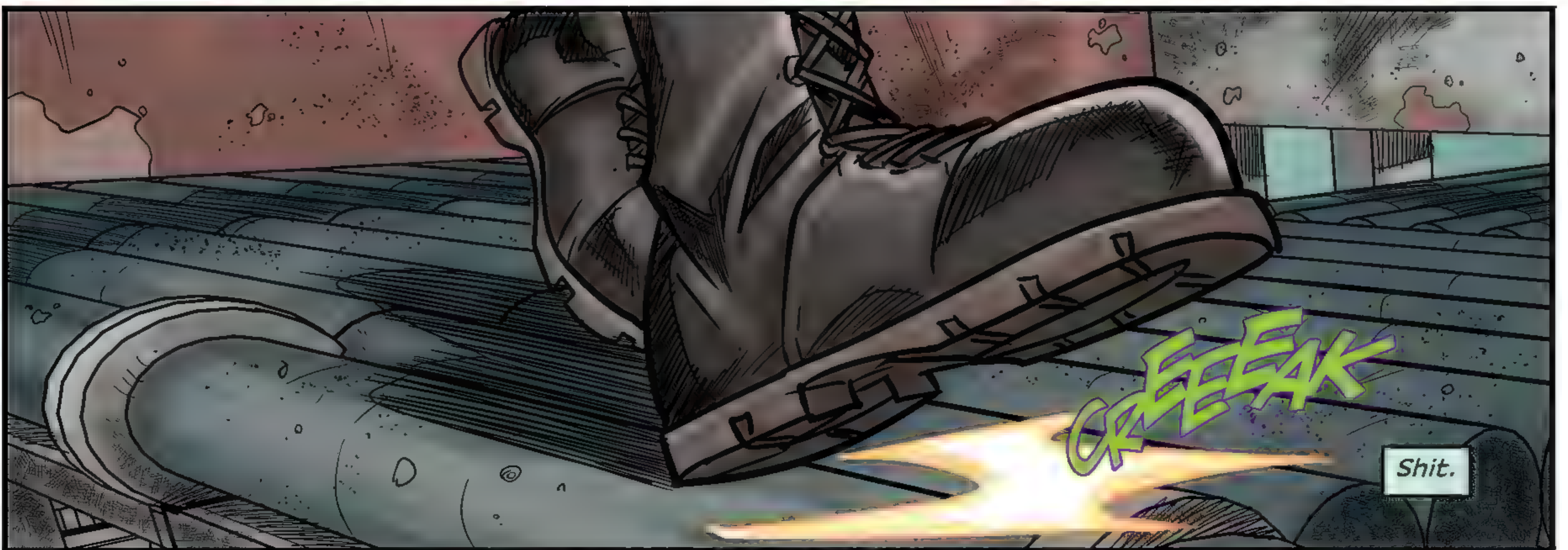


Some sort of industrial building? Rusty to scraps.



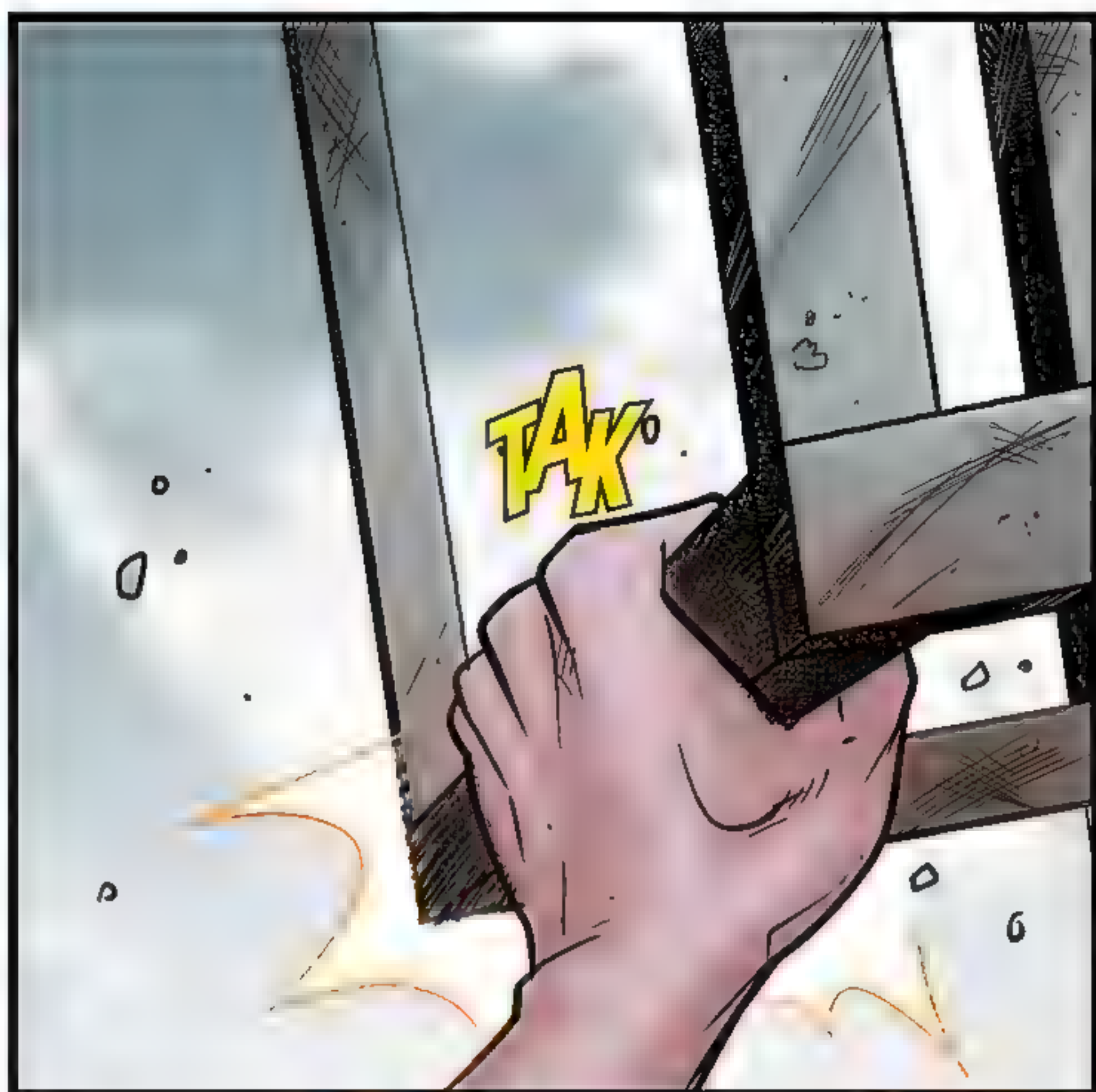
At least twenty men.

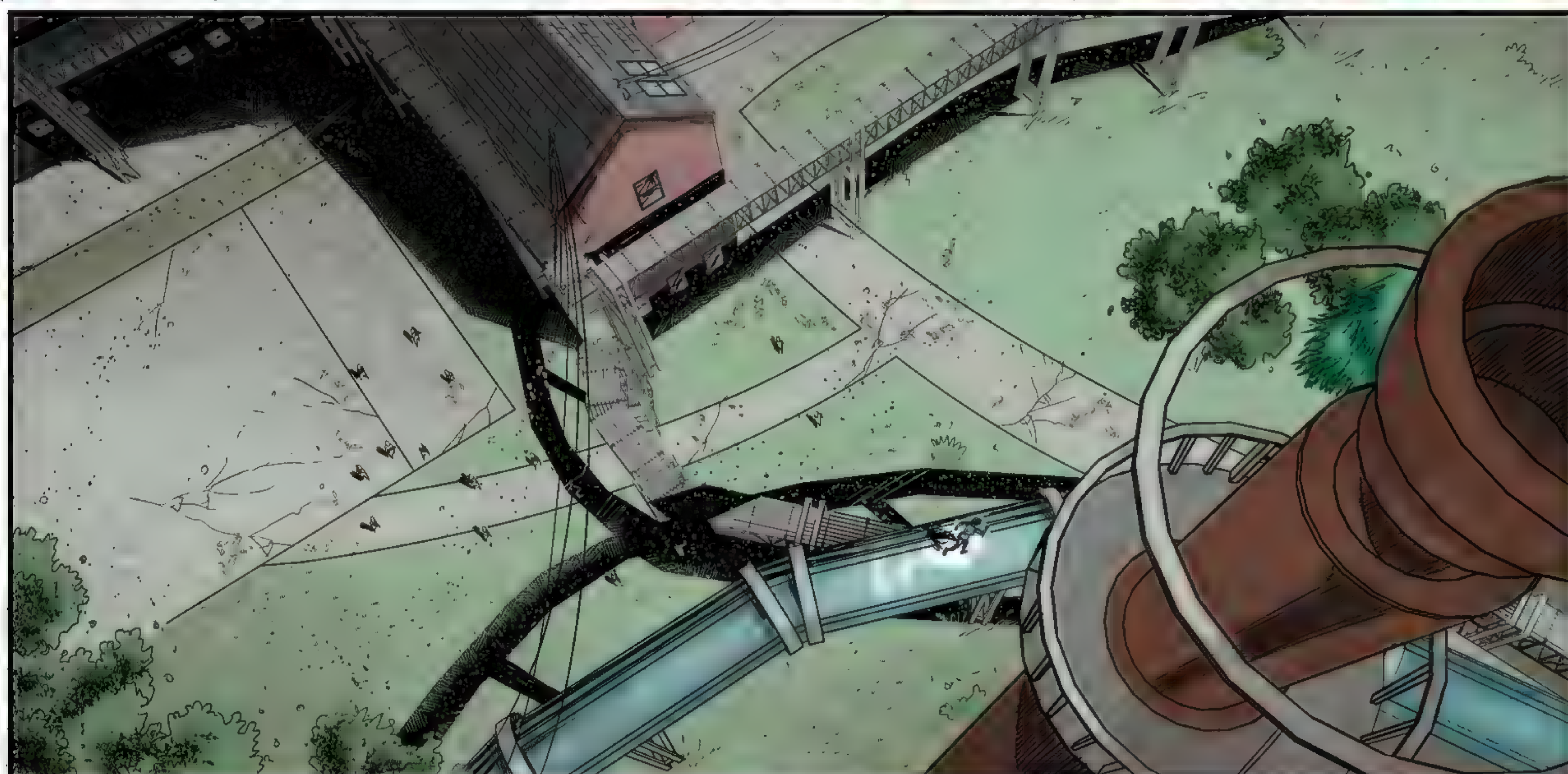
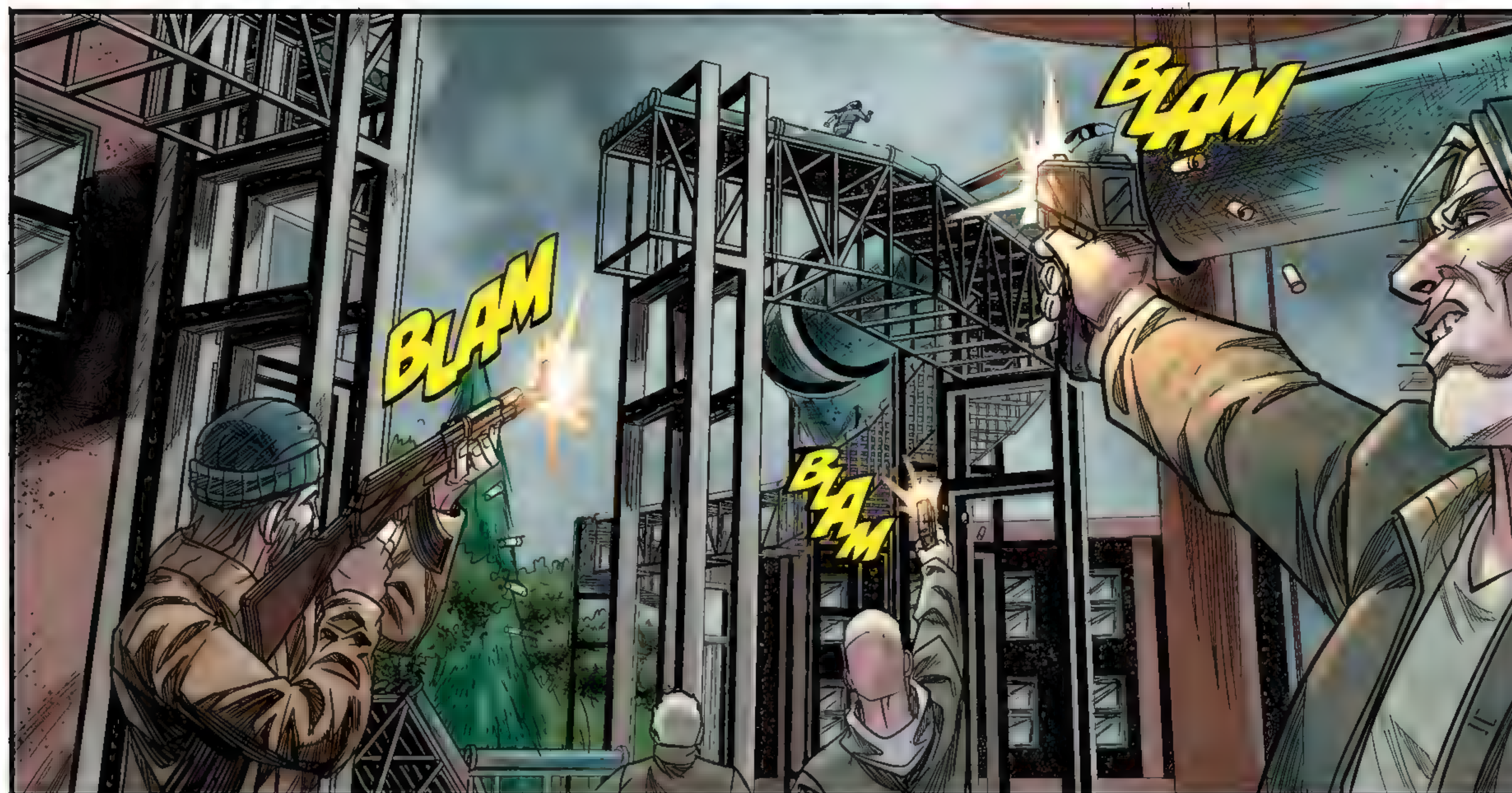
If they're Trinity--



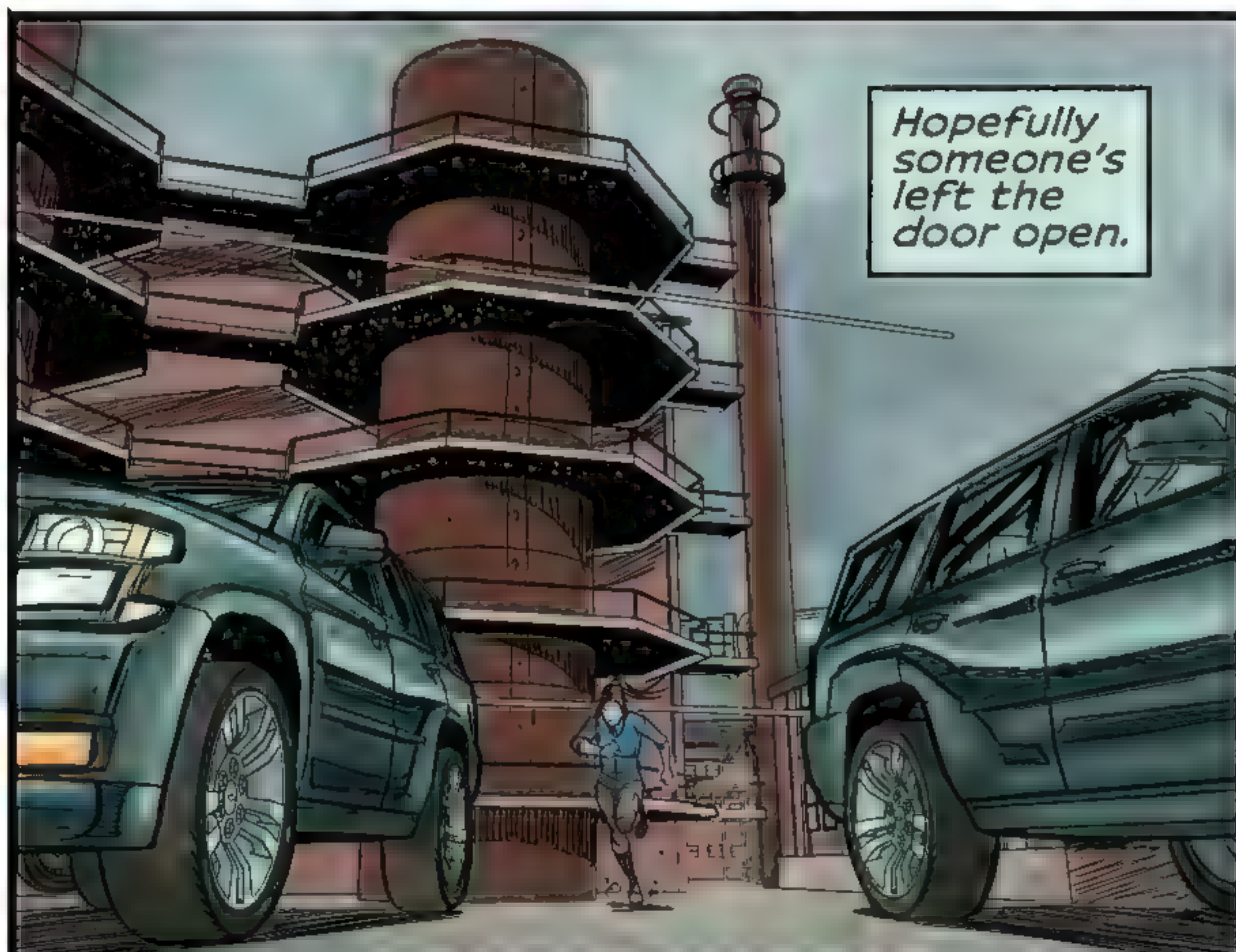
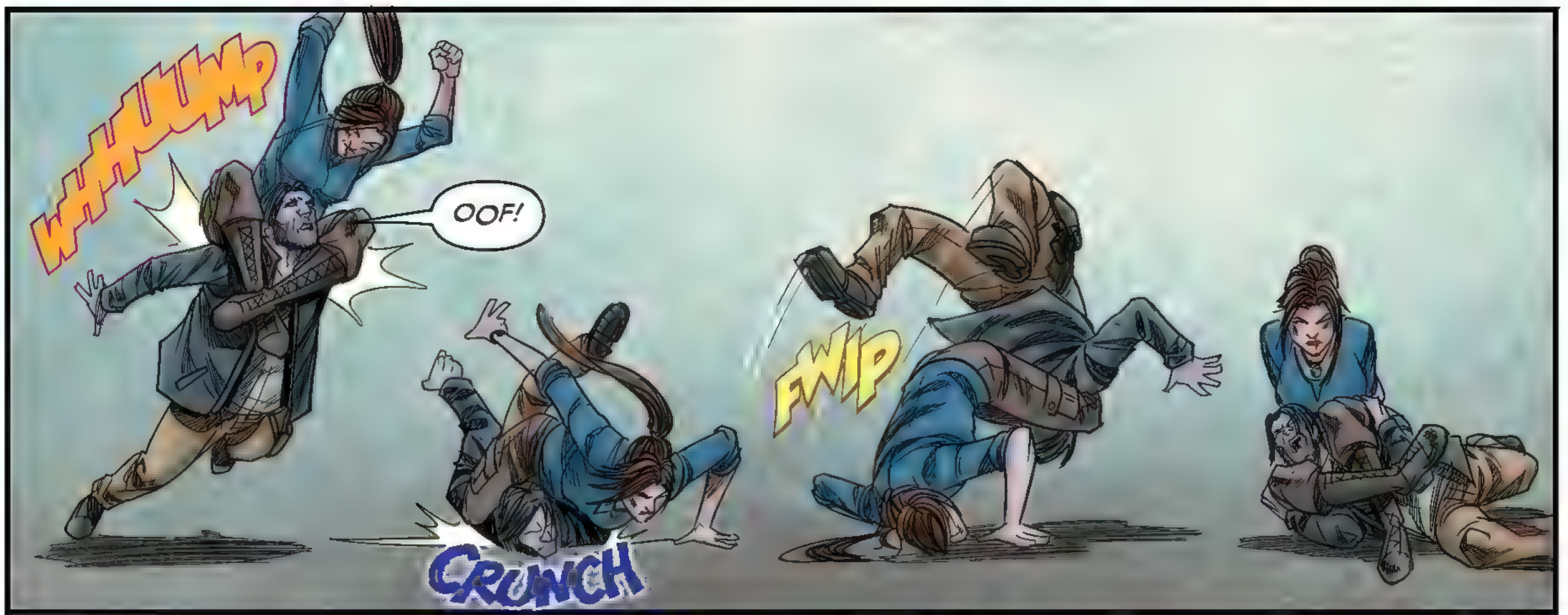
CR EEEAK

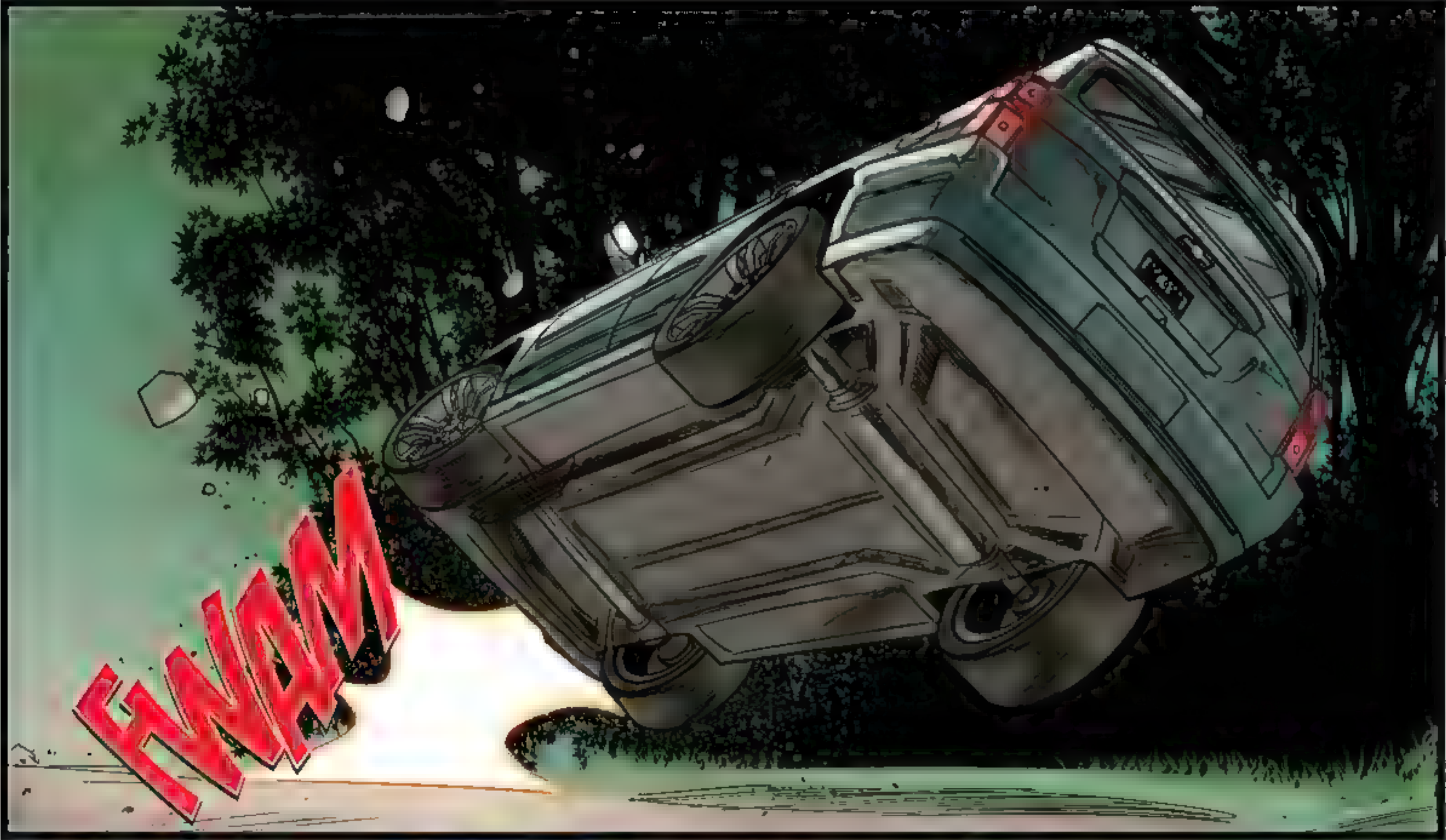
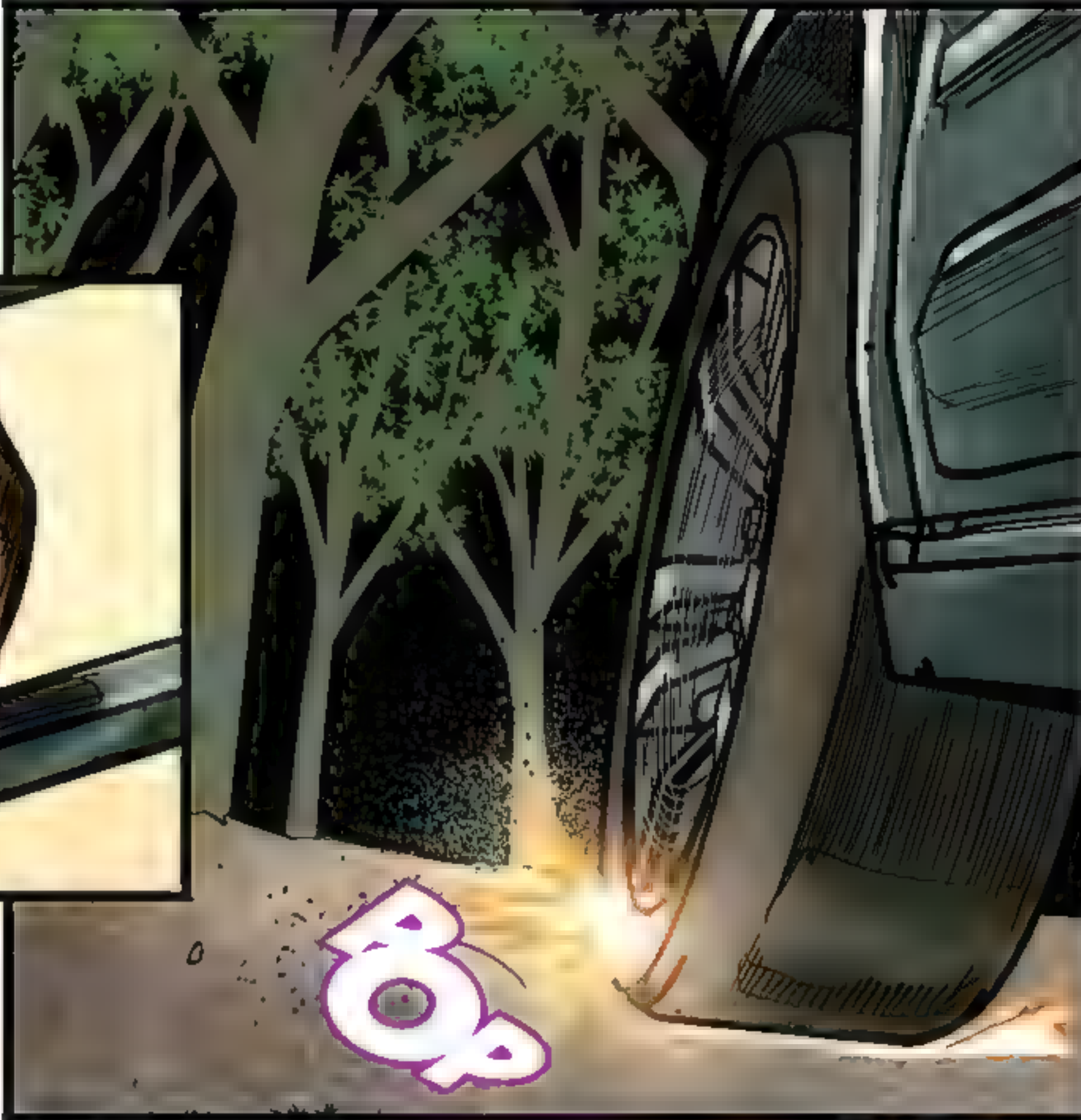
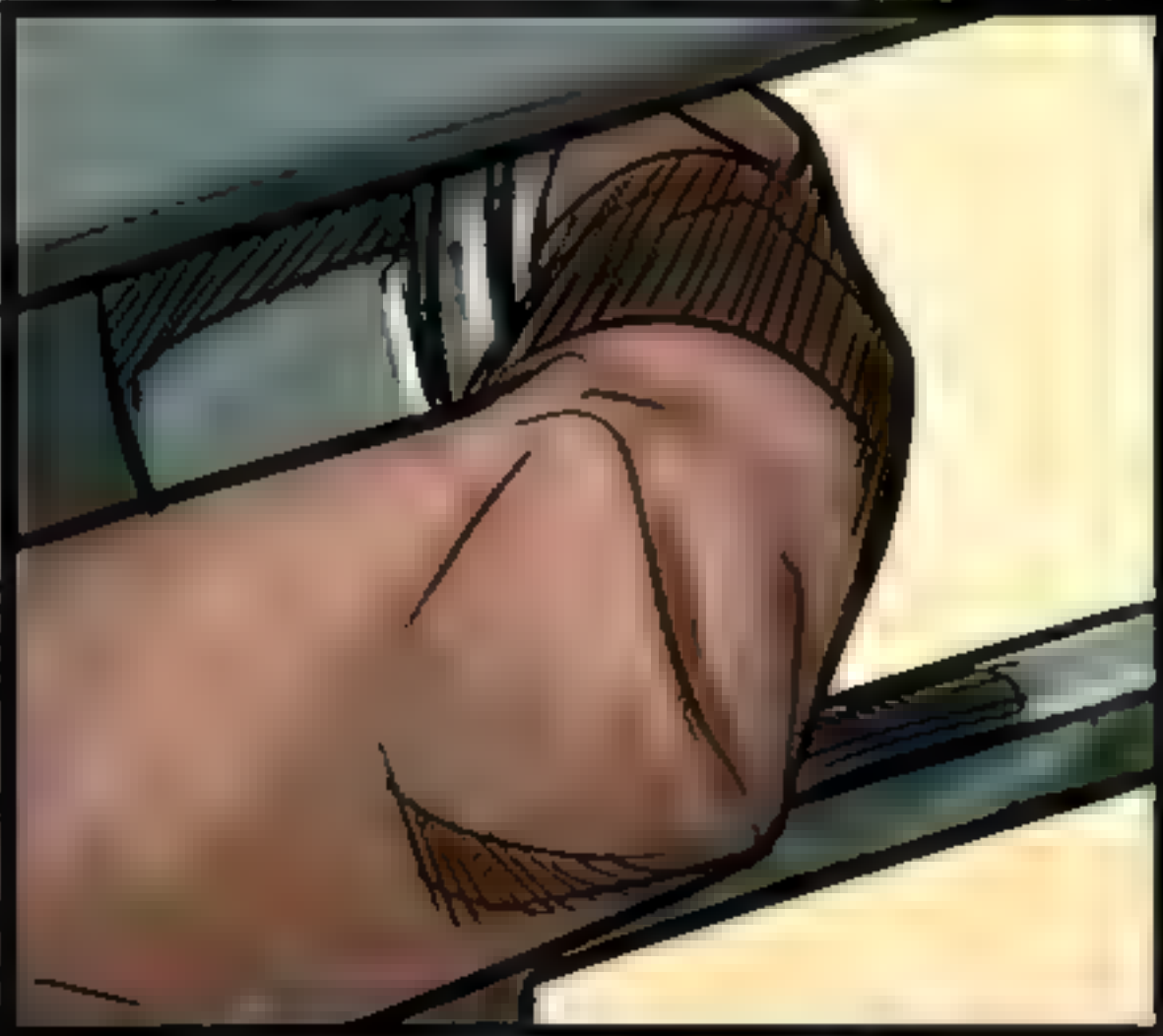
Shit.

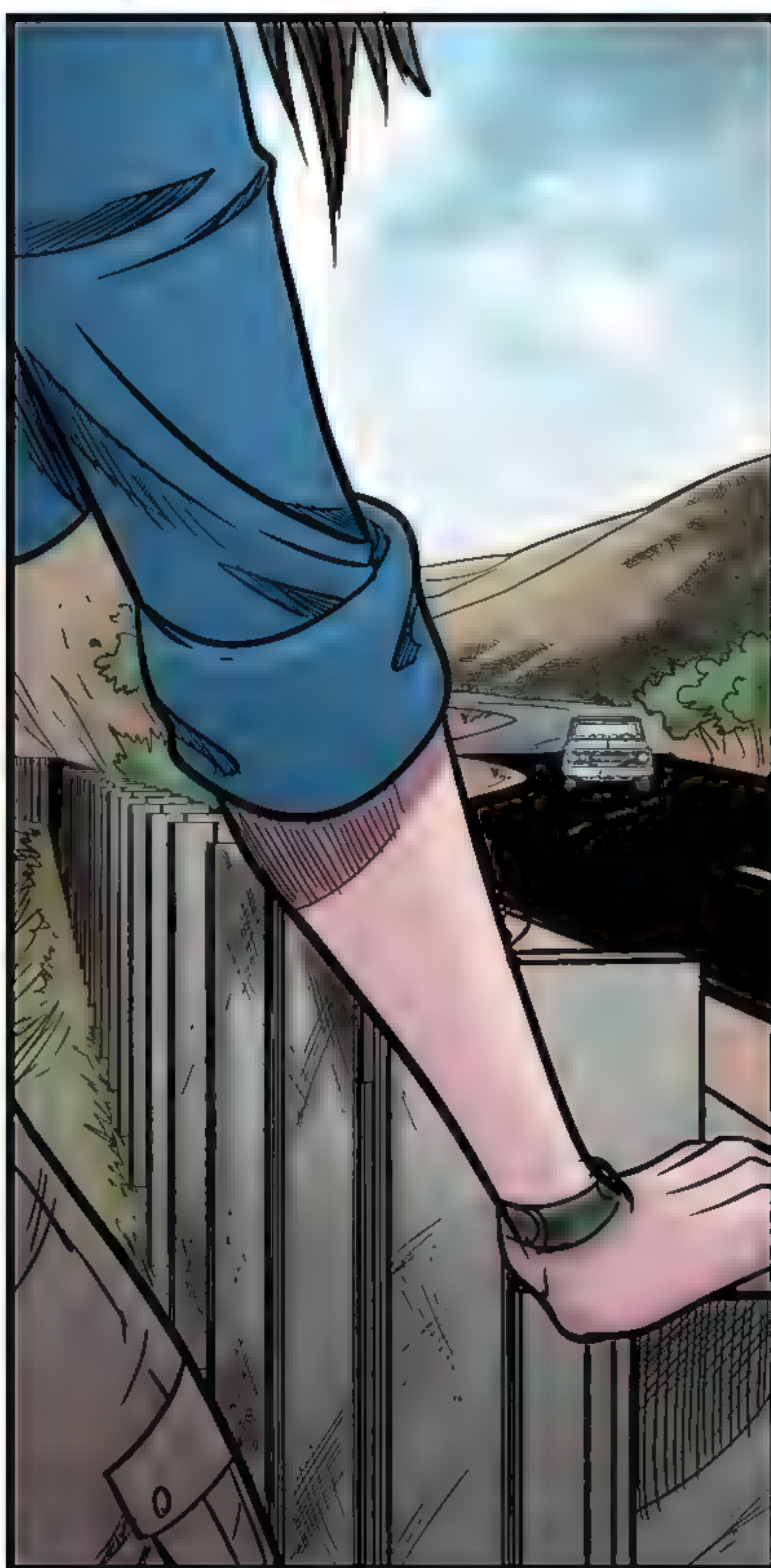
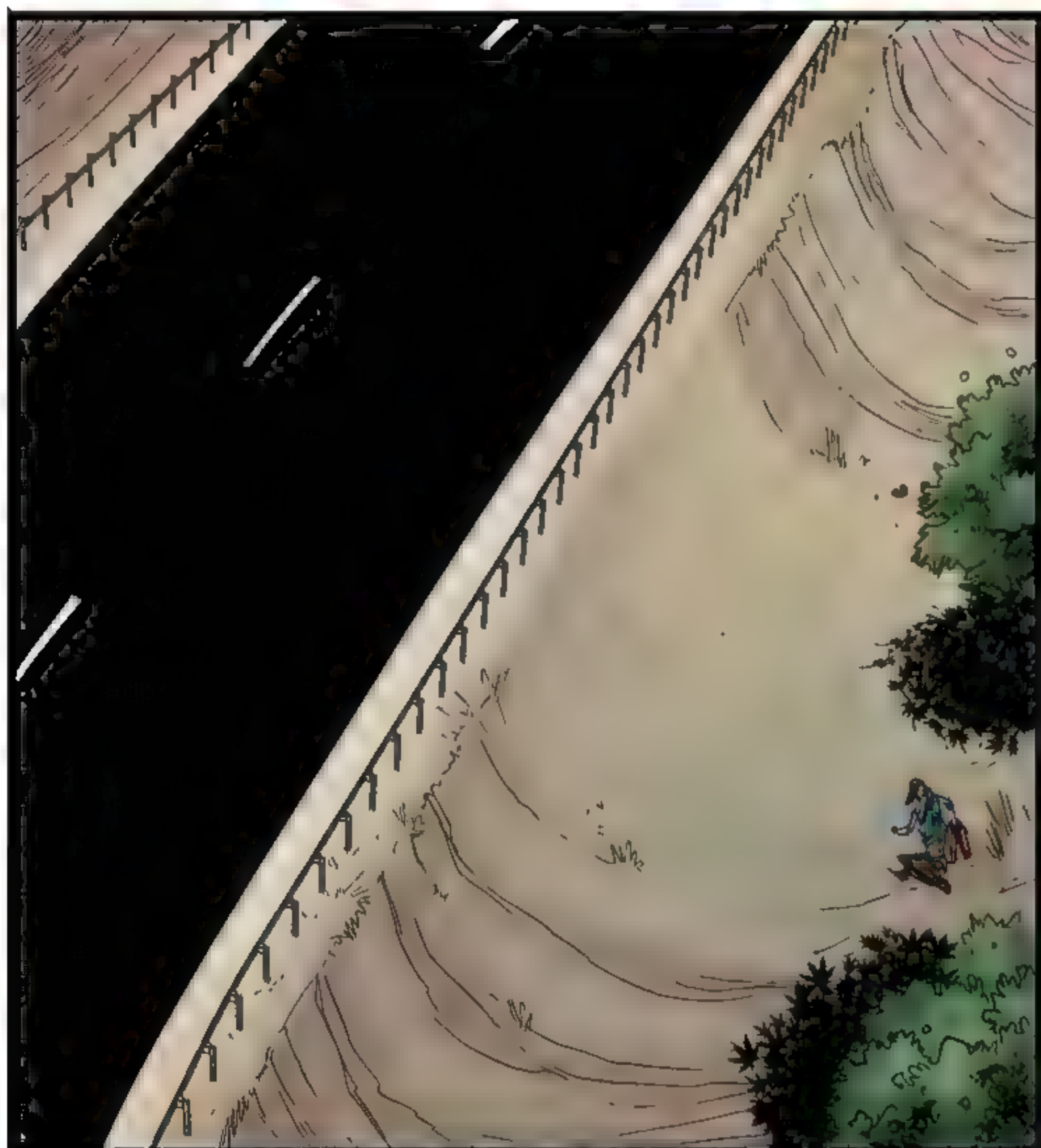


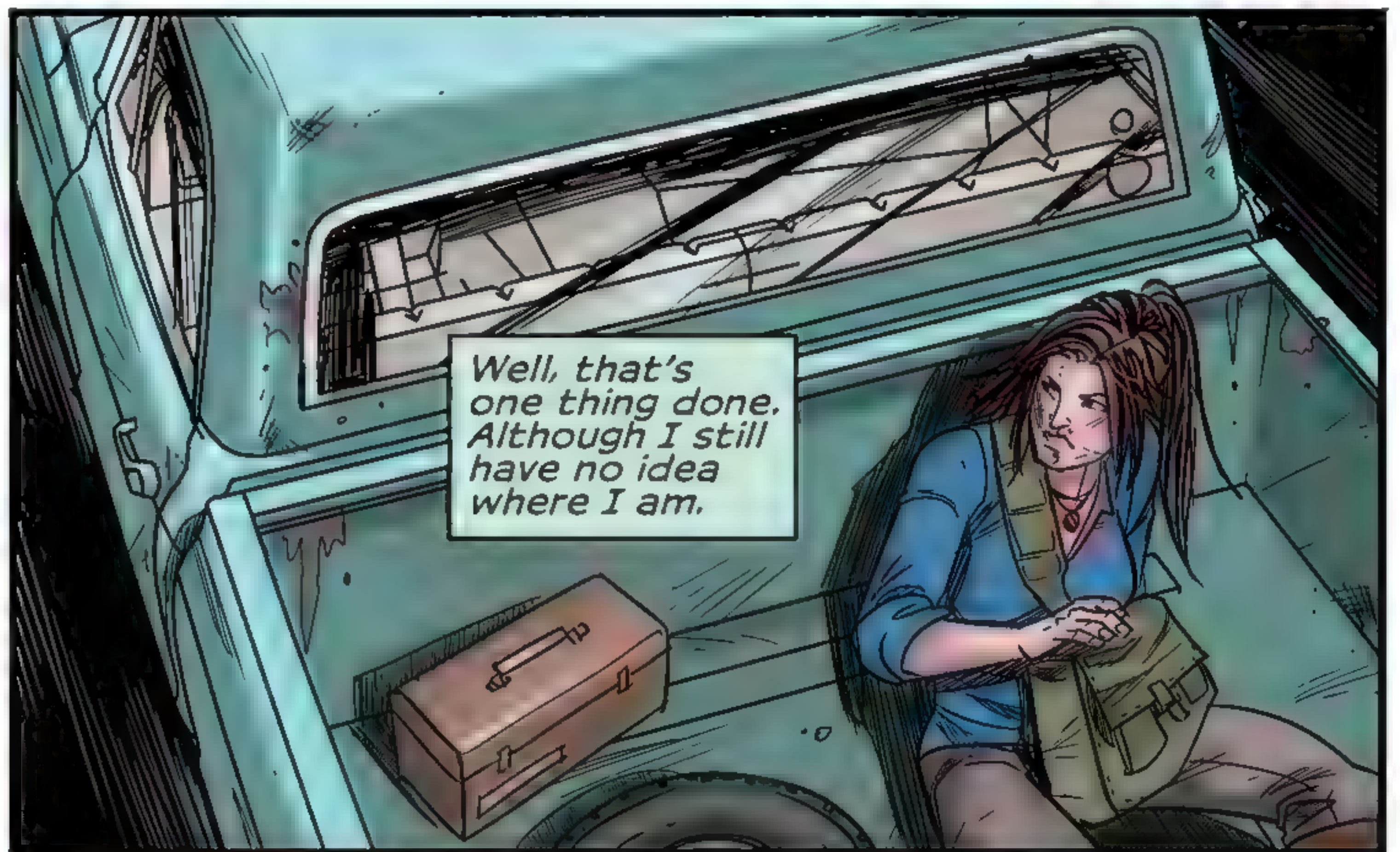
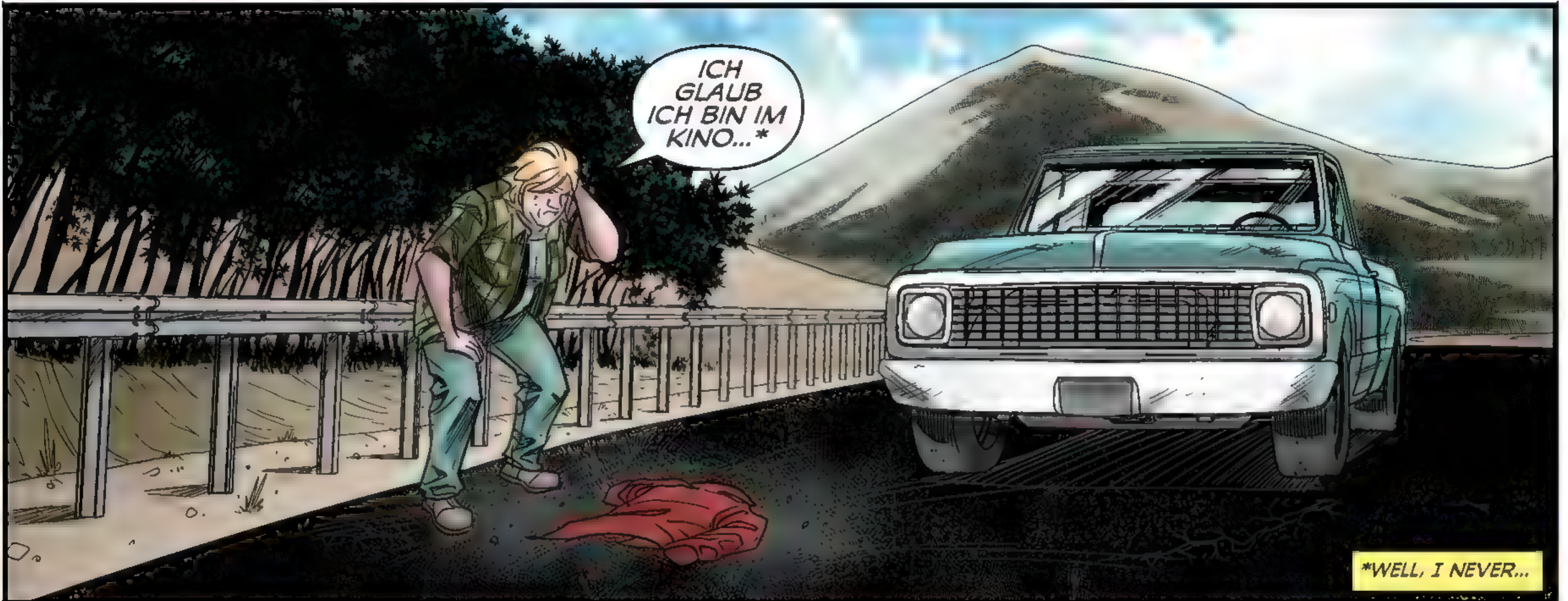


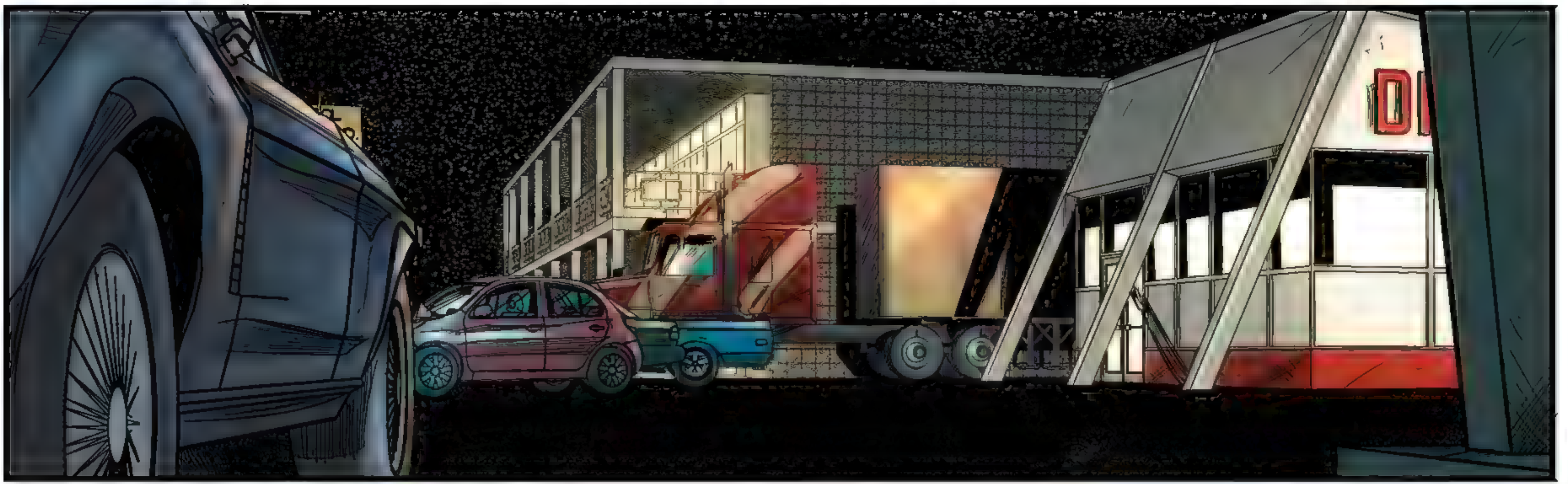


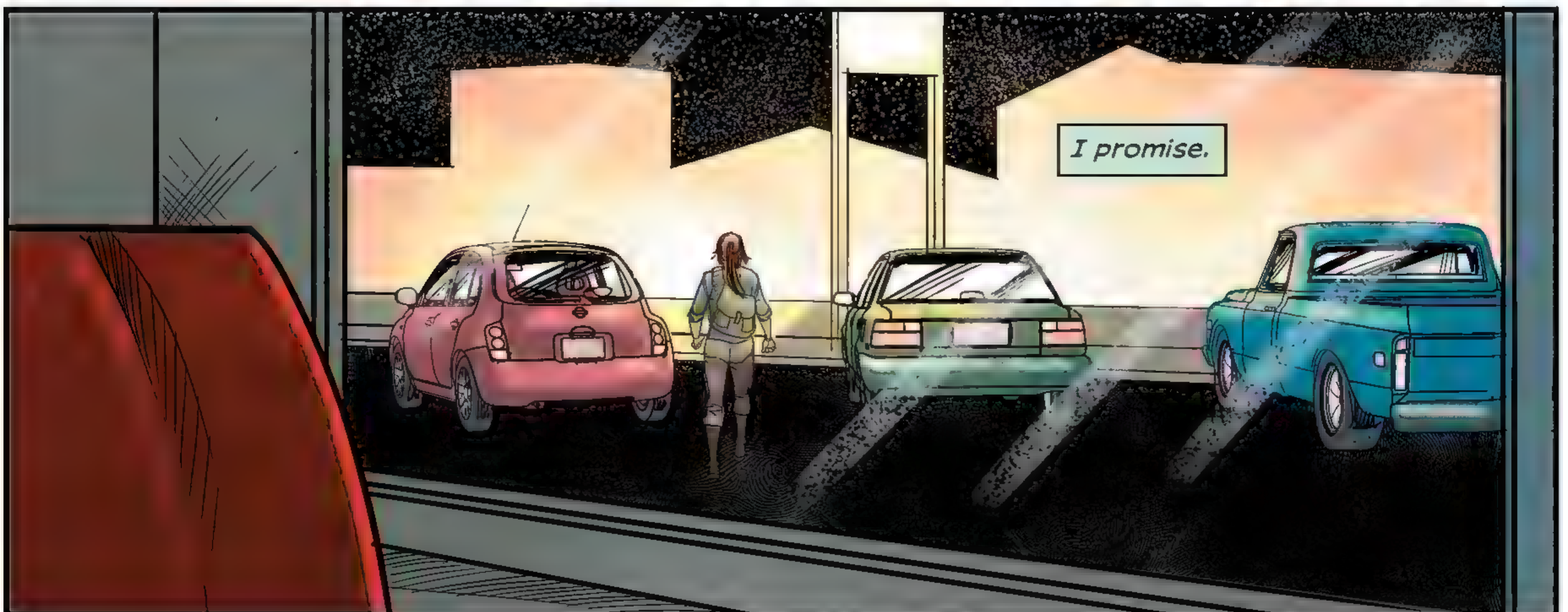
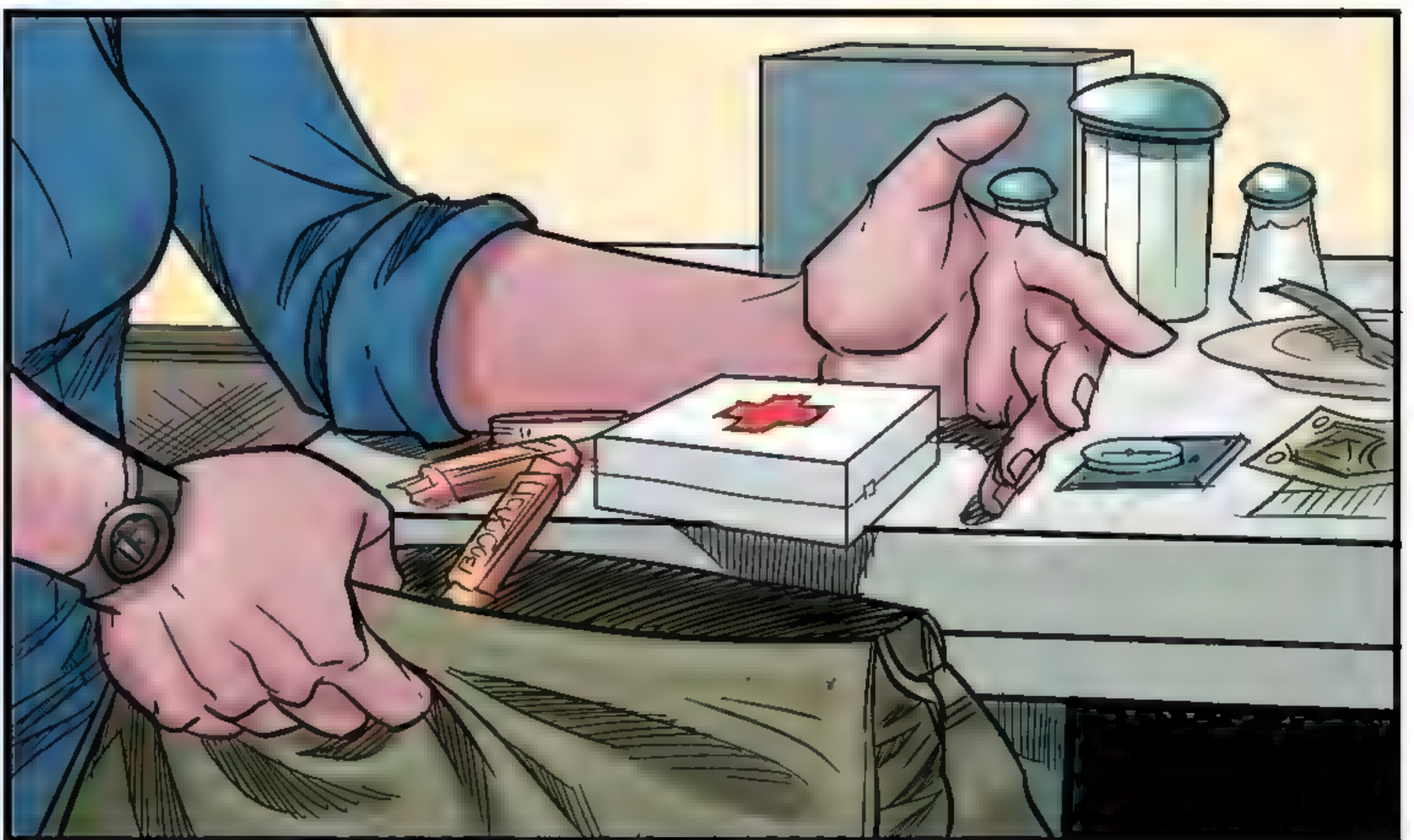
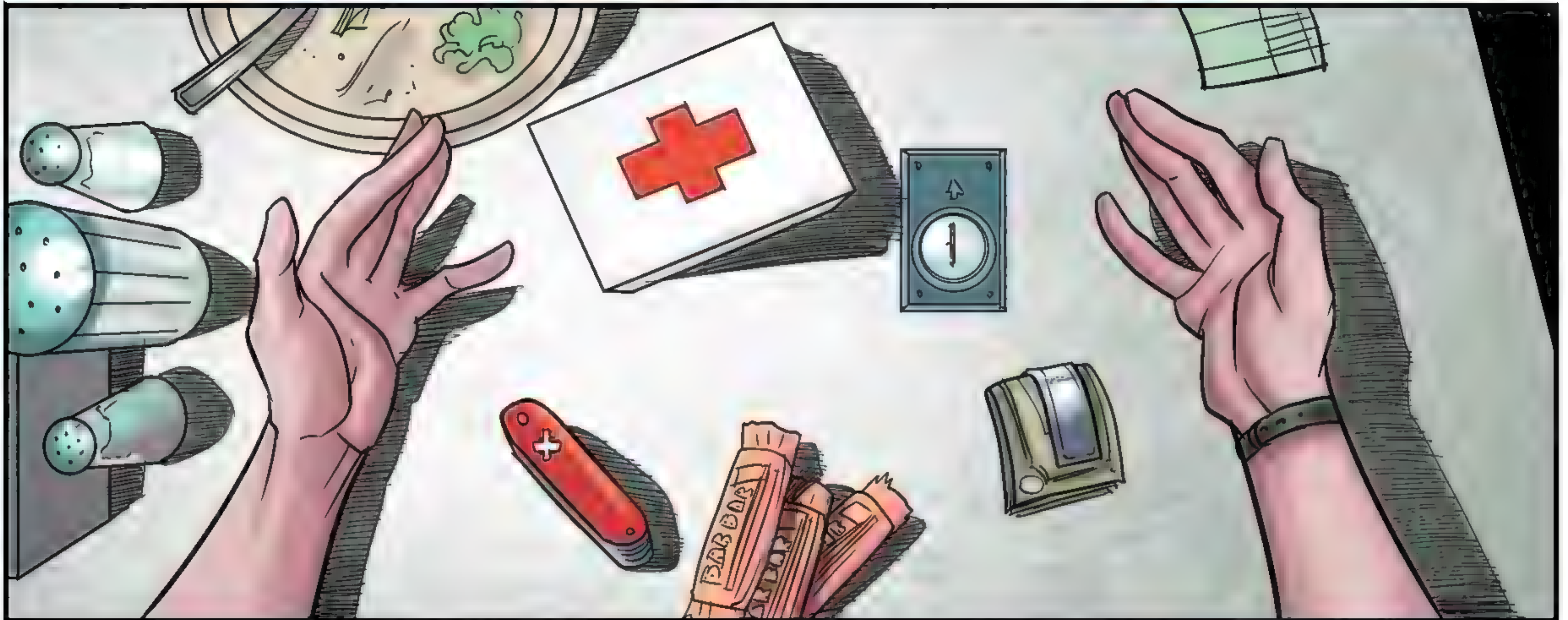
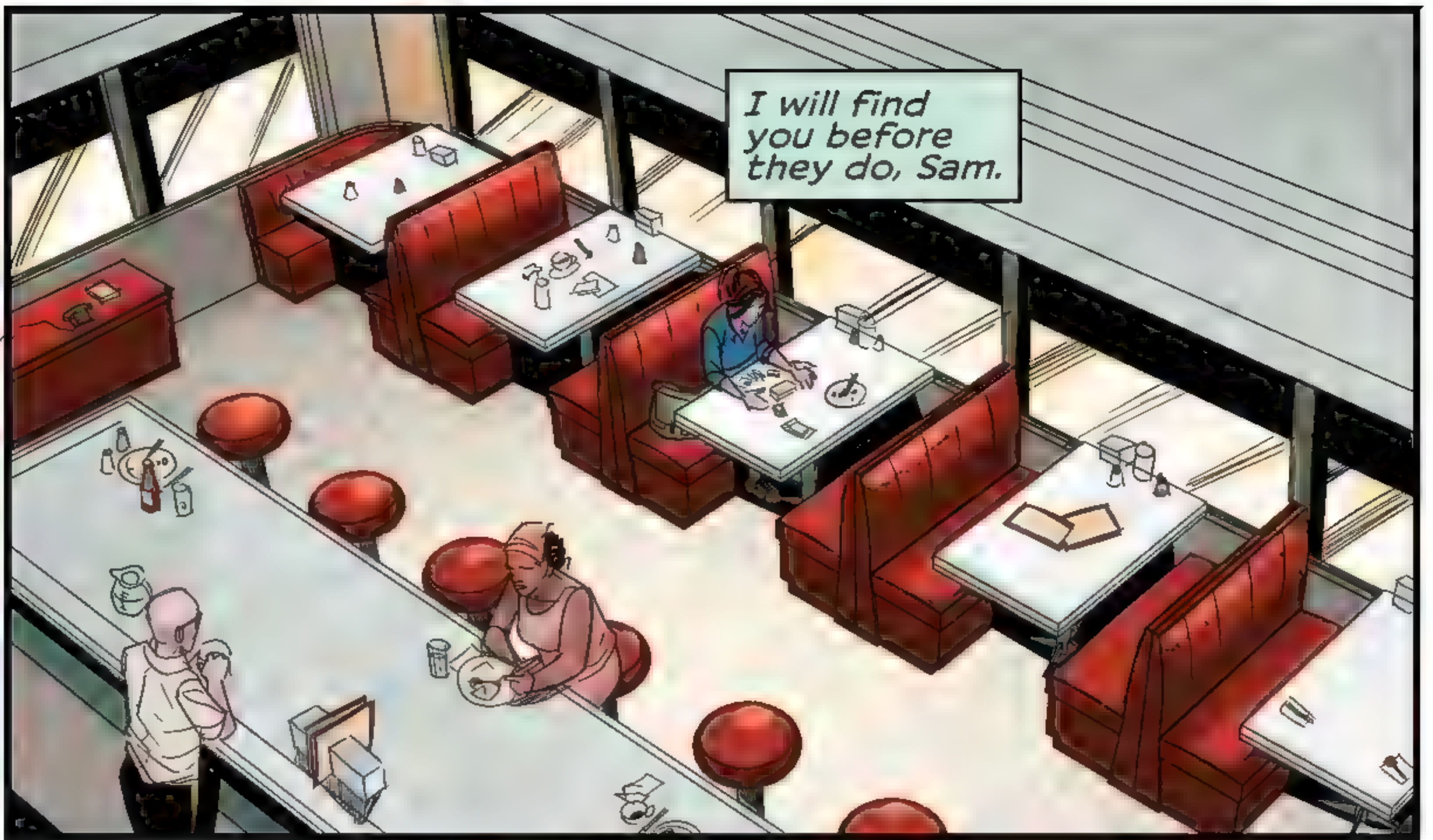












I AM QUESTIONING THE LOGIC NOW THAT CROFT IS RESPONSIBLE FOR NISHIMURA'S DISAPPEARANCE.

IT IS POSSIBLE THE CONDITION WE NOTED IN NISHIMURA PROGRESSED.

AND SHE IS NOW CAPABLE OF VIOLENCE WE HAD NOT ANTICIPATED.

OF COURSE, THE HOSPITAL HAS RELEASED A STATEMENT THAT SHE WAS NOT INVOLVED IN THE GUARD'S MURDER—

NISHIMURA IS STILL MISSING, DR. TAFFE?

YES. BUT--

THEN YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.

AND CROFT?

YOU HAVE YOUR FIRST PRIORITY.

I WANT TO THANK YOU, AH, ONCE AGAIN, FOR YOUR FAITH IN ME.

OUR FAITH IS IN THE DIVINE SOURCE.

OUR TOLERANCE OF YOU, AND YOUR MISTAKES, ON THE OTHER HAND... IS DIMINISHING, DOCTOR.





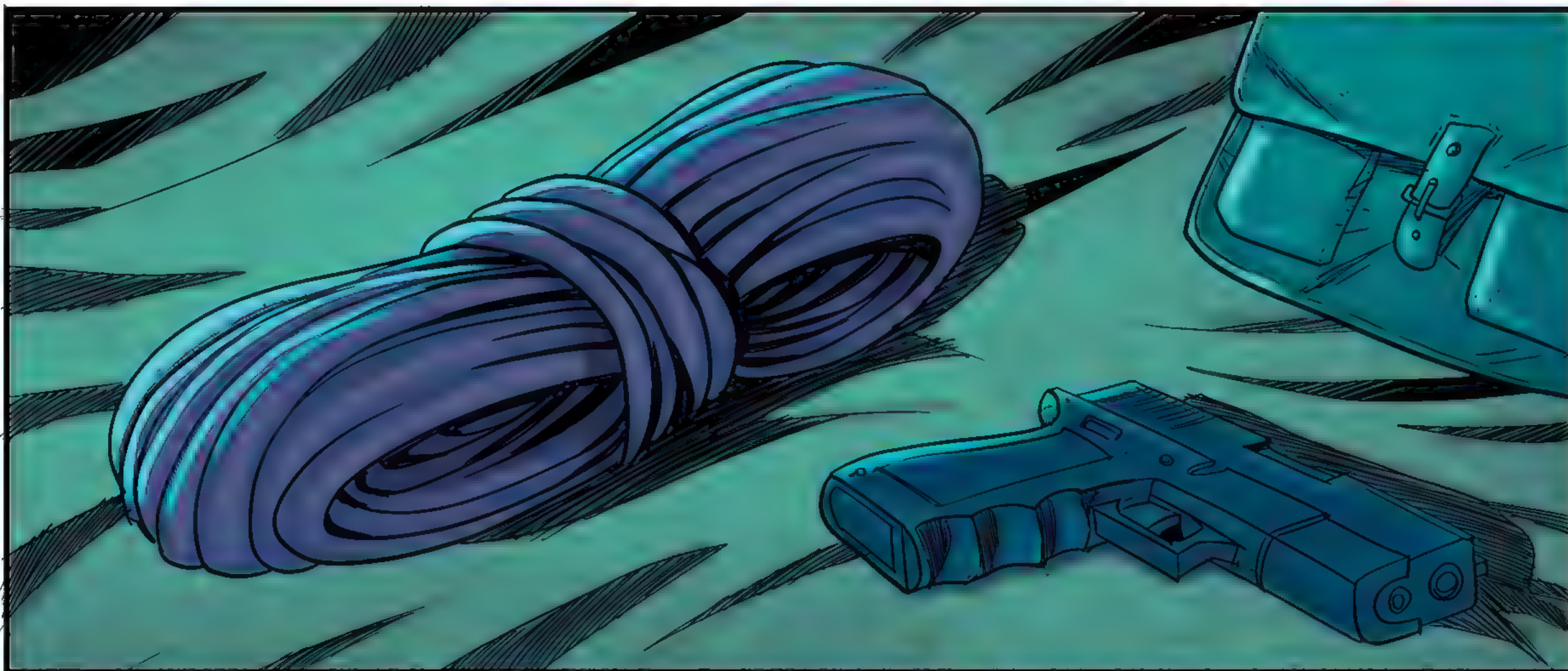
MISSING DAUGHTER, SAMANTHA, LAST

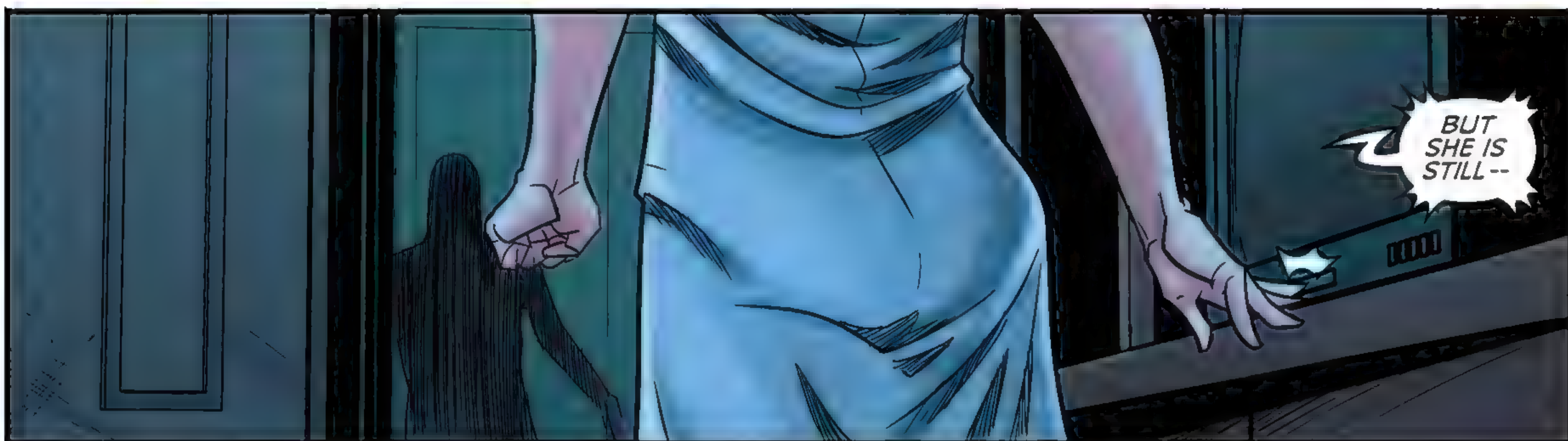
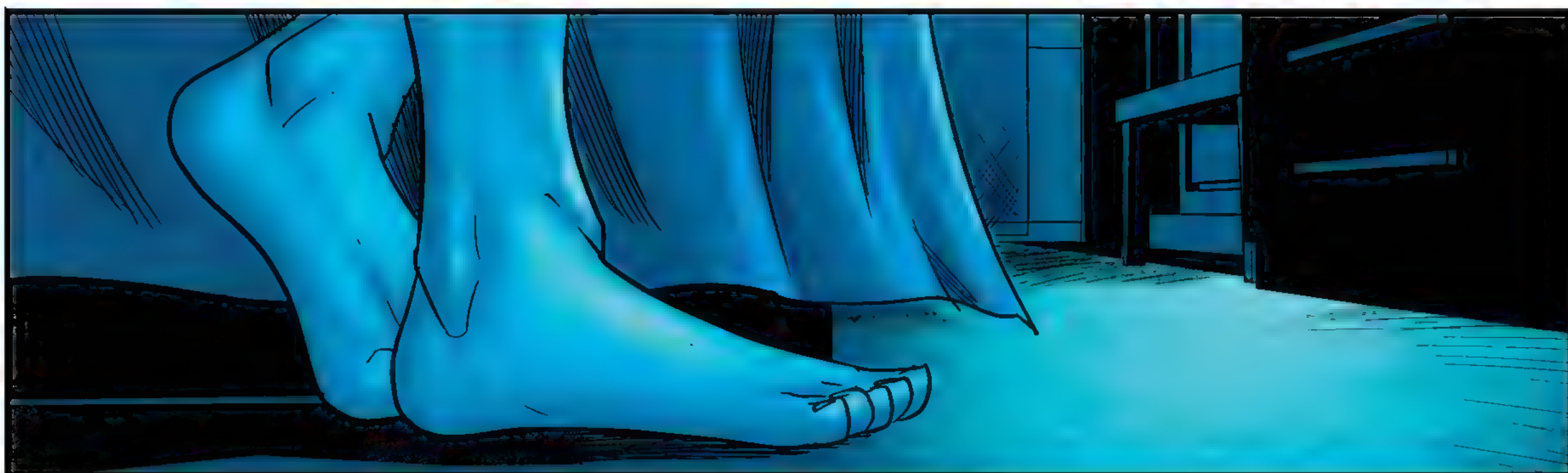


SEEN AT THE HALBERG INSTITUTE OUTSIDE



PARENTS, ANTONIO AND HISAO NISHIMURA







WE LEAVE
TOMORROW.

FEBRUARY 14, 1998.

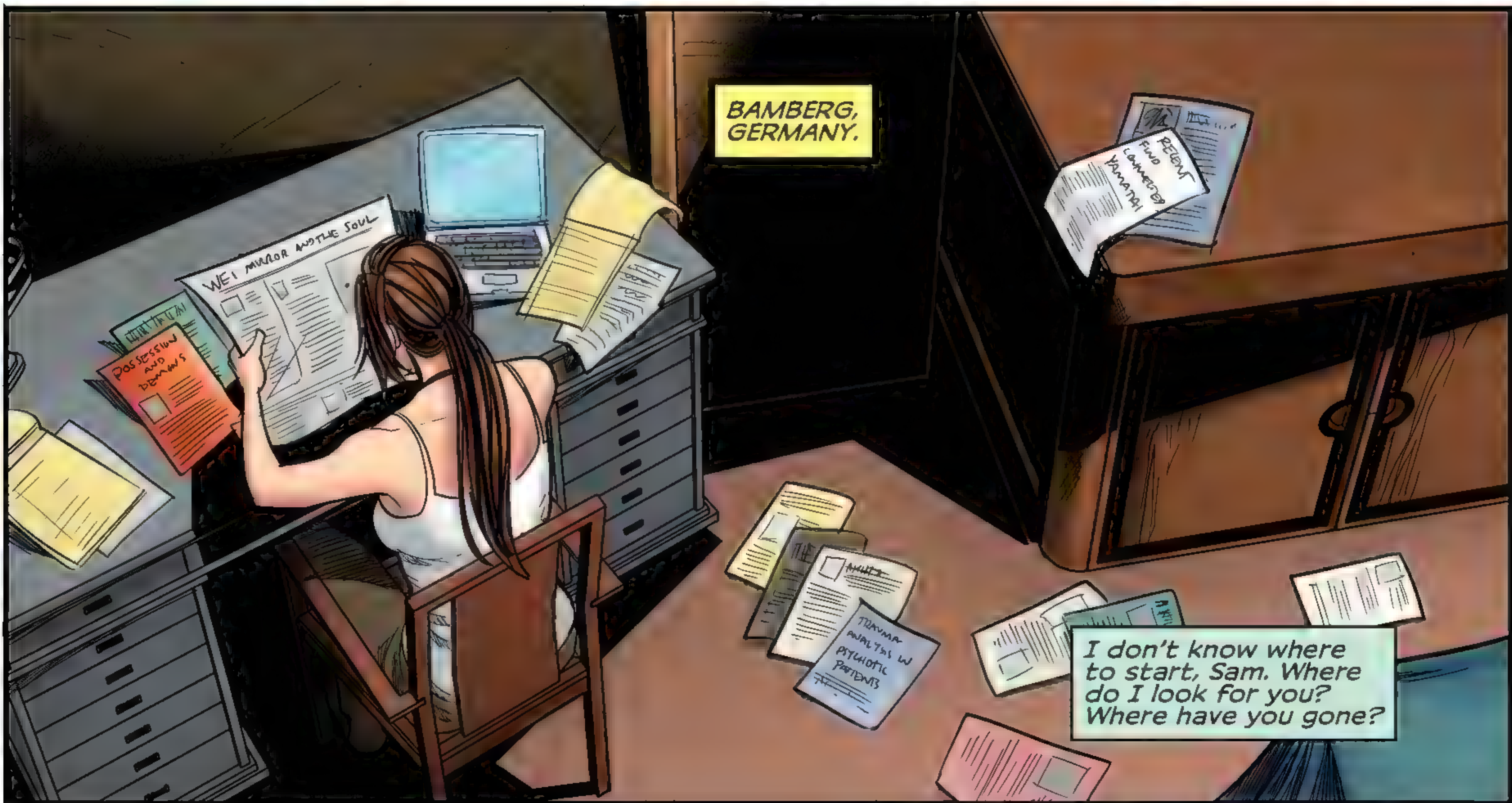
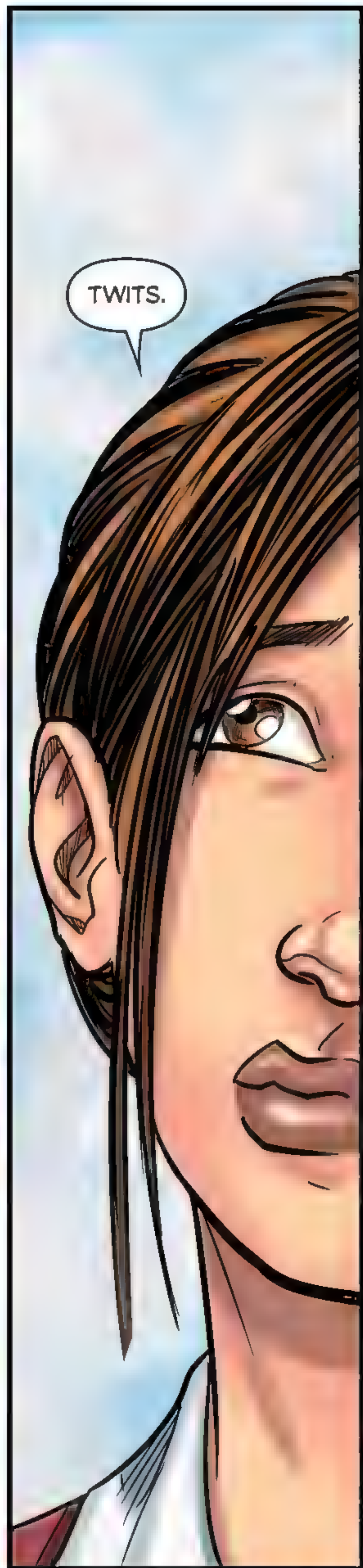
*I grew up in
posh circles.*

A fortunate child.

HEY!
LOOK!

*I can't complain
and wouldn't.*

*It is worth noting,
though, that I grew
up knowing I was
part of a family and
legacy that would
always make me...*





Maybe those girls
who screamed
and ran away when
I was a kid were
thinking ahead.

Being a mate to a
Croft is dangerous.

...a relic
from the court
of the Sun Priestess
Himiko, fabled to haunt the
mysterious Yamatai
Island. Recent
research by
German
scholars
currently
studying
the Wei...

Yamatai.

Himiko.

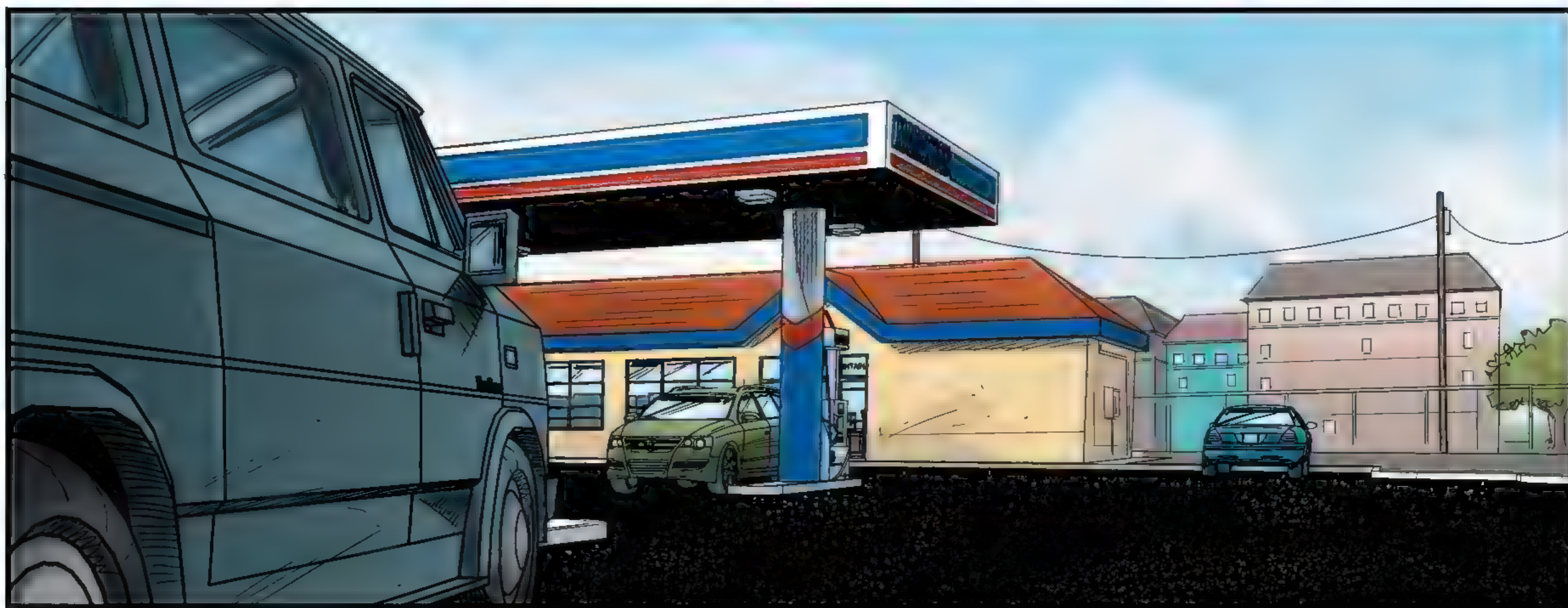
I was sure I had gotten to you in time, before Himiko could transfer her soul into your body.

I thought I'd saved you.

I thought at least you would be okay.

Was I wrong?

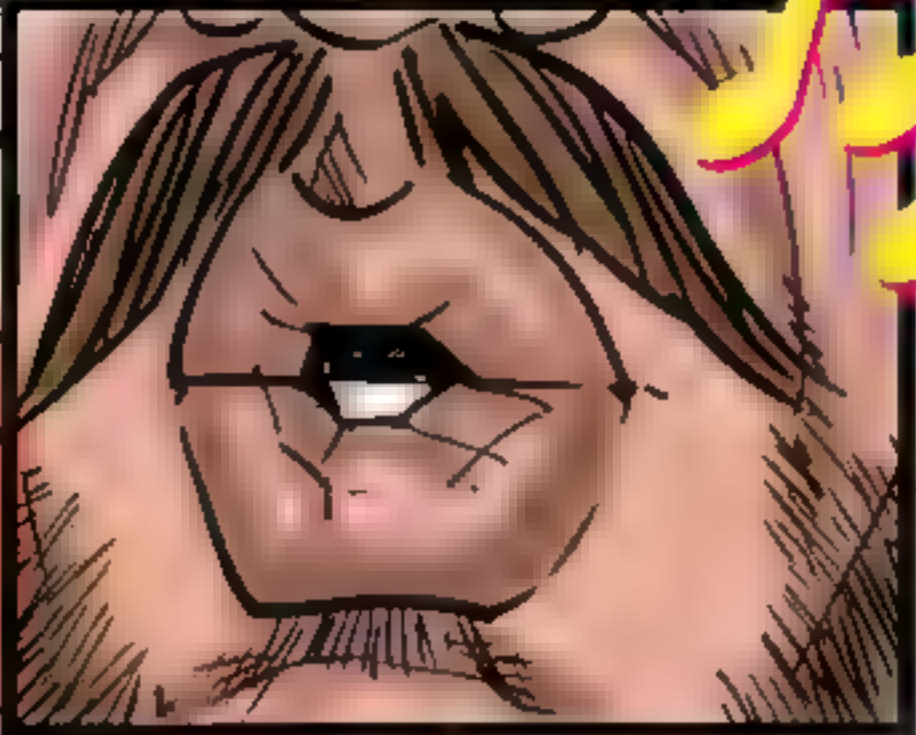
JUST OUTSIDE
HAMBURG, GERMANY.



DING



HALLO.

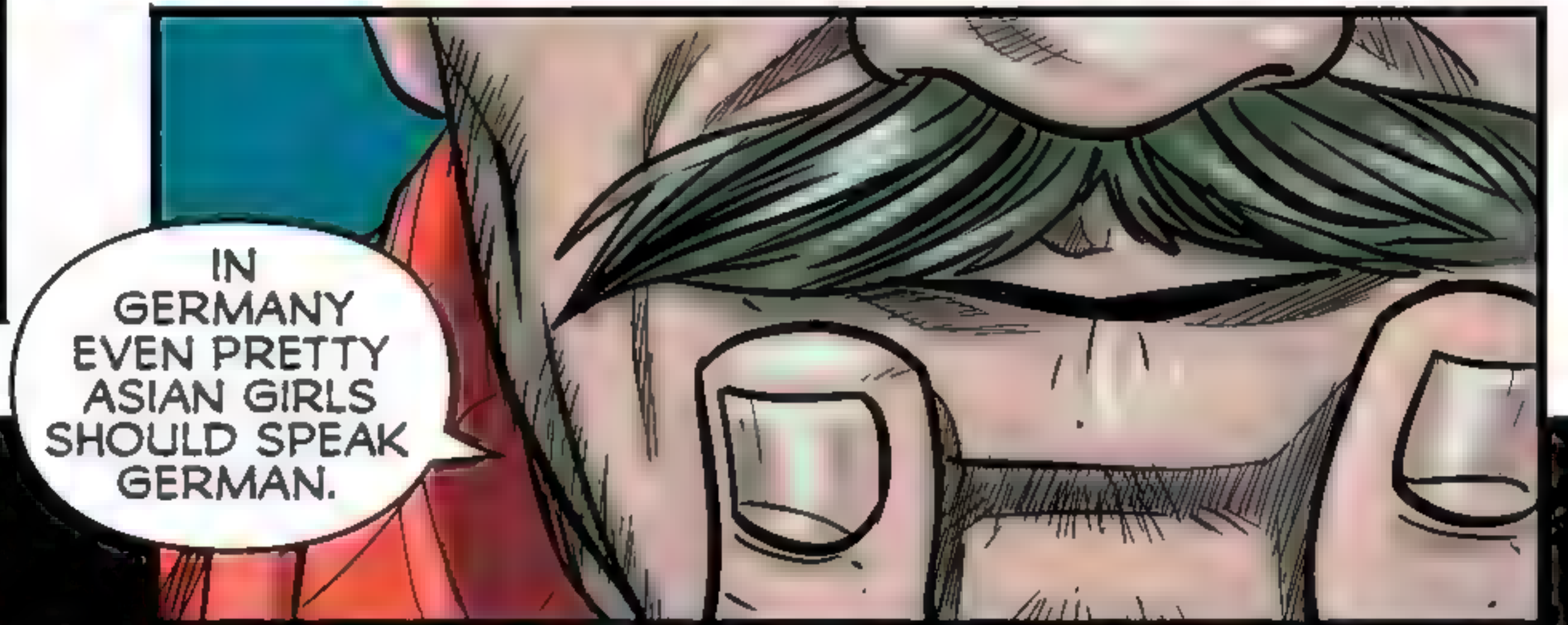


<THAT
WHOLE
GROUP WITH
YOU?>*



HEY!
HALLO!

*GERMAN.





DING

GEÖFFNET

<WHAT'S
GOING ON?>



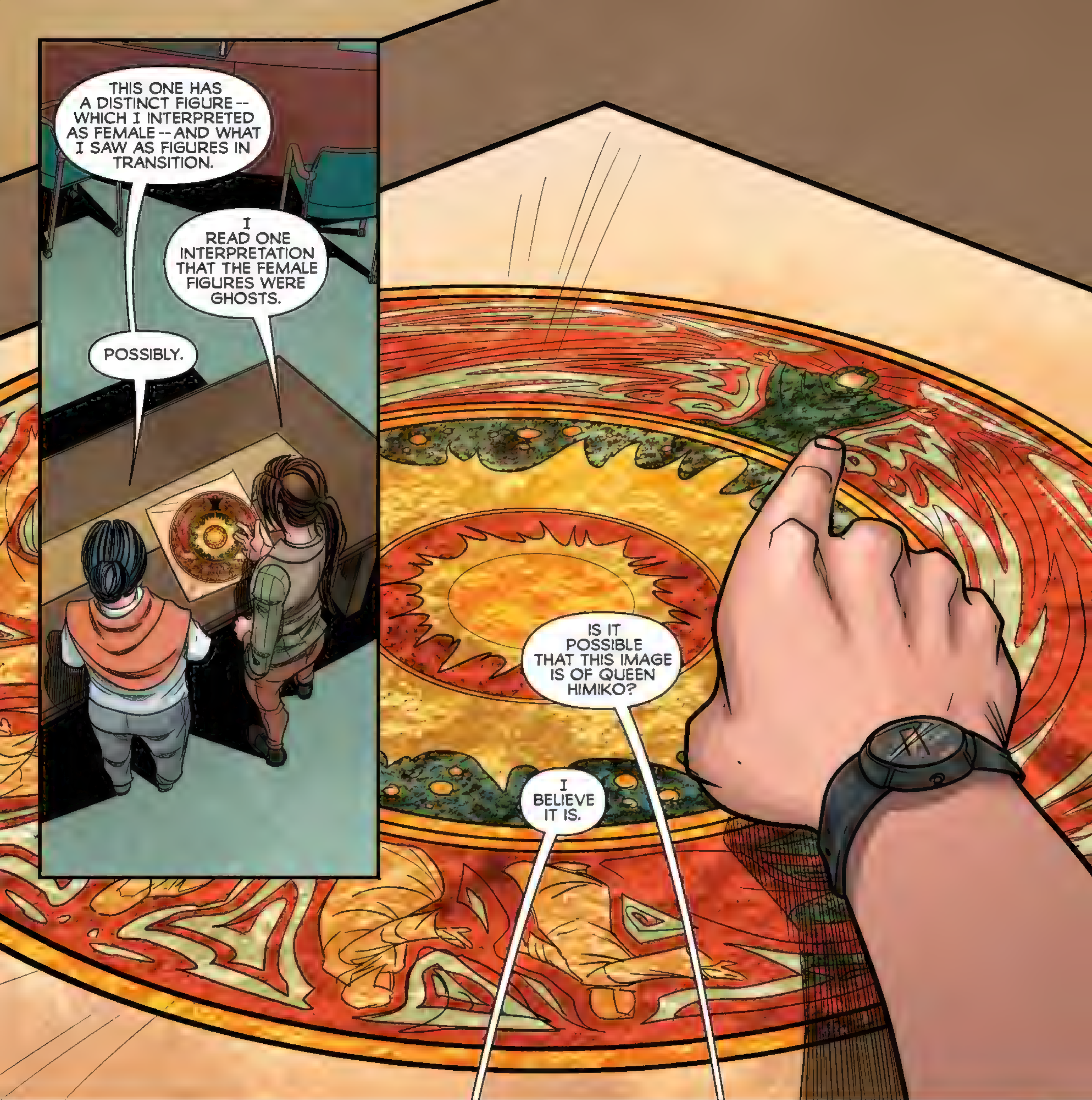
WAAAAH

GRRRAH!

GAH!







THIS ONE HAS
A DISTINCT FIGURE --
WHICH I INTERPRETED
AS FEMALE -- AND WHAT
I SAW AS FIGURES IN
TRANSITION.

I
READ ONE
INTERPRETATION
THAT THE FEMALE
FIGURES WERE
GHOSTS.

POSSIBLY.

IS IT
POSSIBLE
THAT THIS IMAGE
IS OF QUEEN
HIMIKO?

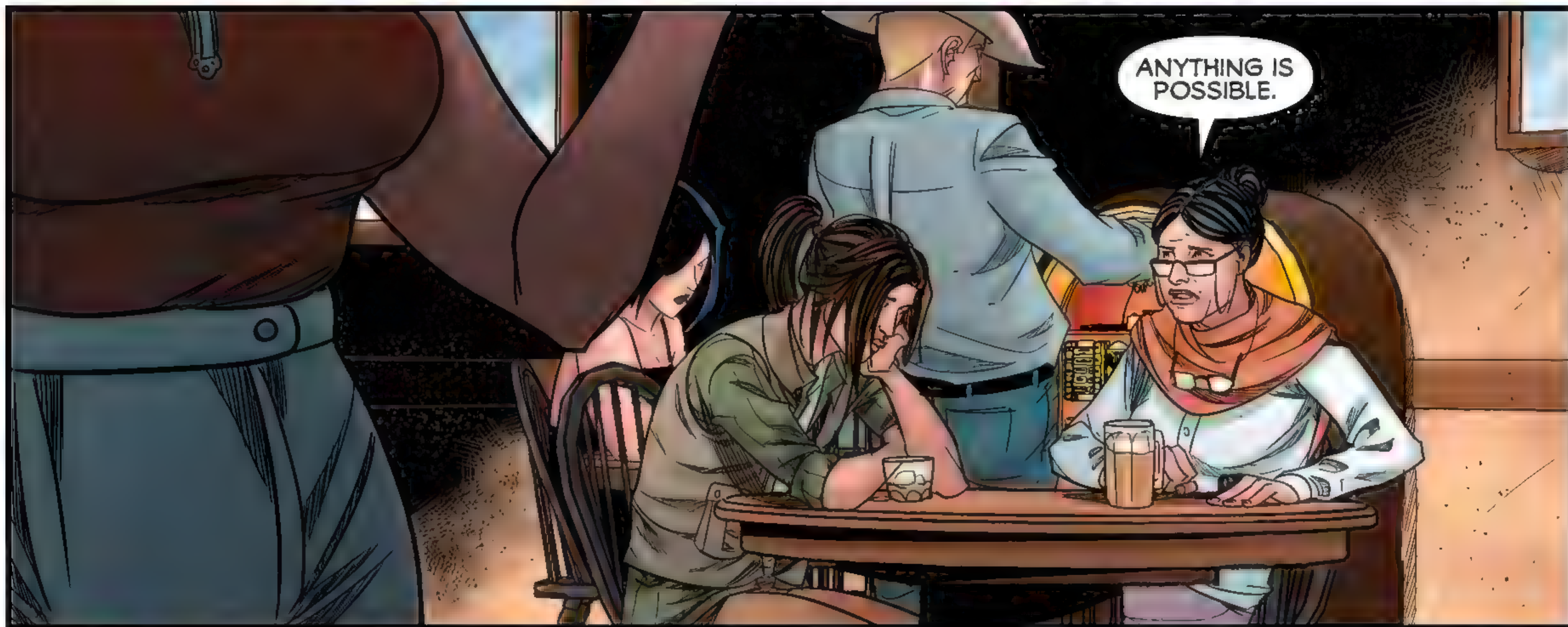
I
BELIEVE
IT IS.

MY INTEREST
HERE, PROFESSOR, IS
ADMITTEDLY NOT JUST
IN THE HISTORY OF
JAPANESE ARTIFACTS
PER SE...

YOU'RE
EITHER HERE TO
ASK ME ABOUT MY
WORK ON ANCIENT
TEXTILES, OR YOU'RE
HERE TO ASK ME
ABOUT MY WORK
ON RITUAL AND
POSSESSION.

THE
LATTER.

THEN
WE SHOULD
GO FOR A
DRINK.

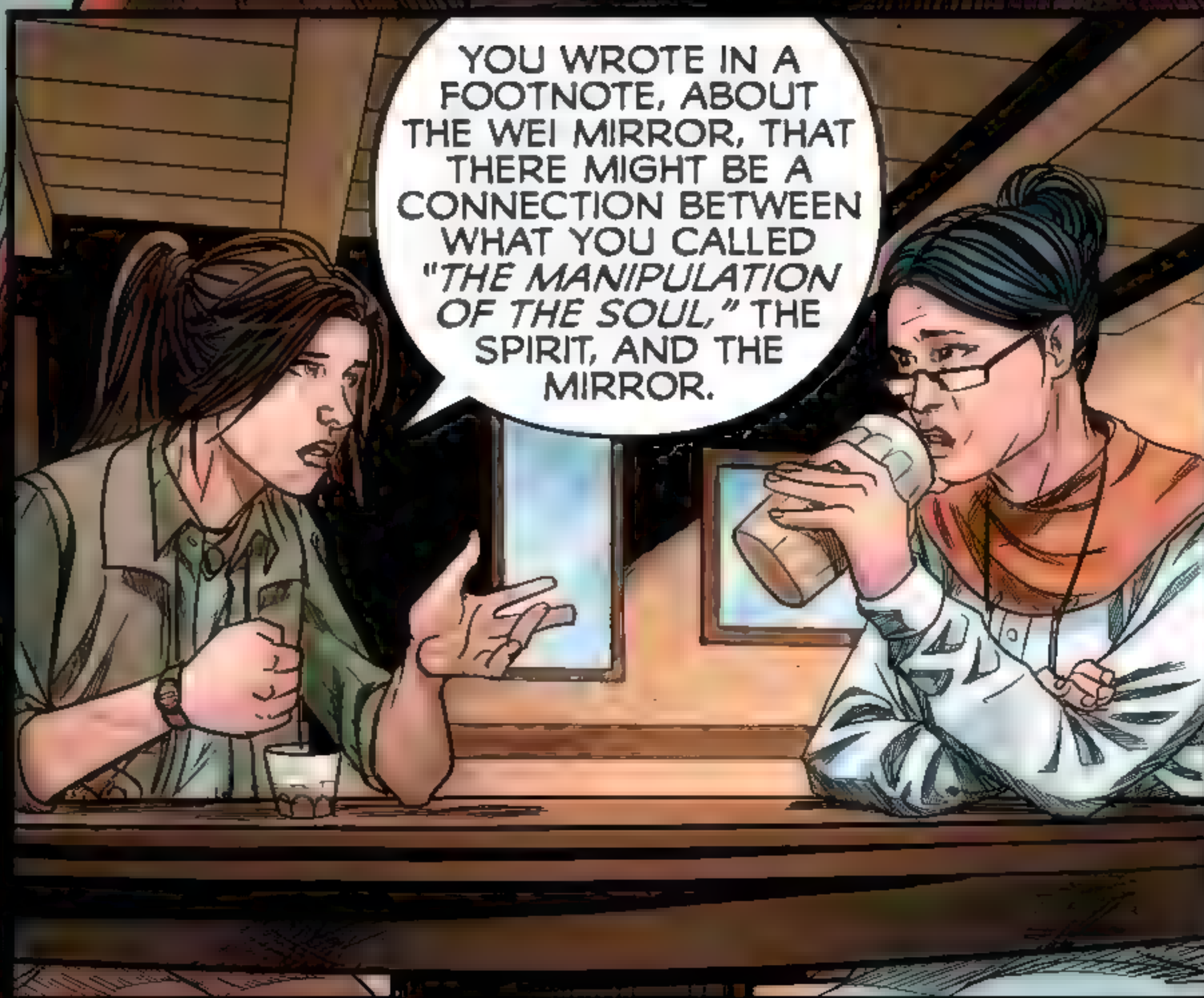




"...INTO THE BODIES
OF GENERATIONS
OF UNKNOWNING
SUN PRIESTESSES."



I HAVE
READ SIMILAR
ACCOUNTS.



YOU WROTE IN A
FOOTNOTE, ABOUT
THE WEI MIRROR, THAT
THERE MIGHT BE A
CONNECTION BETWEEN
WHAT YOU CALLED
"THE MANIPULATION
OF THE SOUL," THE
SPIRIT, AND THE
MIRROR.



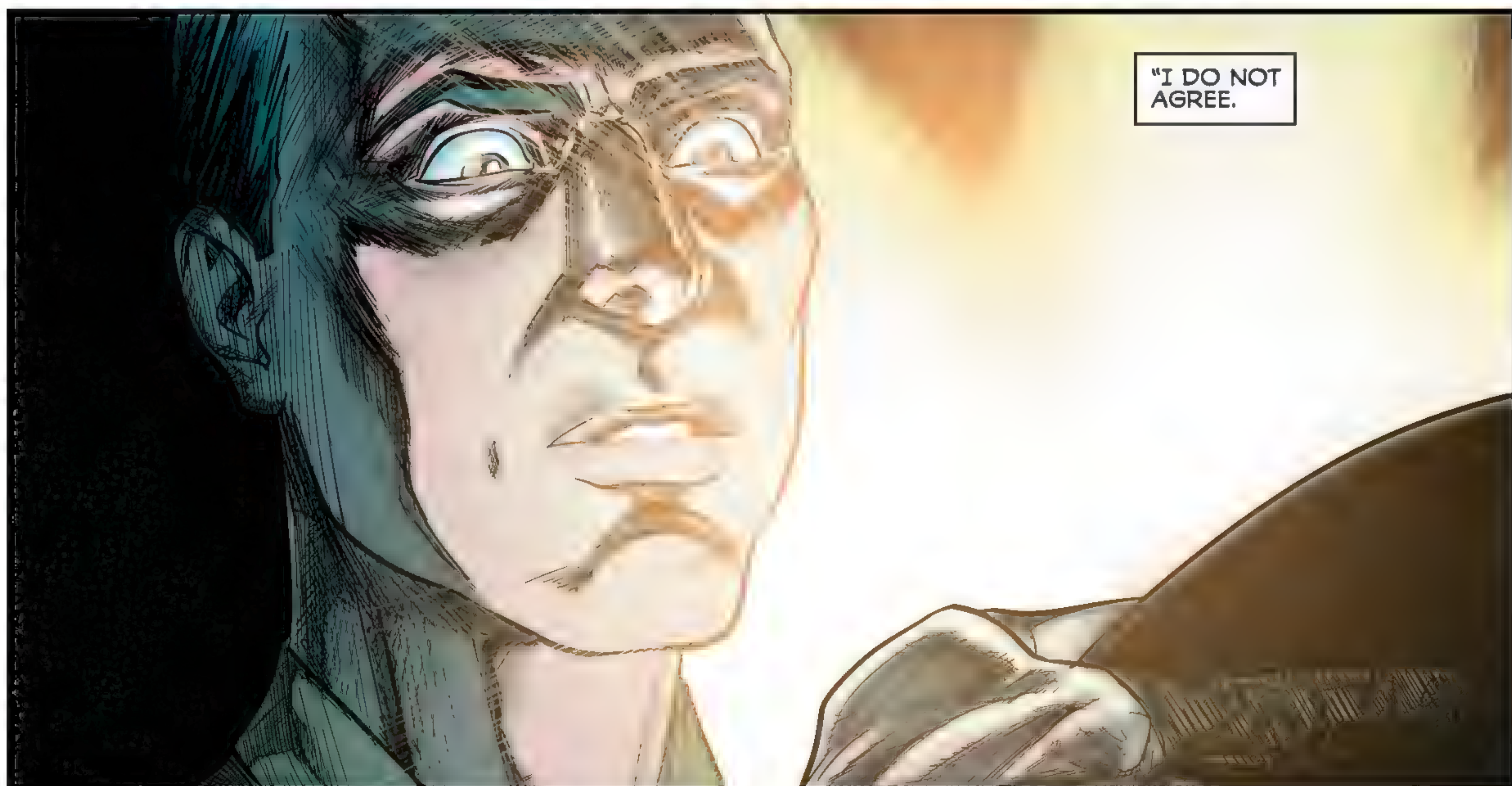
ARCHIVAL STORAGE AND
MAINTENANCE FACILITY.

UNIVERSITY
OF BERLIN.



"MY COLLEAGUES
WANT TO SAY THE
WEI MIRROR IS
MERELY AESTHETIC..."

"A CEREMONIAL
GIFT BESTOWED
UPON MEMBERS
OF THE COURT."



"I DO NOT
AGREE."



"THE OBJECTS OF
POWERFUL FIGURES
LIKE HIMIKO ARE
RARELY DECORATIVE.

"THEY ARE TOOLS.
TOOLS OF A DARK
PRACTICE."

AGREED.

PERHAPS
THERE IS SOME
OTHER RESEARCH,
LESS OFFICIAL, I COULD
POINT YOU TOWARD.
I KNOW THE MIRROR IS
PART OF A MUSEUM TOUR
SPONSORED BY THE
UNIVERSITY. I BELIEVE
IT IS CURRENTLY
IN BERLIN.

HAMBURG.

NO.



NOT AGAIN.



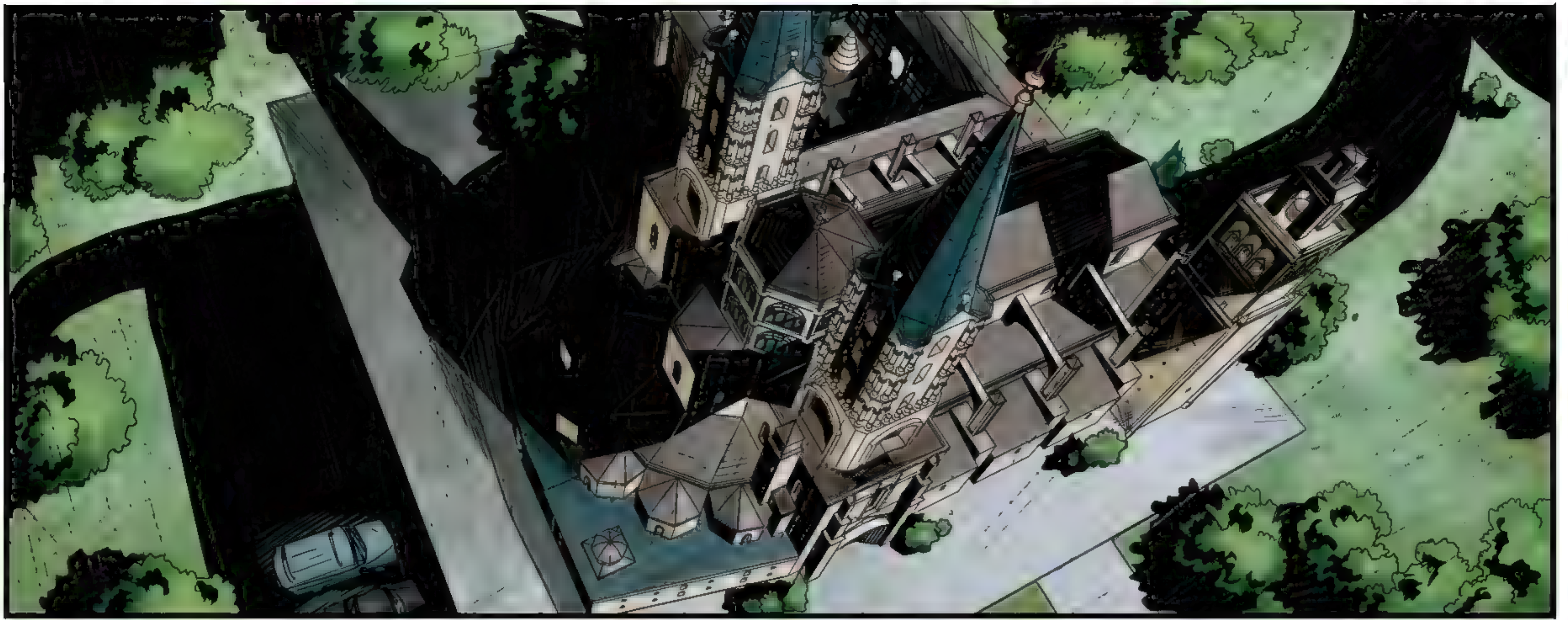
OUR PATH TO YAMATAI WILL LEAVE A TRAIL OF FIRE.



BURN IT DOWN.







I DO NOT PRACTICE CHRISTIANITY PER SE, BUT I DO COME HERE TO THINK OFTEN.

IT IS VERY PEACEFUL.

YOU HAVE SOMEONE YOU NEED TO HELP.

I DO.

YOU THINK THIS PERSON IS POSSESSED?



MORE AND MORE, YES.



LARA, I CANNOT TELL YOU WHAT--

CLICK



SHH.



PROFESSOR MORROW...



KILL THE
WOMAN.
CAPTURE
CROFT.



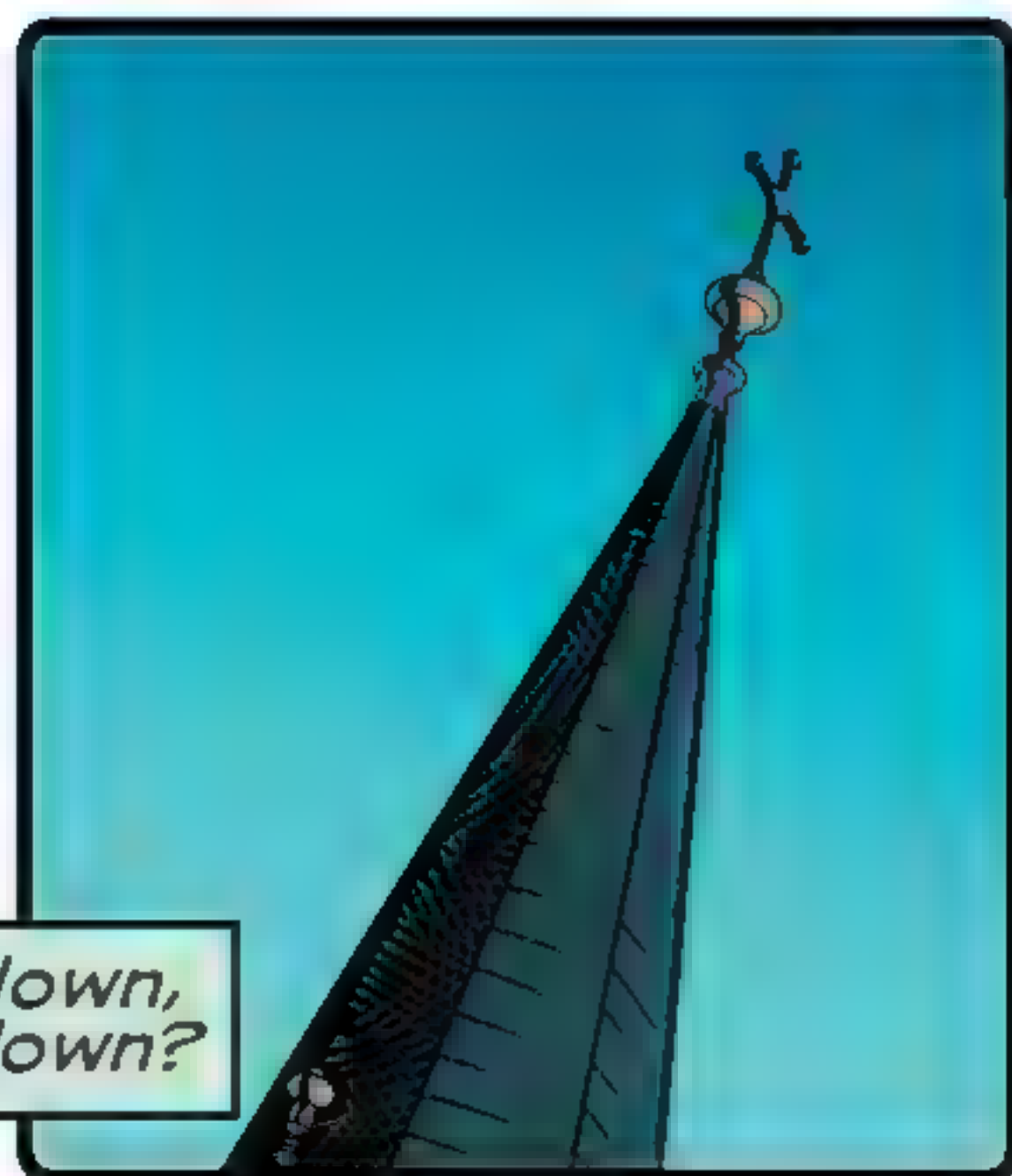
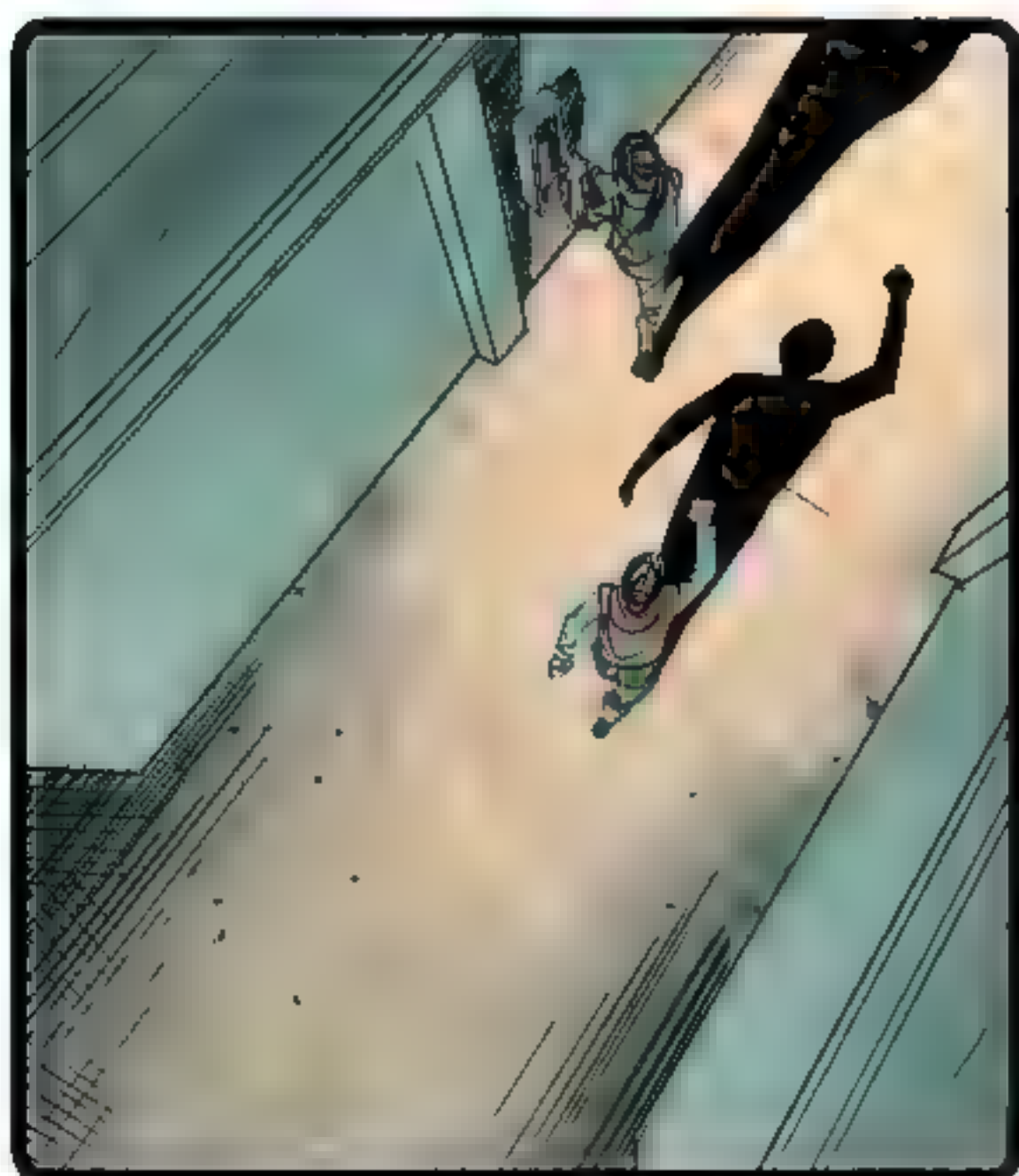
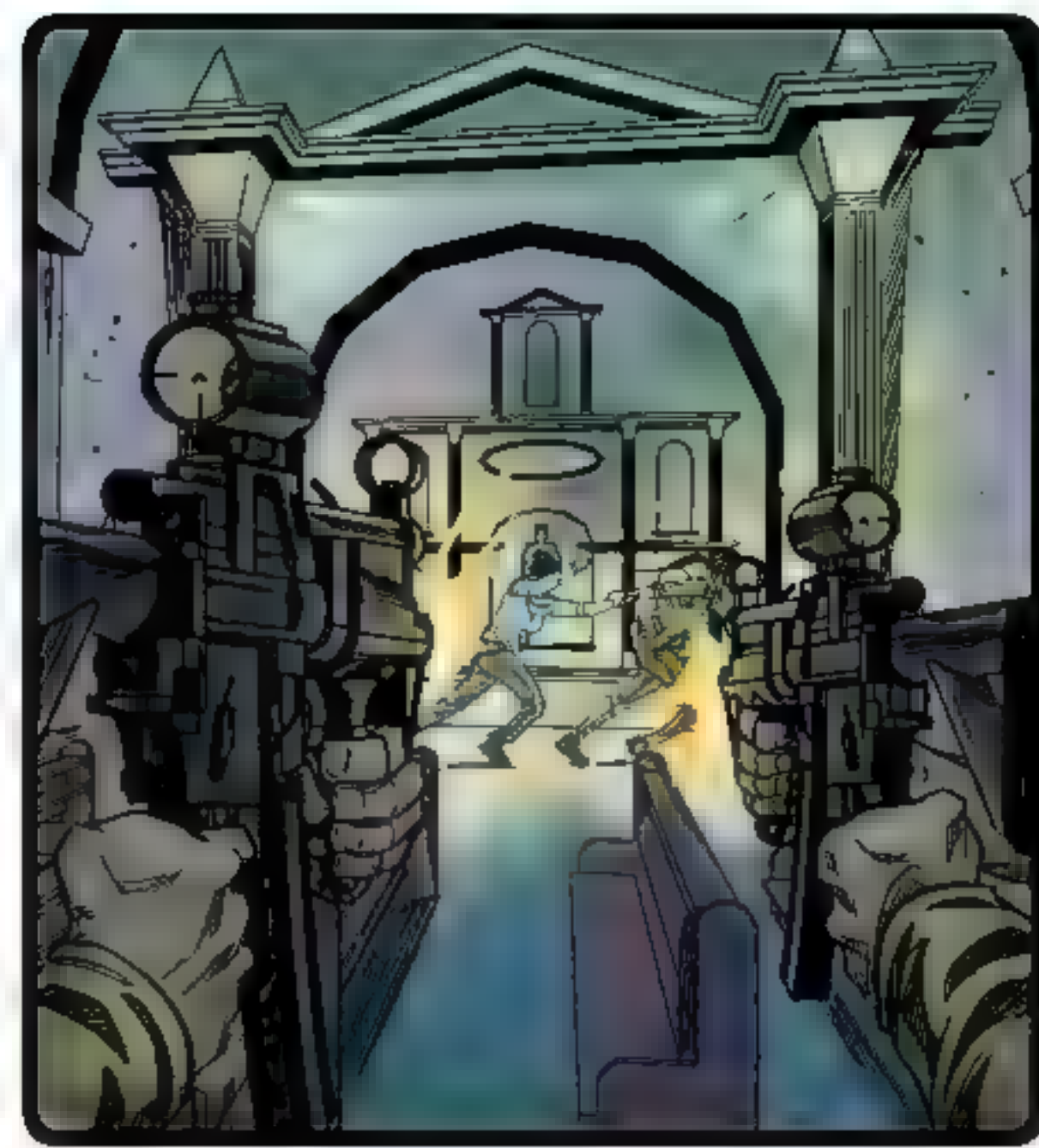
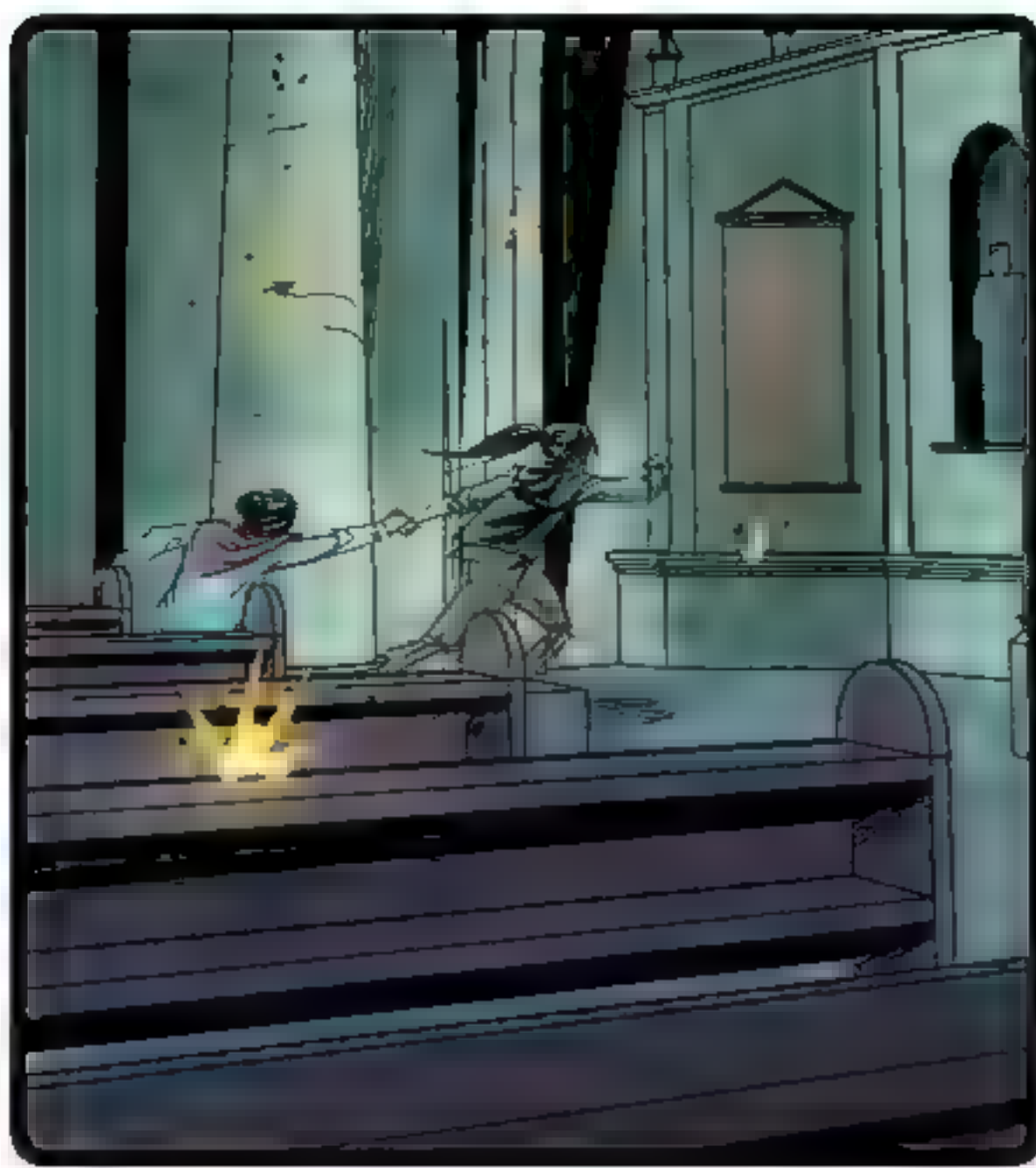
THAT
WAS A
GUN?

YES.

YOU
CLEARLY LEAD
A COMPLICATED
LIFE, MISS
CROFT.

Yes. I do.



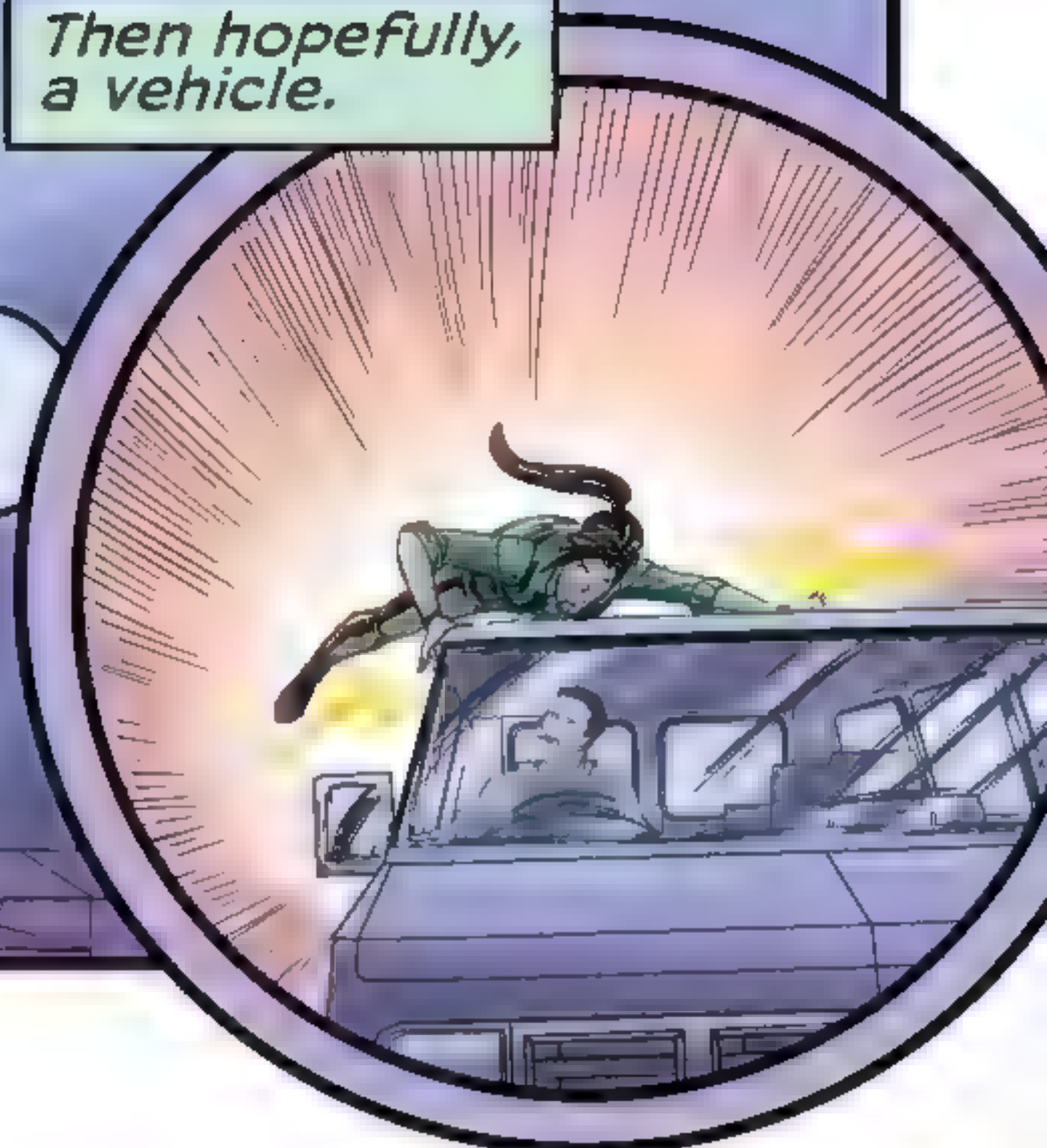




Right. Going up
means the roof.
Across the
rooftop.



Then hopefully,
a vehicle.



Then again...



We could
go down
the stairs
instead.



THIS
WAY!





ALL RIGHT.
THROUGH HERE PLEASE,
PROFESSOR.



WHO ARE
THEY?

AN ORGANI-
ZATION CALLED
TRINITY.

RELIGIOUS OR
CORPORATE?

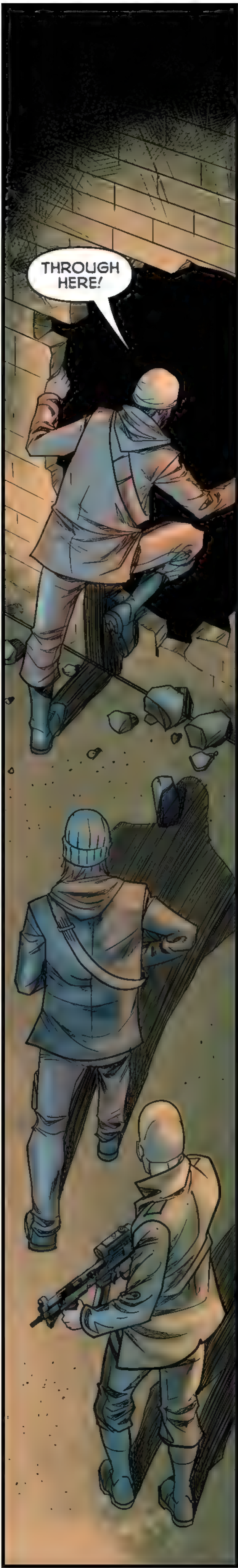
DIVINE.
IN THEIR OWN
WORDS.

DIVINE
BUT WITH
LITTLE CARE FOR
DESTROYING
A CATHEDRAL
THAT'S EIGHT
CENTURIES
OLD.

YES.



THROUGH
HERE!



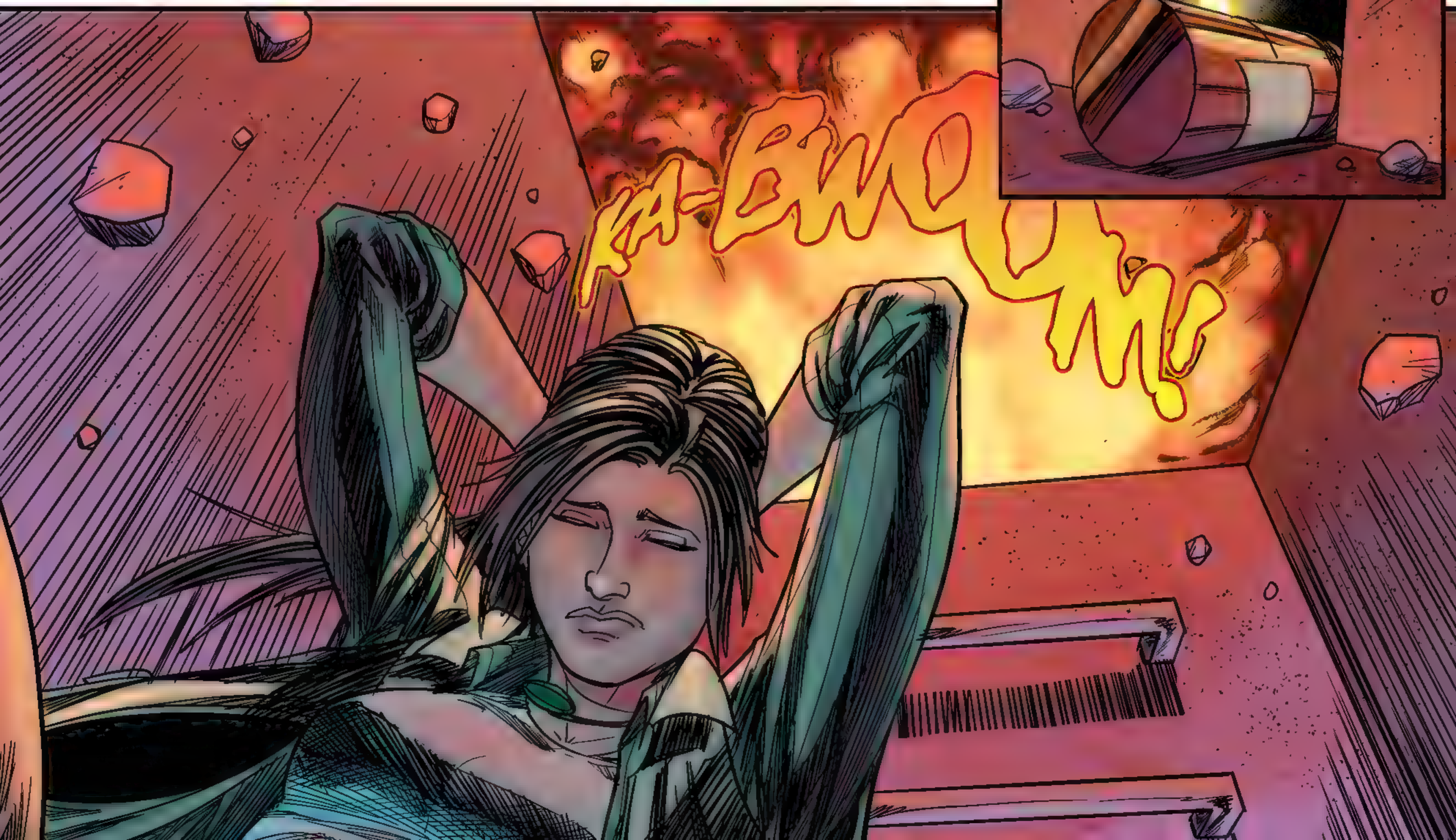
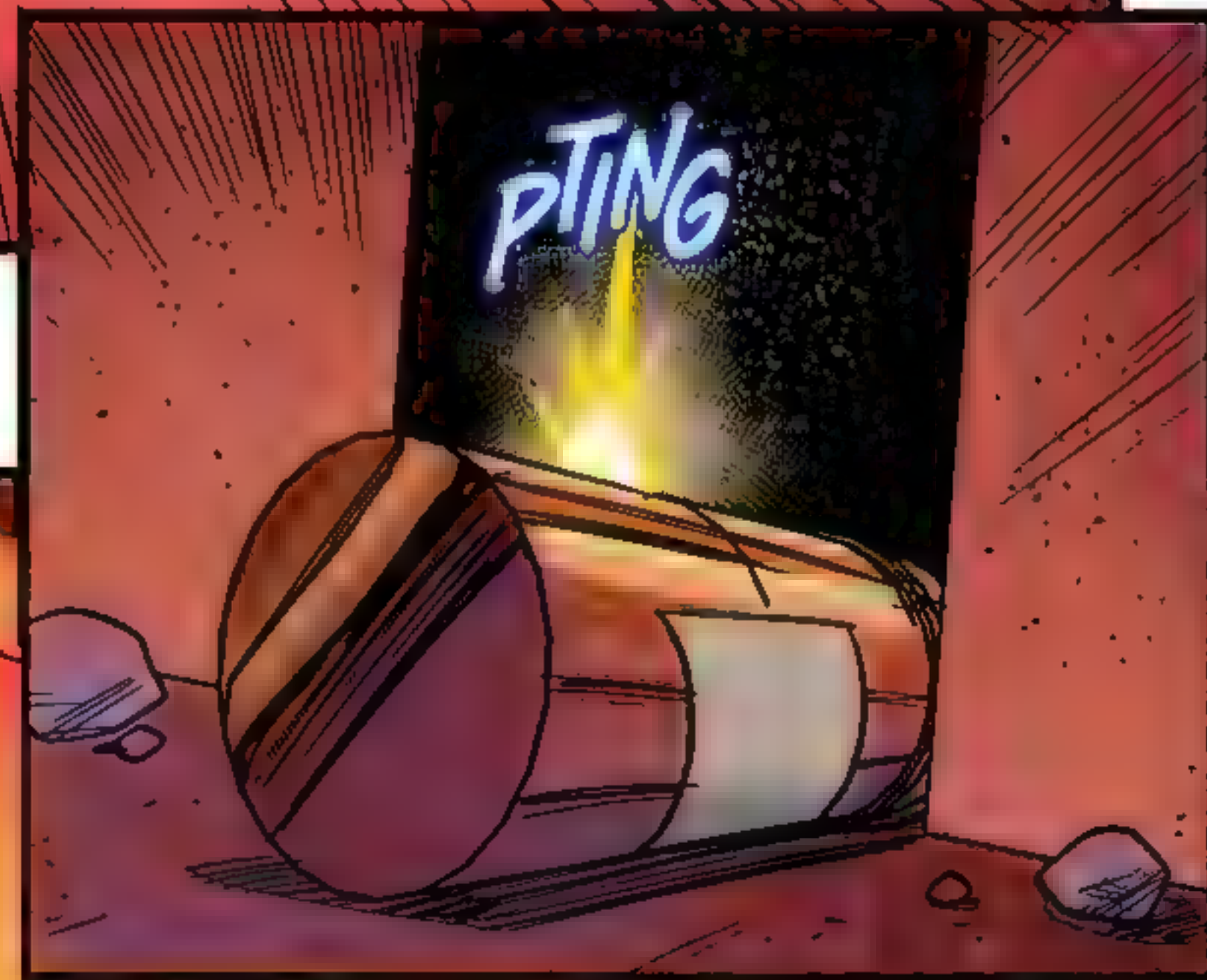
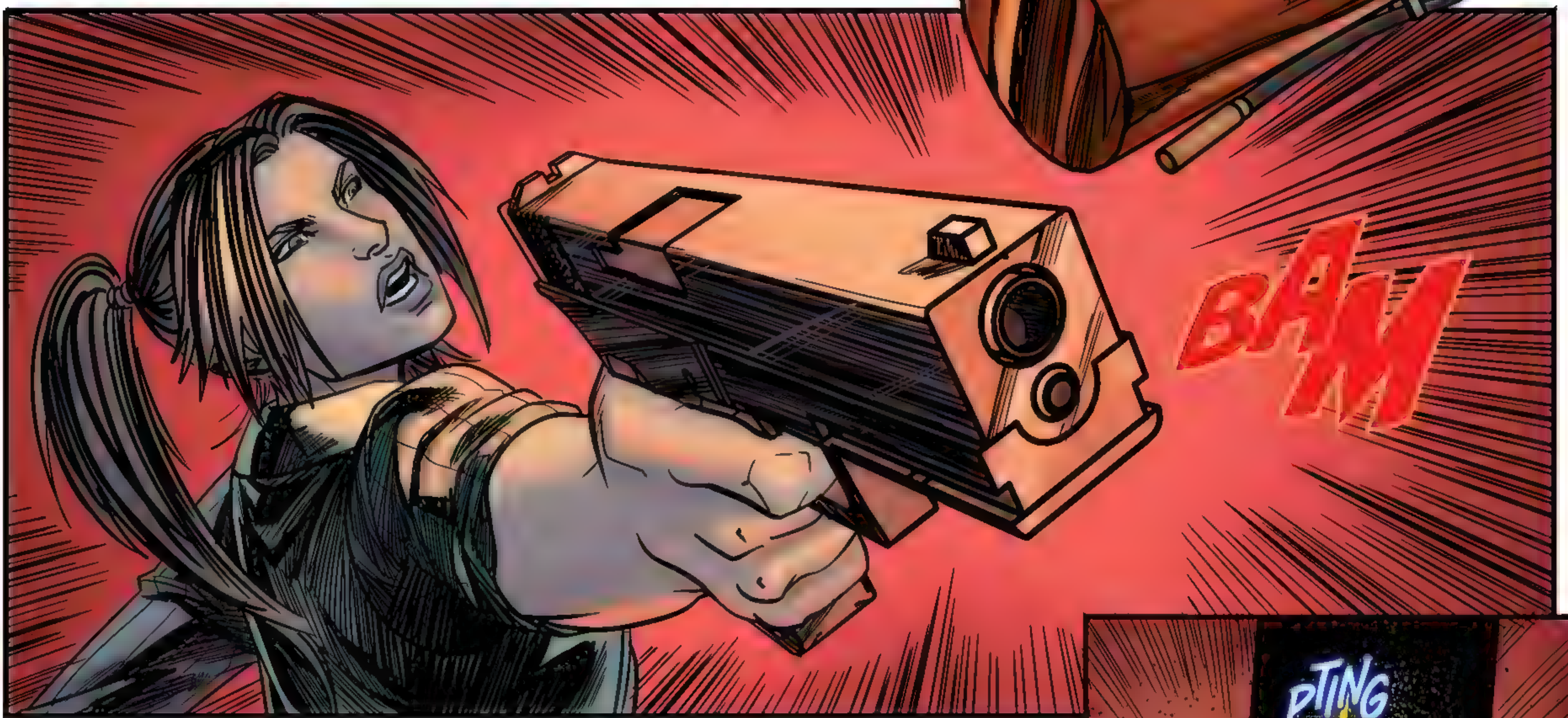
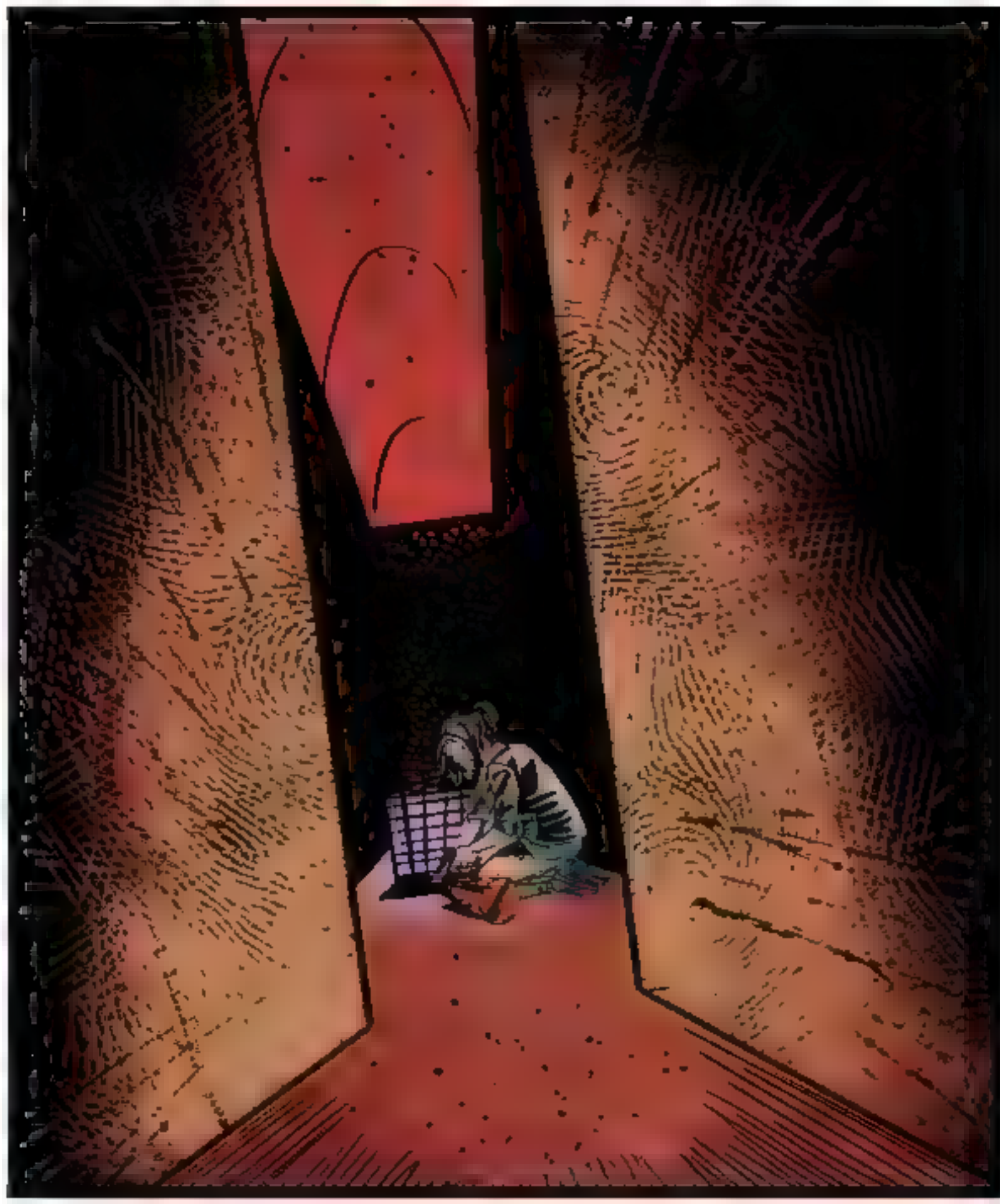
*Secret tunnels.
Right. Knew there
was something.*



OH! YES,
THERE ARE
MANY TUNNELS
BELOW THESE
BUILDINGS.

YOU'RE
GOING FIRST.

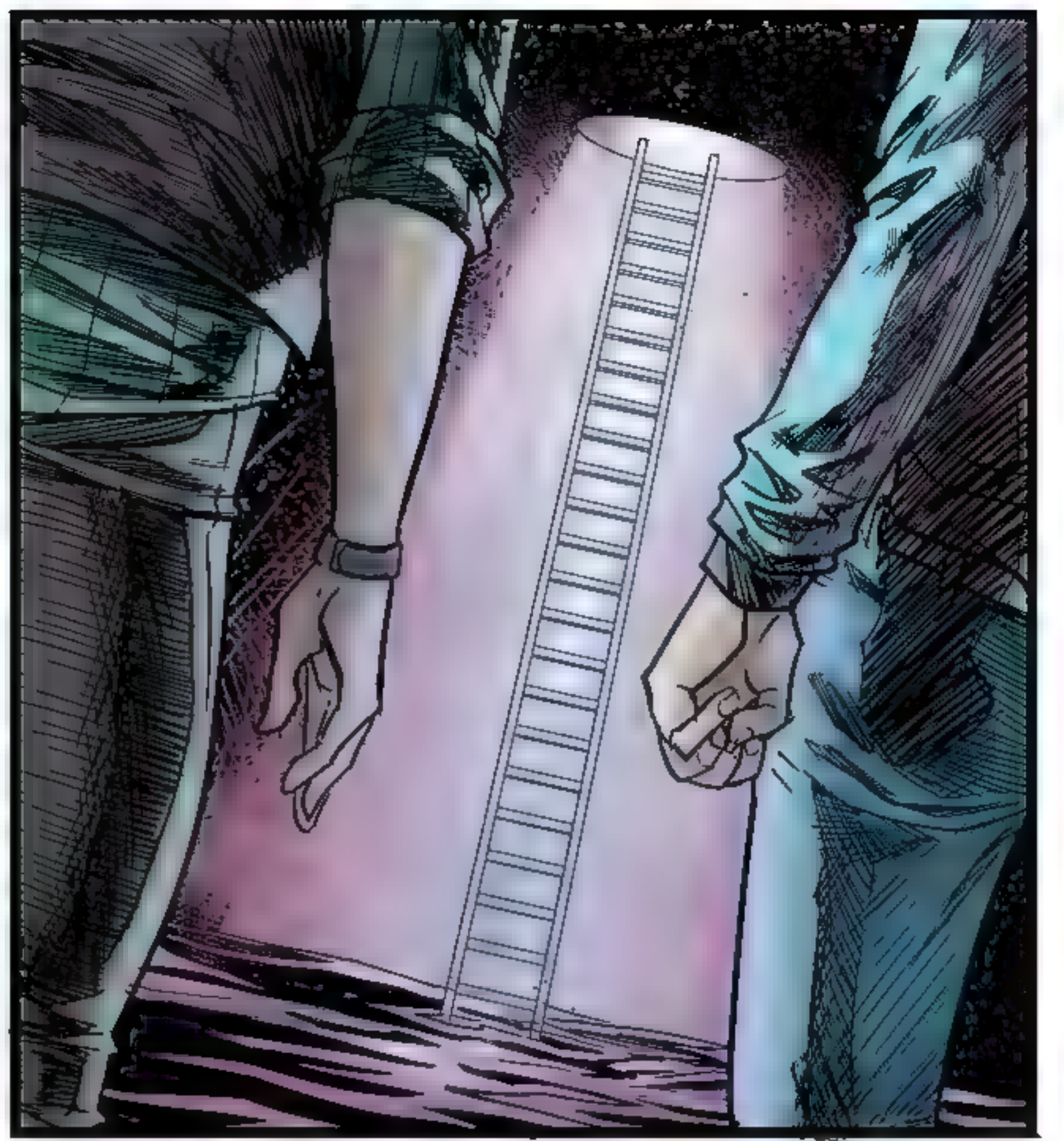






BUILT BY
MONKS?

OR
WITCHES.



ANY IDEA
WHERE THIS
LEADS?

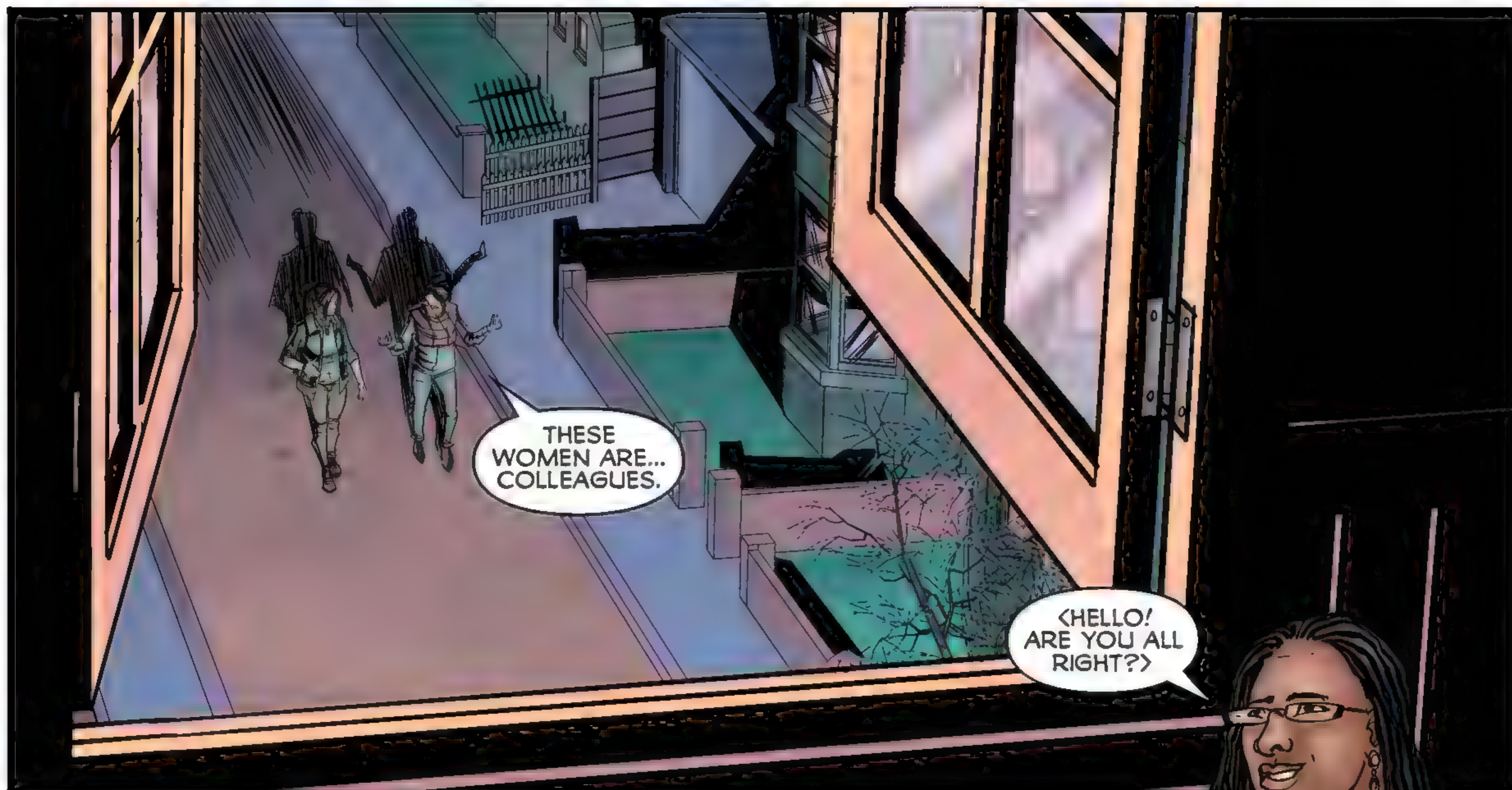


GIVEN HOW
LONG WE'VE BEEN
RUNNING, WE'RE
SOMEWHERE IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE
CITY.

LET'S
FIND
OUT.

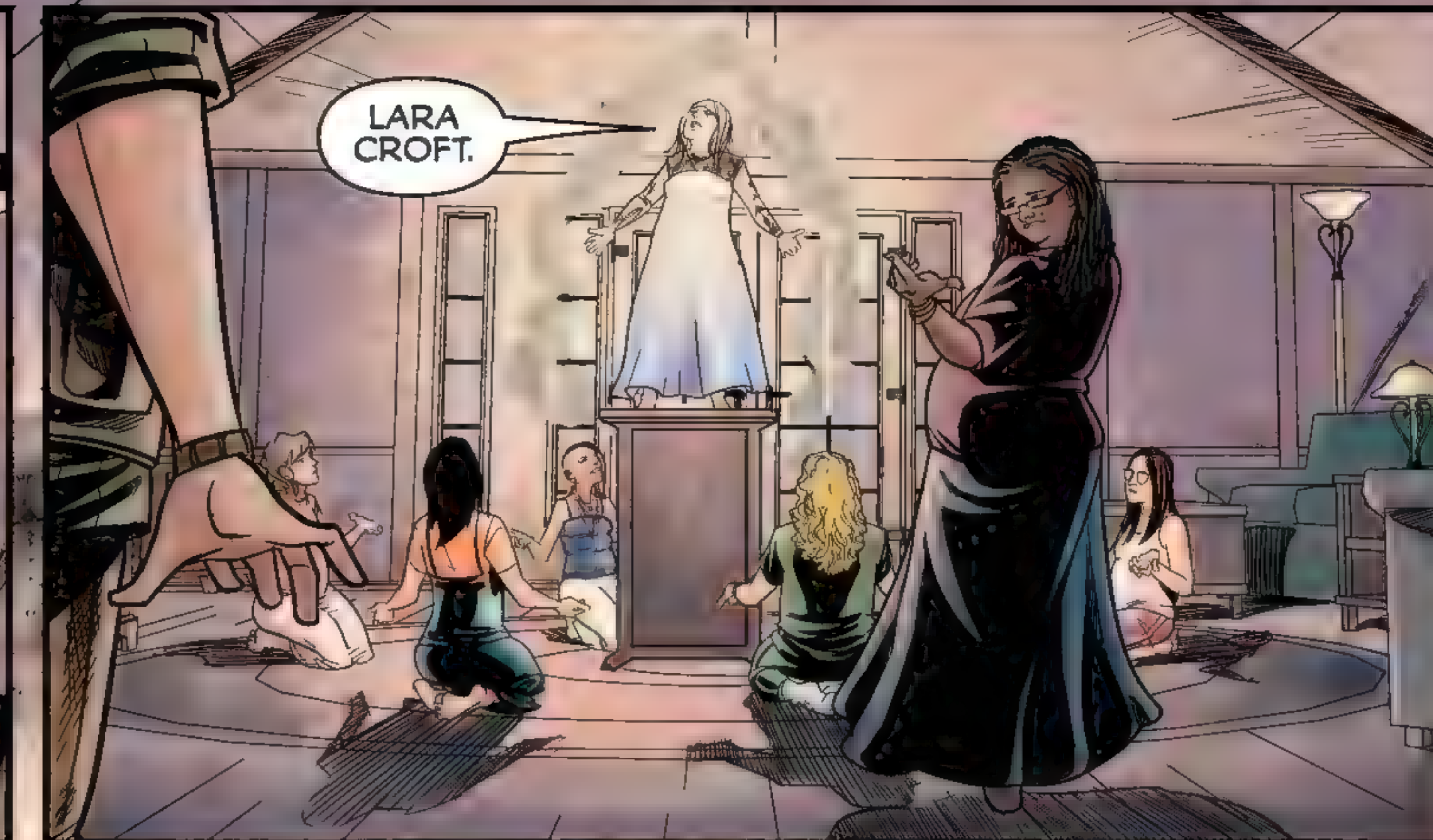
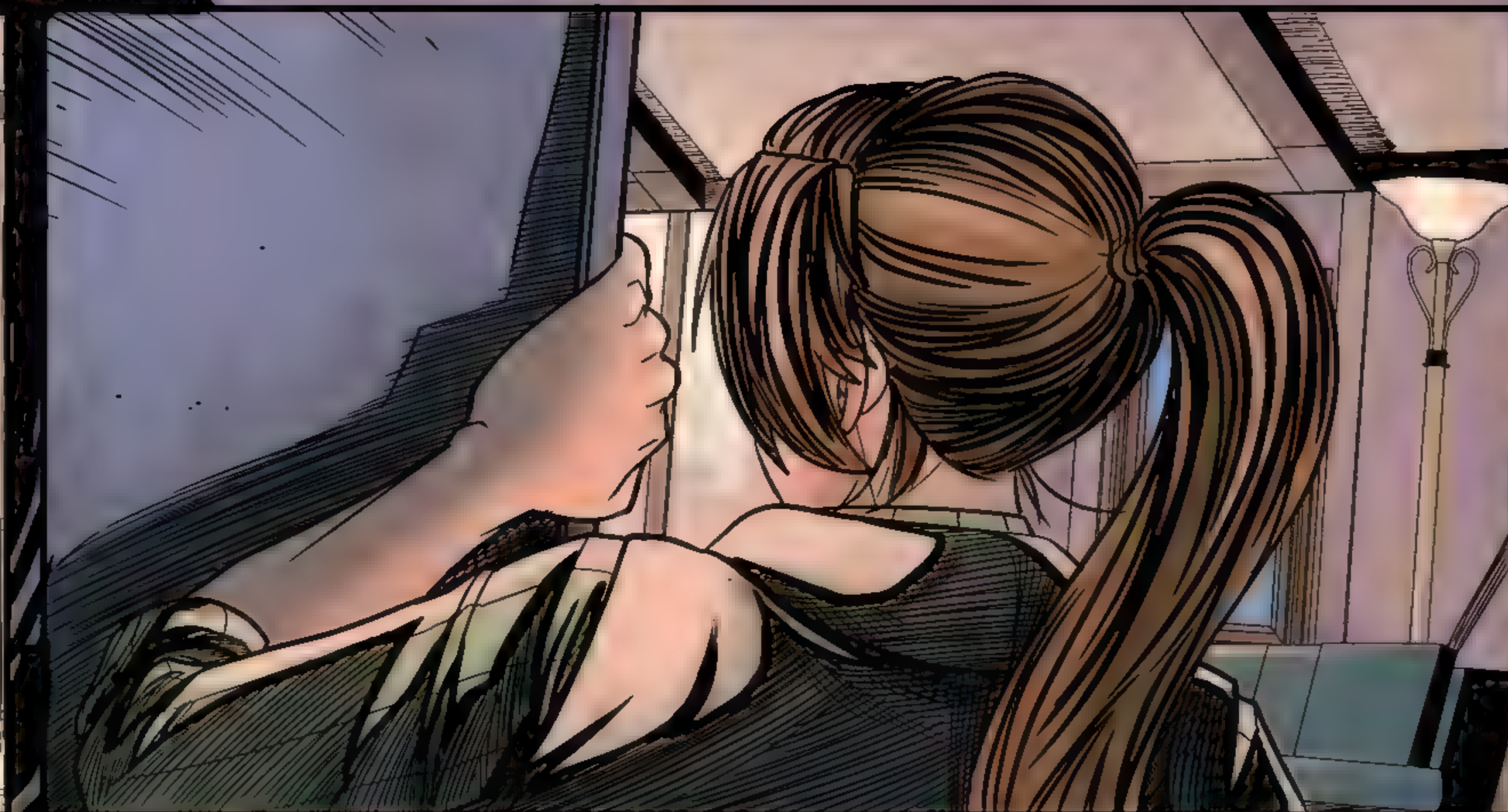
AH! HELLO.
SORRY TO
INTERRUPT.



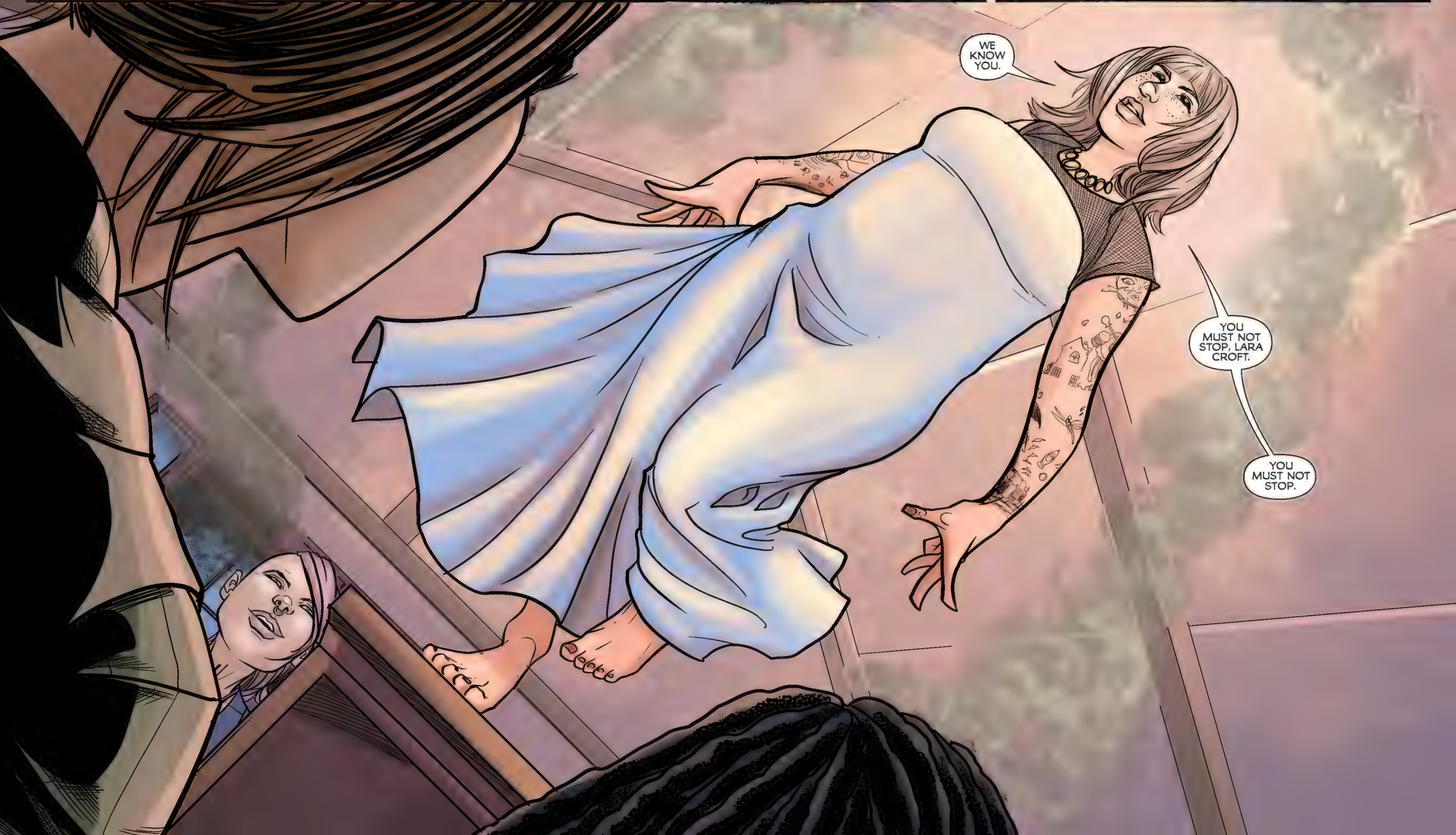




<JUST
THROUGH
HERE...>



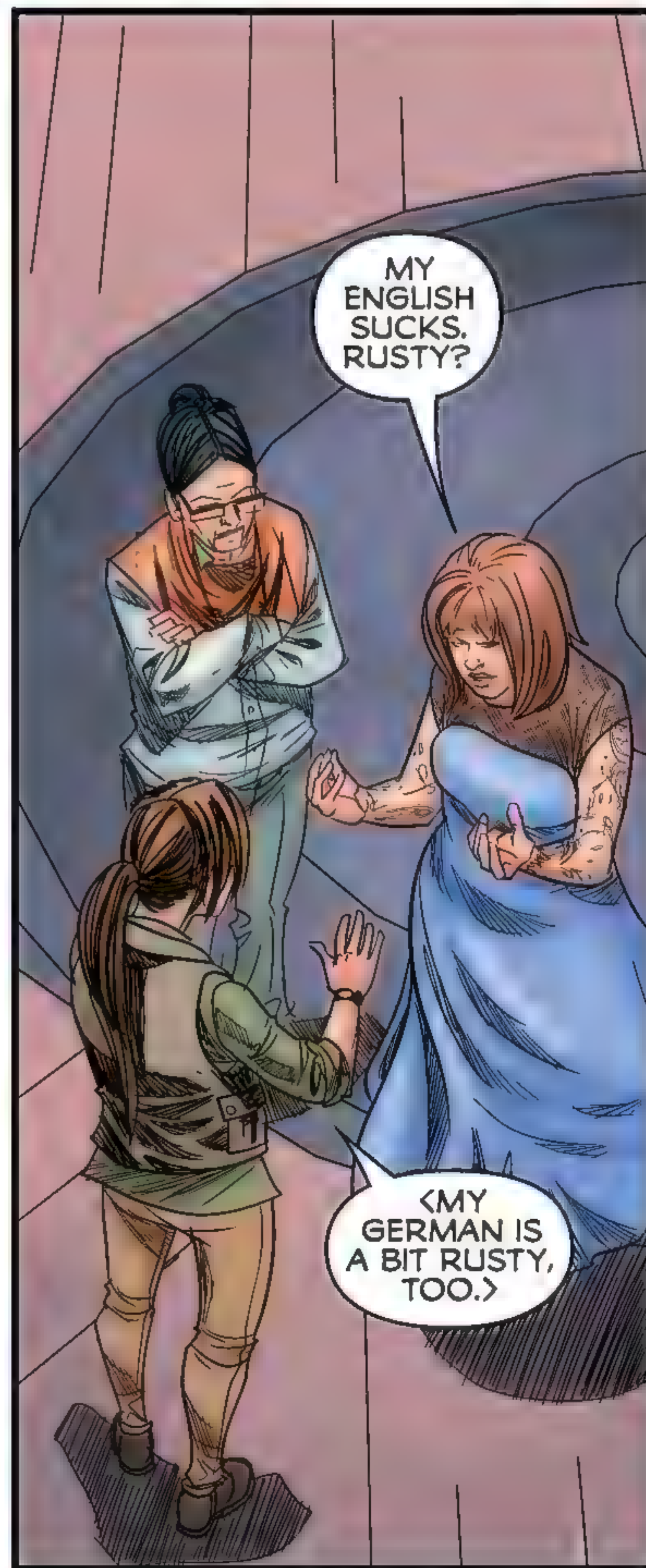
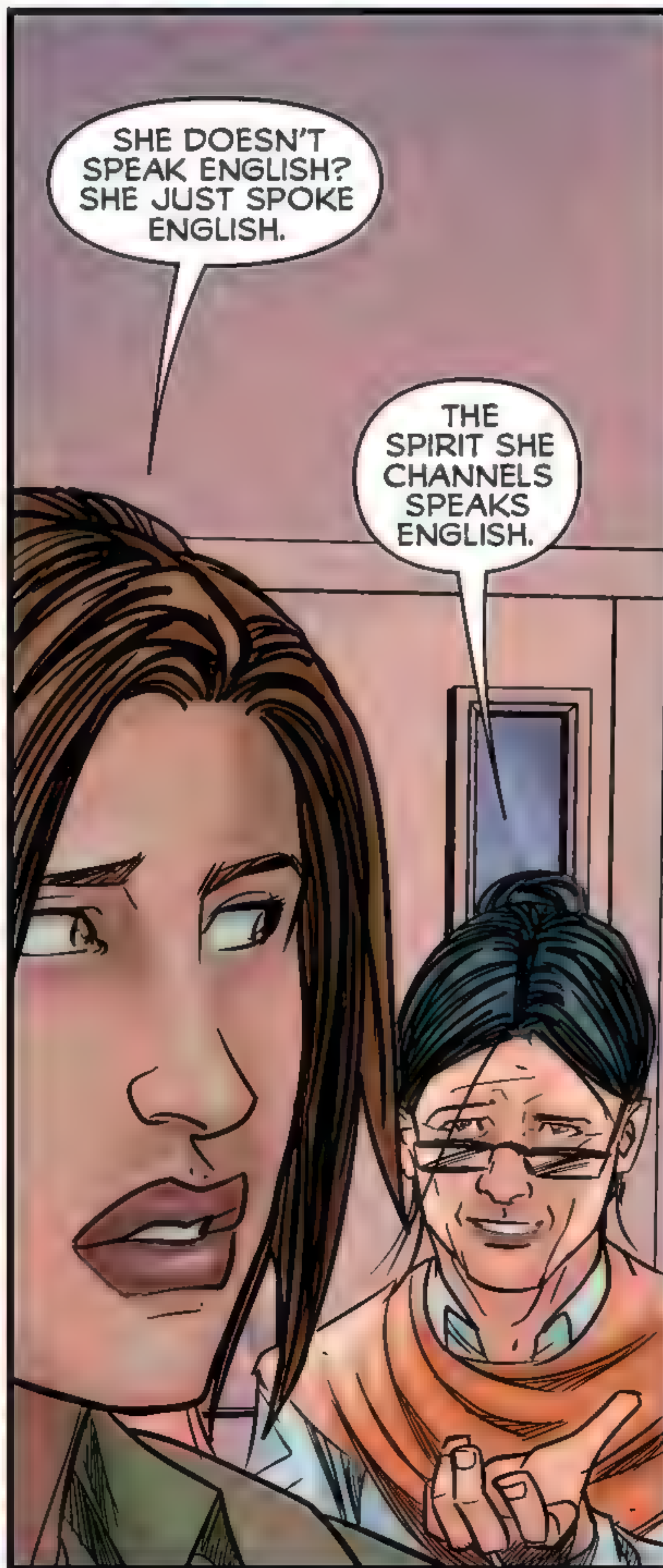
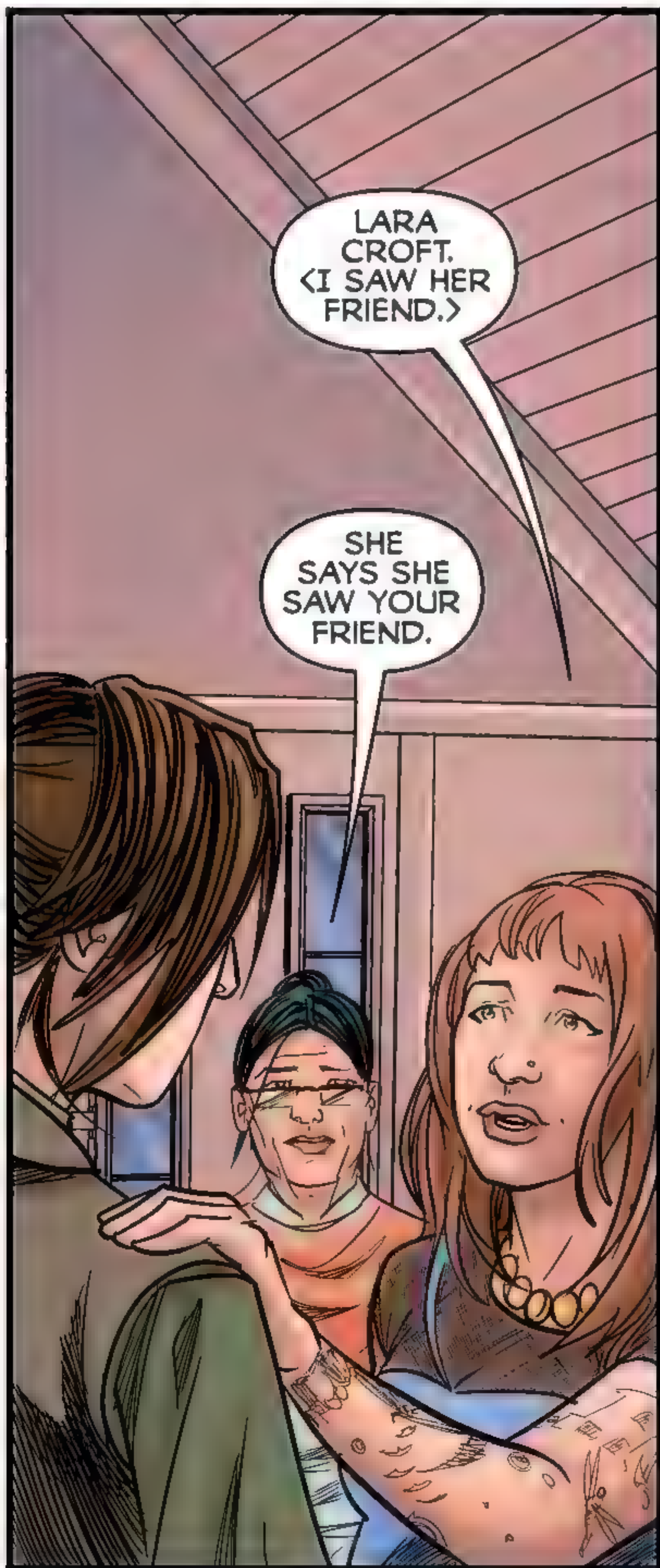
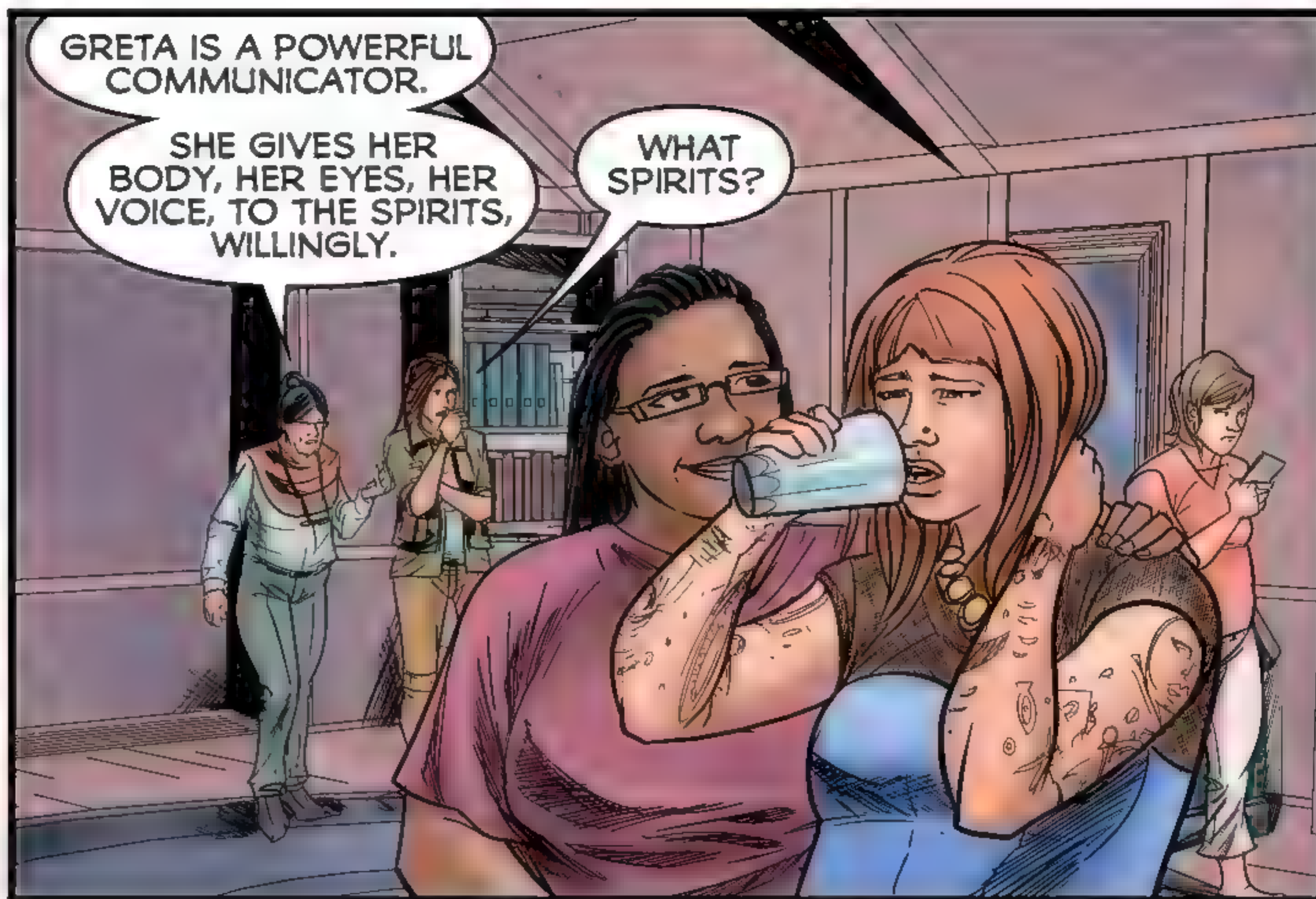
LARA
CROFT.



WE
KNOW
YOU.

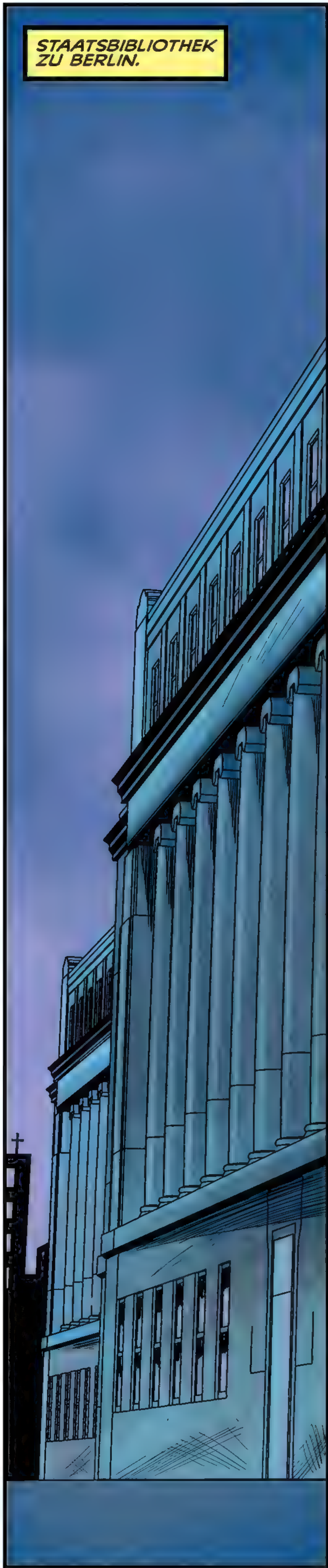
YOU
MUST NOT
STOP, LARA
CROFT.

YOU
MUST NOT
STOP.





STAATSBIBLIOTHEK
ZU BERLIN.



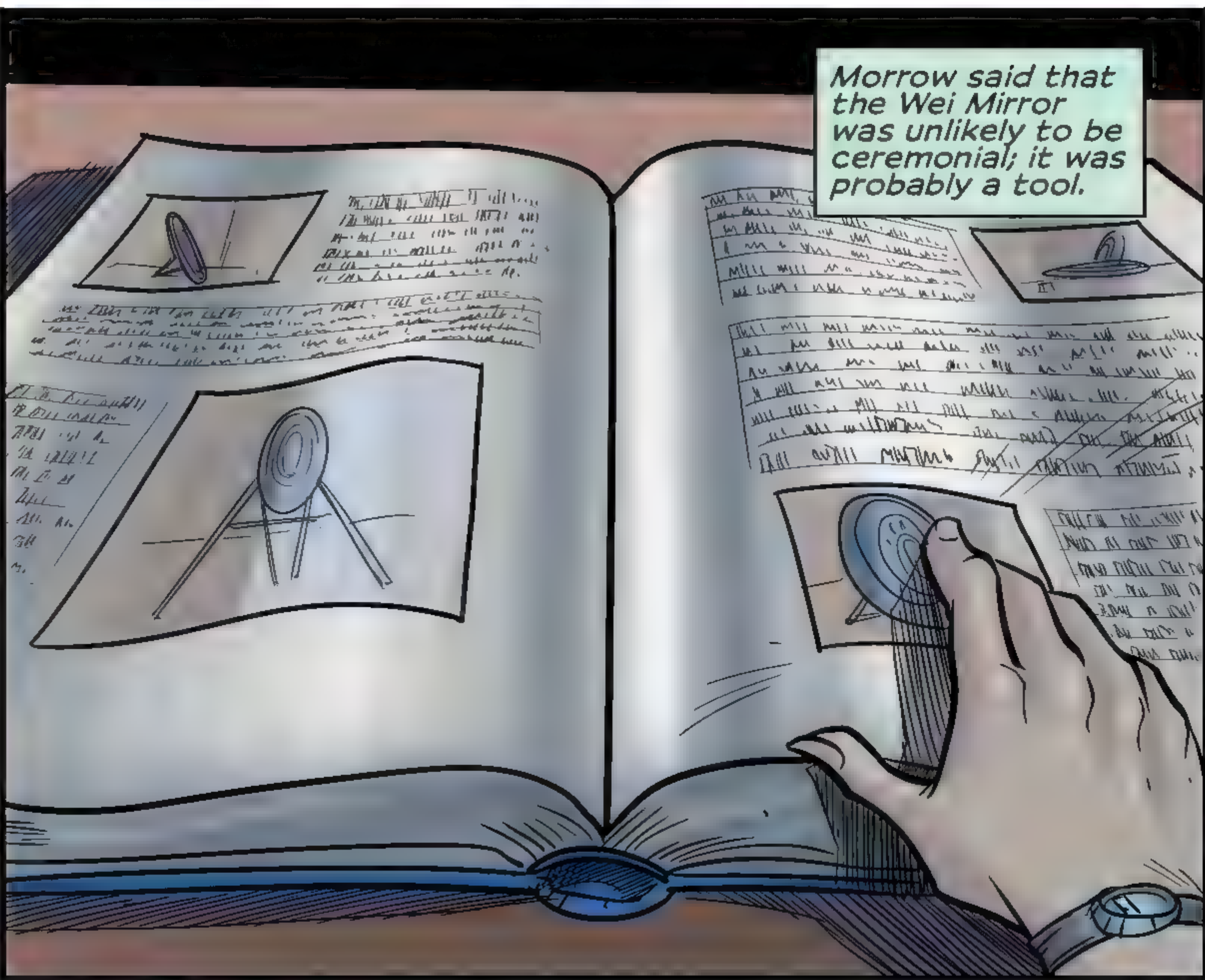
I can't find any
reference to a
Prison of Souls.



But there are texts
that describe a
mirror called the
Keeper of Souls.



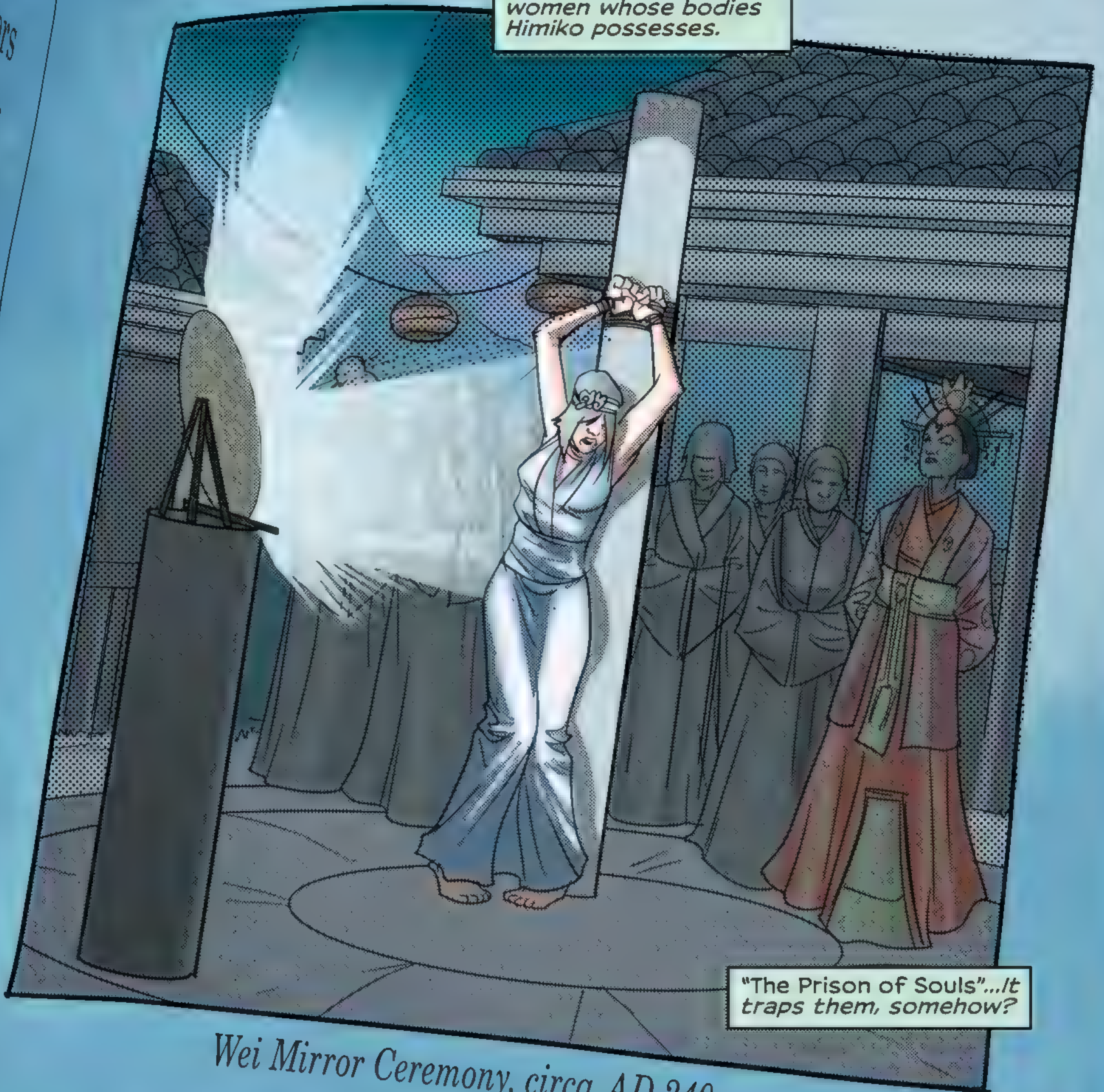
Morrow said that
the Wei Mirror
was unlikely to be
ceremonial; it was
probably a tool.



that these bronze mirrors
Island of Yamatai, disput-
the Court of Queen Himiko
elaborate detailed inscript-
ing speculation by Wei.

discovery of tombs by
excavation of
ritual practice of

It looks like the sun
powers the mirror. It
does something to the
women whose bodies
Himiko possesses.



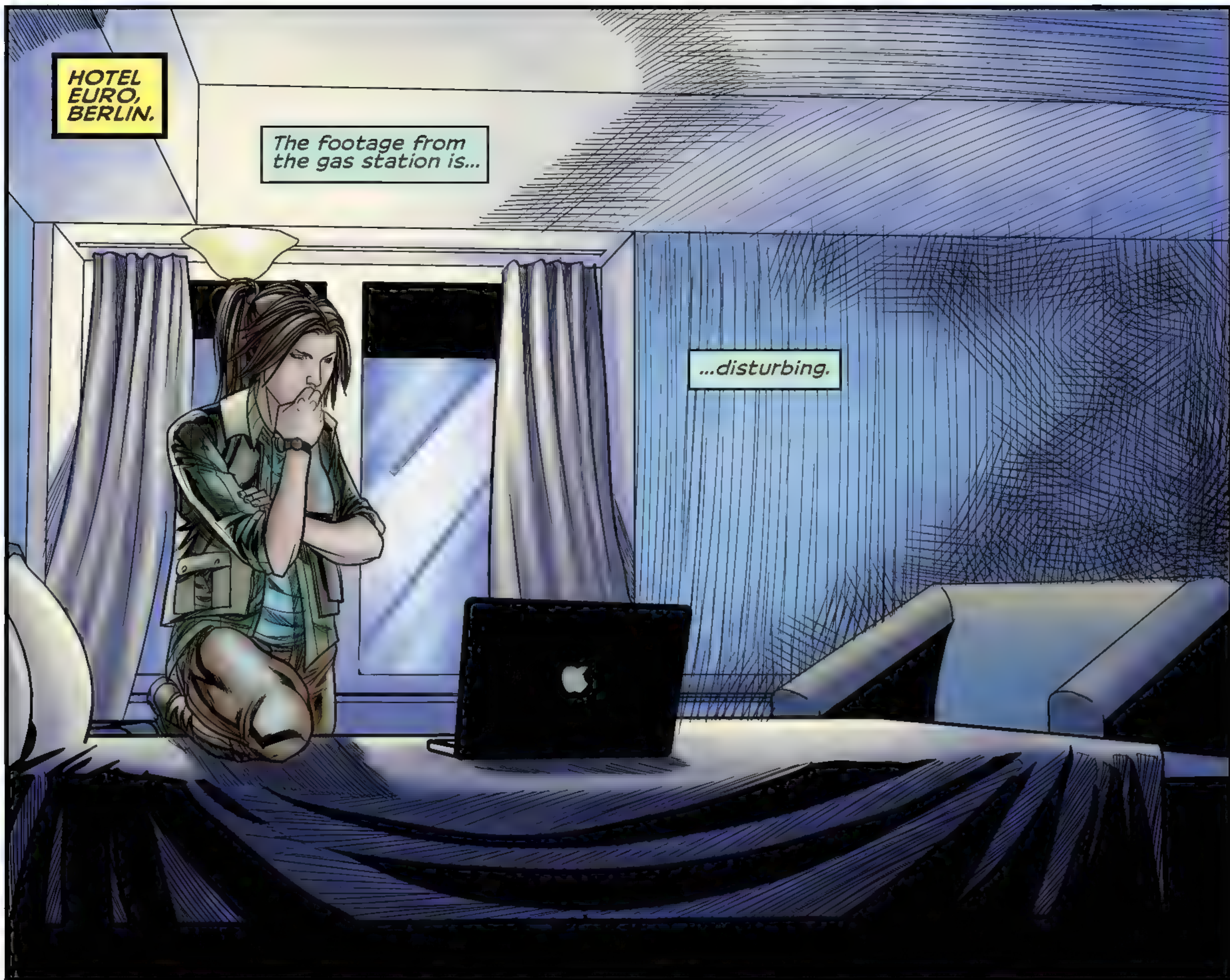
"The Prison of Souls"...It
traps them, somehow?

Wei Mirror Ceremony, circa AD 240

In these images,
Himiko is never
looking directly
at the mirror. But
the women she
possesses...







HOTEL
EURO,
BERLIN.

The footage from
the gas station is...

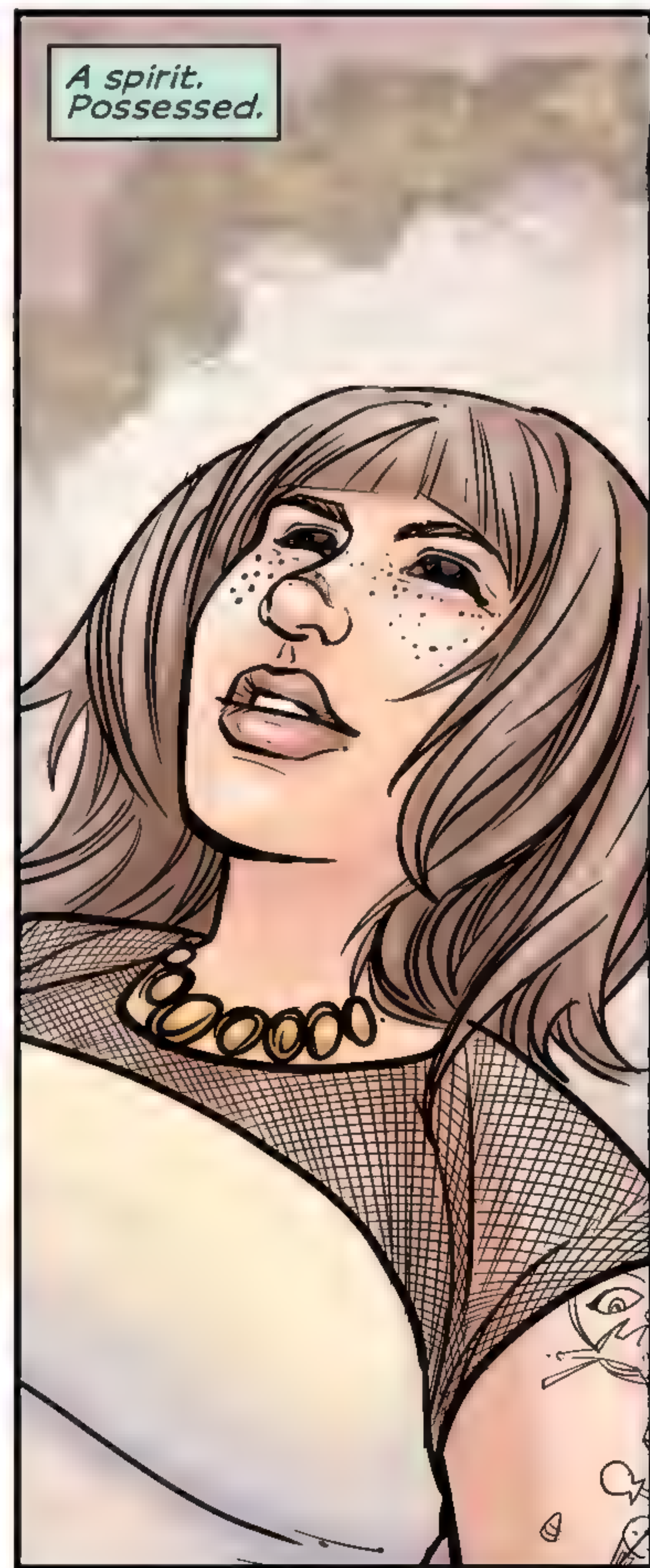
...disturbing.



SAM...



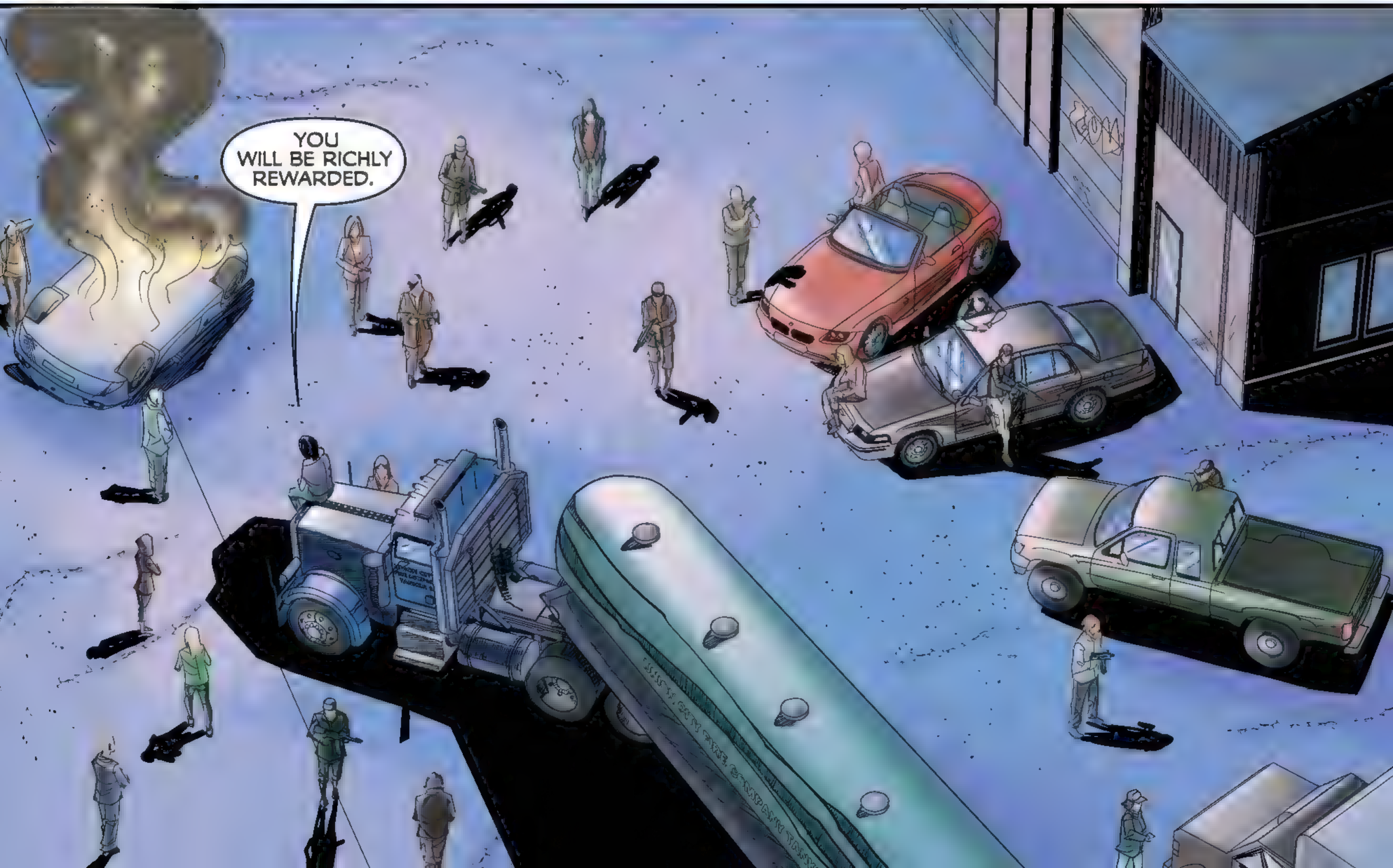
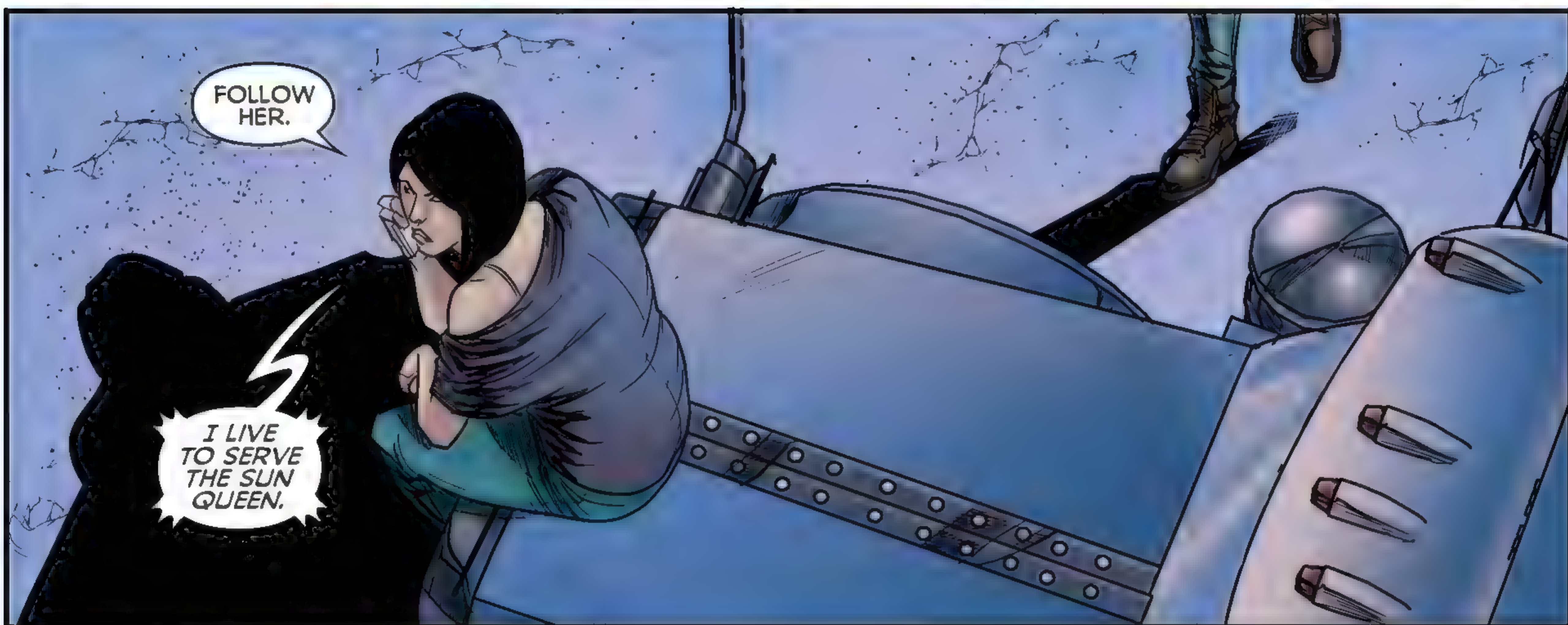
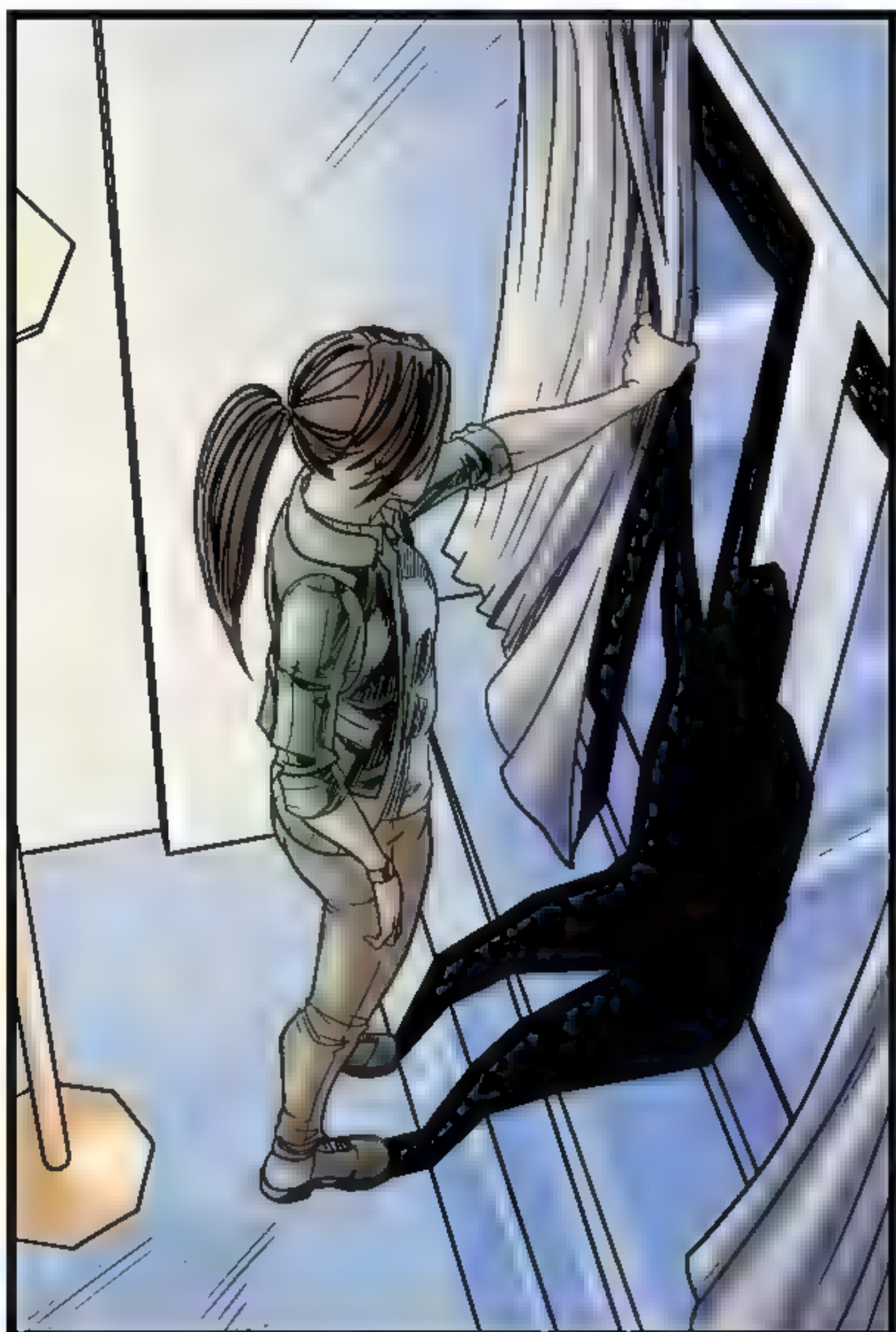
Black
eyes.



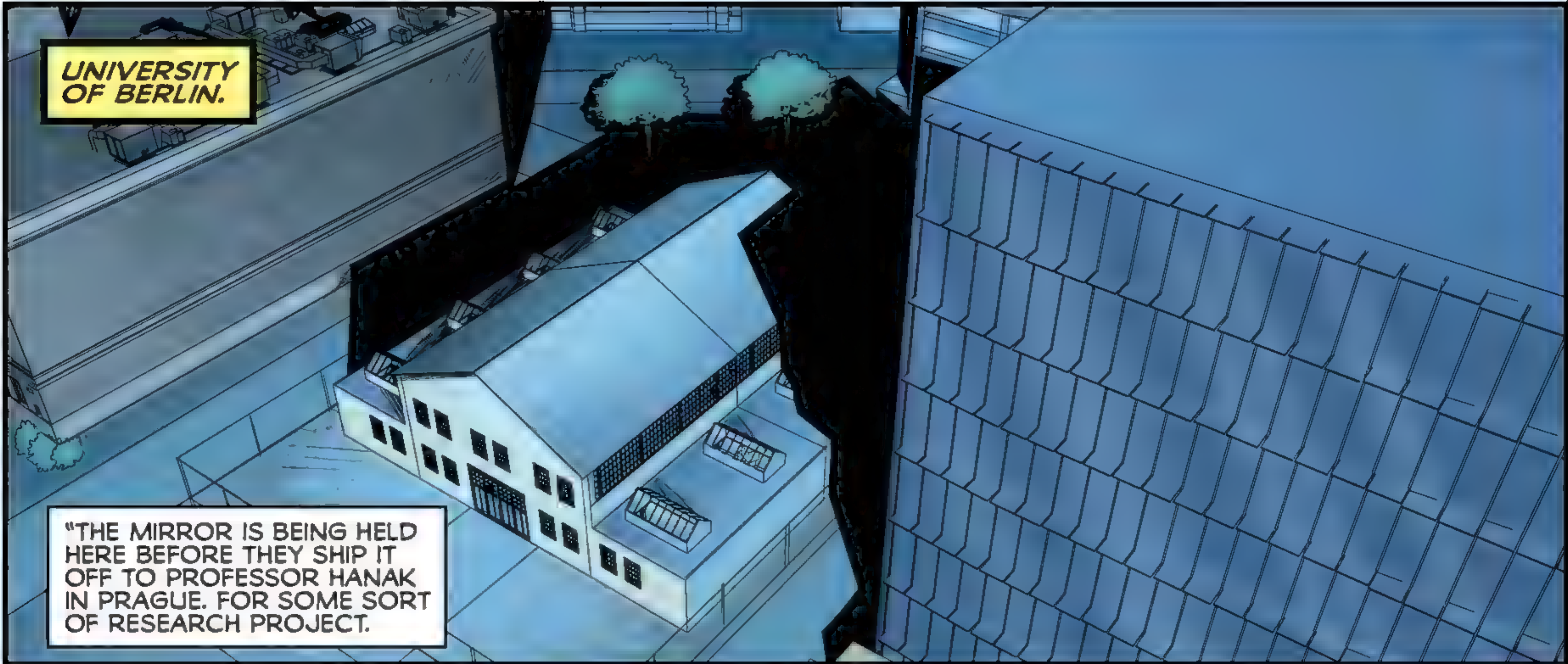
A spirit.
Possessed.

"NOT SAM.
HIMIKO."







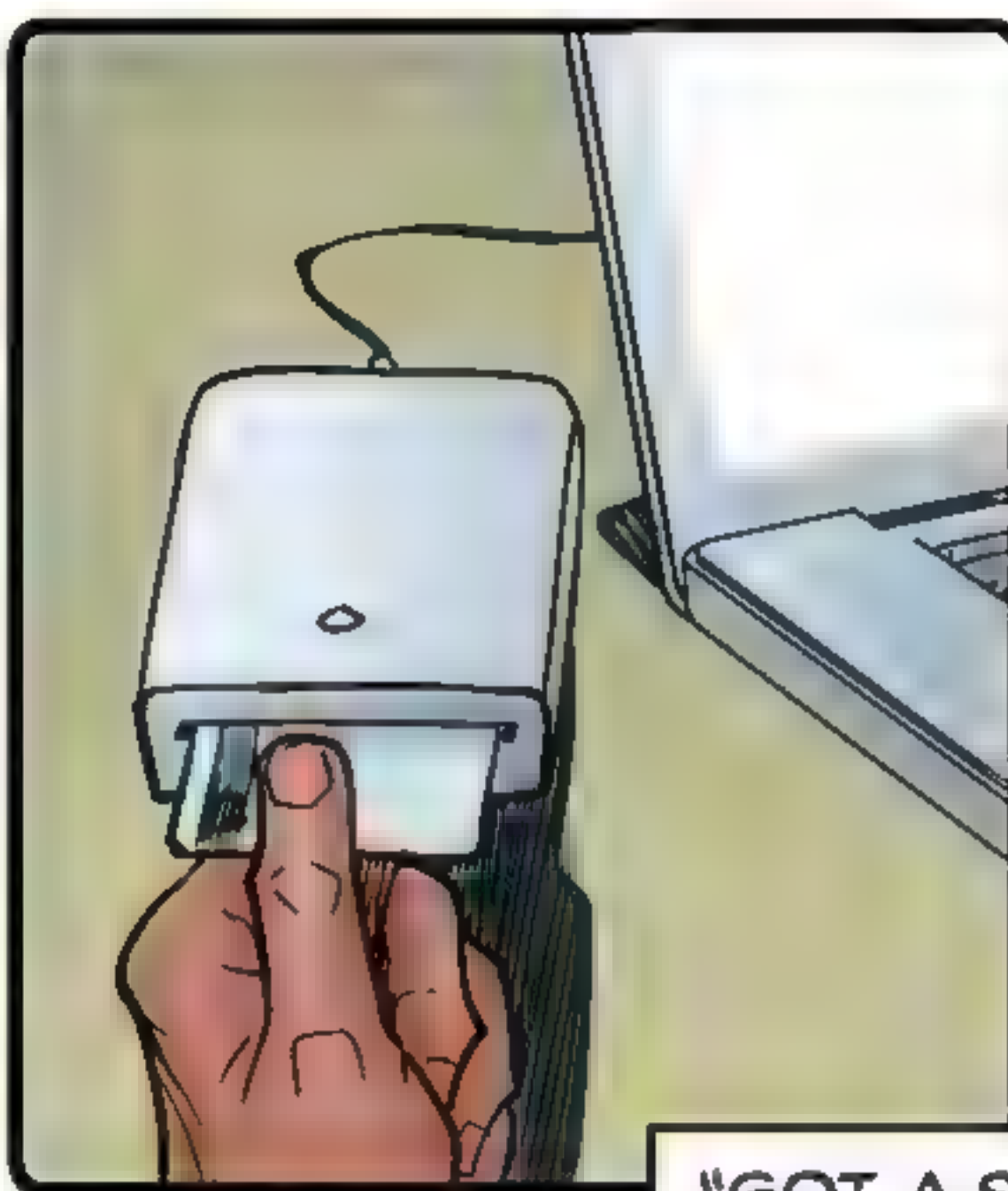


UNIVERSITY
OF BERLIN.

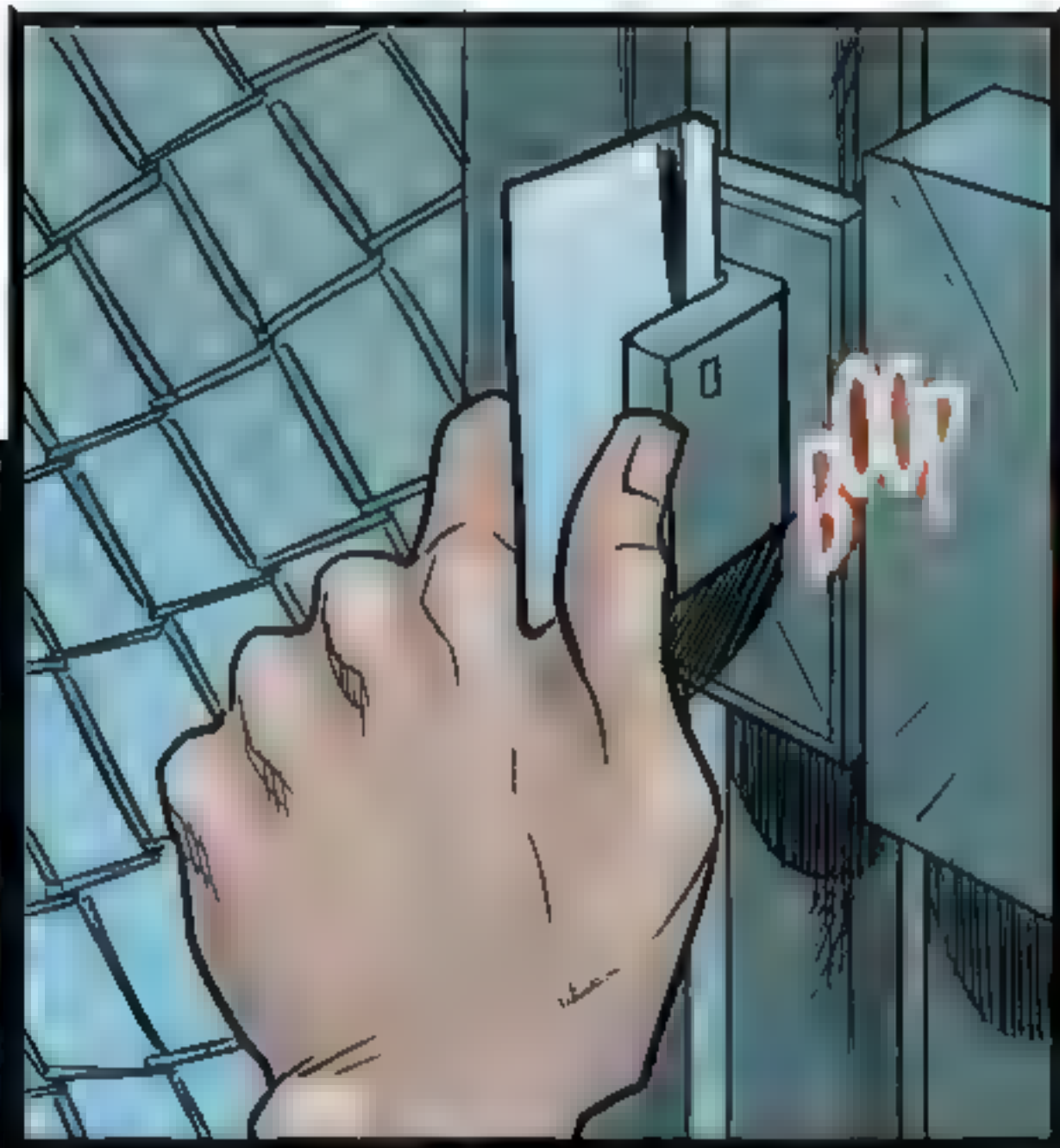
"THE MIRROR IS BEING HELD
HERE BEFORE THEY SHIP IT
OFF TO PROFESSOR HANAK
IN PRAGUE. FOR SOME SORT
OF RESEARCH PROJECT.



"NOT A TON OF
SECURITY IN
THE SHIPPING
DEPARTMENT.



"GOT A SECURITY PASS OFF A
GUY TODAY DURING LUNCH.



"THE MIRROR IS GOING TO
BE SHIPPED IN TWO DAYS
SO IT MIGHT BE PACKED
UP. THE BARCODE IS ON
YOUR PHONE."

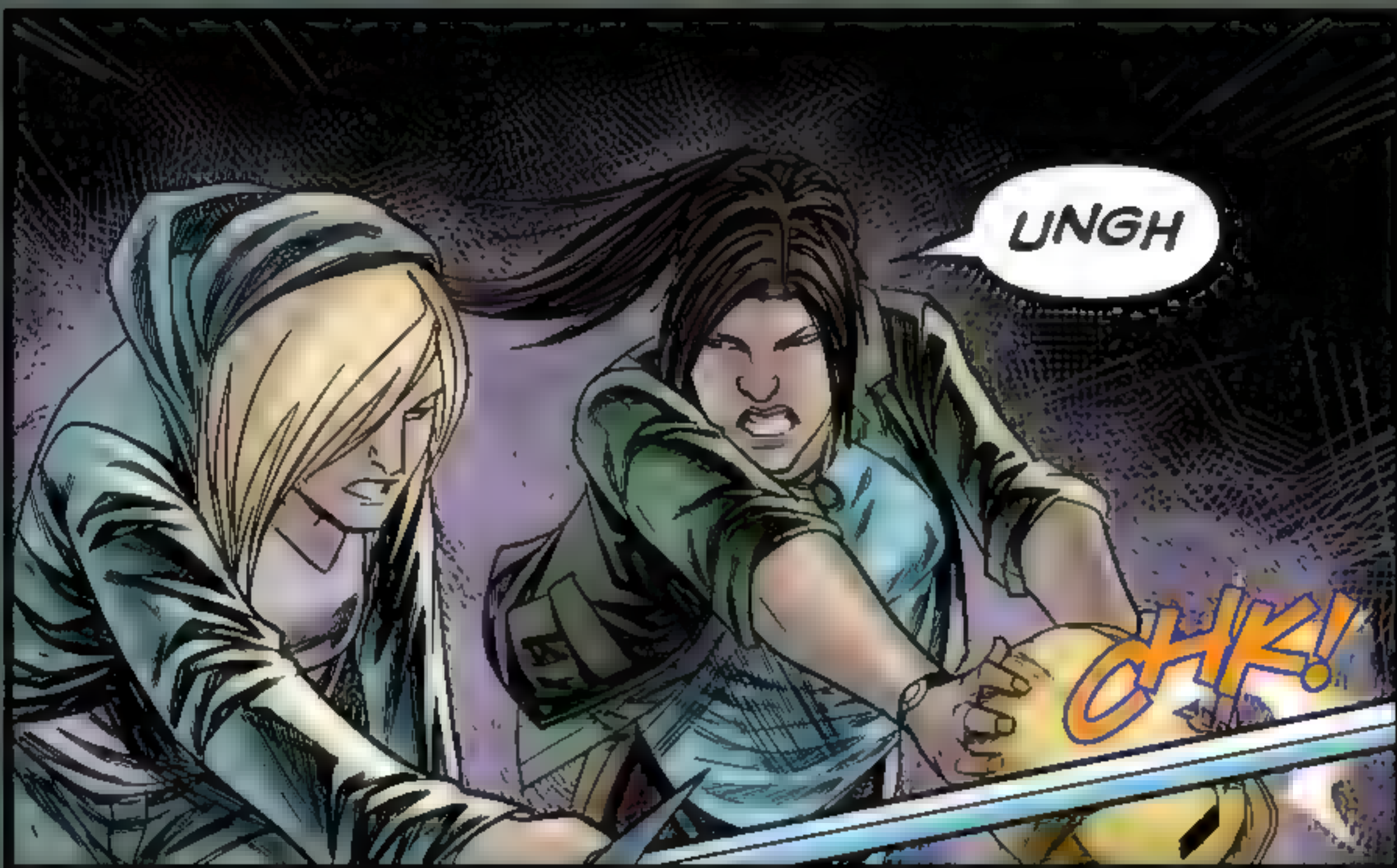
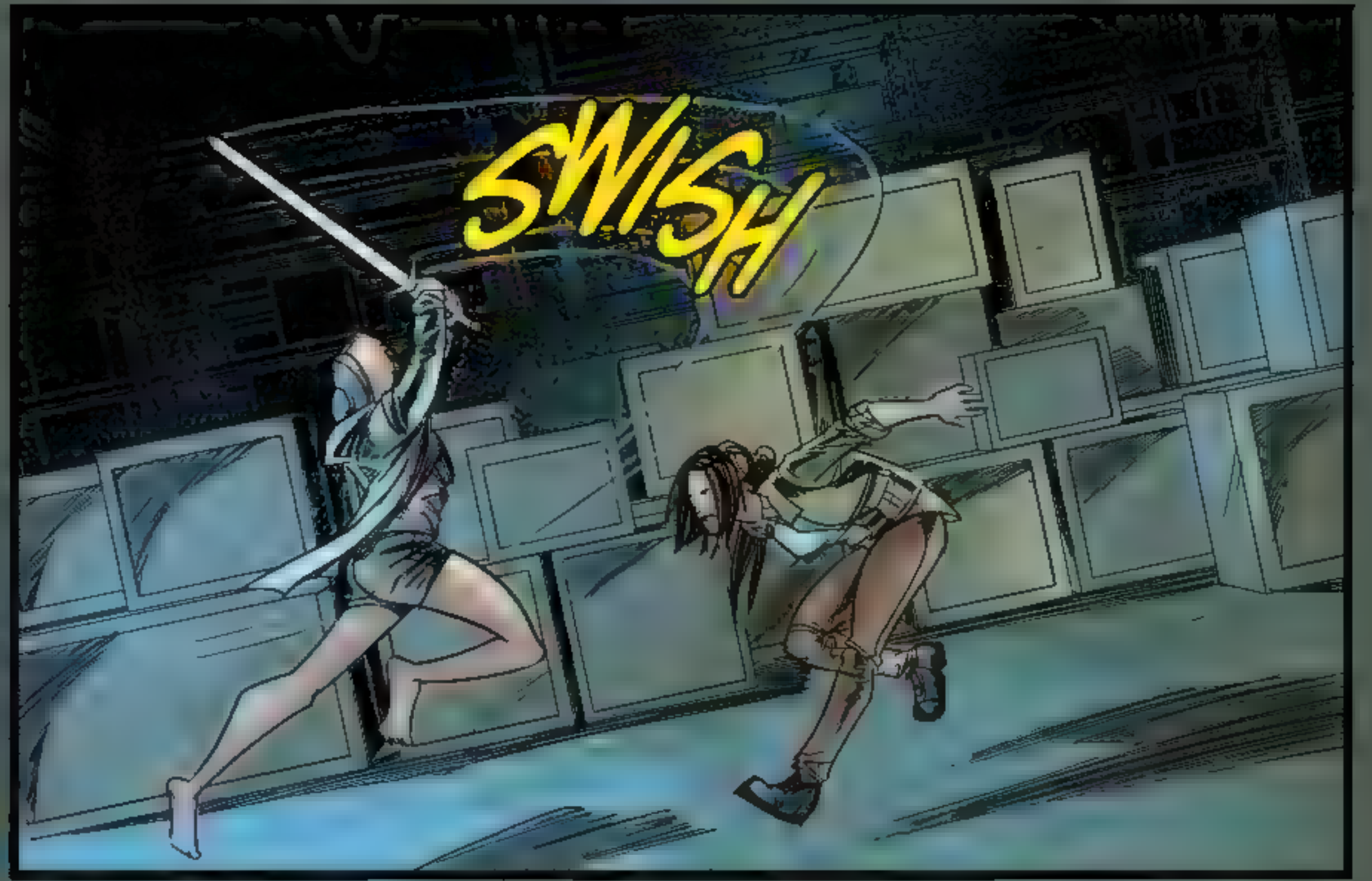
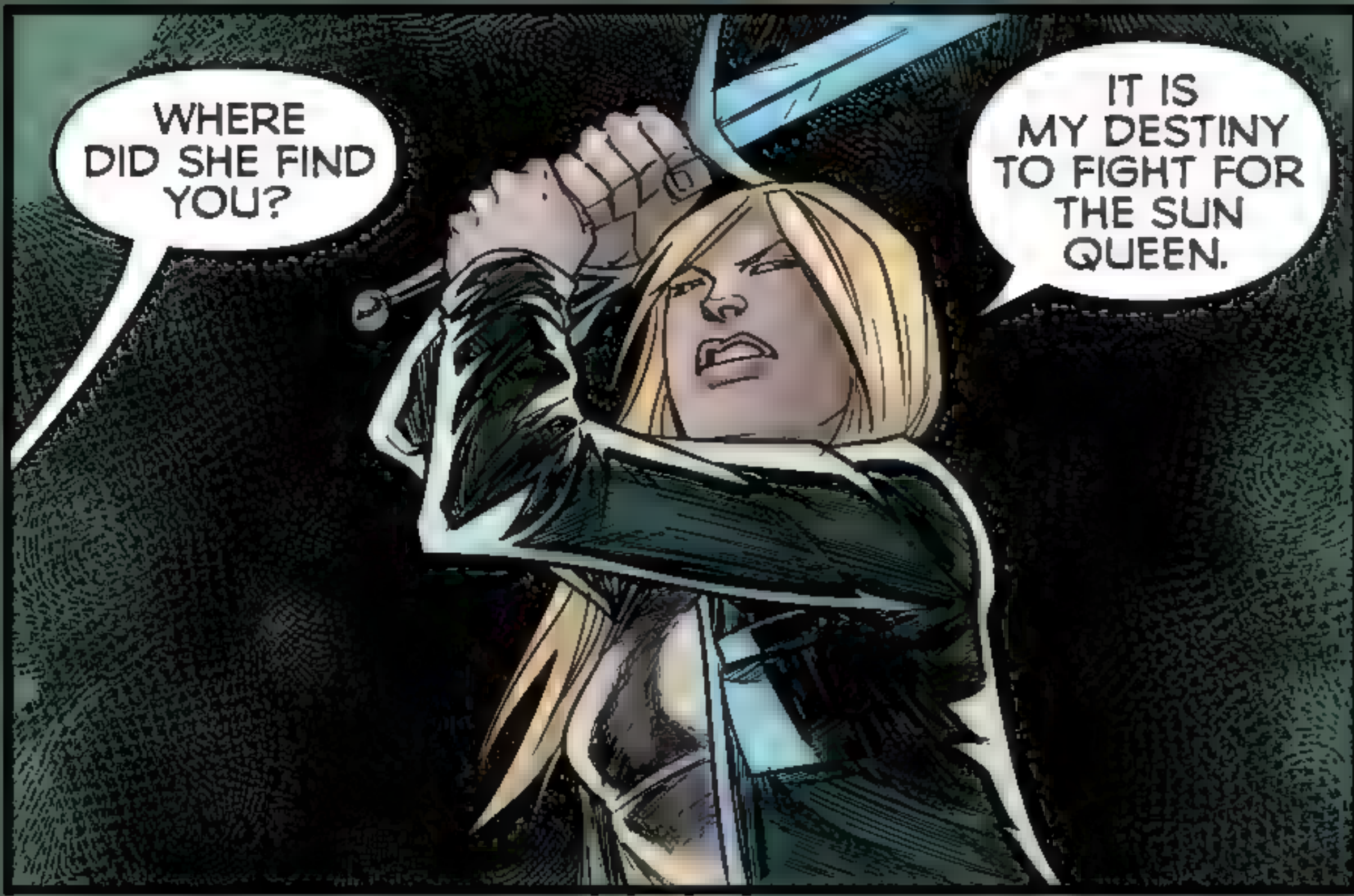


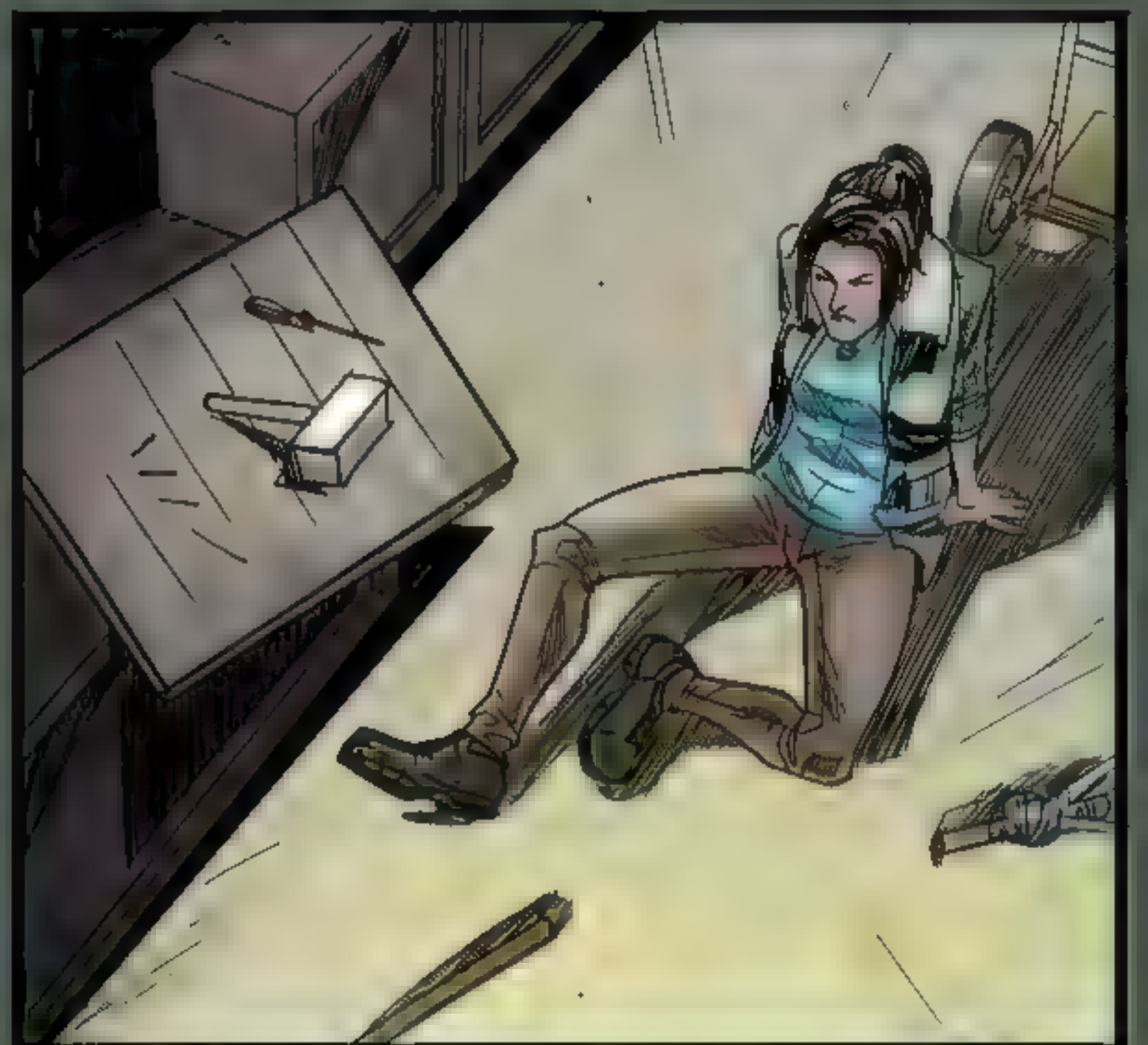
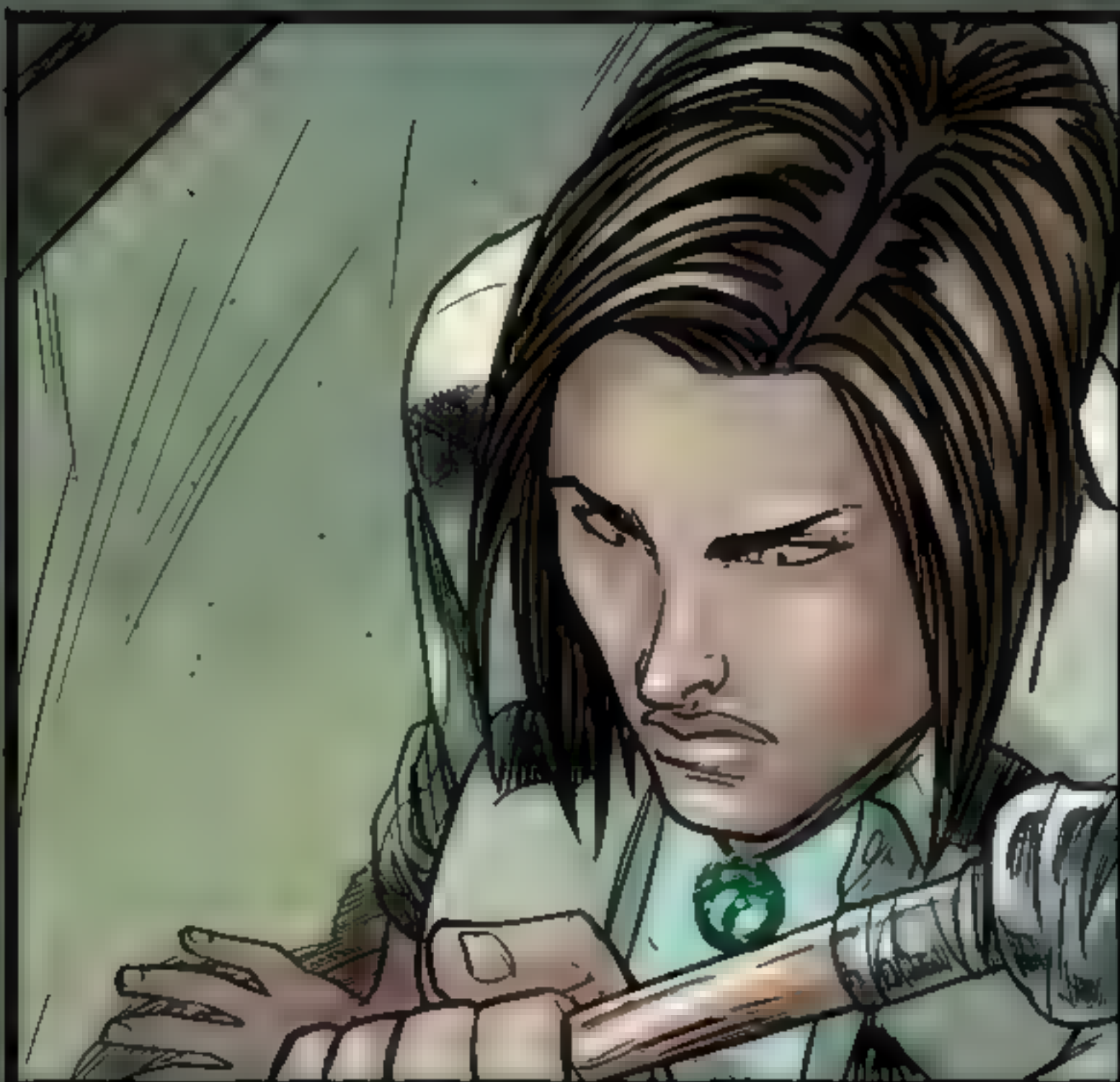
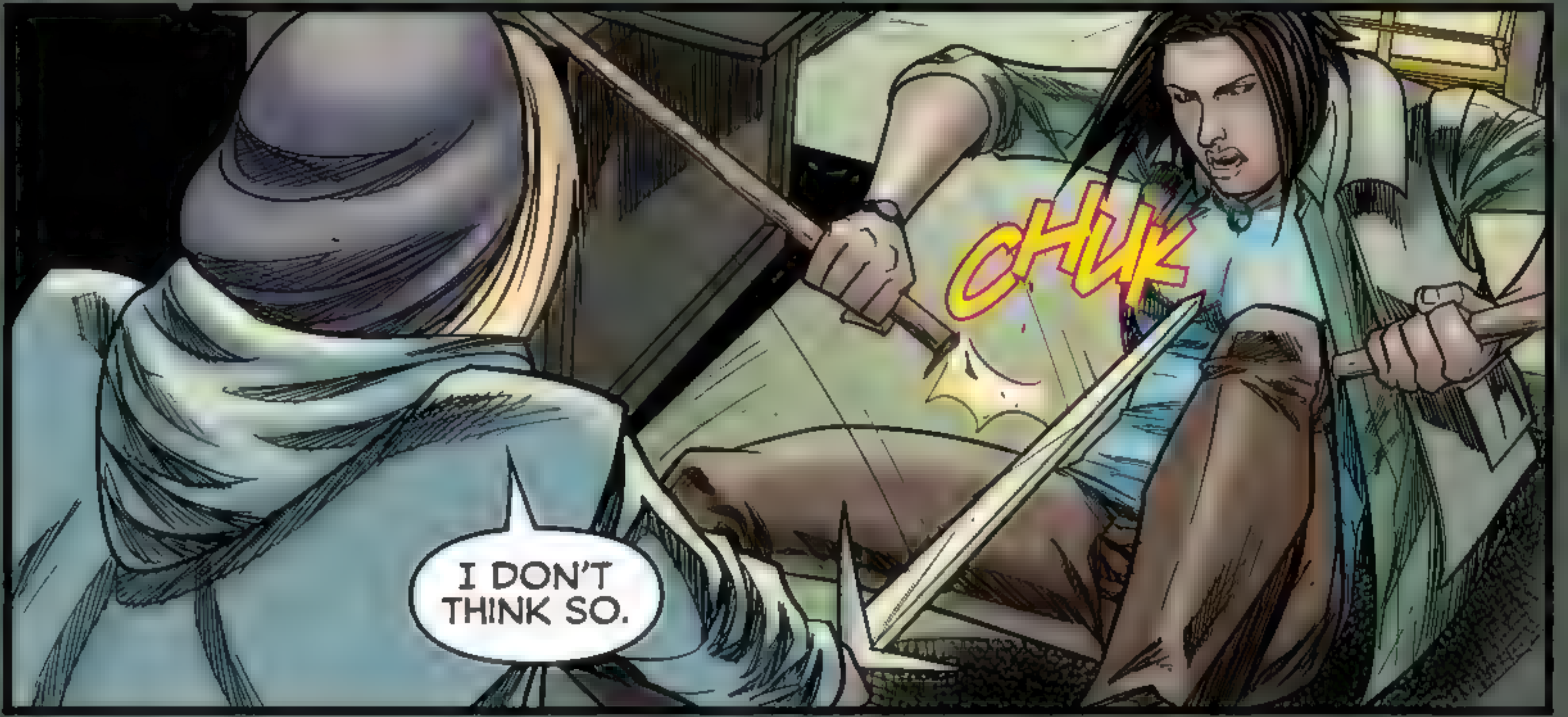
Too easy.

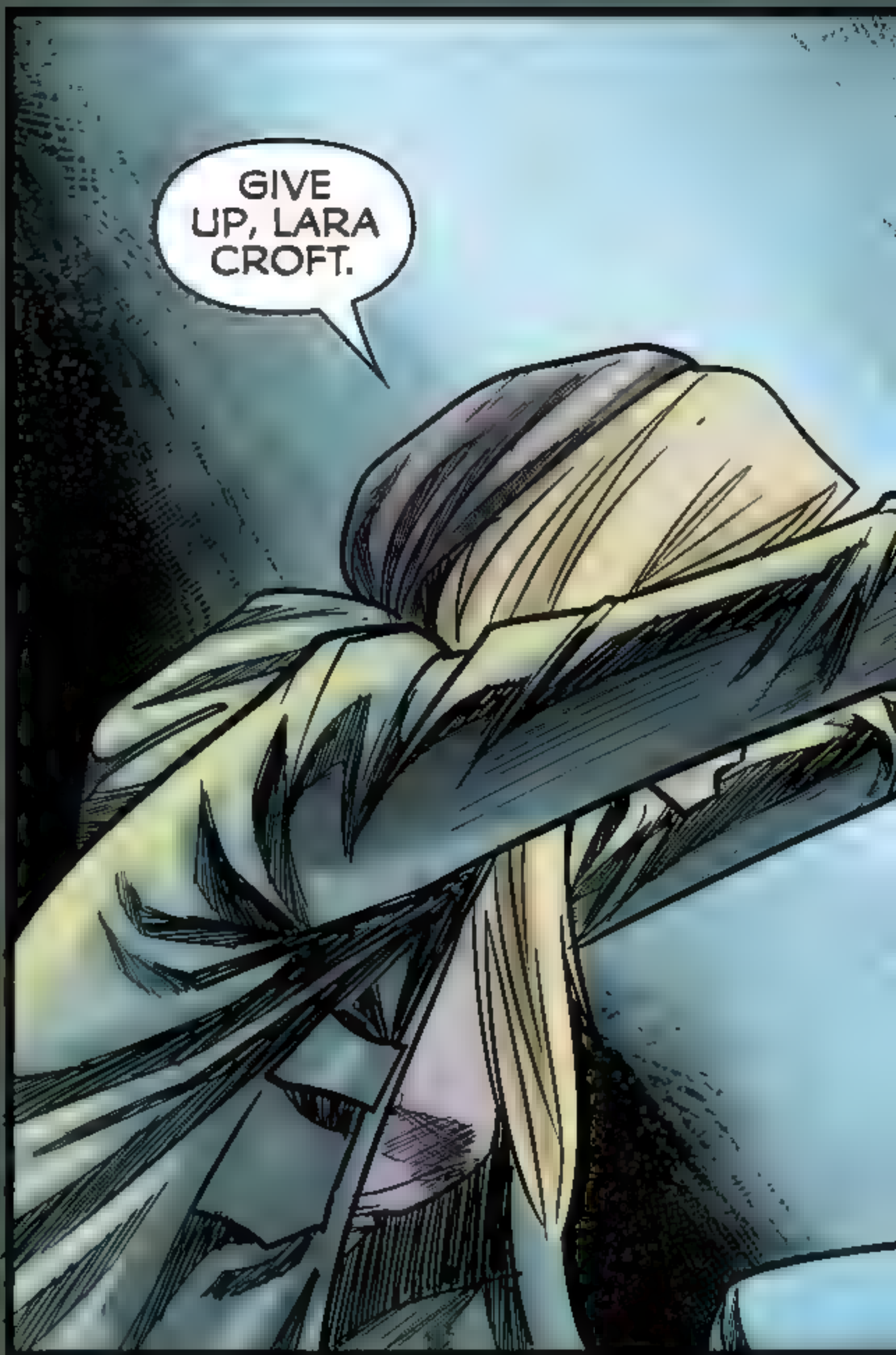
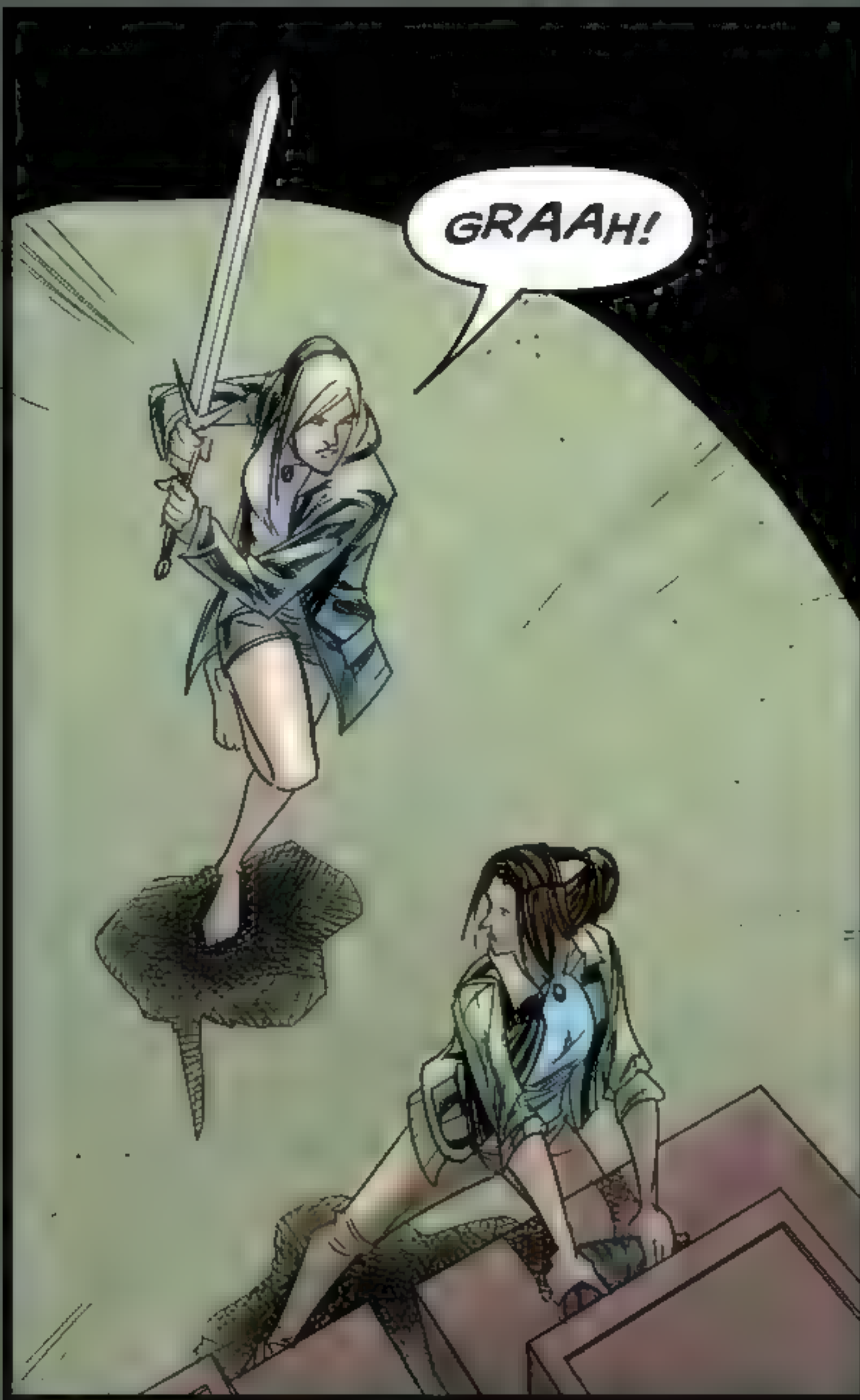




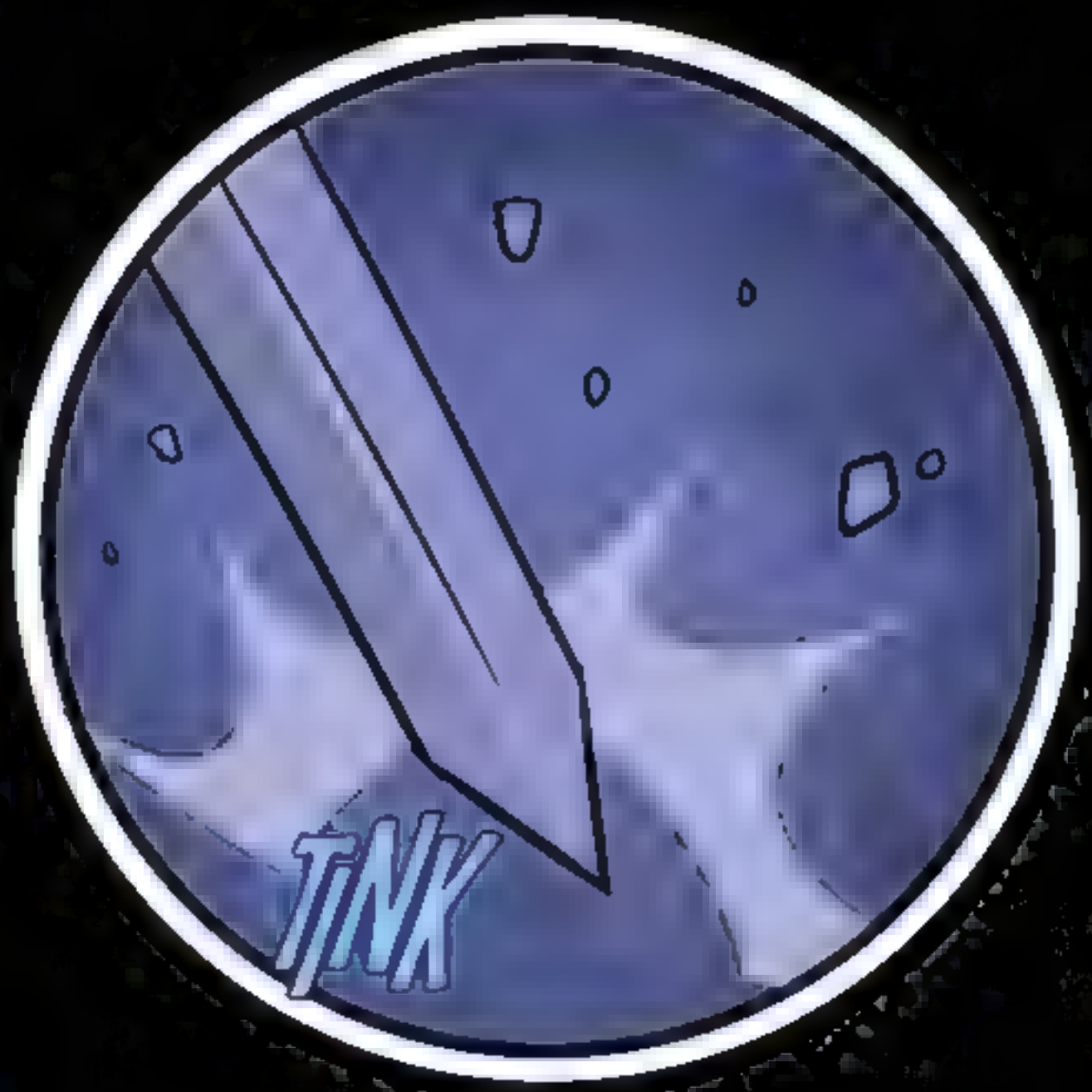
THAT'S
MORE LIKE
IT.

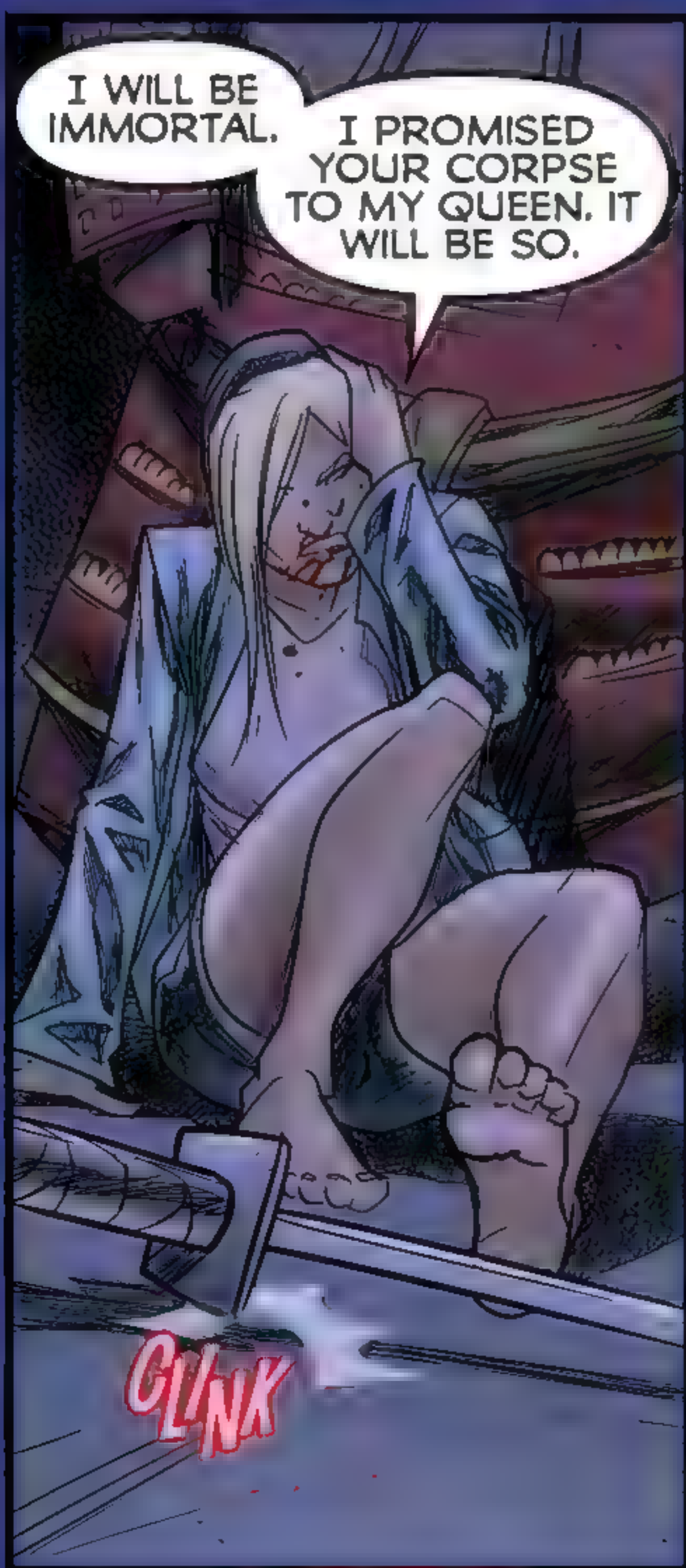
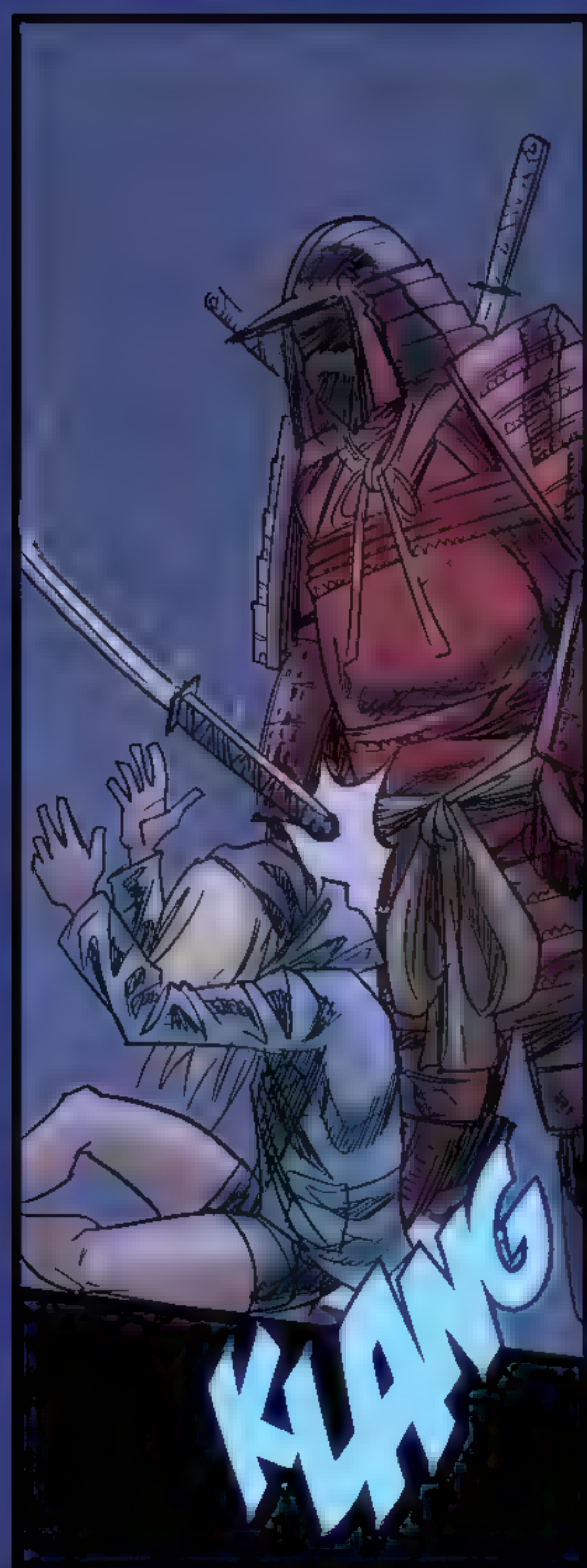










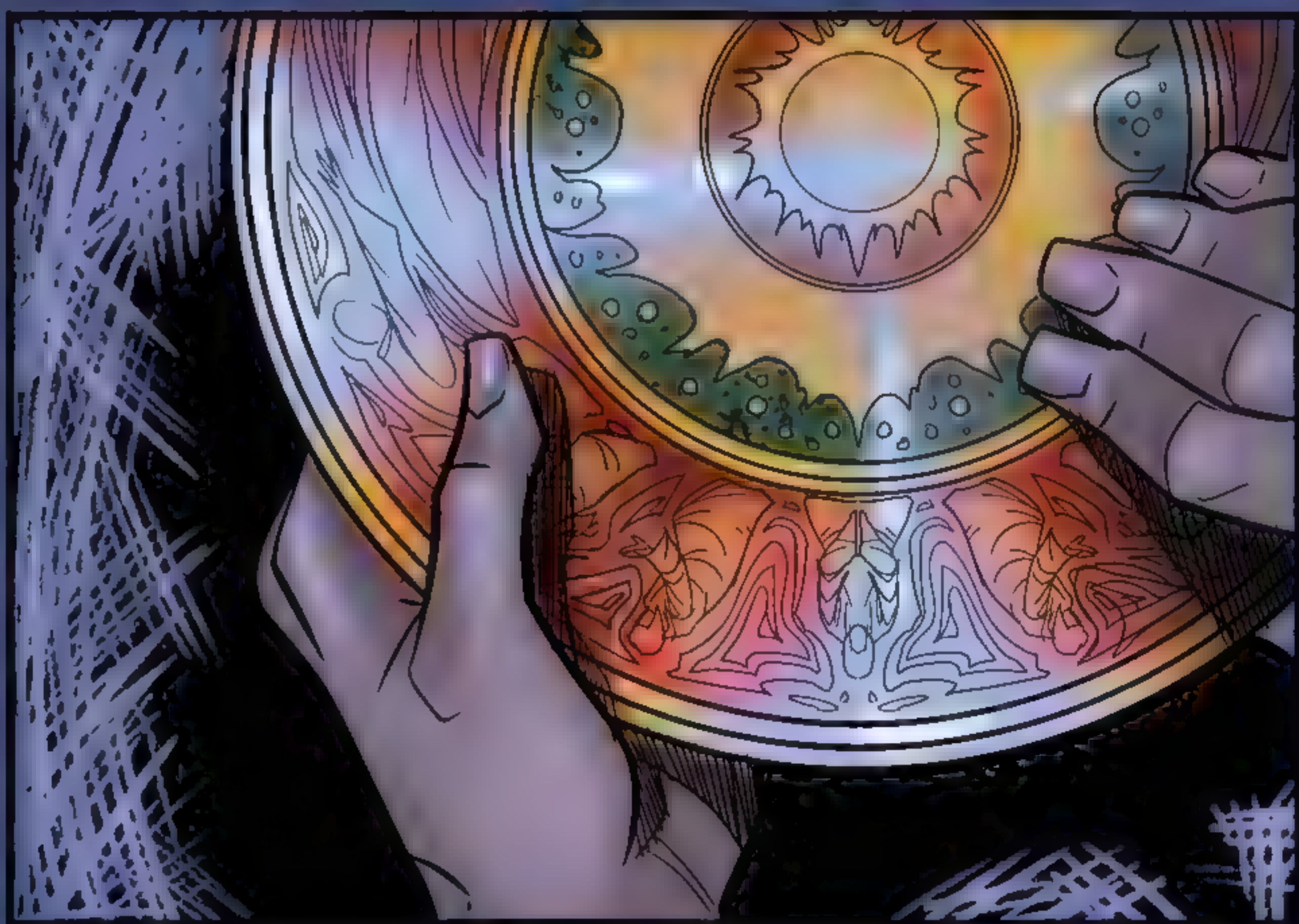




There you are.



A prison.
And a key.



EVERYTHING
OKAY?



I HAVE
IT.



OUT IN
FIVE.





WHAT HAPPENED?

CAN YOU CALL EMERGENCY?

OUR FRIEND IS HAVING SEIZURE.



HEY, MAN--



MISTAKE.



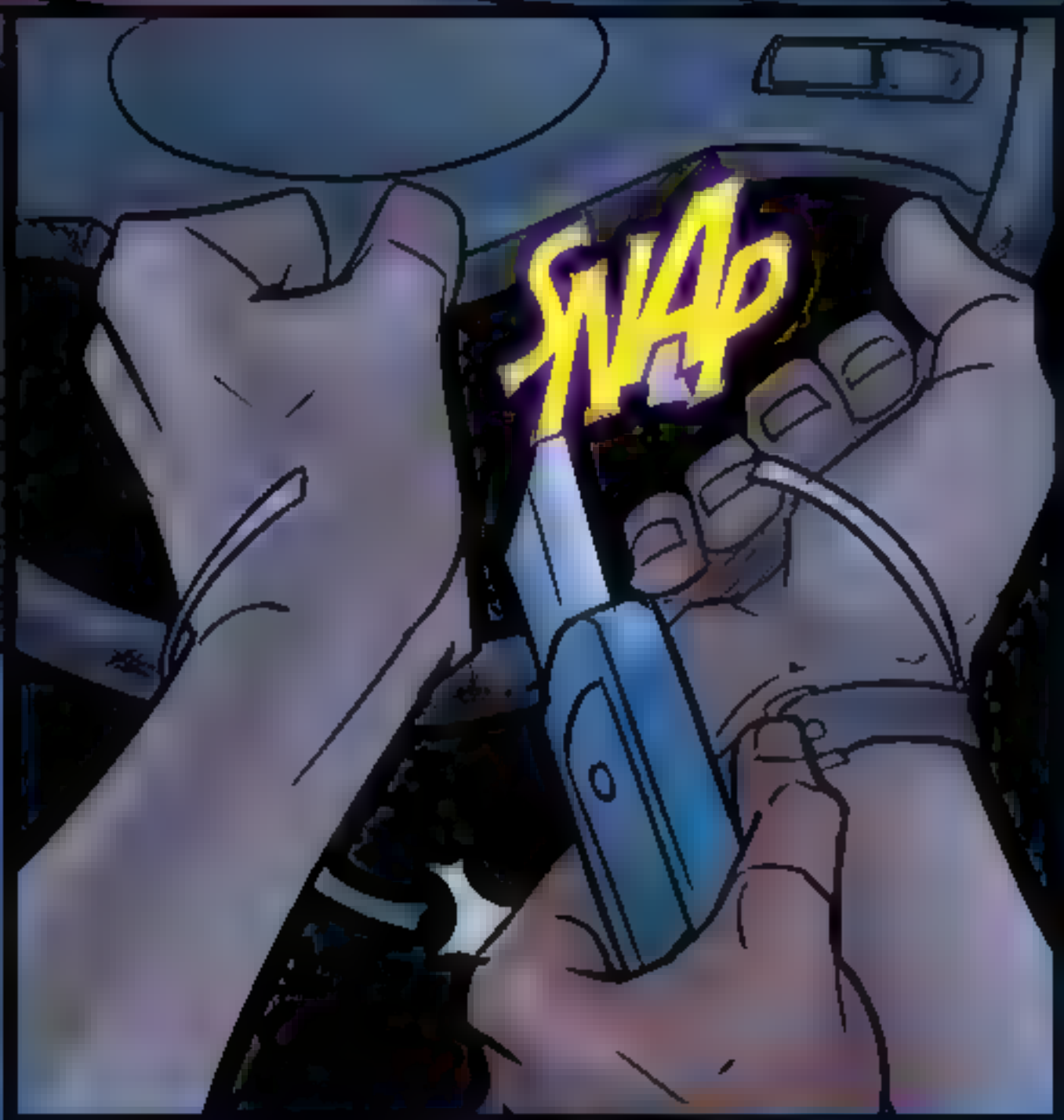
YOU'RE DOING IT WRONG. YOU NEED TO HAVE IT BEHIND THEIR BACKS.





WE NEED
SOMETHING
TO CUT THESE
TIES!

I'M
LOOKING!



BASTARDS.



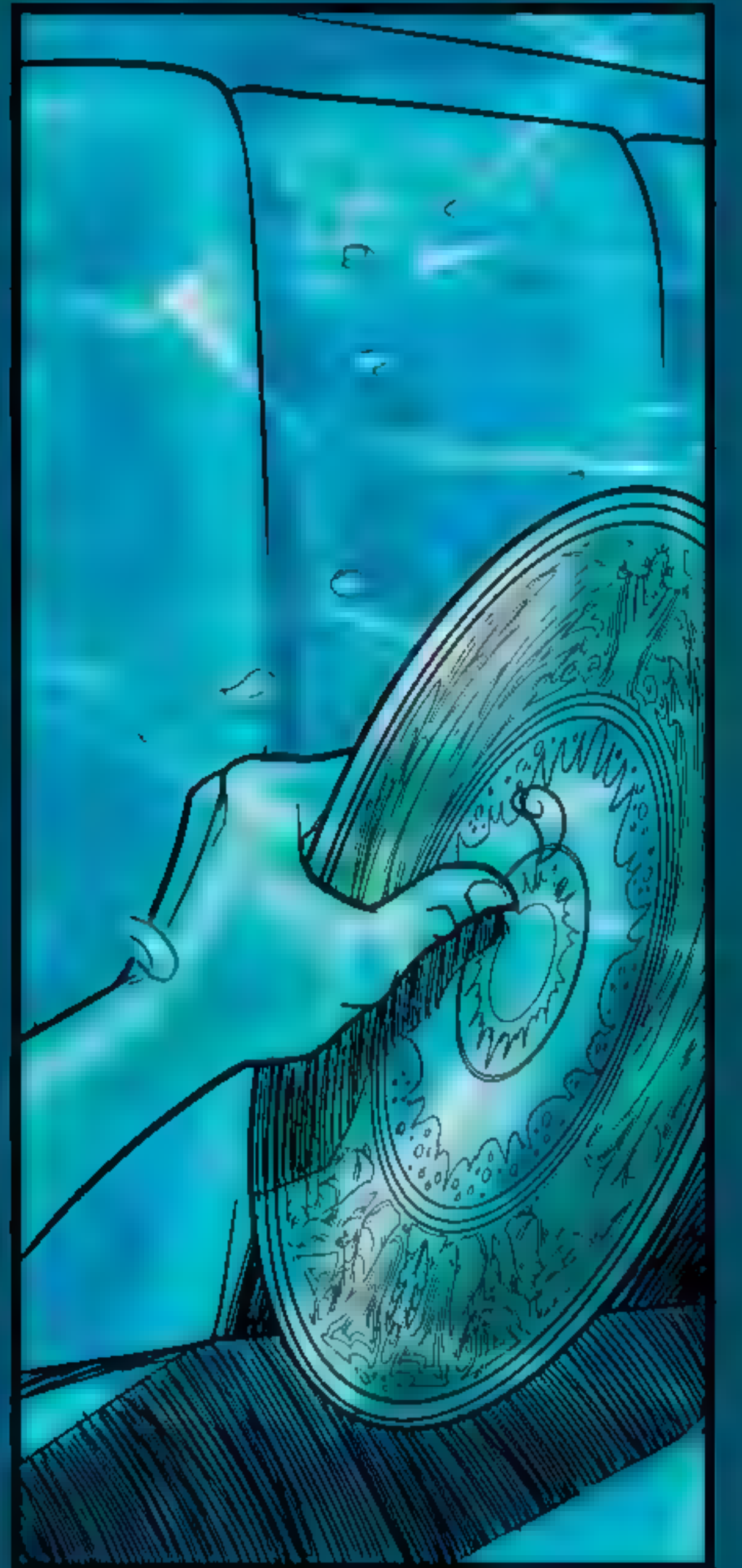
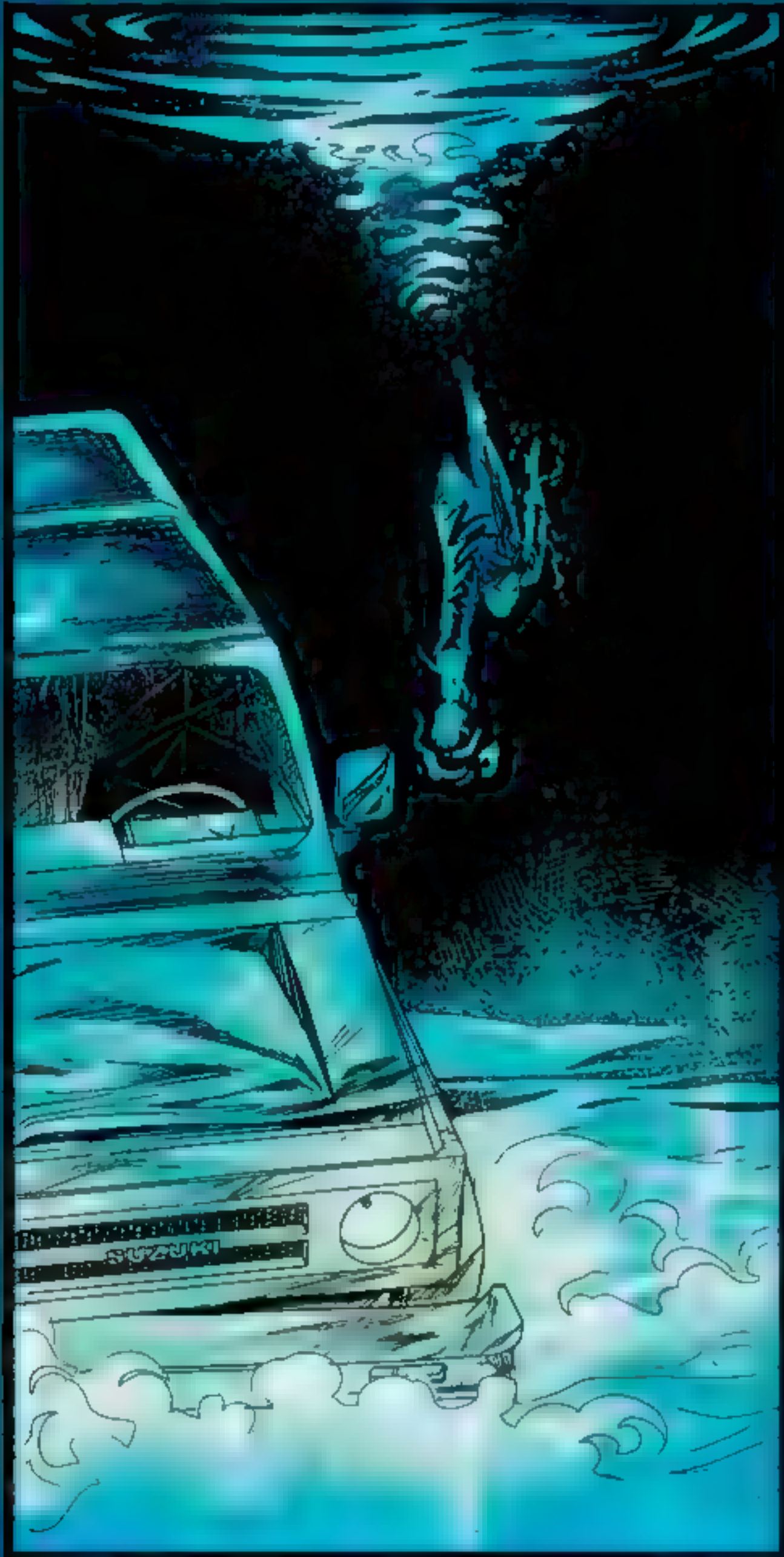
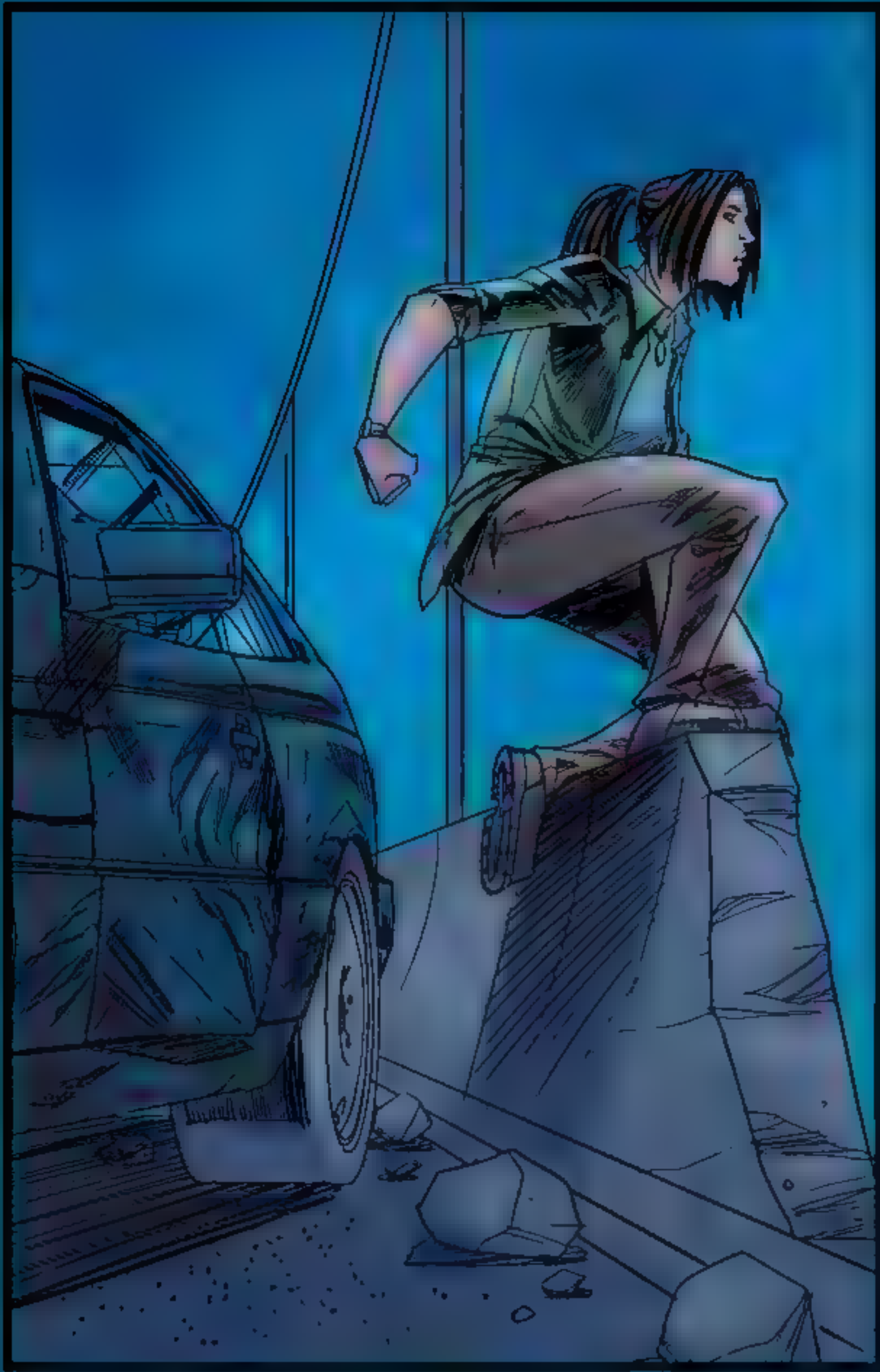
WE'RE
CATCHING
UP!

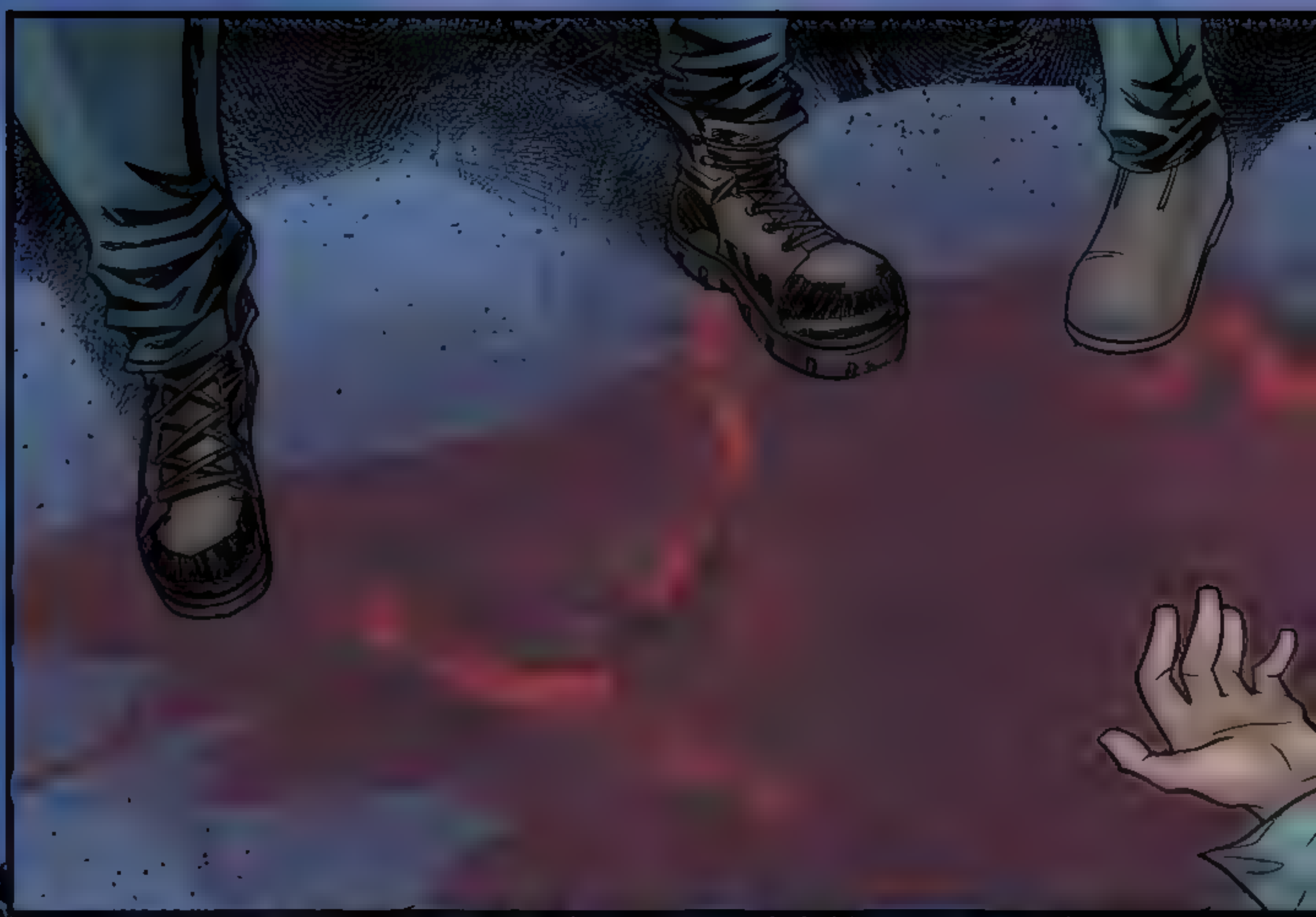


HMM.











QUAINT GERMAN
COTTAGE, OUTSIDE
OF BERLIN.

Trying to avoid hotels
full of potential
innocent bystanders.



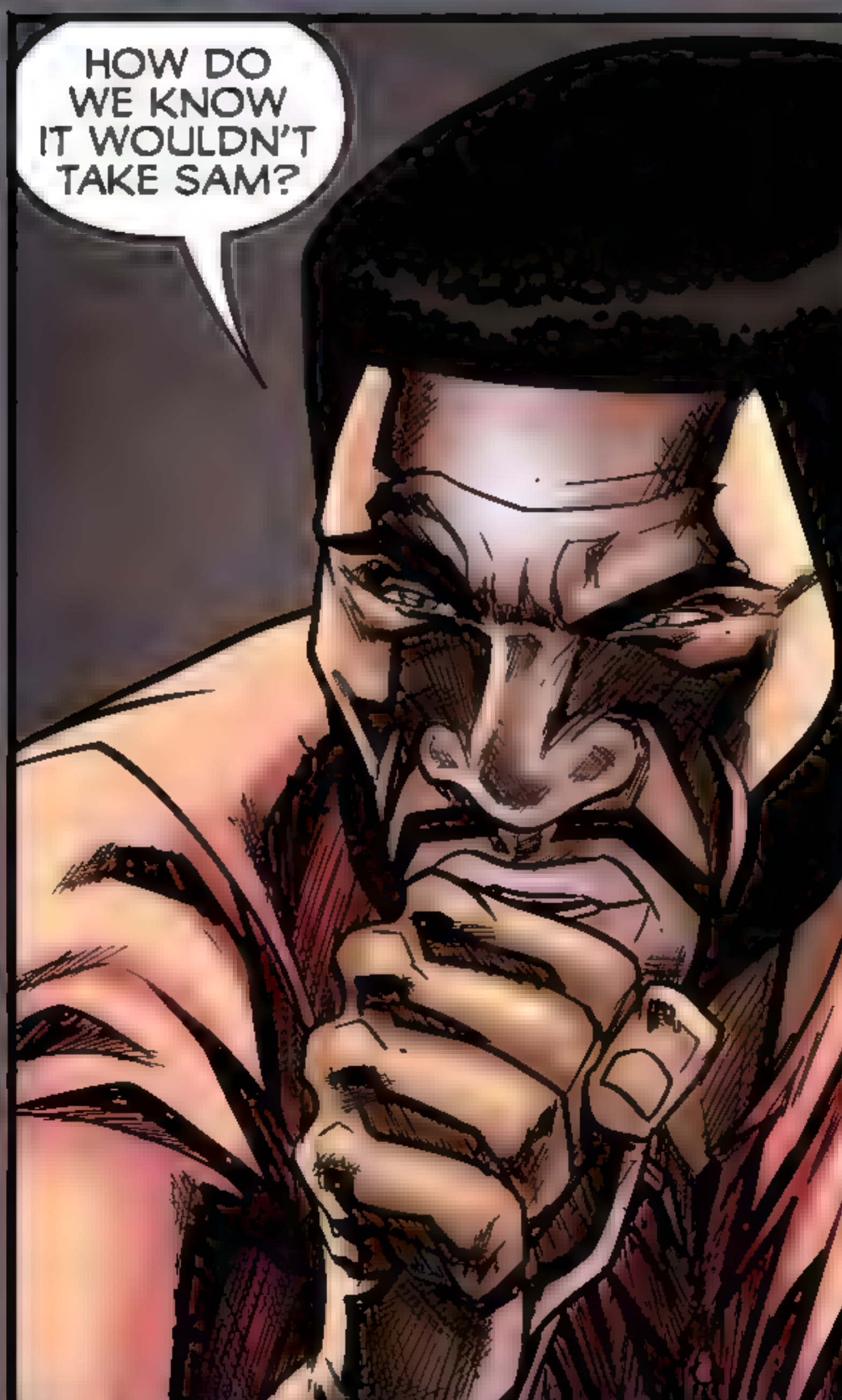
I'VE LOOKED
SOME MORE AT THE
DEPICTIONS OF HIMIKO
AND HER SUN
PRIESTESSES.



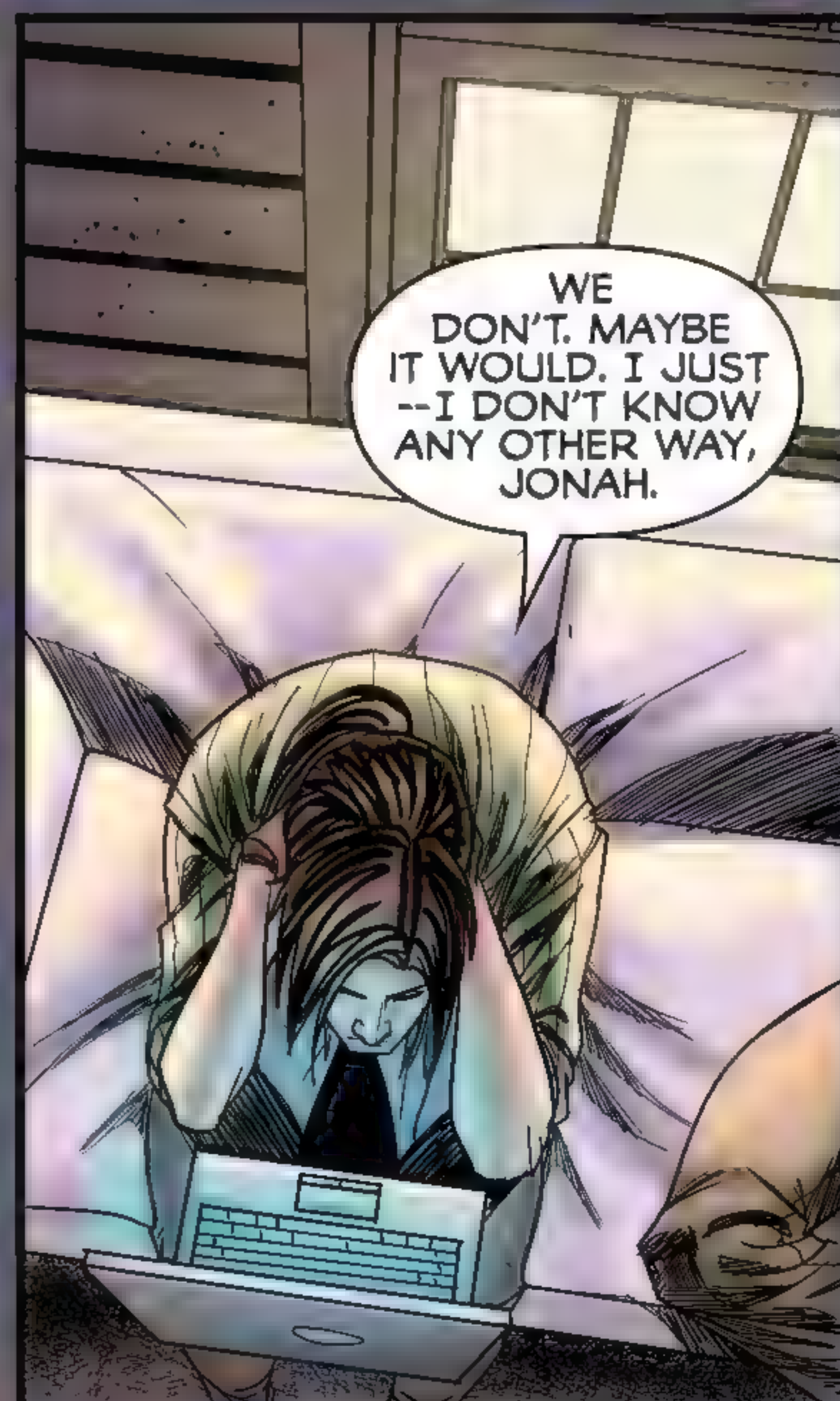
IF
THE MIRROR,
POWERED BY THE
SUN, IS HOW SHE
PULLS THE SOULS
FROM HER VICTIMS...
IF HIMIKO NEVER
LOOKS IN THE
MIRROR...



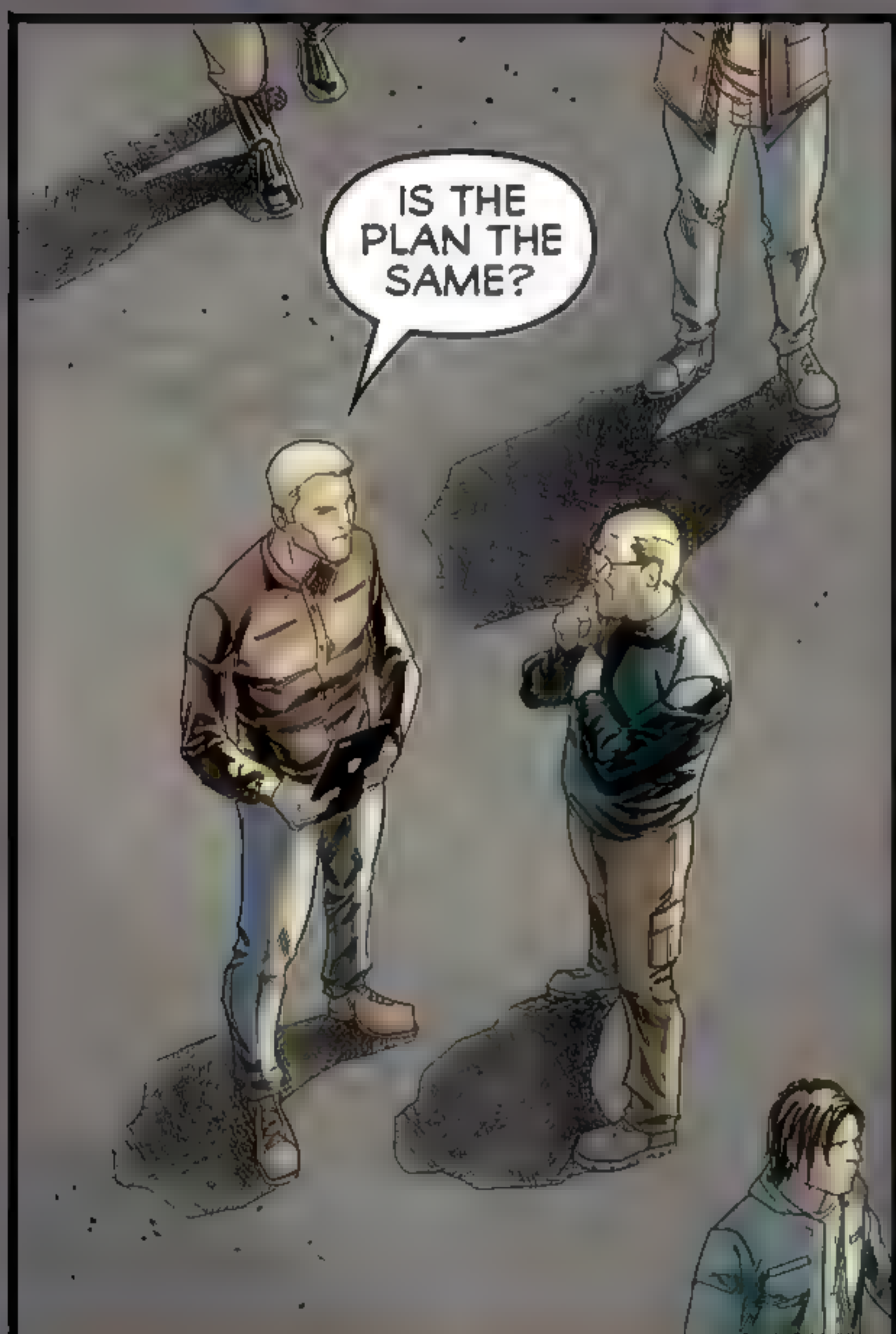
MAYBE IT
WOULD PULL
HIMIKO'S SOUL
FROM SAM'S
BODY.

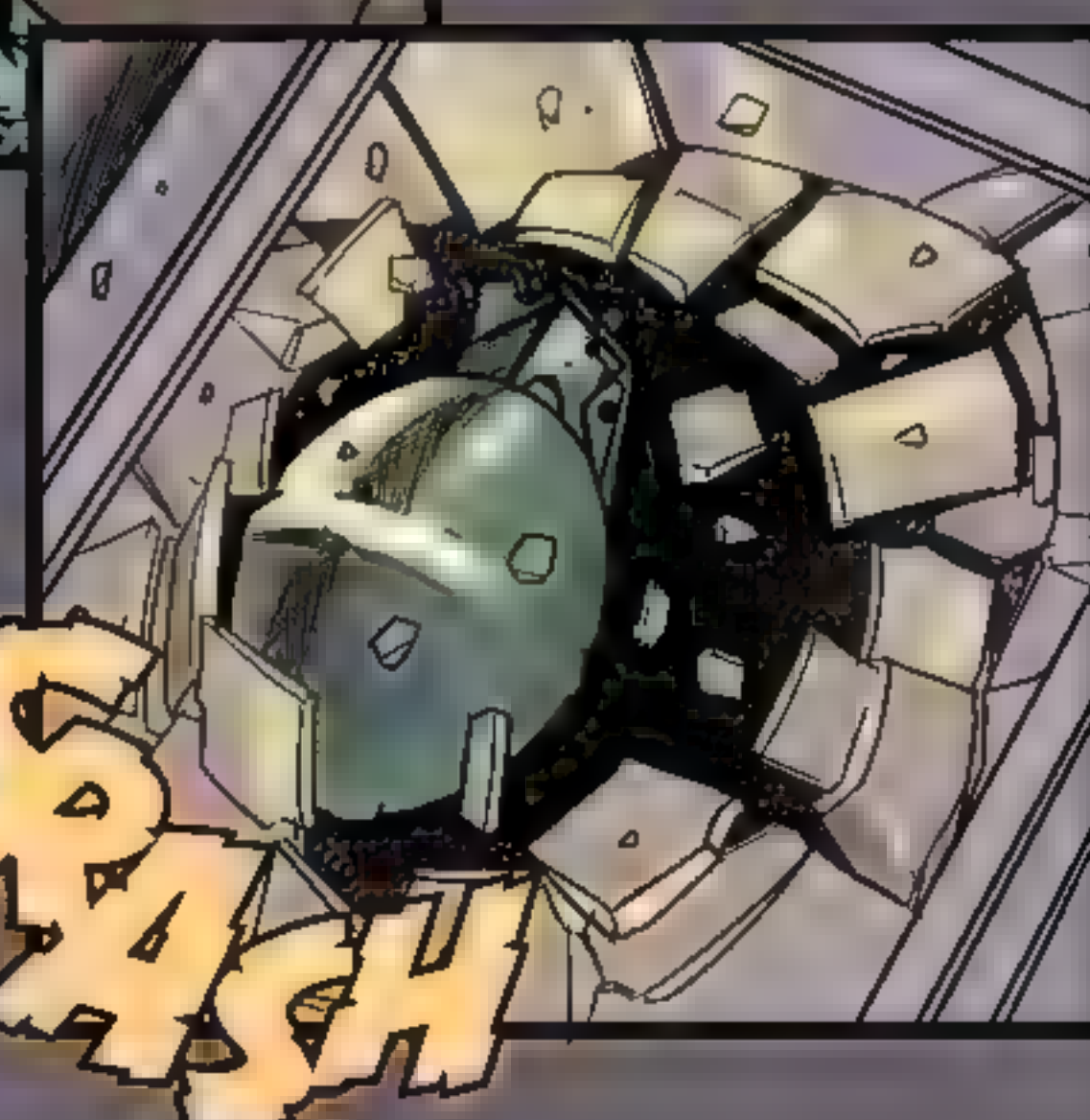
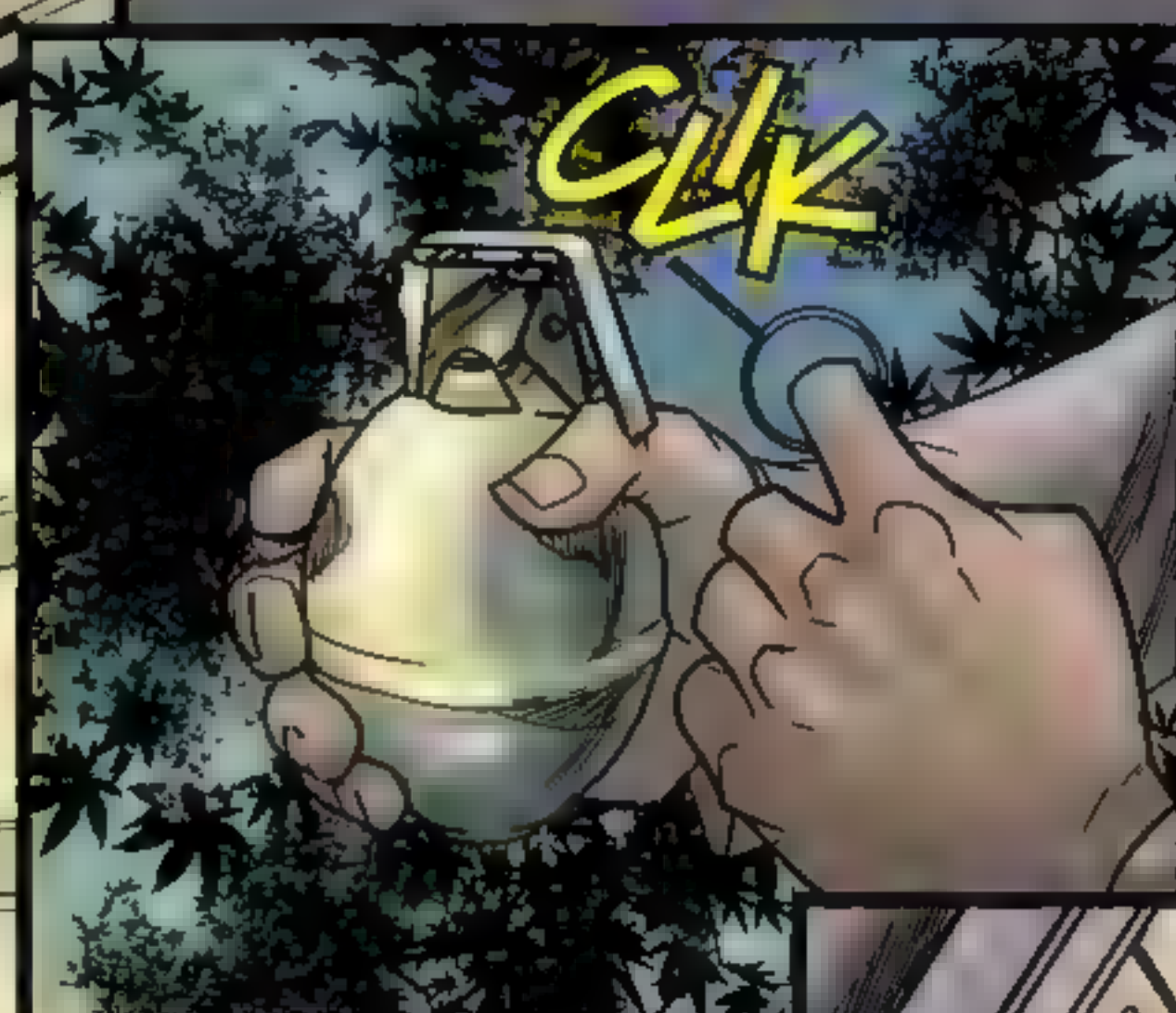


HOW DO
WE KNOW
IT WOULDN'T
TAKE SAM?



WE
DON'T. MAYBE
IT WOULD. I JUST
--I DON'T KNOW
ANY OTHER WAY,
JONAH.





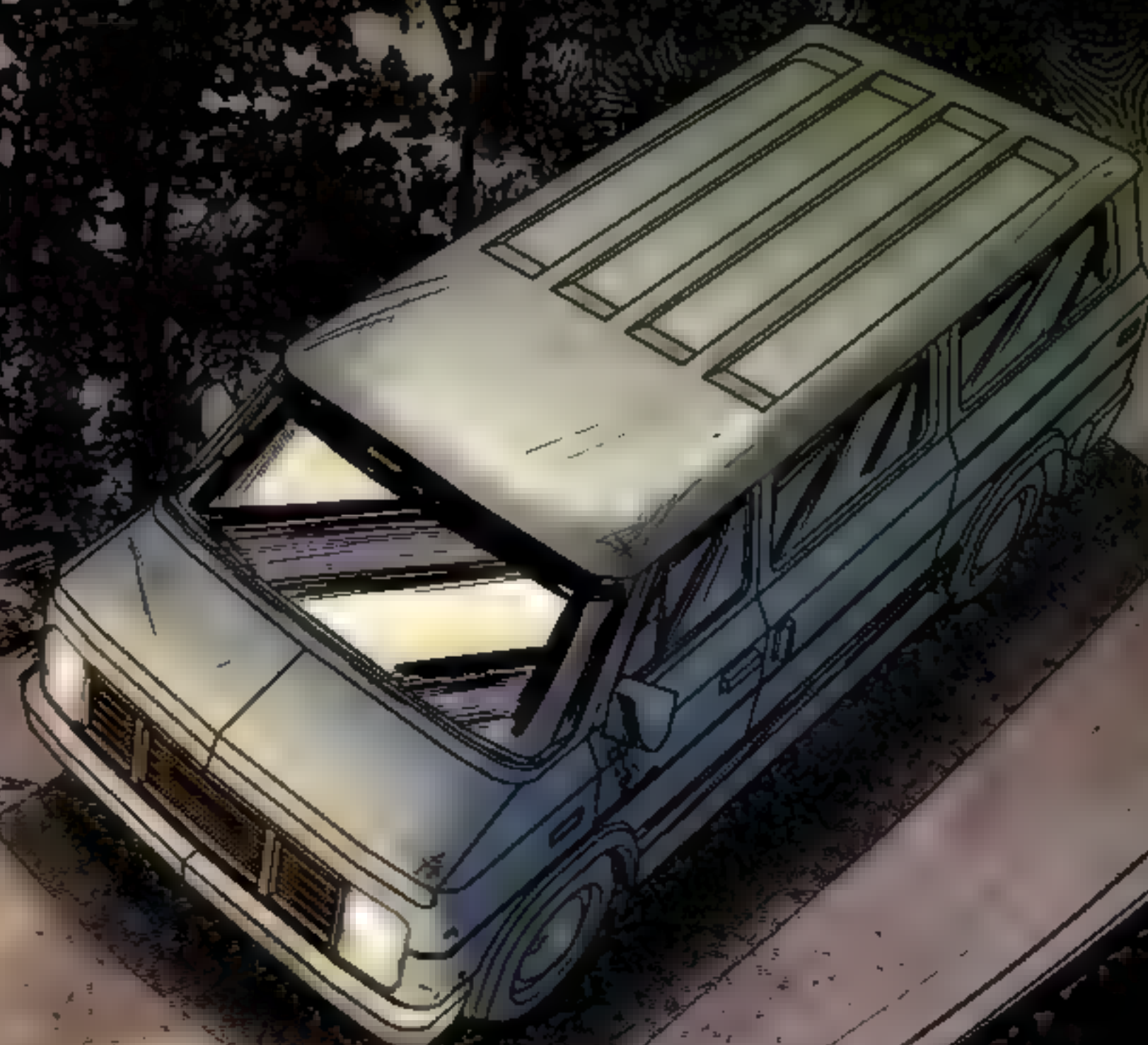


OKAY.
HERE WE
GO.

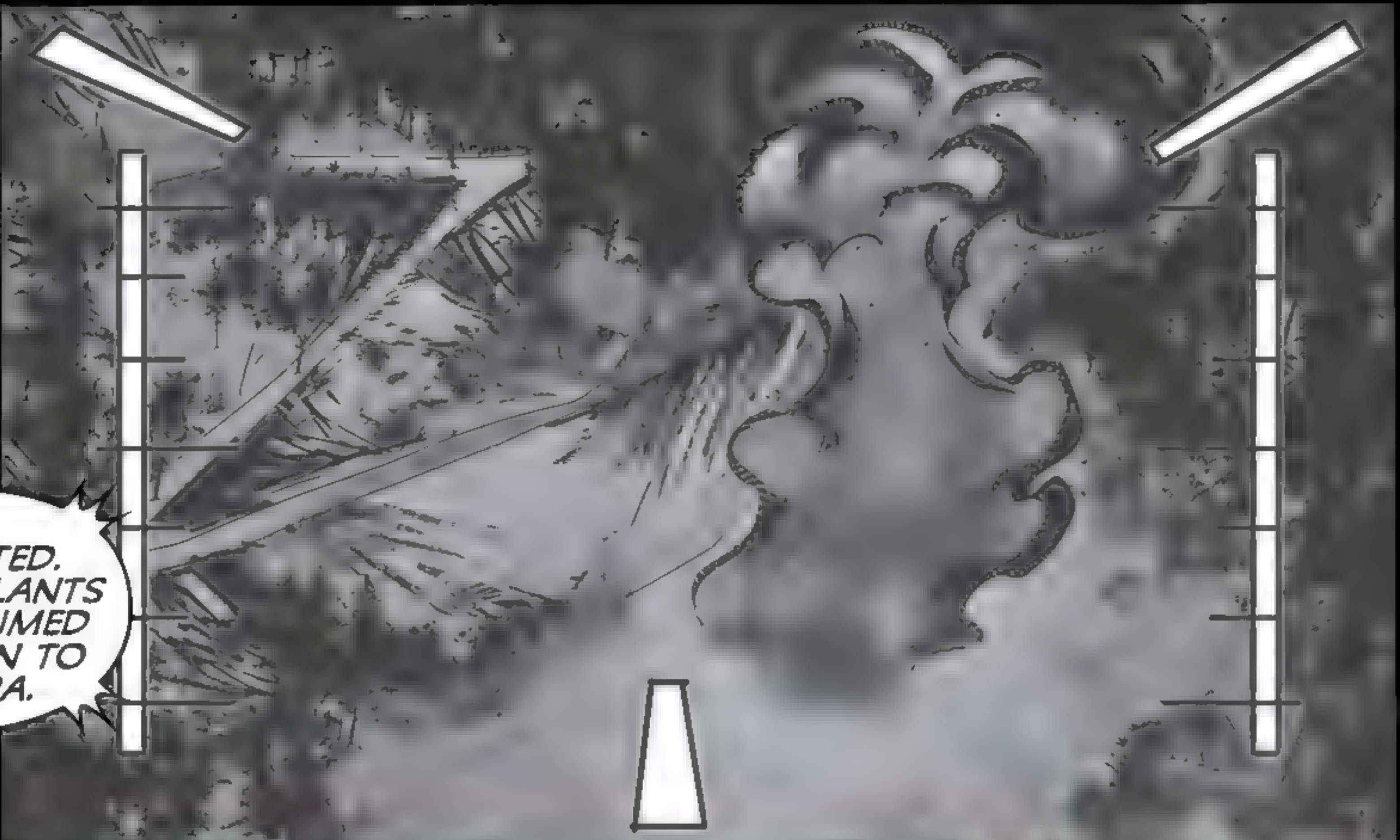


"THEY'VE BLOWN IT UP."


"THEY'RE HEADED
BACK TO THE CAMP."







WHITE
VAN LOCATED.
THREE ASSAILANTS
INSIDE. ASSUMED
CONNECTION TO
NISHIMURA.



HAVE WE
CONFIRMED THAT
CROFT WAS INSIDE
THE CABIN?



NEGATIVE.

I WANT A
TEAM AT THE SITE.
AIR TEAMS 4 AND
5, FOLLOW THE
VAN.



I'VE ALMOST
CAUGHT UP WITH
THEM.

THERE'S A
LIMITED NUMBER
OF ROUTES THEY
CAN FOLLOW FROM
THE CABIN THEY
JUST BLEW UP.

THE LAST
THING THE CAMERA
CAUGHT BEFORE IT
CUT OUT WAS THREE
WOMEN IN A WHITE
VAN. SWEDISH
PLATES.



YOU GOT
EVERYTHING YOU
NEED FOR THE
NEXT STEP?



I THINK
SO.





THERE ARE NO
HUMAN REMAINS
TO BE FOUND. NO
CROFT.

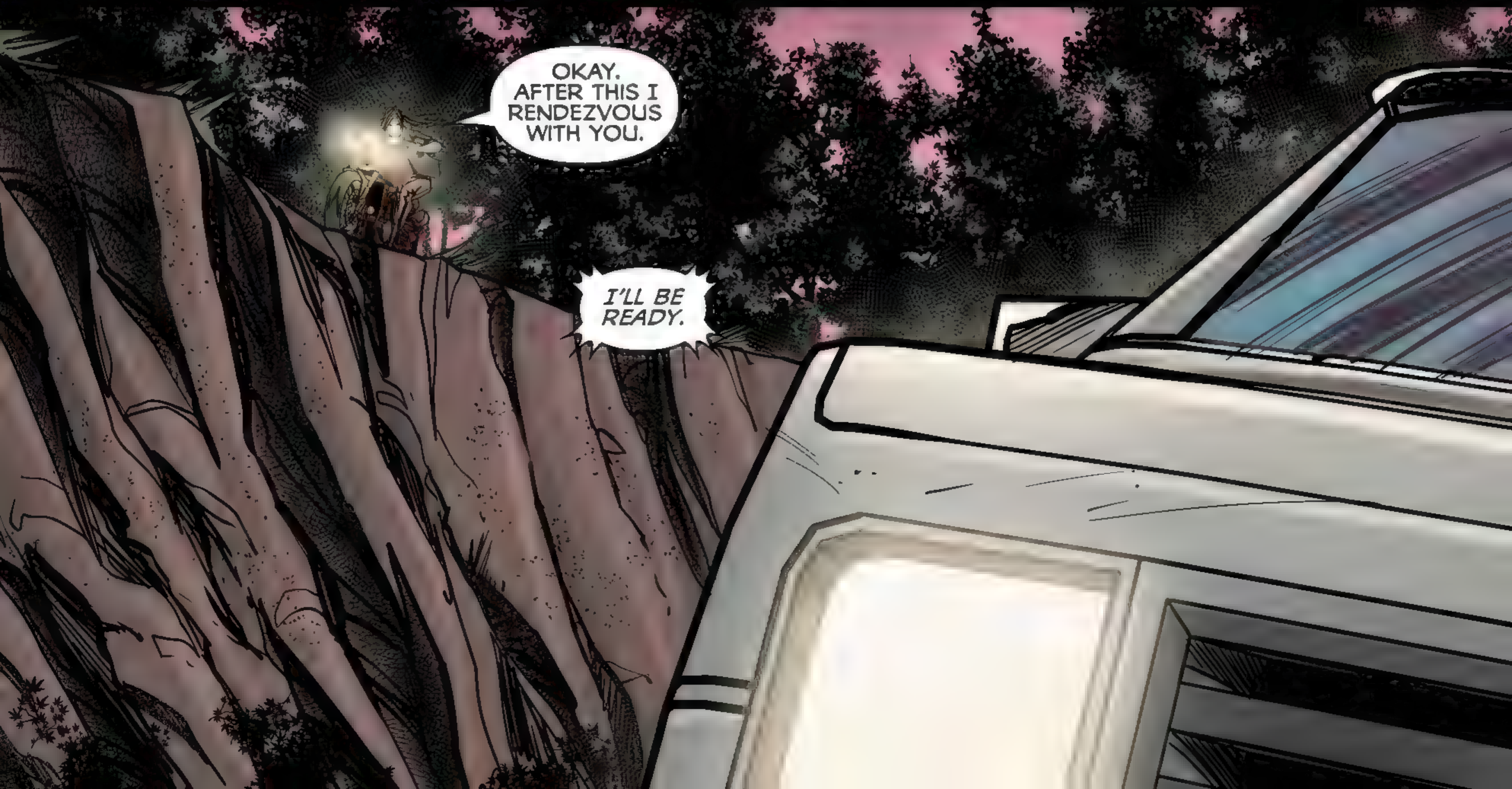
OUTSIDE
OF BERLIN.



YOU HAVE
ONE ORDER. FIND
CROFT AND KILL
NISHIMURA!



SIGH
WE HAVE TWO
ORDERS.

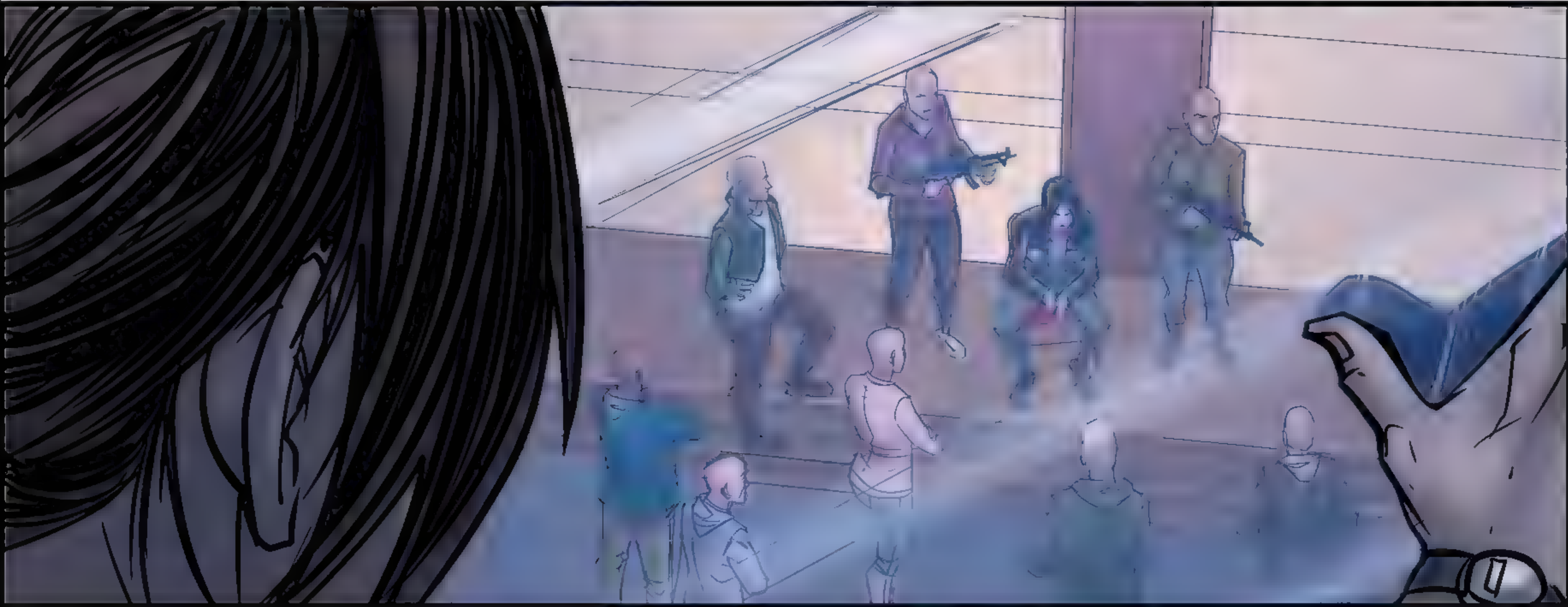


OKAY.
AFTER THIS I
RENDEZVOUS
WITH YOU.

I'LL BE
READY.

An aerial view of a temporary headquarters. The scene includes several small, single-story buildings with red roofs, a large building with a curved, metallic-looking roof, and a parking lot with several cars. A yellow text box in the top left corner reads: "HIMIKO'S TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS."







I SUGGEST WE CHANGE UP OUR VEHICLES.

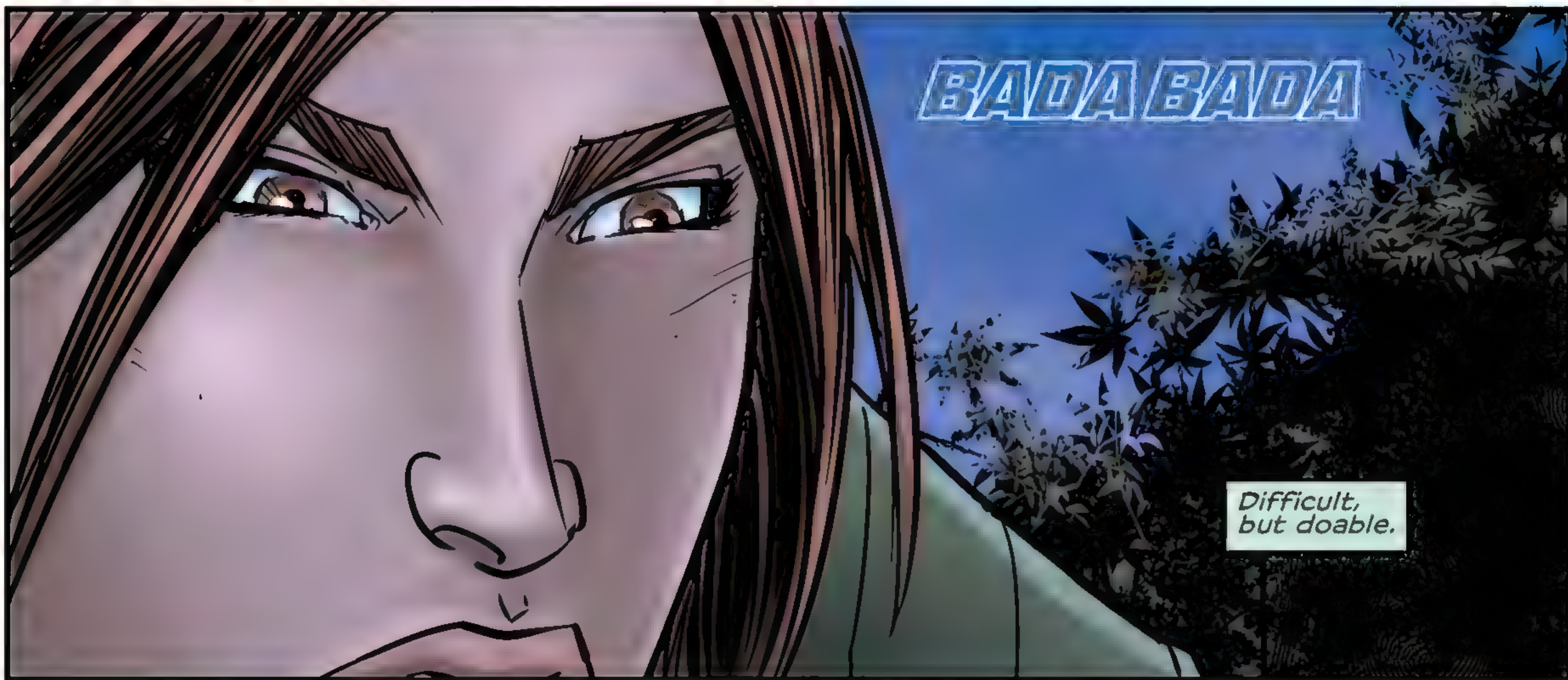
AND FIND A ROUTE THAT WILL KEEP US OFF THE MAIN HIGHWAYS.



WE LEAVE AT DAWN.



MY KINGDOM LIES IN ASHES, WAITING FOR ITS QUEEN TO RETURN.



BADA BADA

Difficult, but doable.



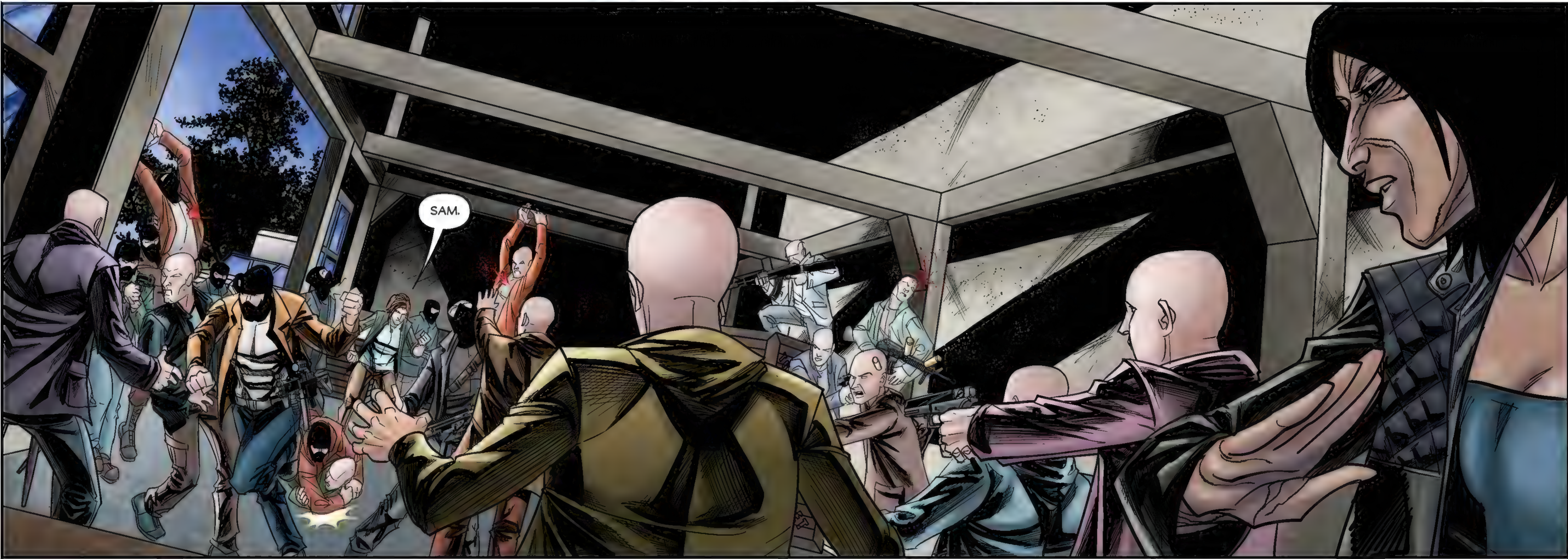
BADA BADA BADA BADA

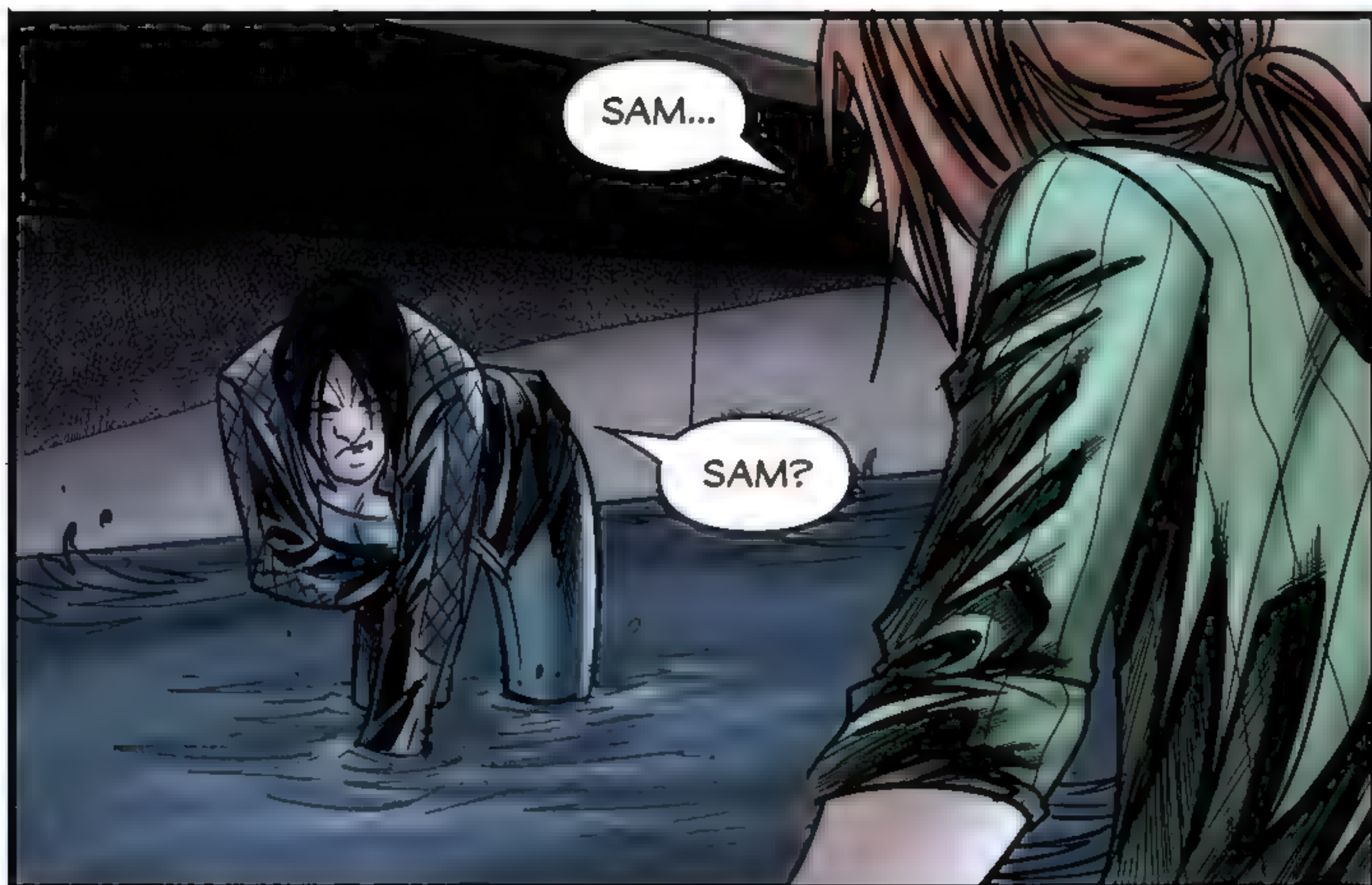
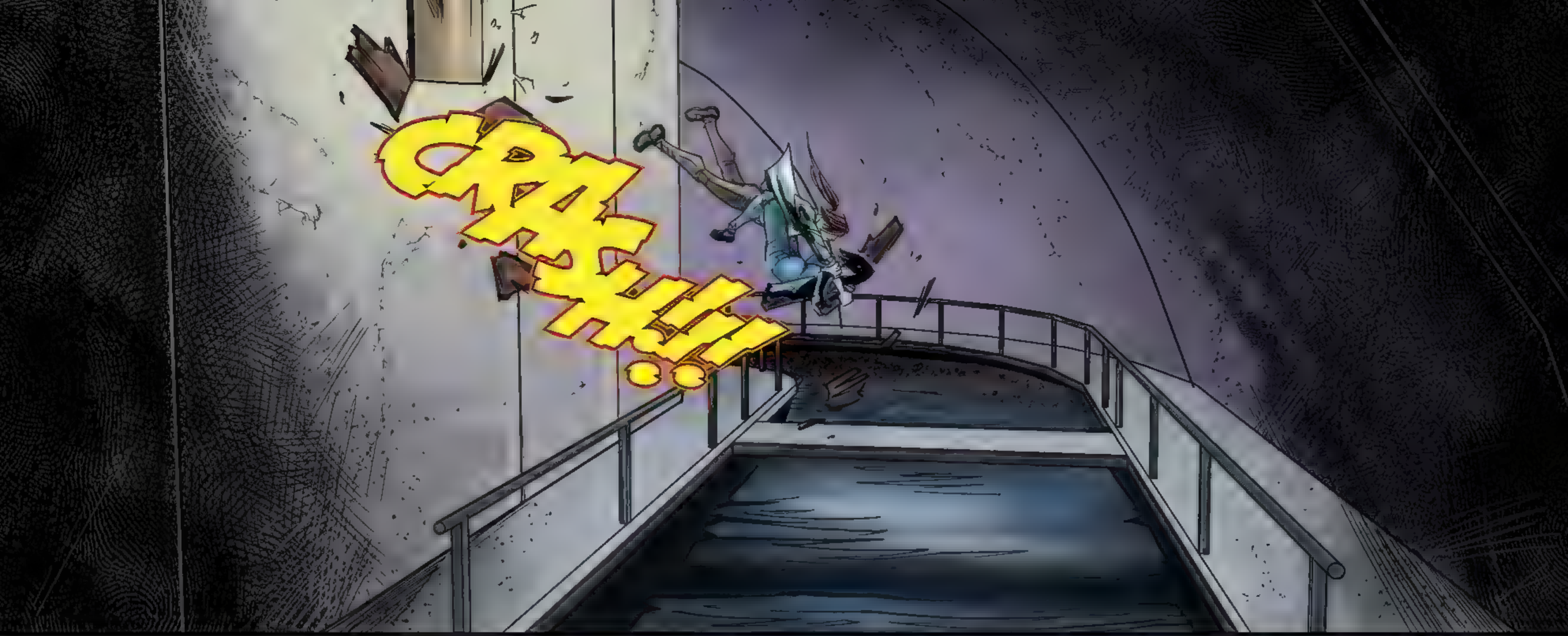
Trinity.

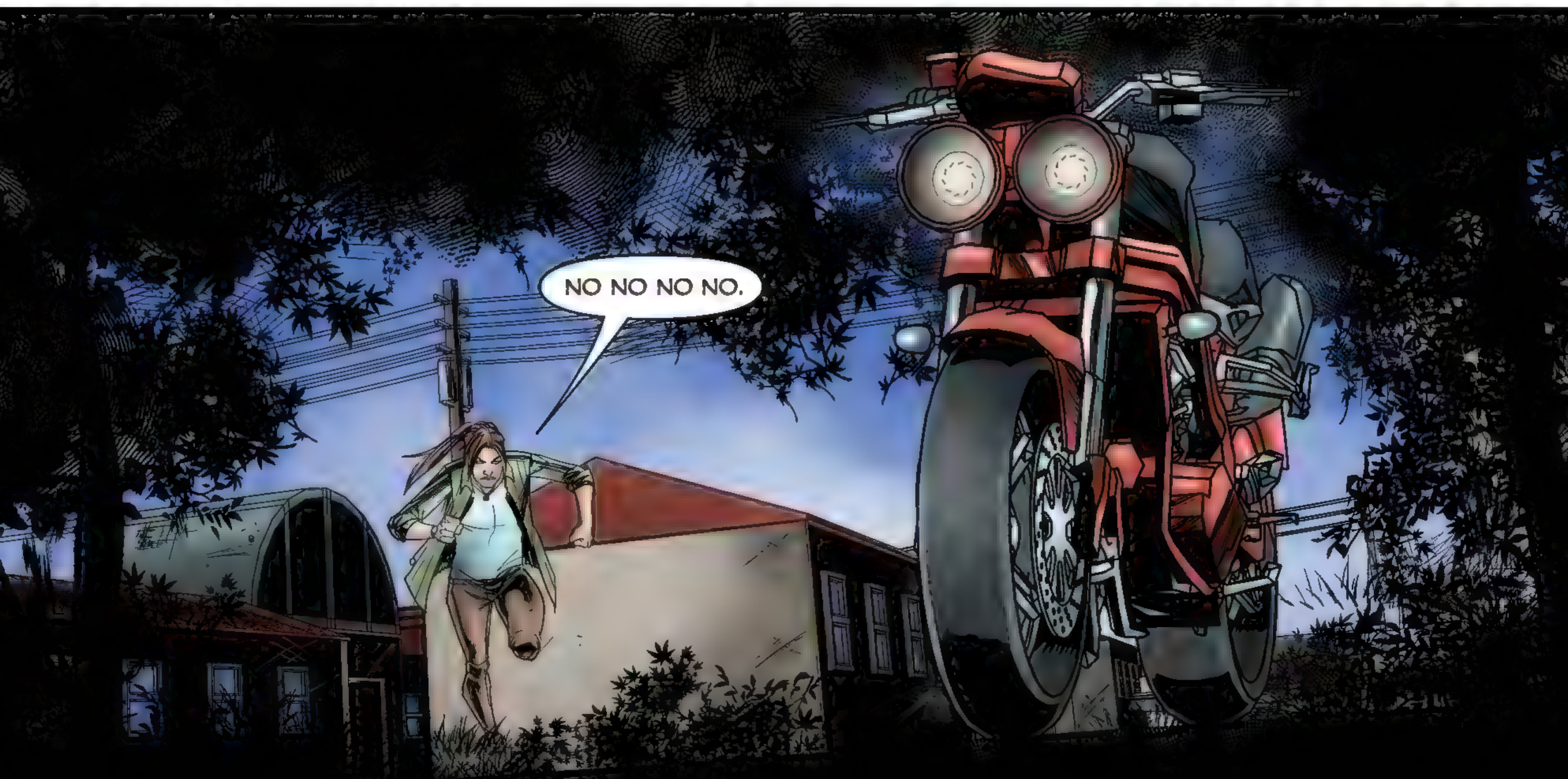


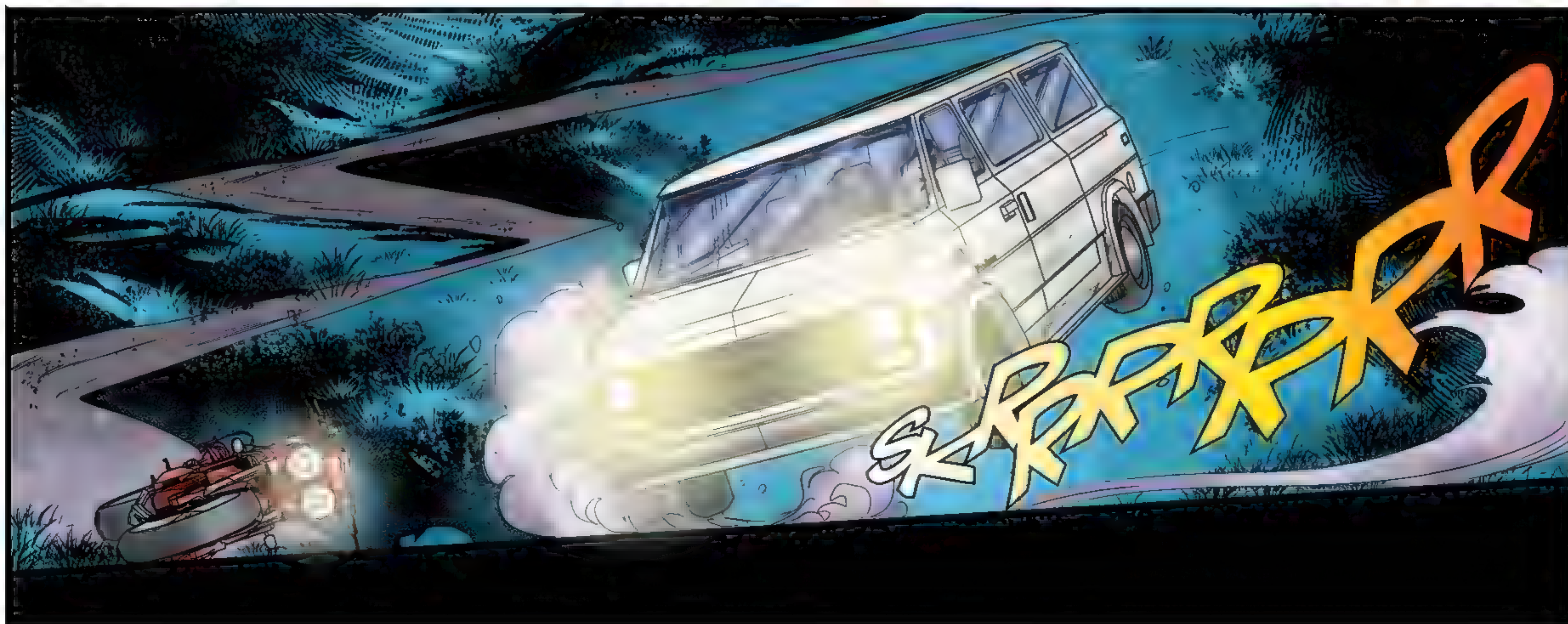
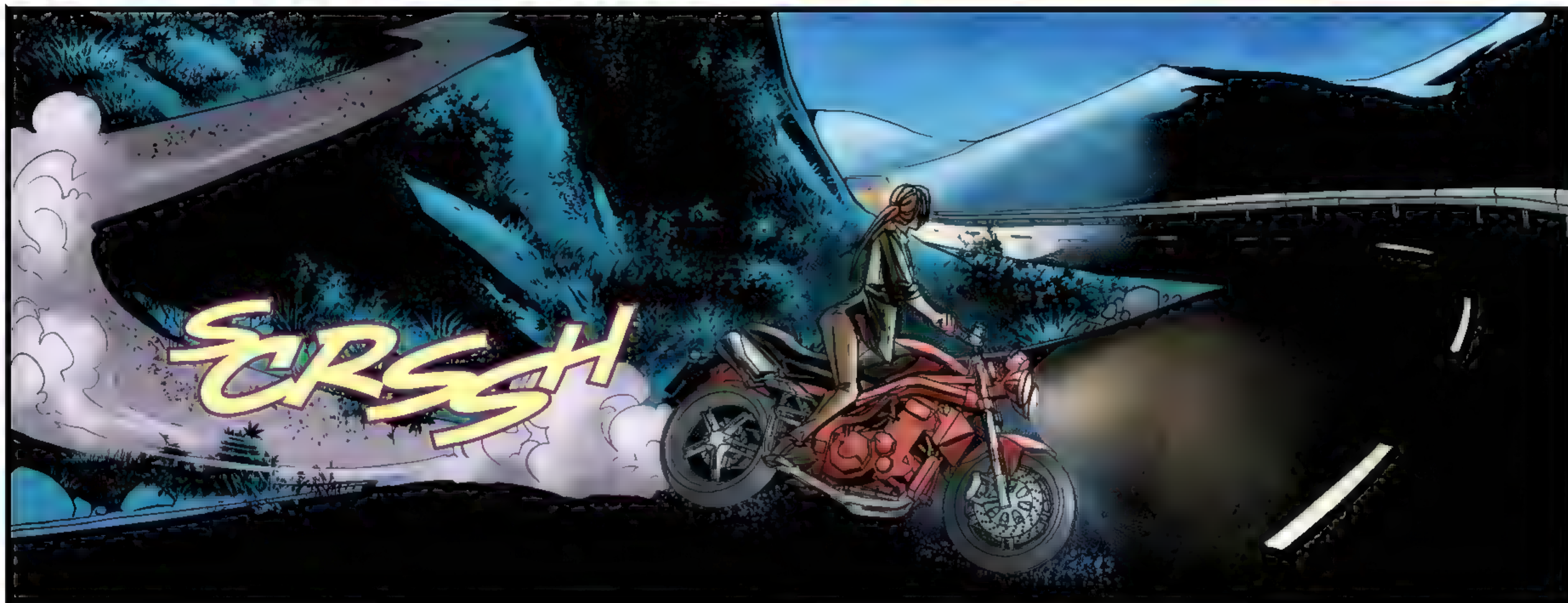
Here we go.

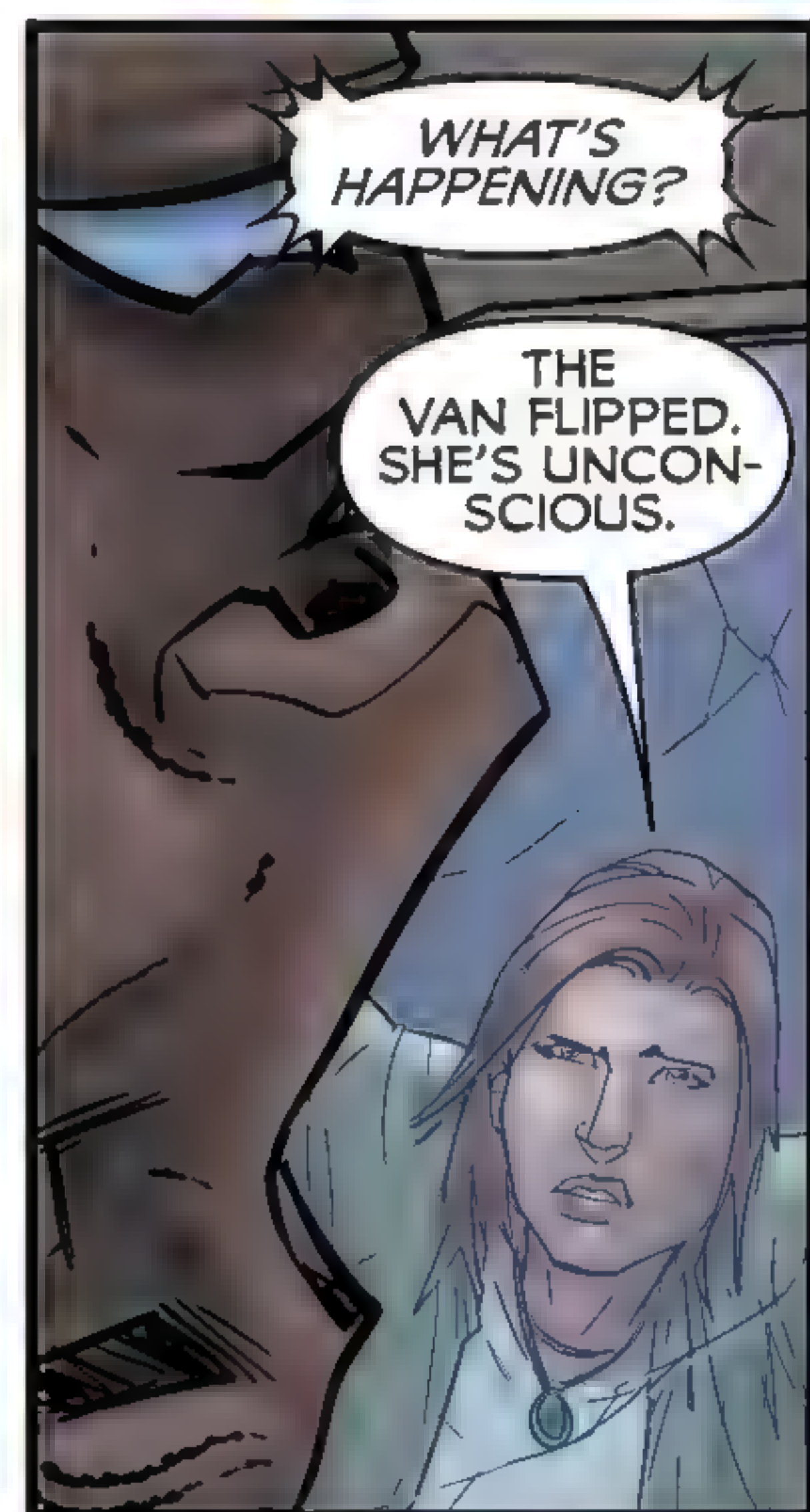
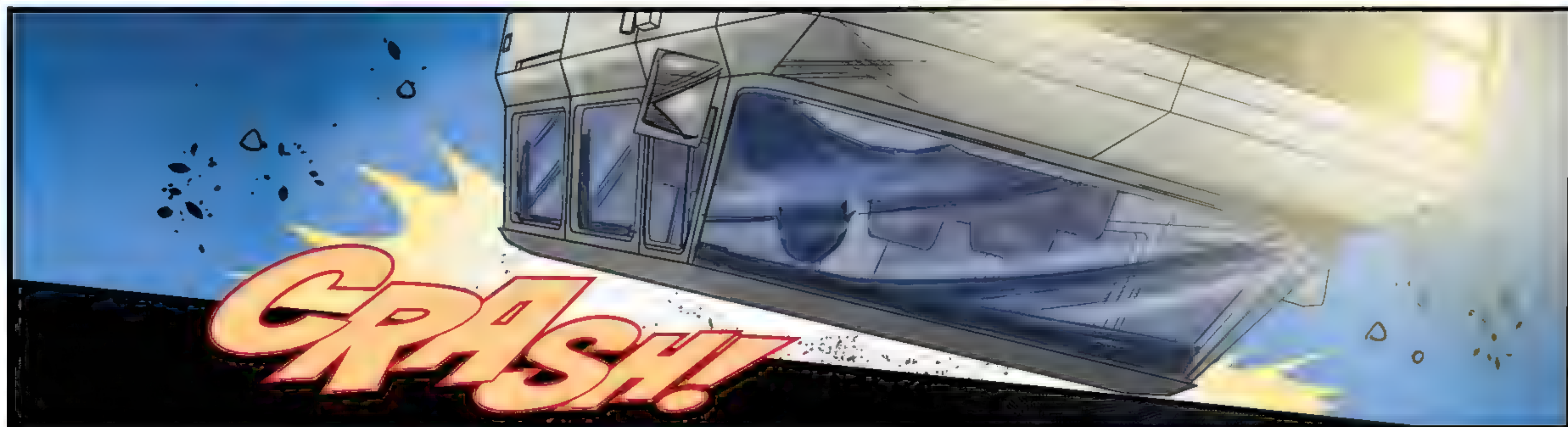
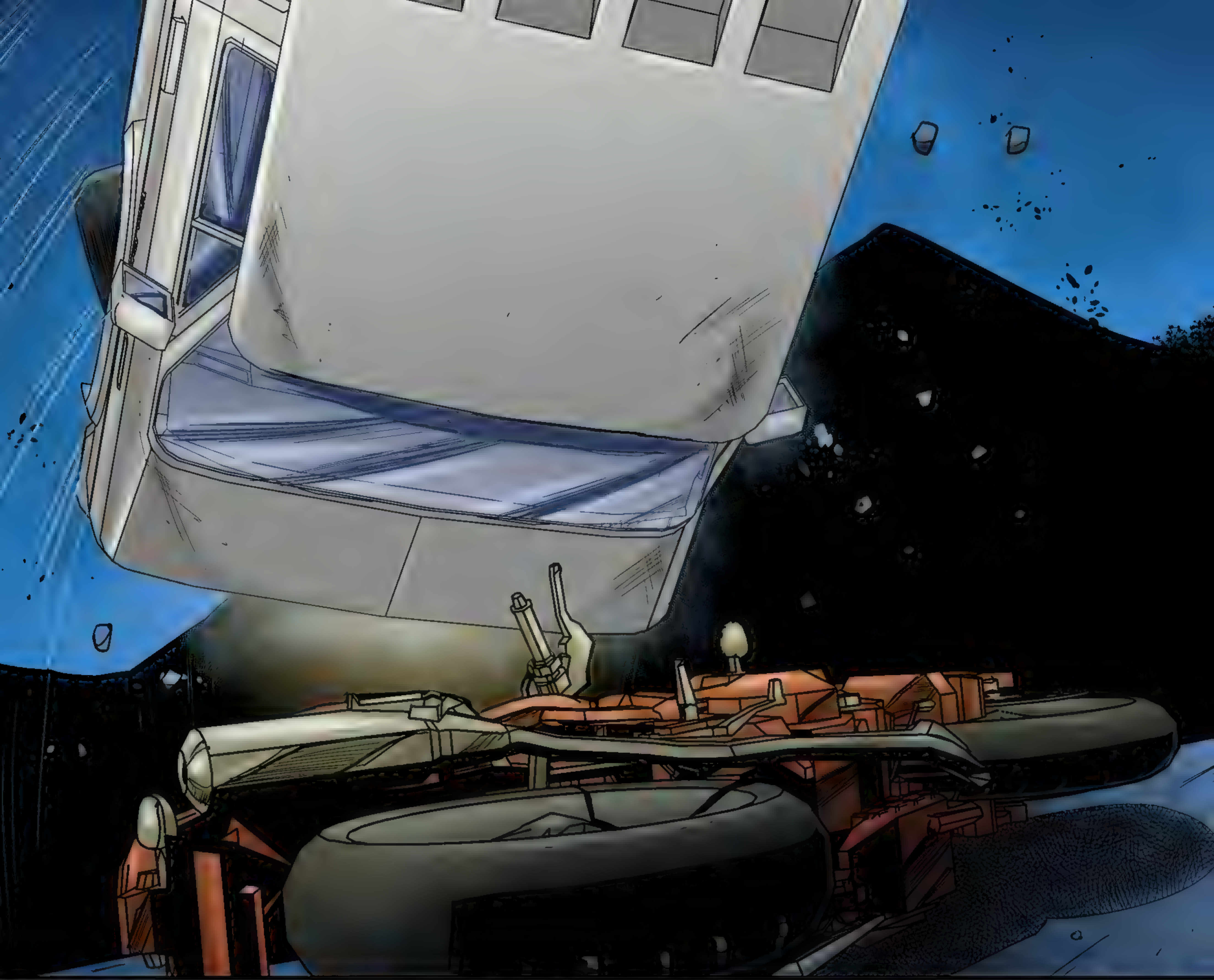












MINUTES
FROM
SUNRISE.

LARA?

ARE YOU
THERE?

My only hope.

LARA.
I THINK IT'S
BAD.

PLEASE
LARA, PLEASE
DON'T ABANDON
ME AGAIN.

*Please
let this
be right.
Please.*

HEEEHEE.

I CAN
HEAR YOUR
HEART BEATING,
LARA CROFT.

WHATEVER
IS LEFT OF
YOUR FRIEND CAN
HEAR IT, TOO, BUT
NOT FOR MUCH
LONGER.

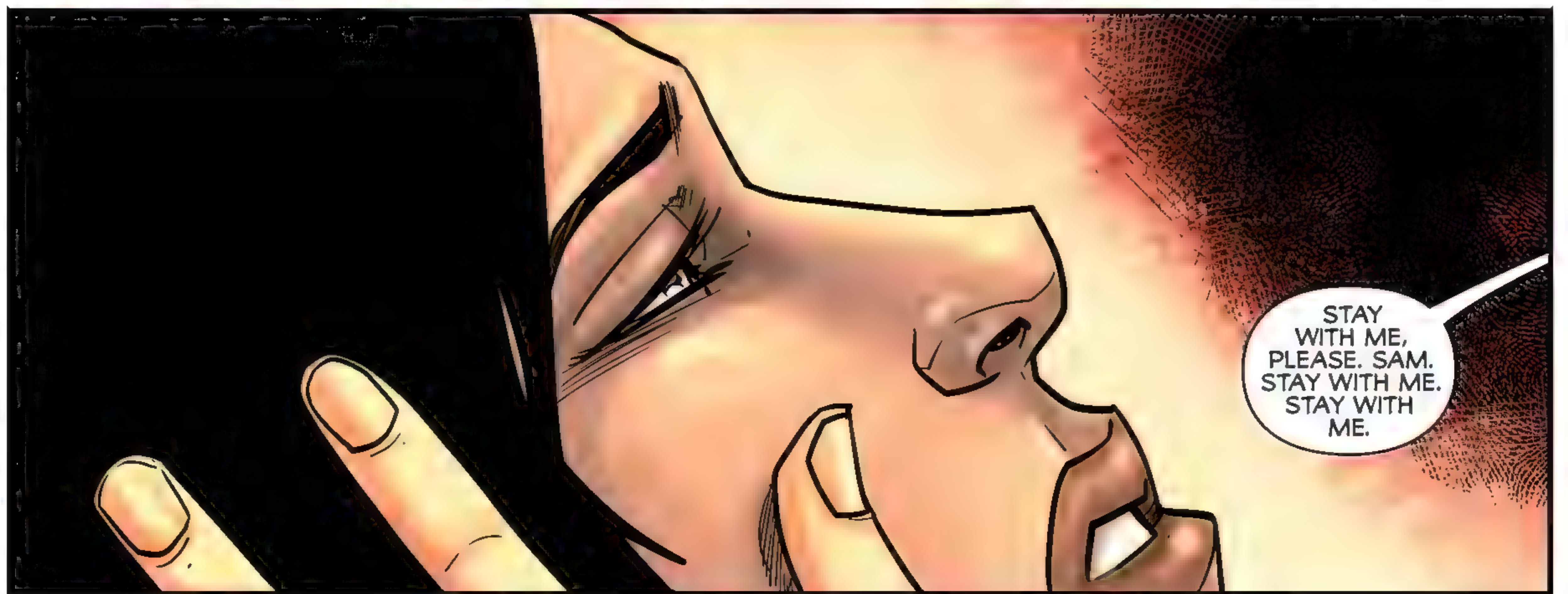
THIS BODY
BELONGS TO
ME. IT BELONGED
TO ME BEFORE IT
EVEN CAME INTO
EXISTENCE.

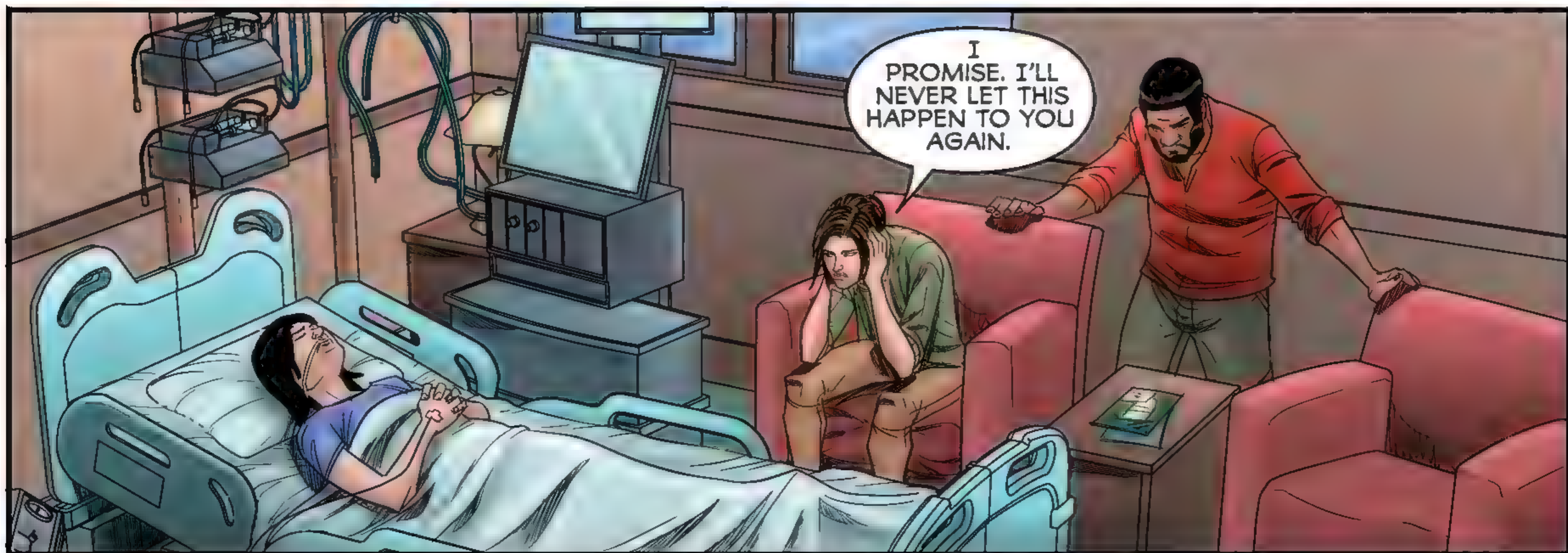
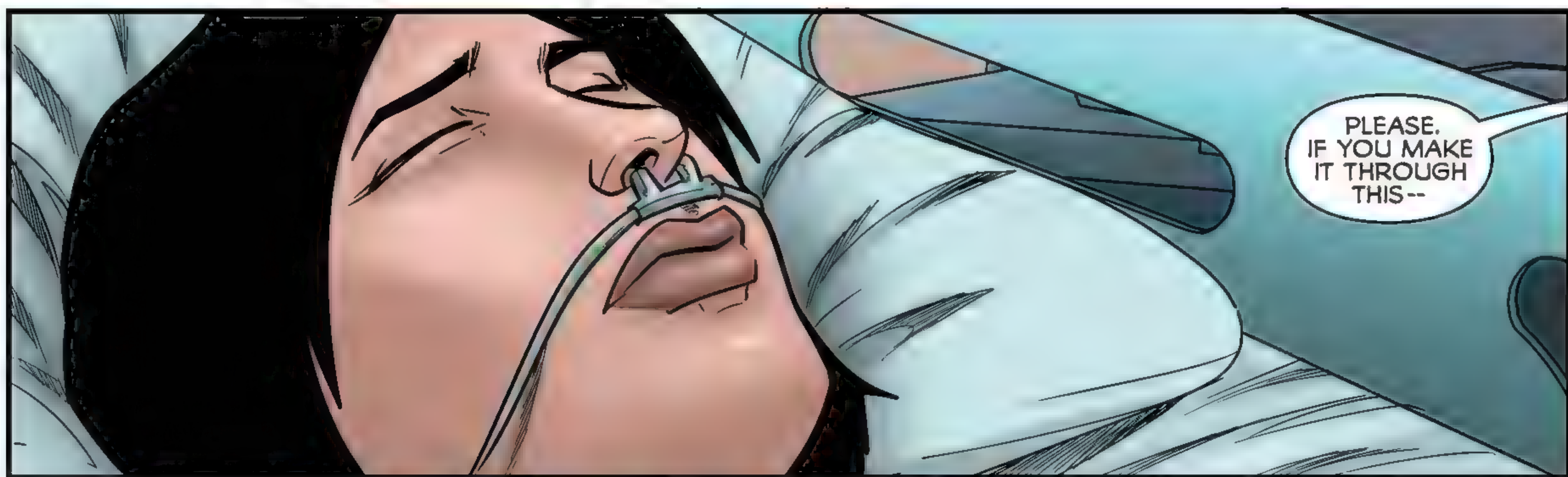
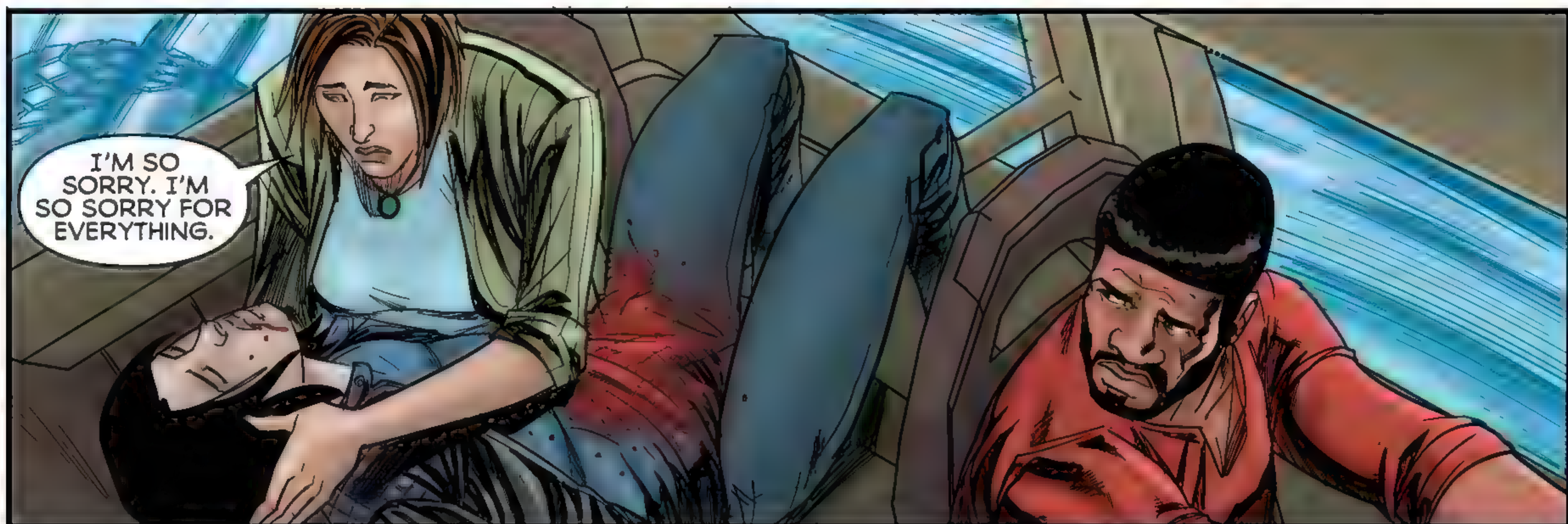
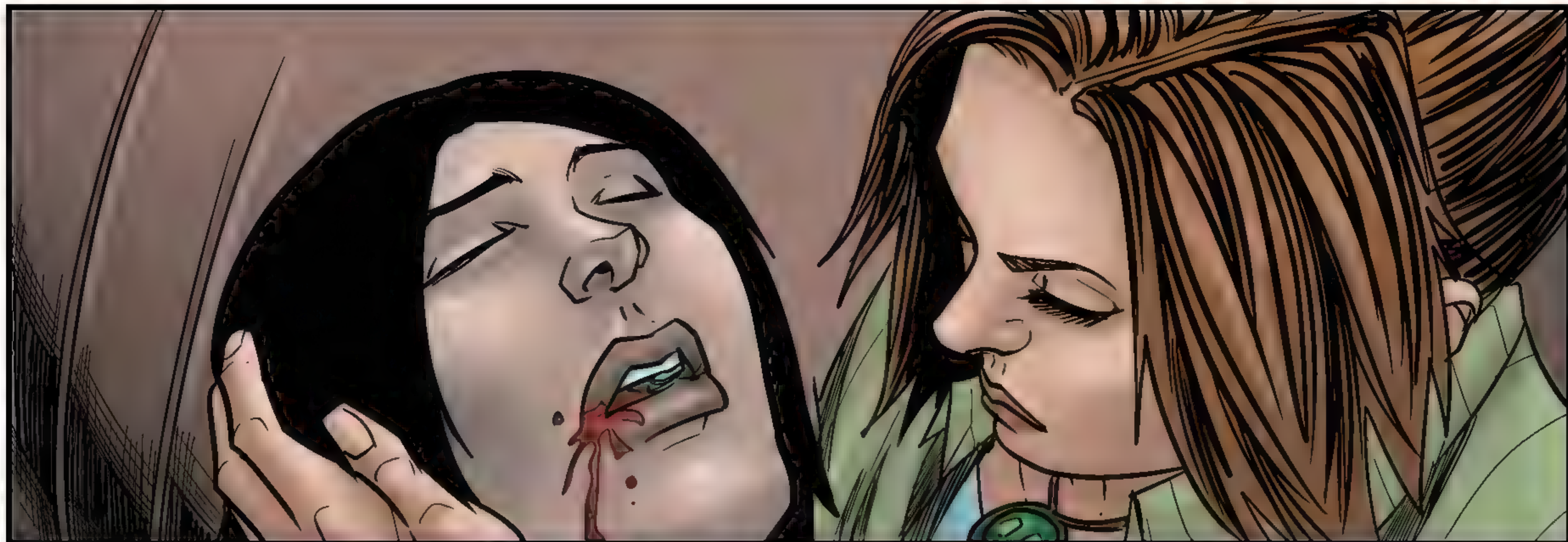
THE BODY
OF A TRAITOR,
NOW WITH ITS
RIGHTFUL
OWNER.











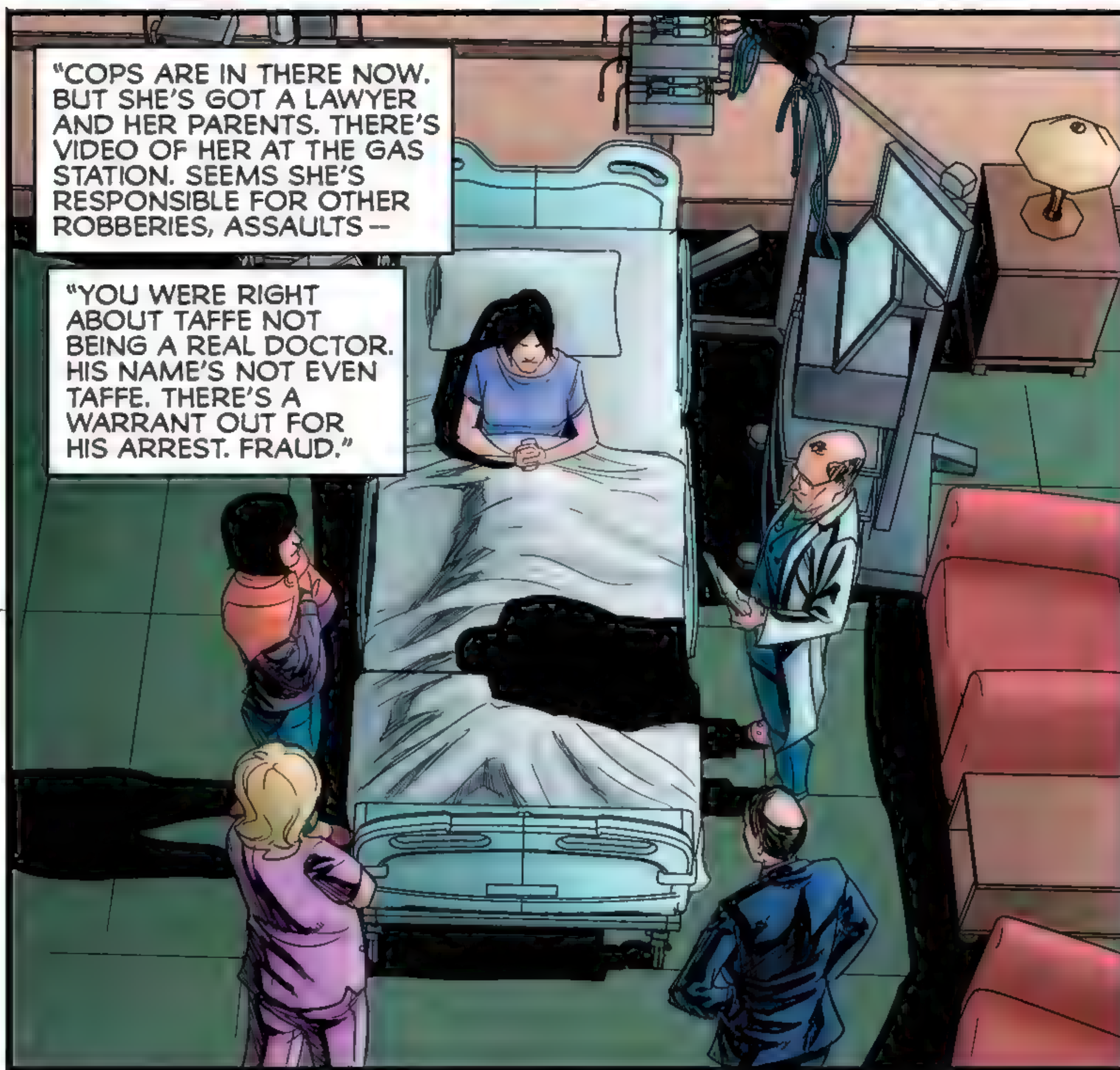
TWO DAYS LATER.



HEY. SHE'S WAKING UP. I GAVE HER YOUR PRESENT.

SHE'S OKAY?

YEAH. SHE'S SAM. SHE'S STILL HAZY, BUT...SHE'S BACK.



"COPS ARE IN THERE NOW. BUT SHE'S GOT A LAWYER AND HER PARENTS. THERE'S VIDEO OF HER AT THE GAS STATION. SEEMS SHE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR OTHER ROBBERIES, ASSAULTS --

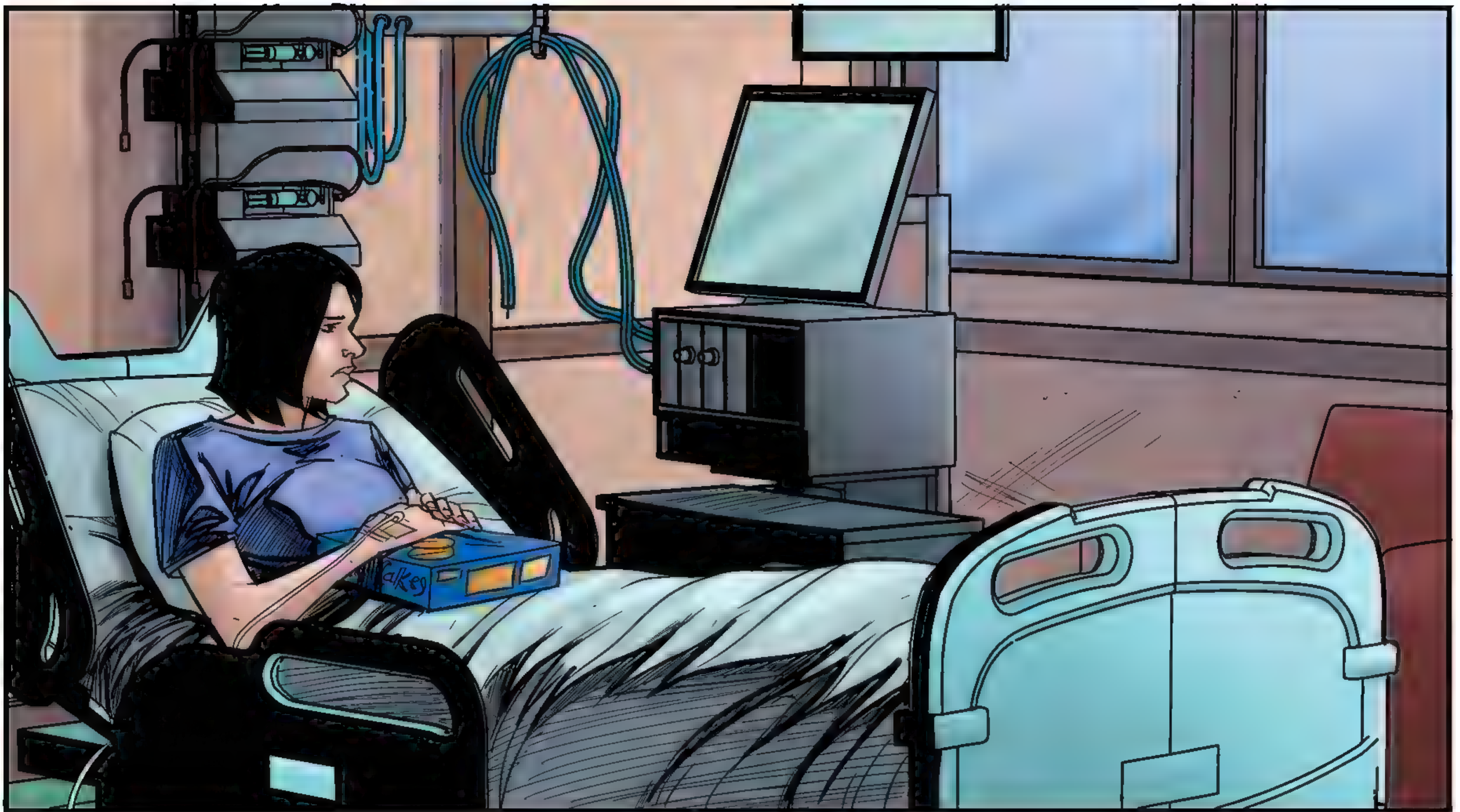
"YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT TAFFE NOT BEING A REAL DOCTOR. HIS NAME'S NOT EVEN TAFFE. THERE'S A WARRANT OUT FOR HIS ARREST. FRAUD."



THAT SHOULD HELP SAM.

HOPEFULLY SHE GETS THE HELP SHE NEEDS. I CAN'T IMAGINE...

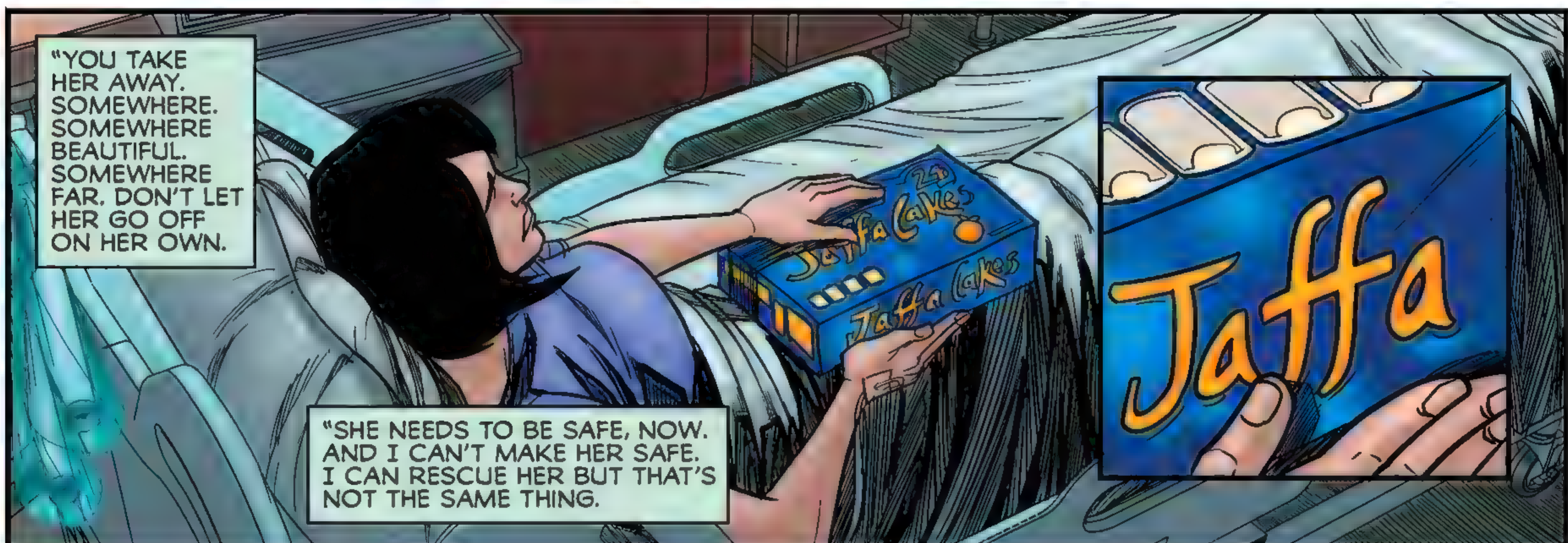
WE'LL MAKE SURE SHE GETS EVERYTHING SHE NEEDS.





"SAM'S NOT CRAZY. DON'T LET THEM LOCK HER UP. SHE'S BEEN THROUGH MORE THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE."

GOT HER.



"YOU TAKE HER AWAY. SOMEWHERE. SOMEWHERE BEAUTIFUL. SOMEWHERE FAR. DON'T LET HER GO OFF ON HER OWN."

"SHE NEEDS TO BE SAFE, NOW. AND I CAN'T MAKE HER SAFE. I CAN RESCUE HER BUT THAT'S NOT THE SAME THING."



"WHATEVER HAPPENS, I WILL ALWAYS BE THERE FOR HER. BUT YOU CAN'T LET HER FOLLOW ME THIS TIME."

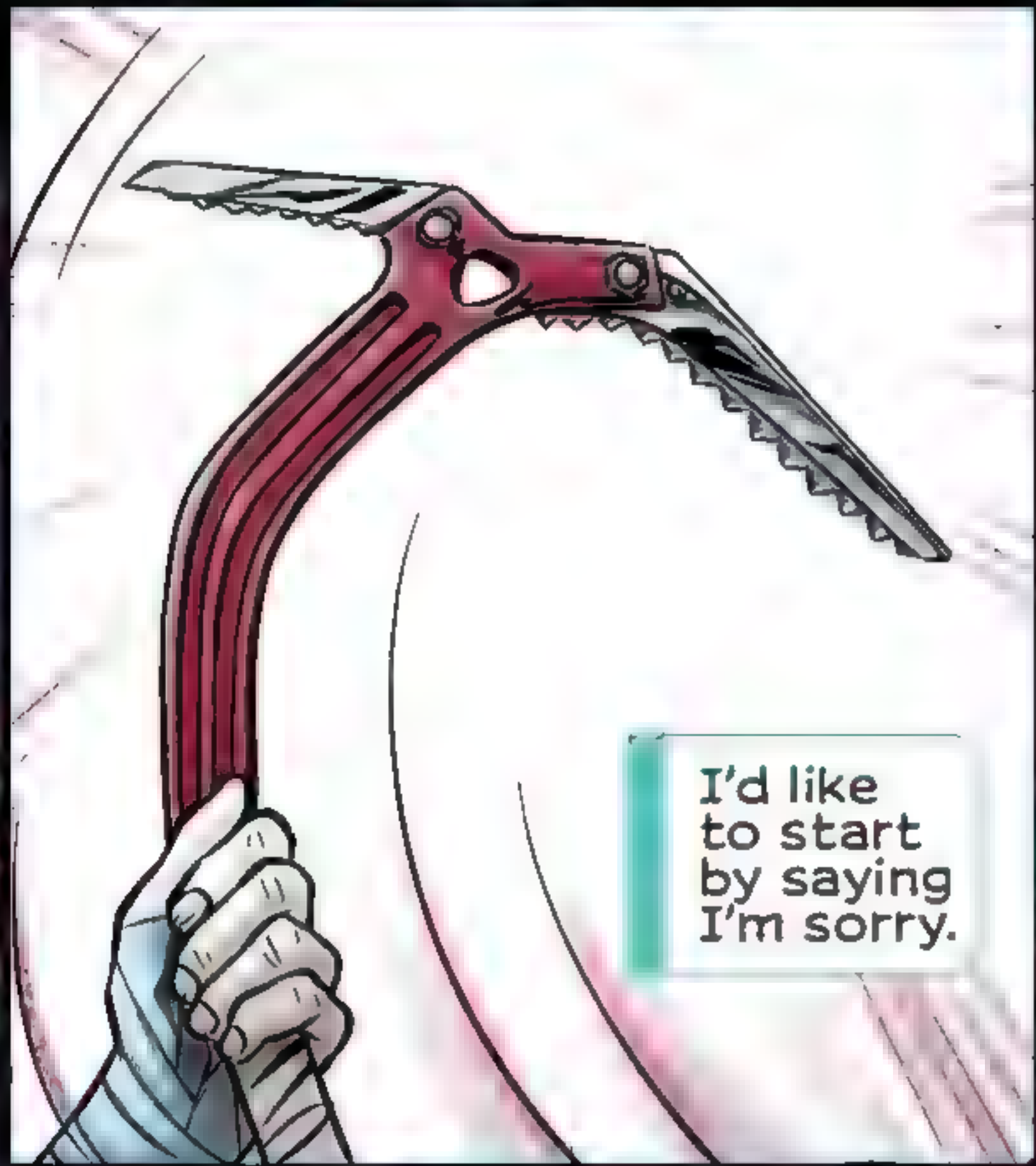
"THERE'S SOMETHING I HAVE TO DO. AND I HAVE TO DO IT ALONE."

Hi, friend. You've reached Jonah, but I'm too busy cookin' up your next meal.

Whatever you have to say, you'll have to say it to the machine. You know what to do.

Jonah,
it's Lara.

CRSSSH



I'd like
to start
by saying
I'm sorry.

CRSSSH
CRSSSH

I've no doubt
you're angry.
Confused. And
you have every
right to wonder
where I am.

Why I did
what I did.



GRRRIIP



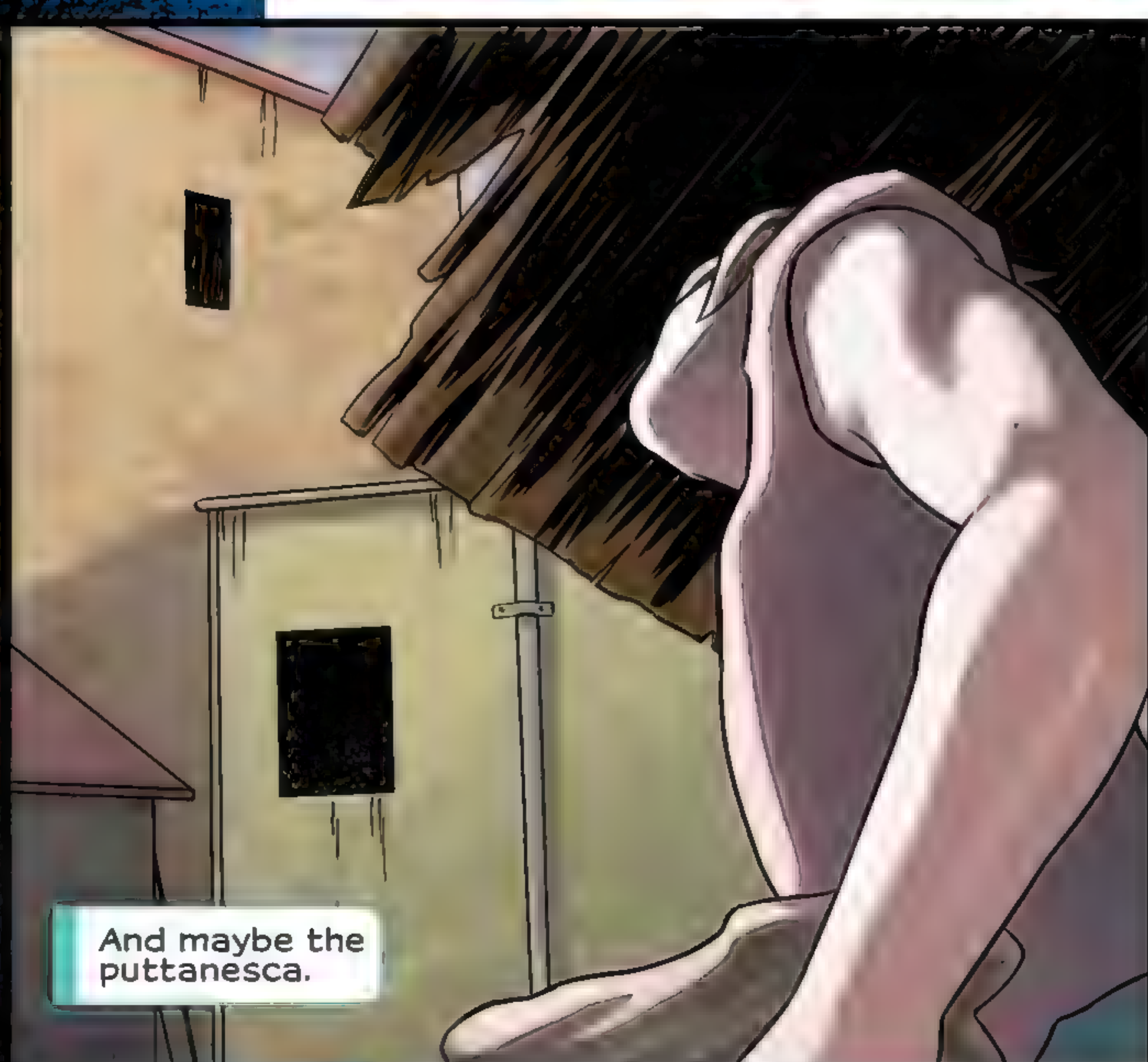
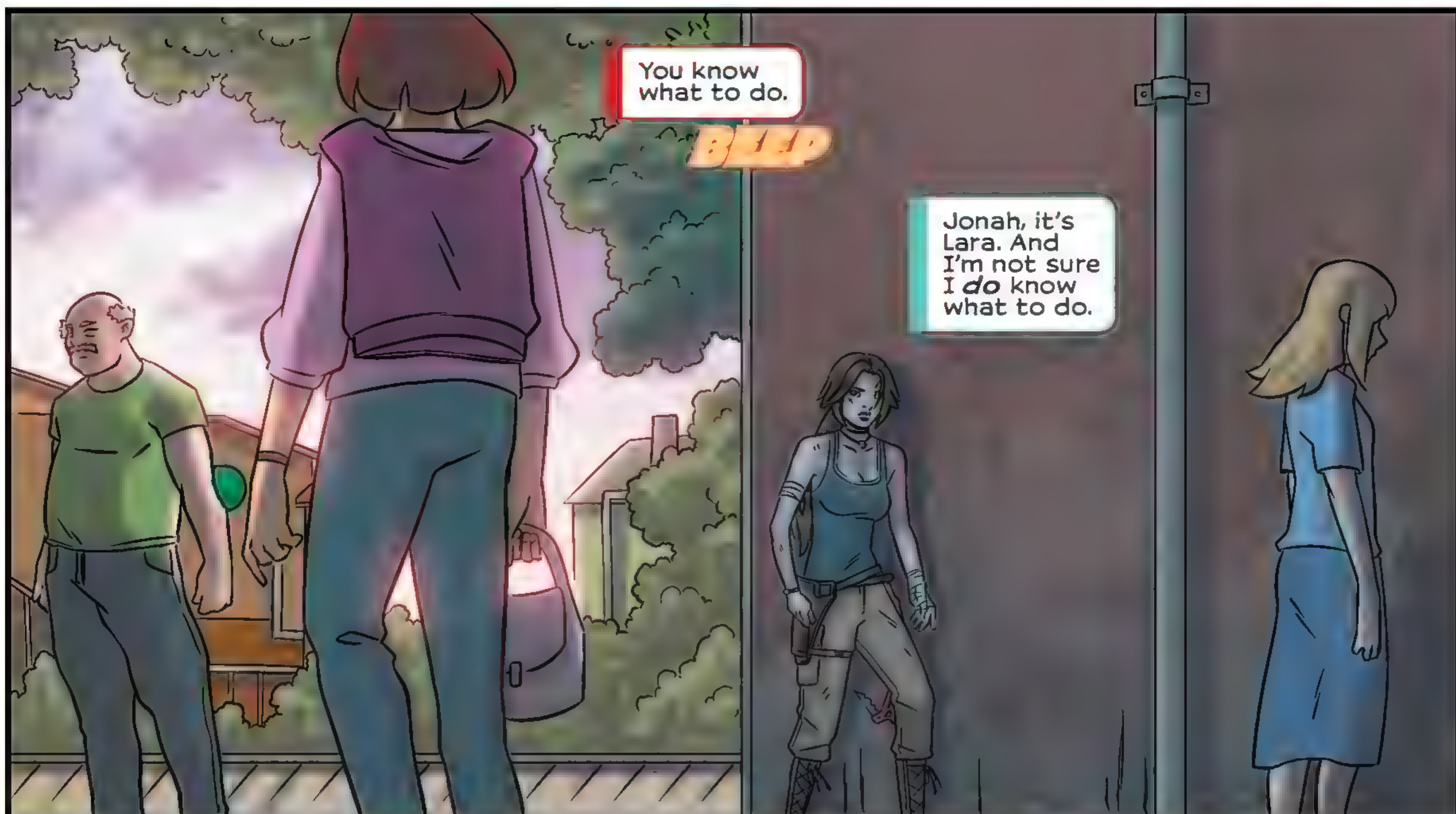
...No. No, this
is wrong. I
can't do this.

MESSAGE DELETED.

CORNIGLIA

Cinque Terre, Italy





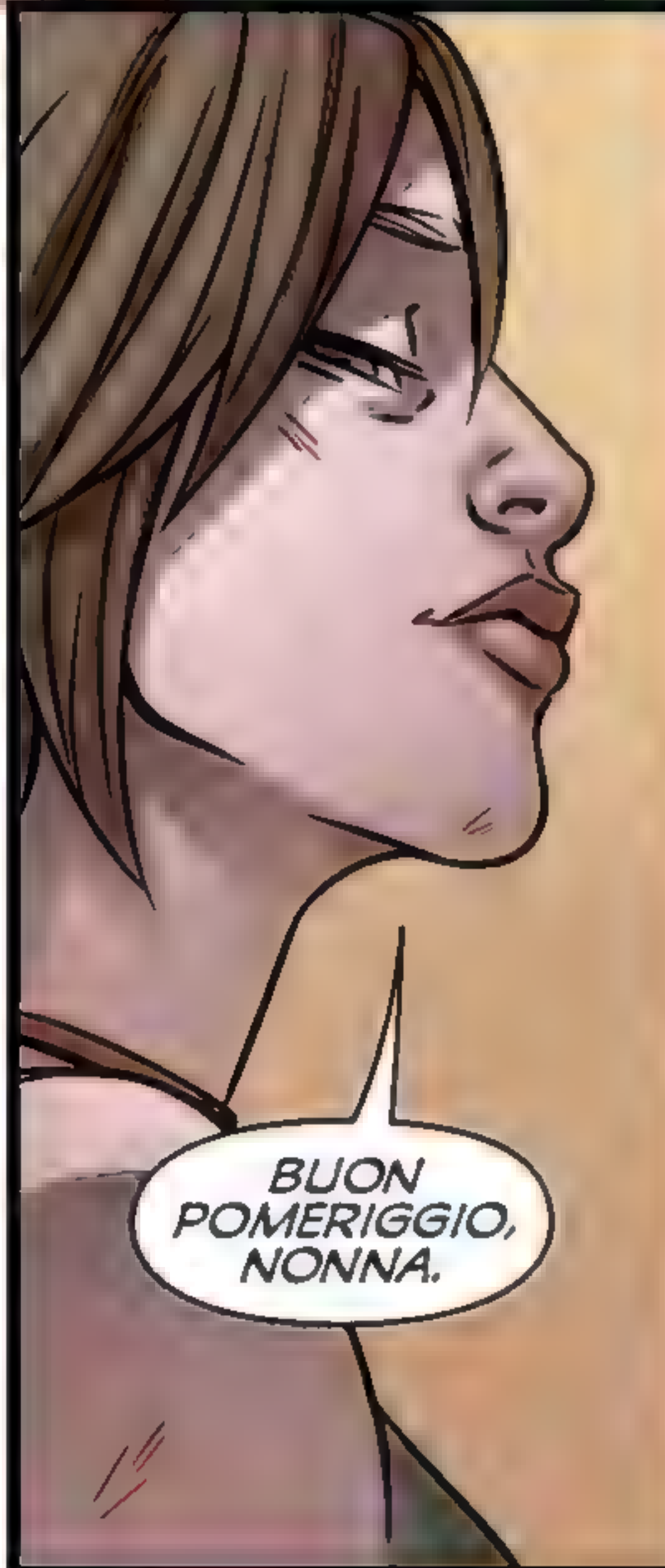


I just had to stretch my legs, you know? Nothing to worry about.

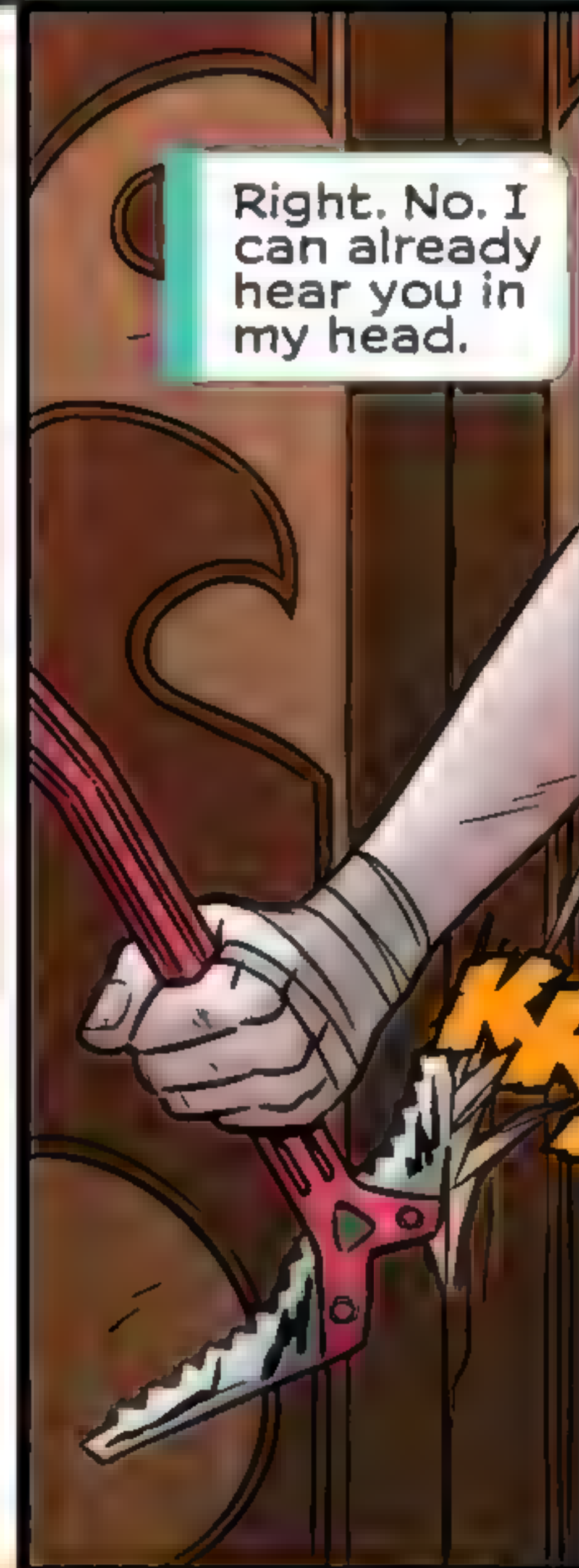
When I come back, it'll be with gifts.



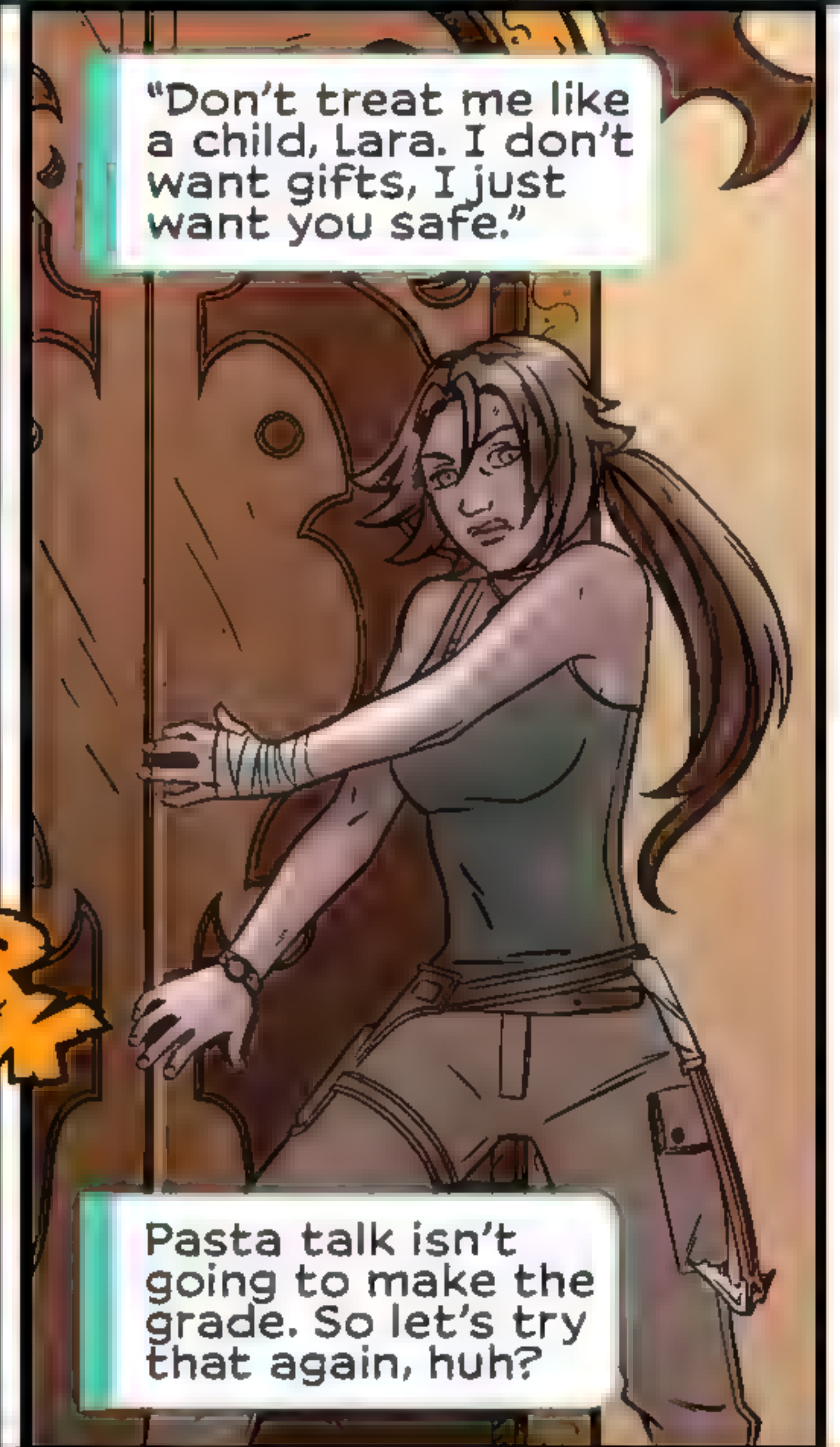
BUON POMERIGGIO, SIGNORA.



BUON POMERIGGIO, NONNA.



Right. No. I can already hear you in my head.



"Don't treat me like a child, Lara. I don't want gifts, I just want you safe."

Pasta talk isn't going to make the grade. So let's try that again, huh?



TRINITY.



CAN'T LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE.

MESSAGE DELETED.



You know
what to do.

PEEP

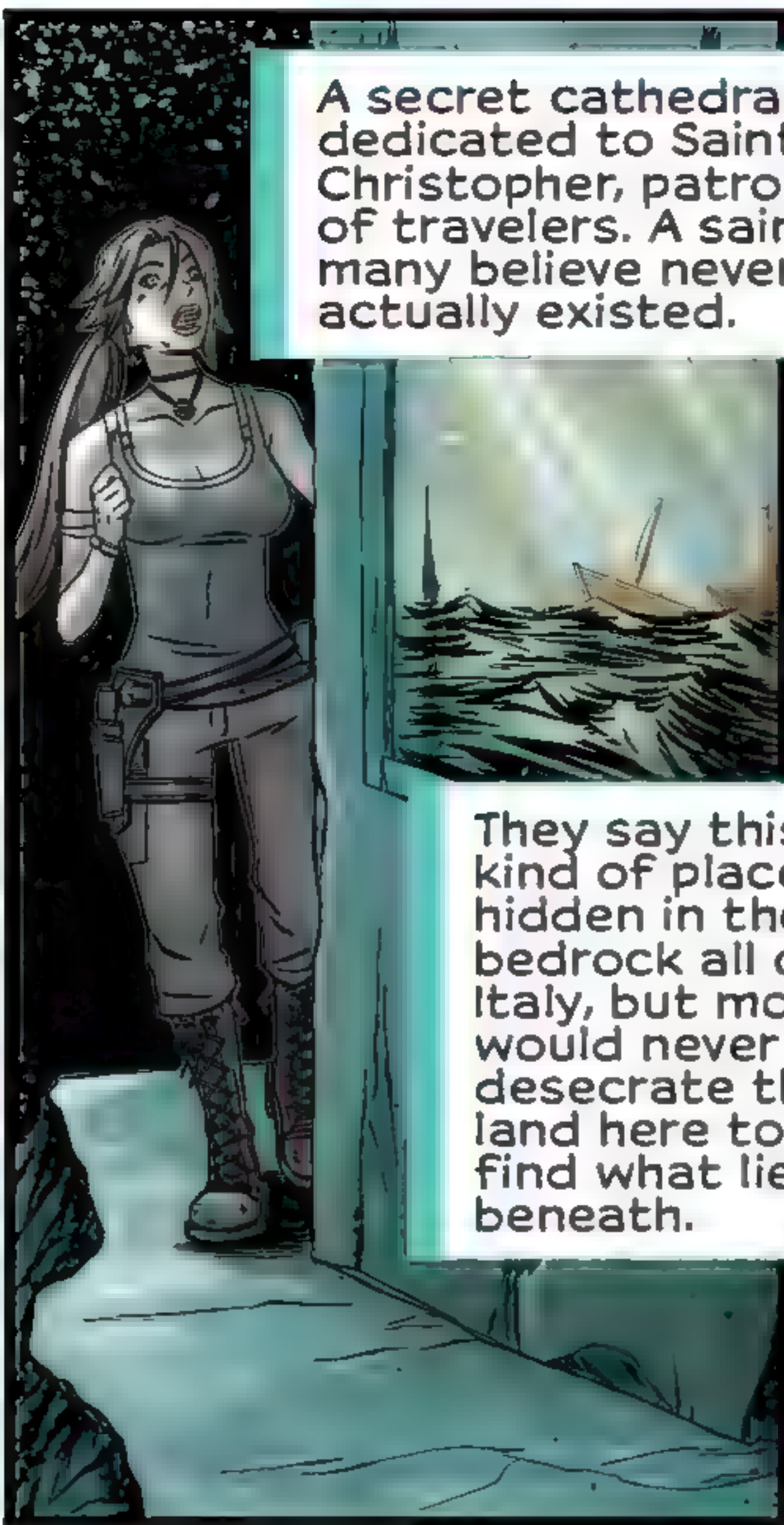
Jonah.
It's Lara.

I've gone and done
something rash.



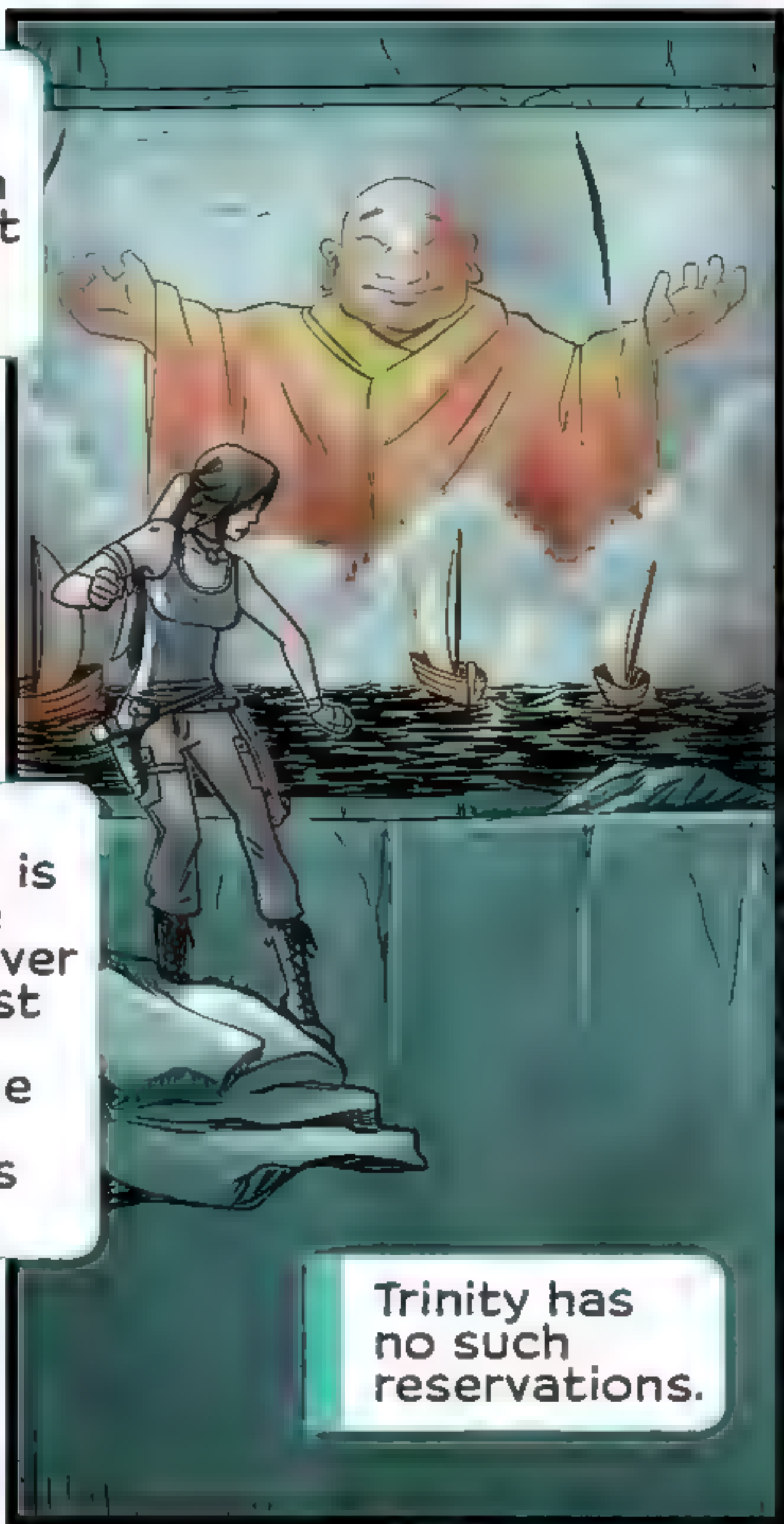
I know you want details but there's not much time.

I found a sacred site hidden under the town of Corniglia.



A secret cathedral dedicated to Saint Christopher, patron of travelers. A saint many believe never actually existed.

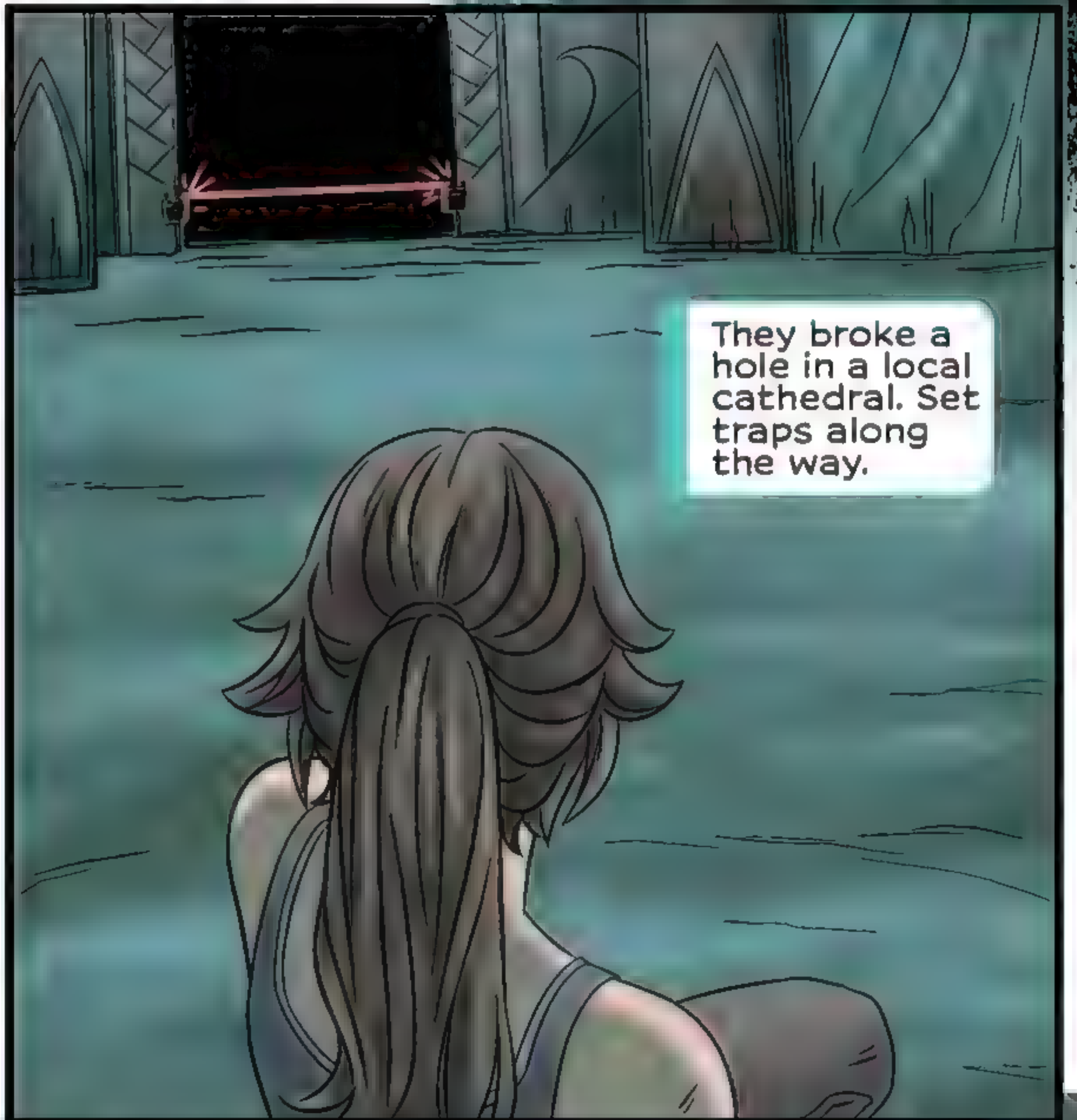
They say this kind of place is hidden in the bedrock all over Italy, but most would never desecrate the land here to find what lies beneath.



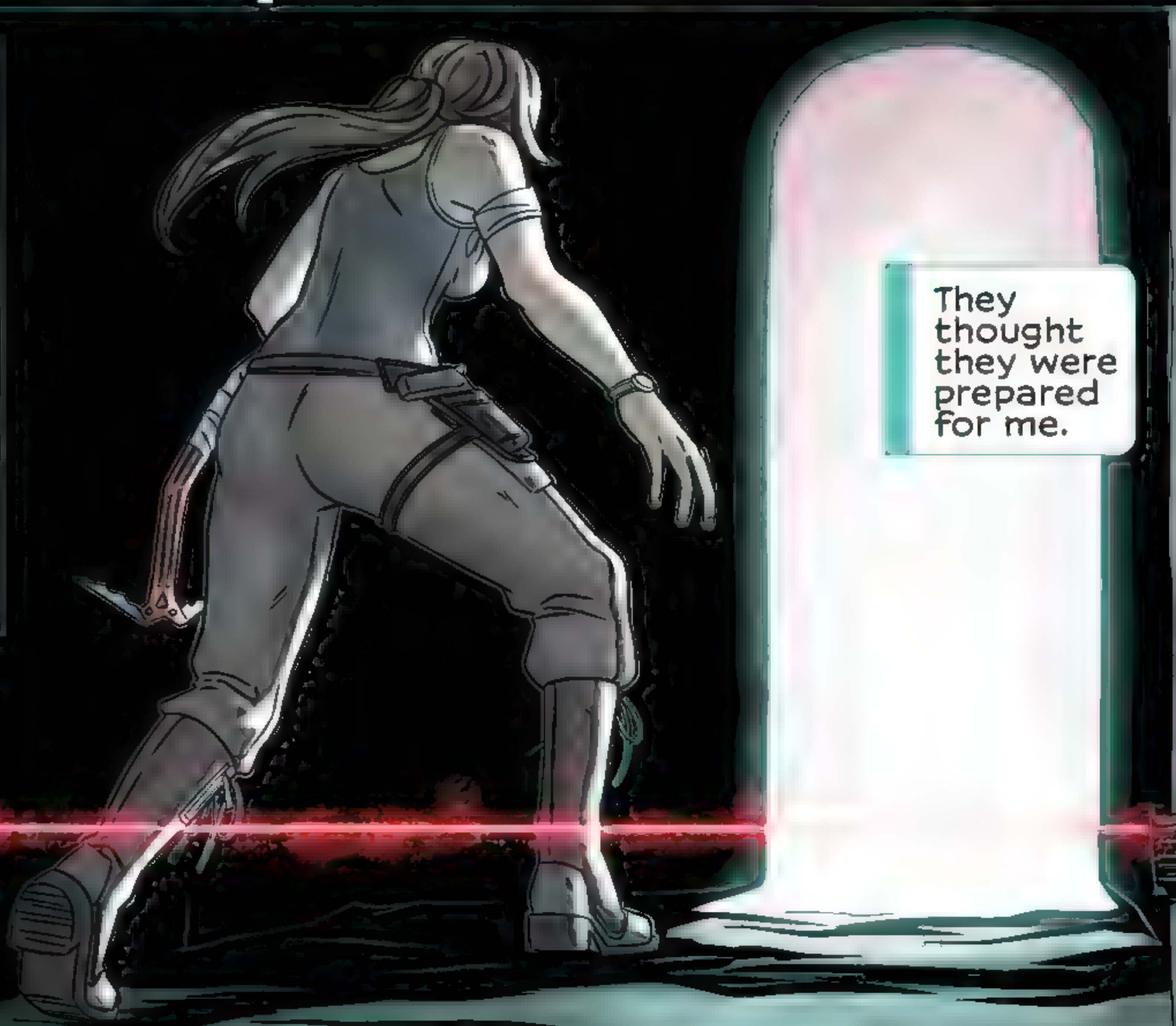
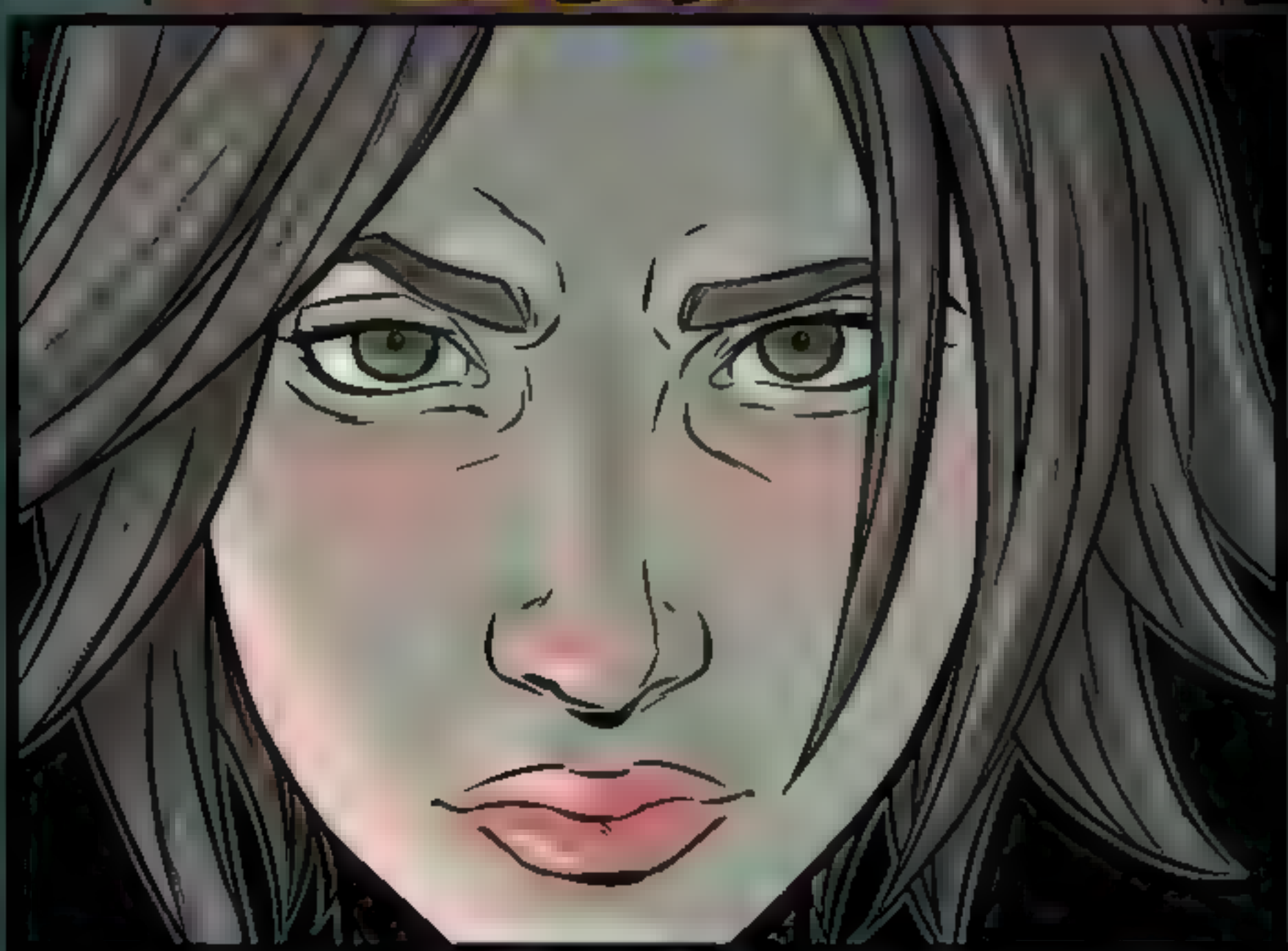
Trinity has no such reservations.



THWUMP



They broke a hole in a local cathedral. Set traps along the way.

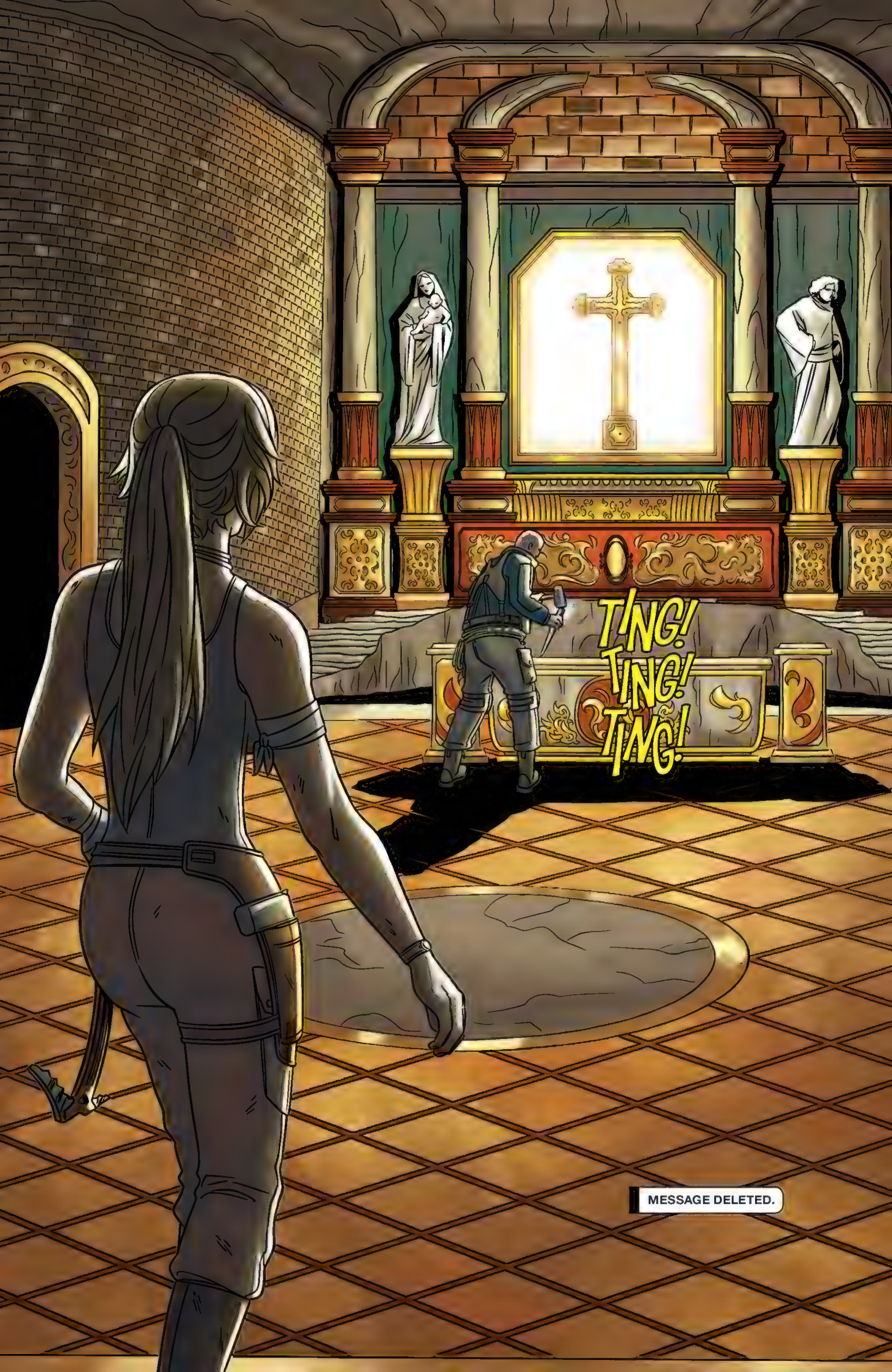


They thought they were prepared for me.

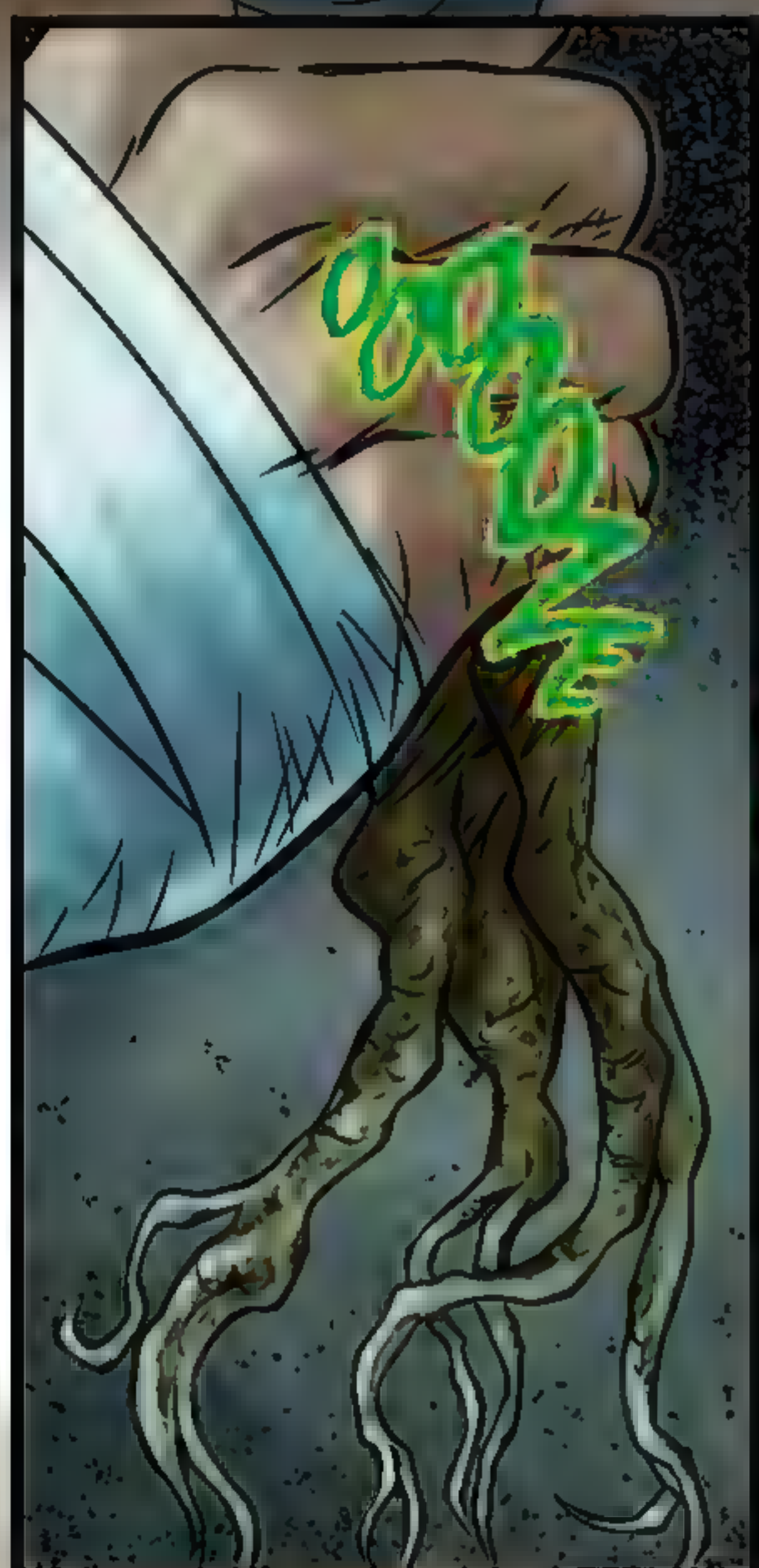
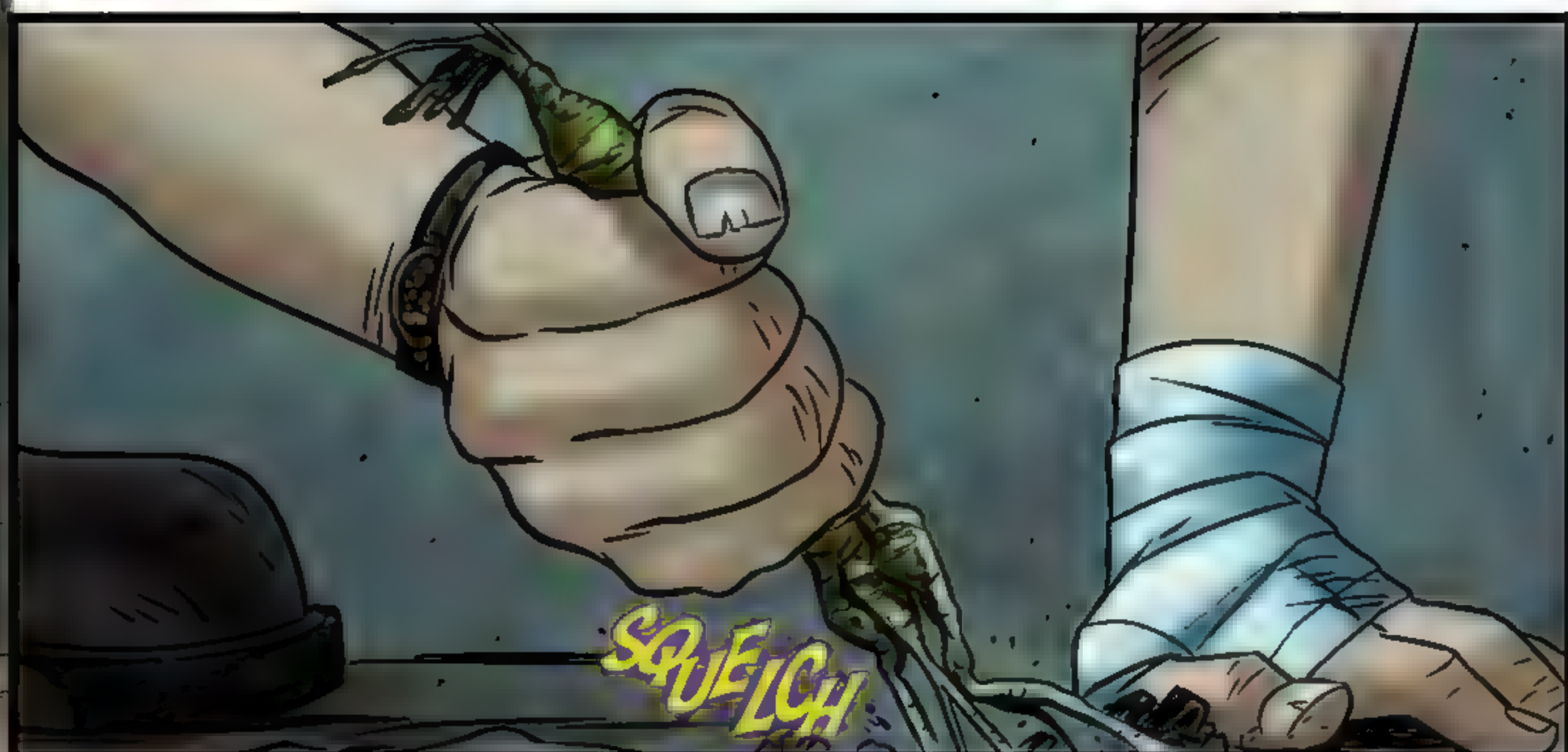
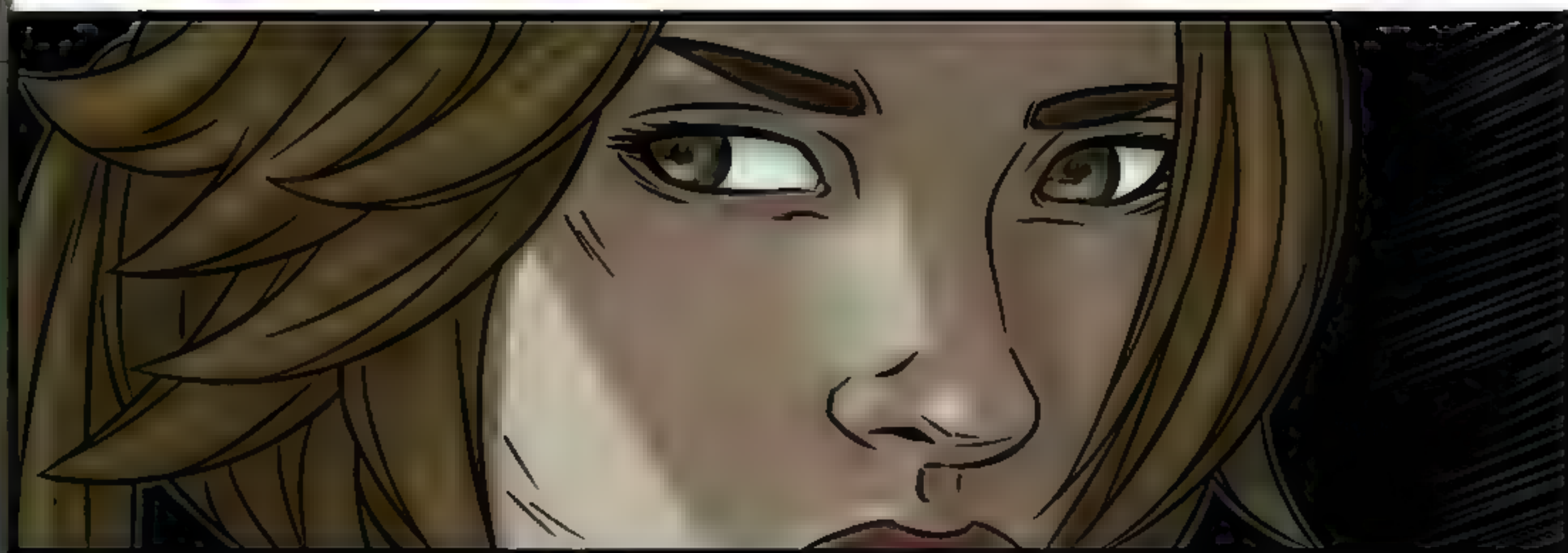
It was beautiful, Jonah.

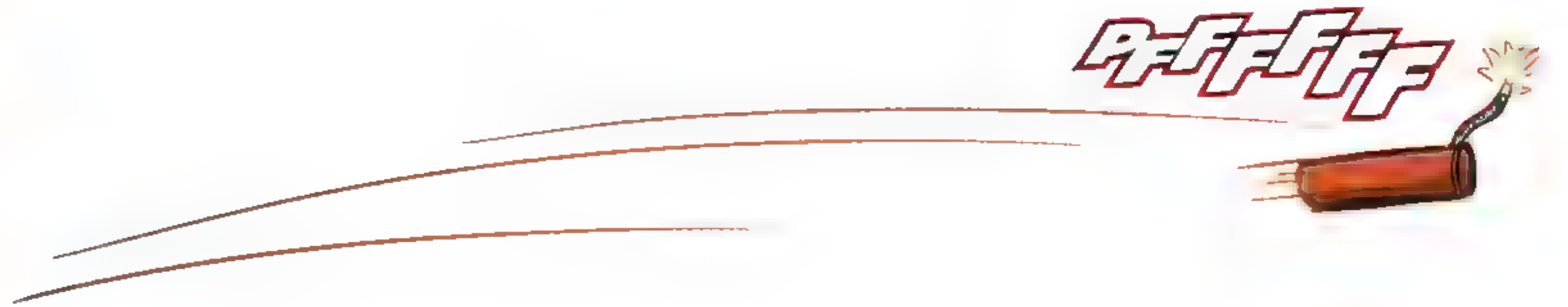
This place didn't belong in a museum. It *was* a museum.



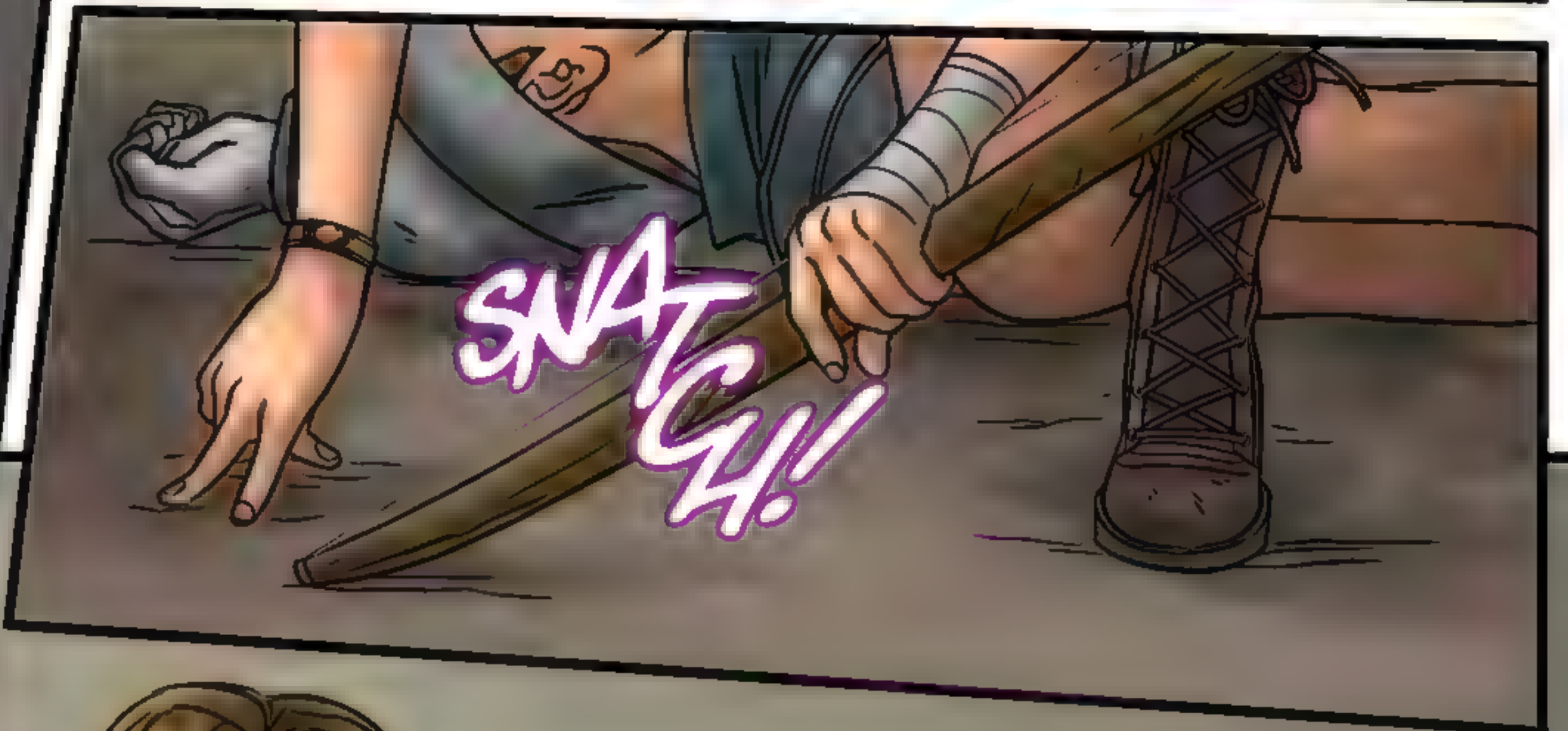
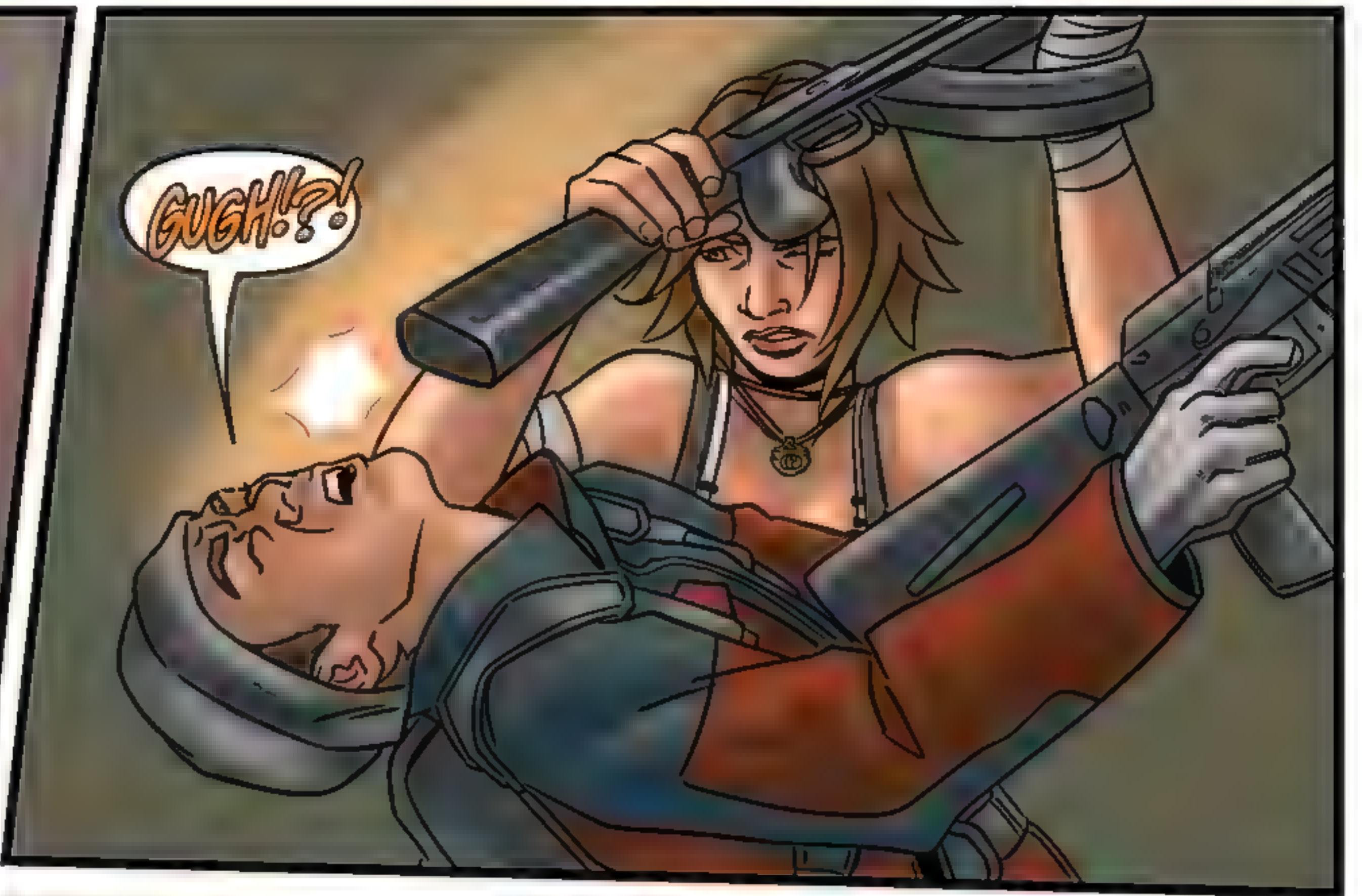
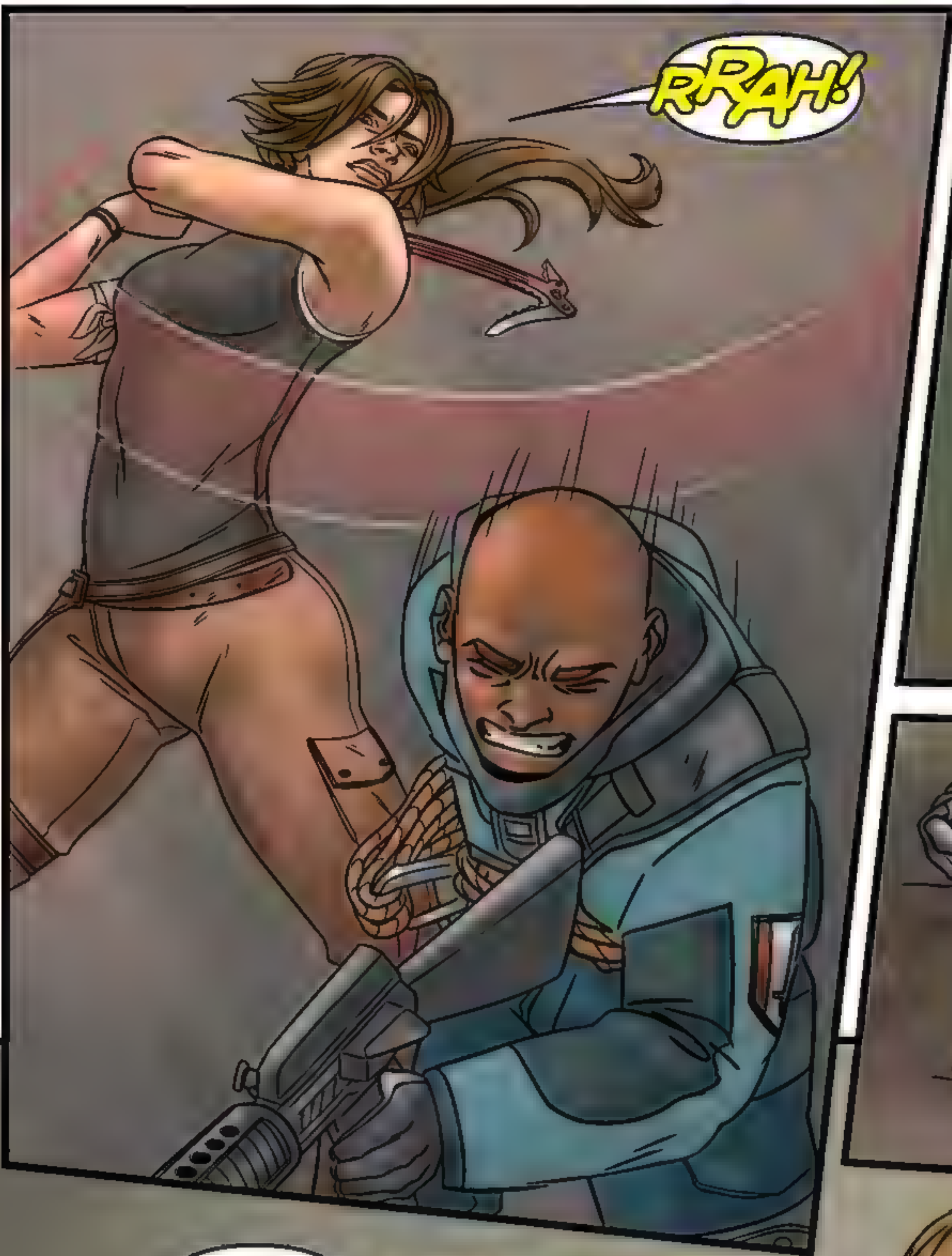


MESSAGE DELETED.

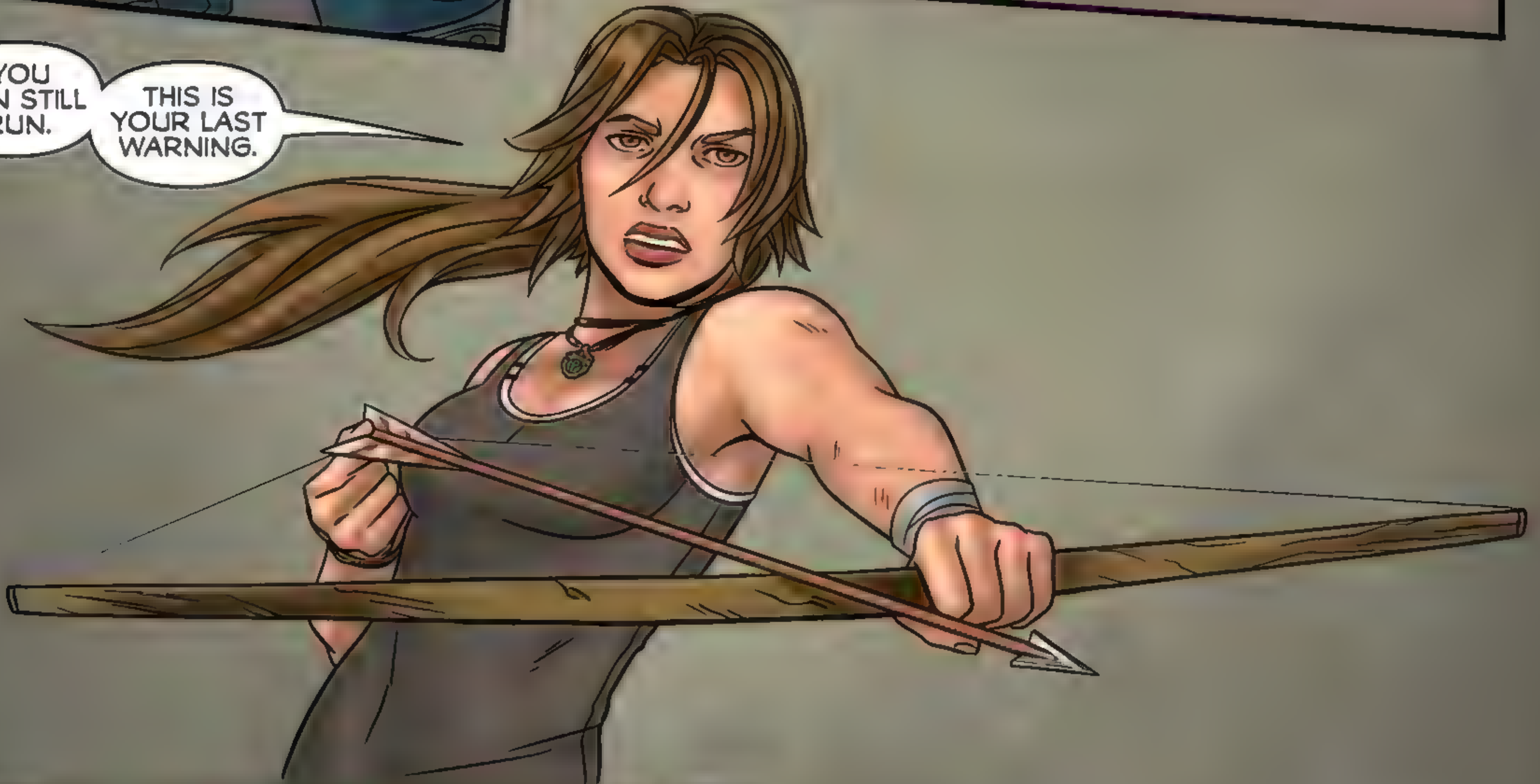








YOU CAN STILL RUN. THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING.





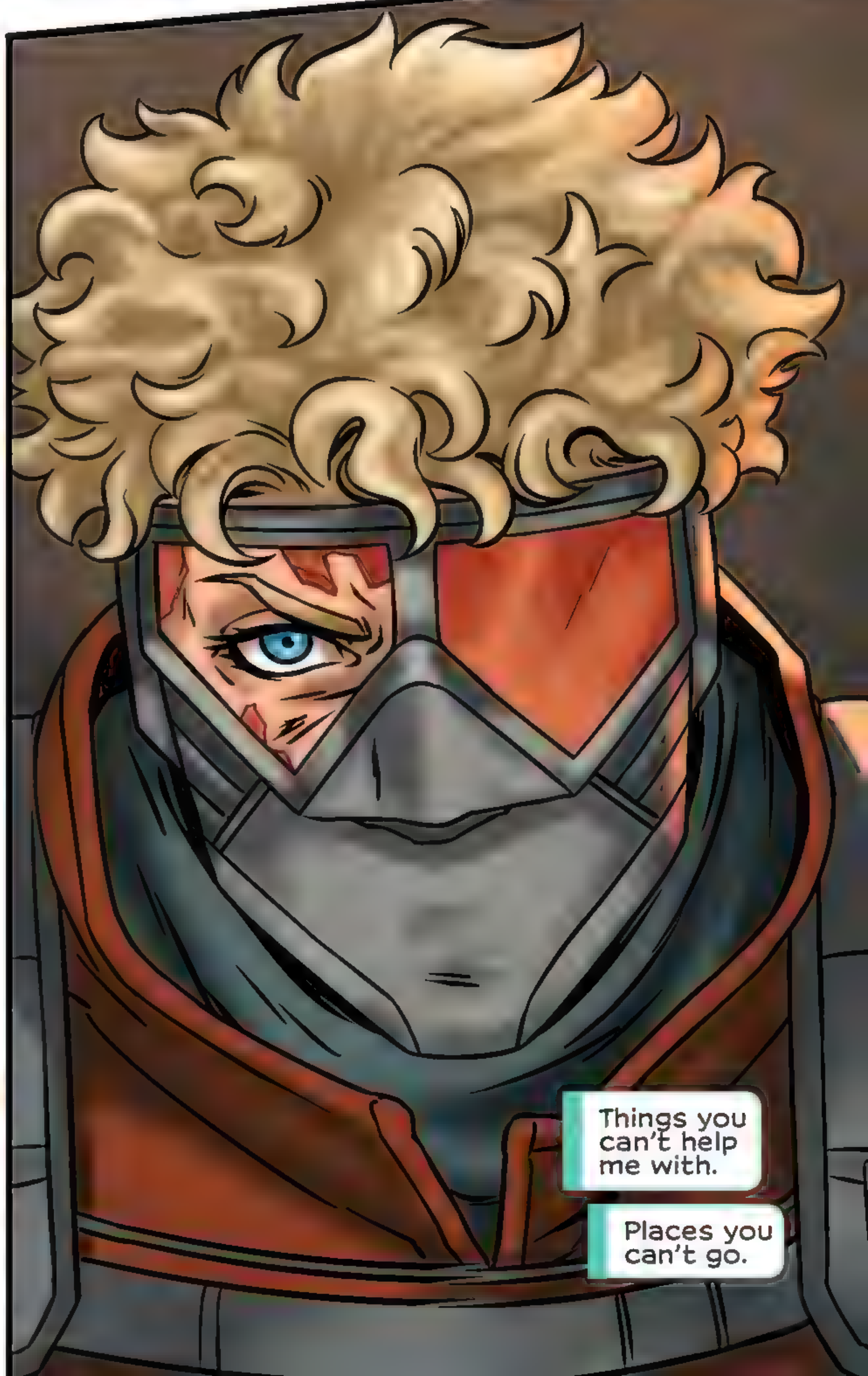
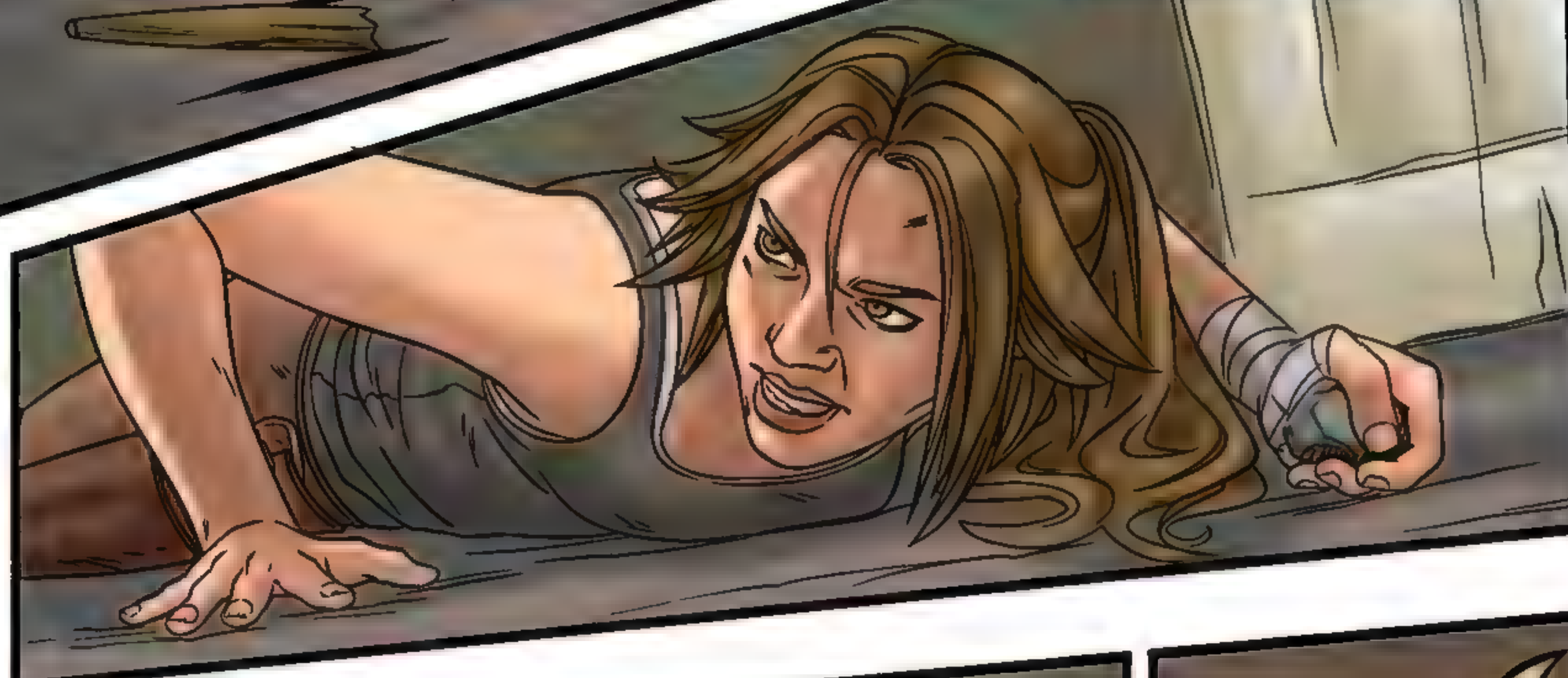
You know what to do.

FEF

I do, Jonah. I really do. And I'm not sure you'll ever understand.



Sometimes there are things I have to do alone.



Things you can't help me with.

Places you can't go.



I'm not trying to scare you.



But I can't let your fear stop me.



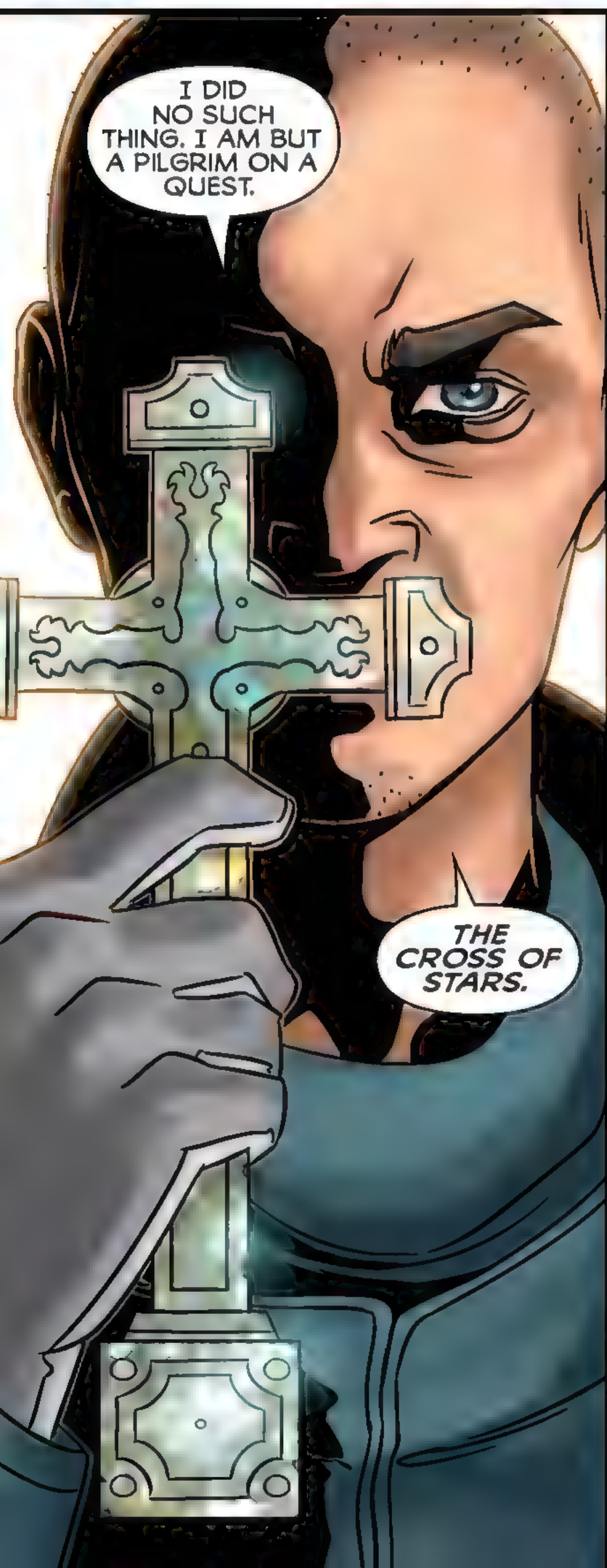
HEAVEN'S ARMY GROWS EVER STRONGER AT YOUR HAND, MS. CROFT.



YOUR
ANGER IS
GLORIOUS.

BUT IT IS
ONLY A SQUALL
AGAINST THE
HURRICANE OF
GOD'S PLAN.

YOU
MEAN THE
PLAN THAT
DEMANDED YOU
MURDER MY
FATHER?



I DID
NO SUCH
THING. I AM BUT
A PILGRIM ON A
QUEST.

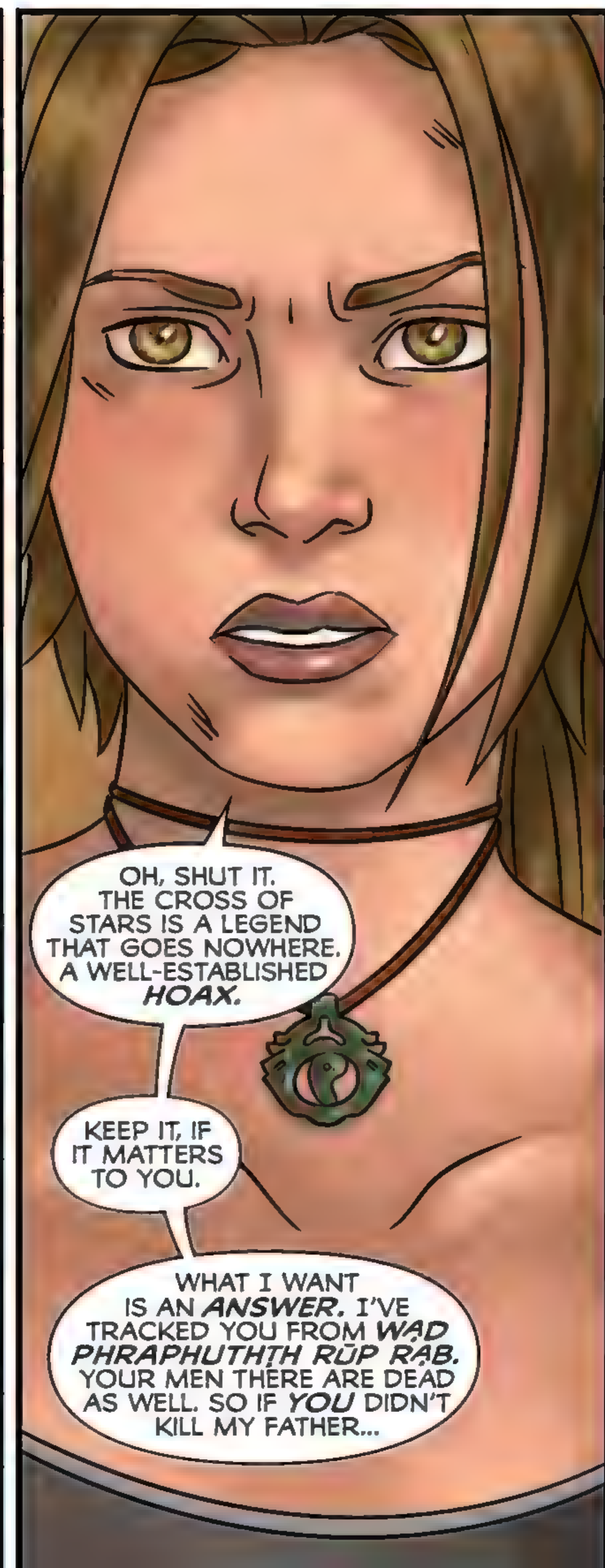
THE
CROSS OF
STARS.



THEY SAY IT
WAS CARVED BY
SAINT CHRISTOPHER
HIMSELF. **BY HAND.**
IMPOSSIBLE, BUT NO
MORE SO THAN WHAT
THEY SAY THE CROSS
COULD DO WHEN IT
WAS COMPLETE.

LISTEN.
DO YOU
HEAR IT?

IT
WHISPERS THE
LOCATION OF
GOD.



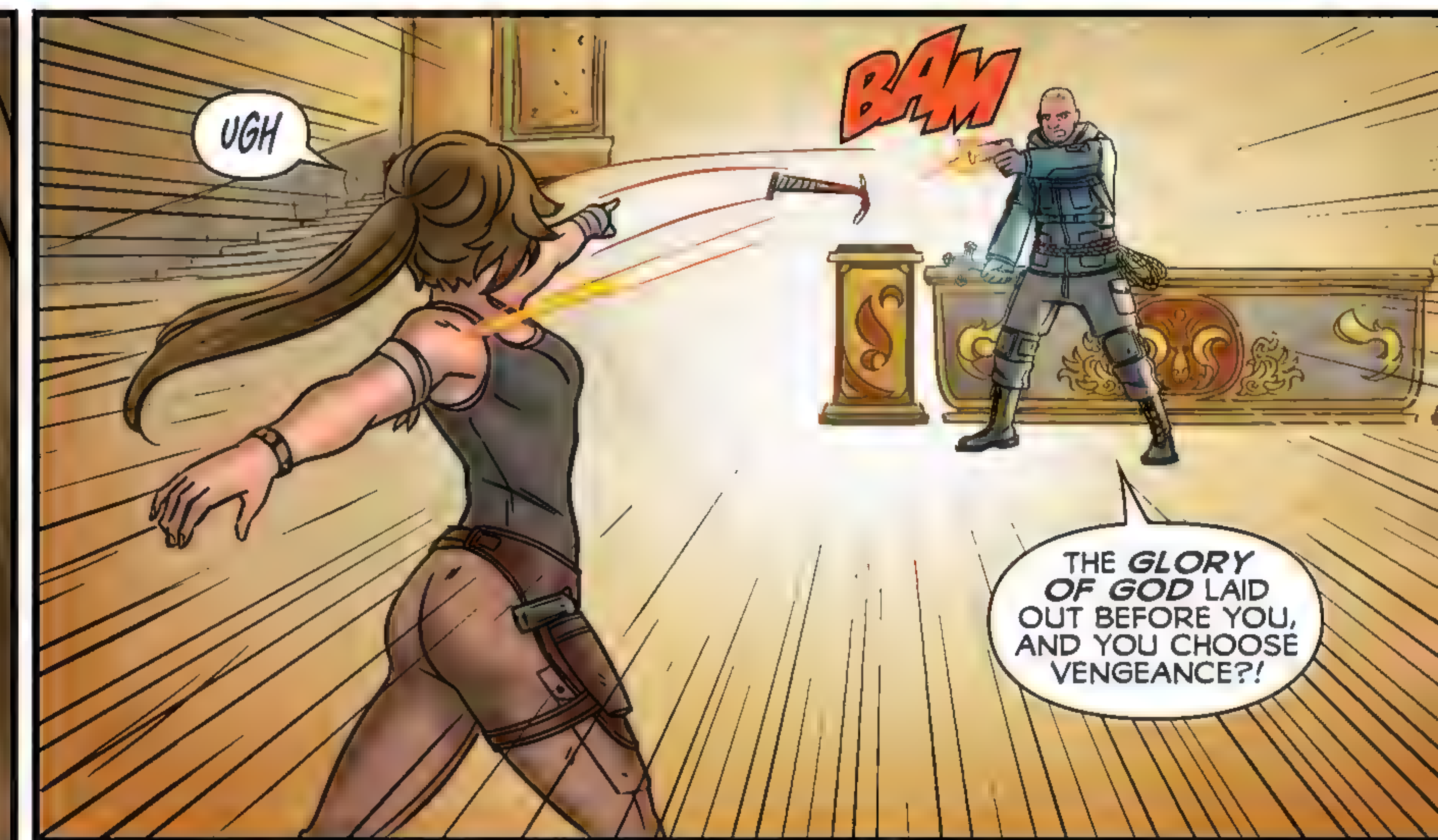
OH, SHUT IT.
THE CROSS OF
STARS IS A LEGEND
THAT GOES NOWHERE.
A WELL-ESTABLISHED
HOAX.

KEEP IT, IF
IT MATTERS
TO YOU.

WHAT I WANT
IS AN **ANSWER.** I'VE
TRACKED YOU FROM **WAD**
PHRAPHUTHTH RUP RAB.
YOUR MEN THERE ARE DEAD
AS WELL. SO IF **YOU** DIDN'T
KILL MY FATHER...



I WANT
THE NAME OF
THE MAN WHO
DID.



THE **GLORY**
OF GOD LAID
OUT BEFORE YOU,
AND YOU CHOOSE
VENGEANCE?!



WHO
KILLED HIM?
WHO WAS
IT?!

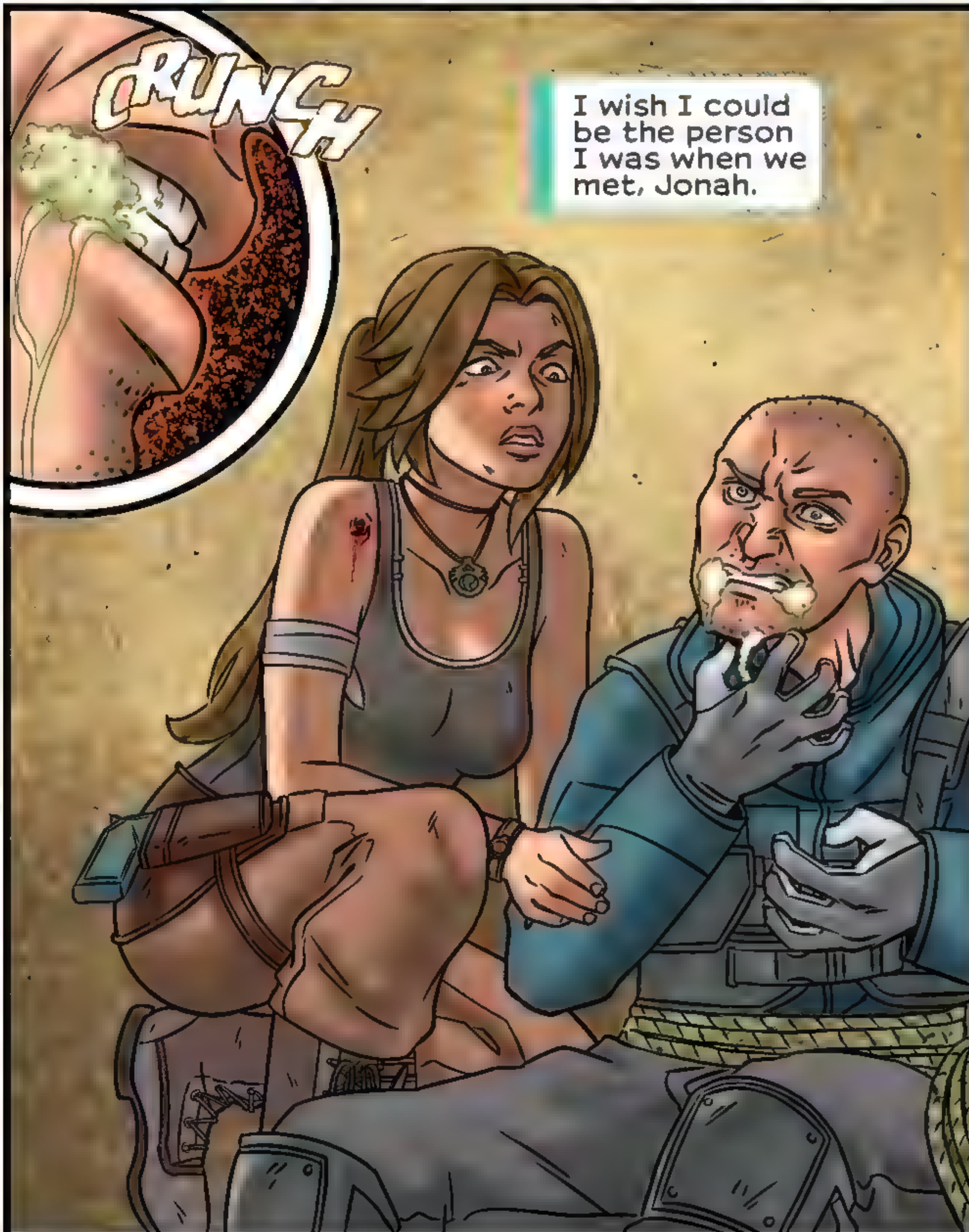
TELL
ME!



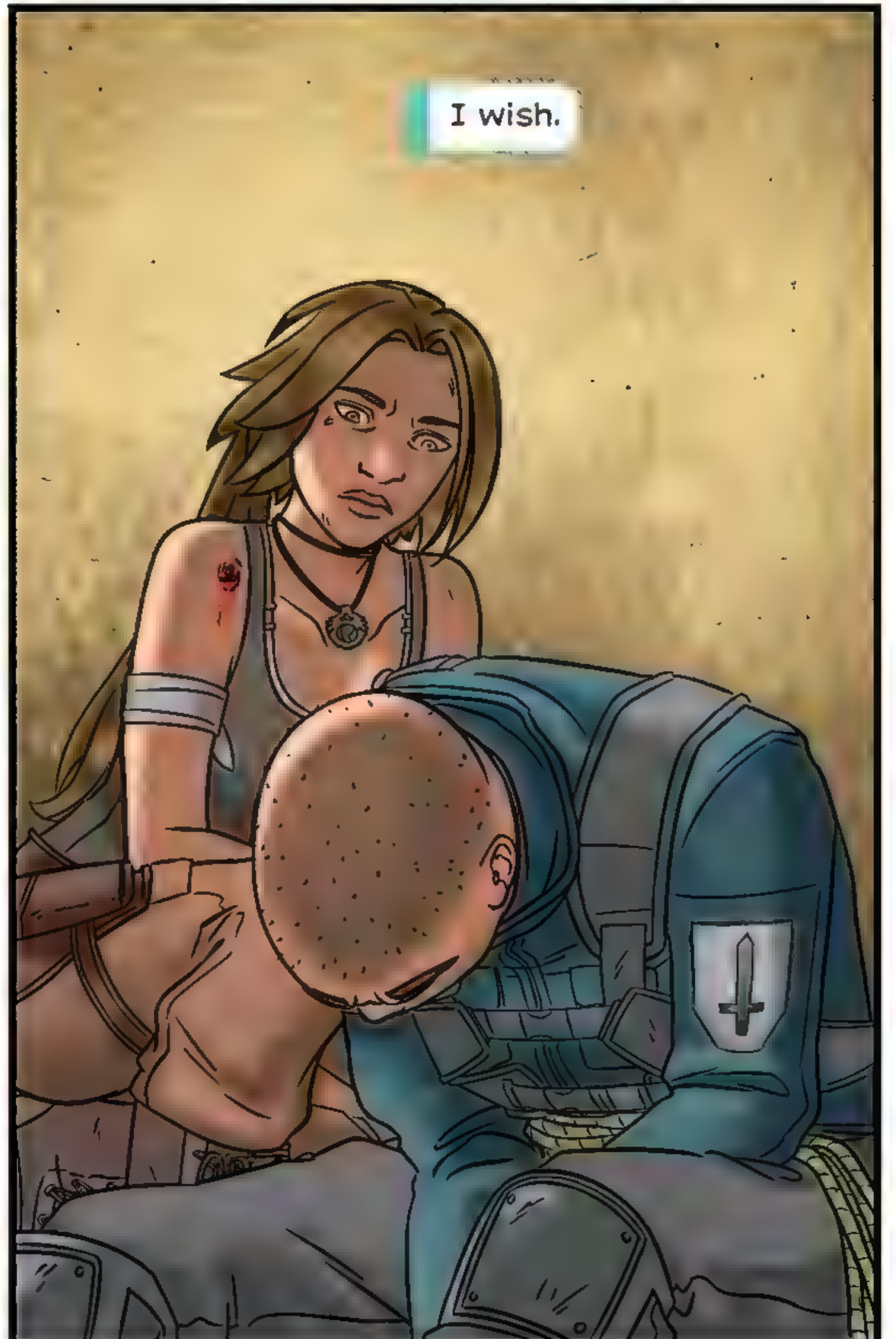
HE IS THE
CARDINAL...

...AND
HE WILL
SAVE THE
WORLD.

BECAUSE
YOUR FATHER
COULDN'T.



I wish I could
be the person
I was when we
met, Jonah.



I wish.

But wishes are
ether. Screams
from the past
that fill my head
with sorrow.

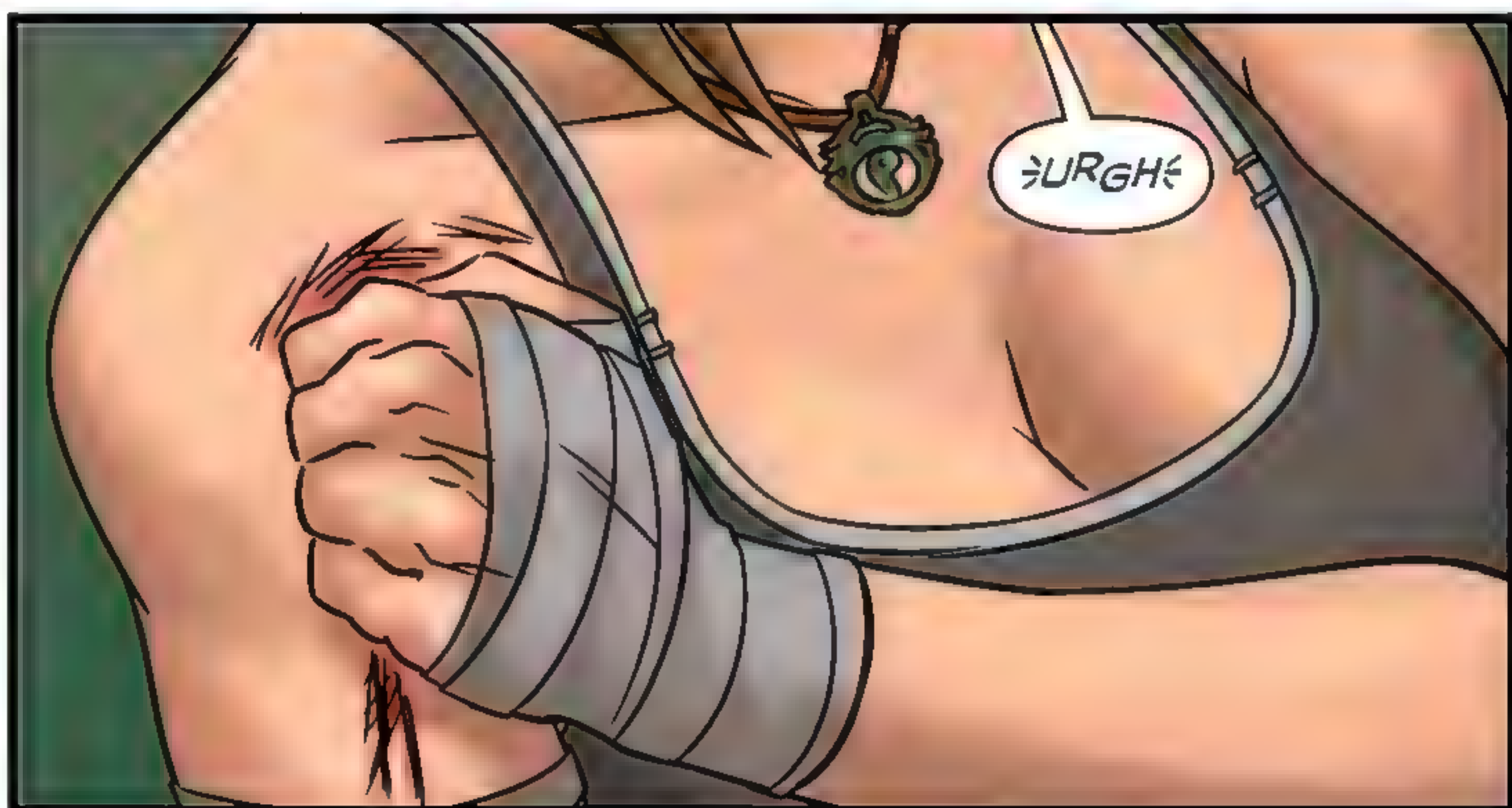
And I can't let
them drown out
what needs to
be done *now*.



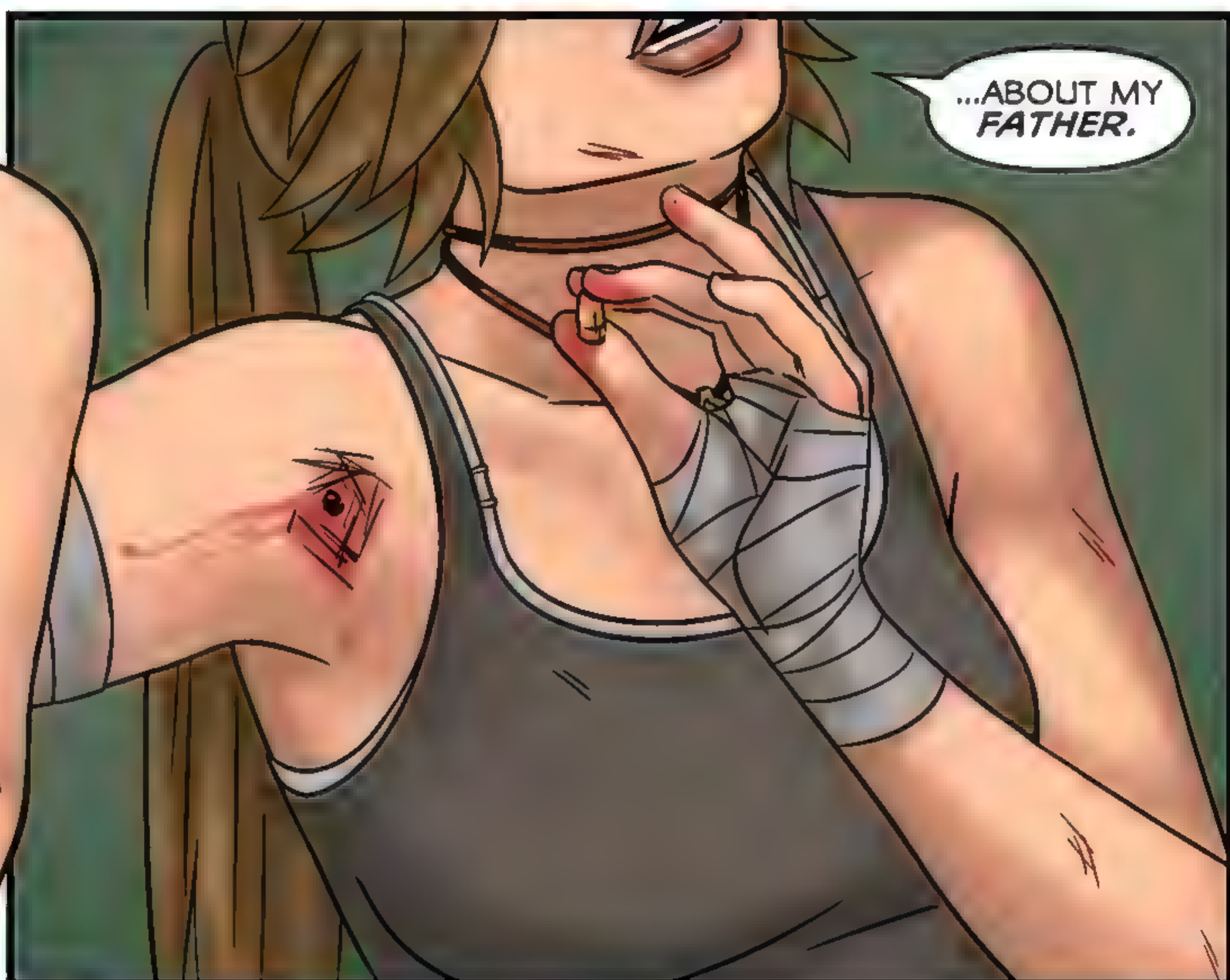
YOU KNOW
NOTHING...



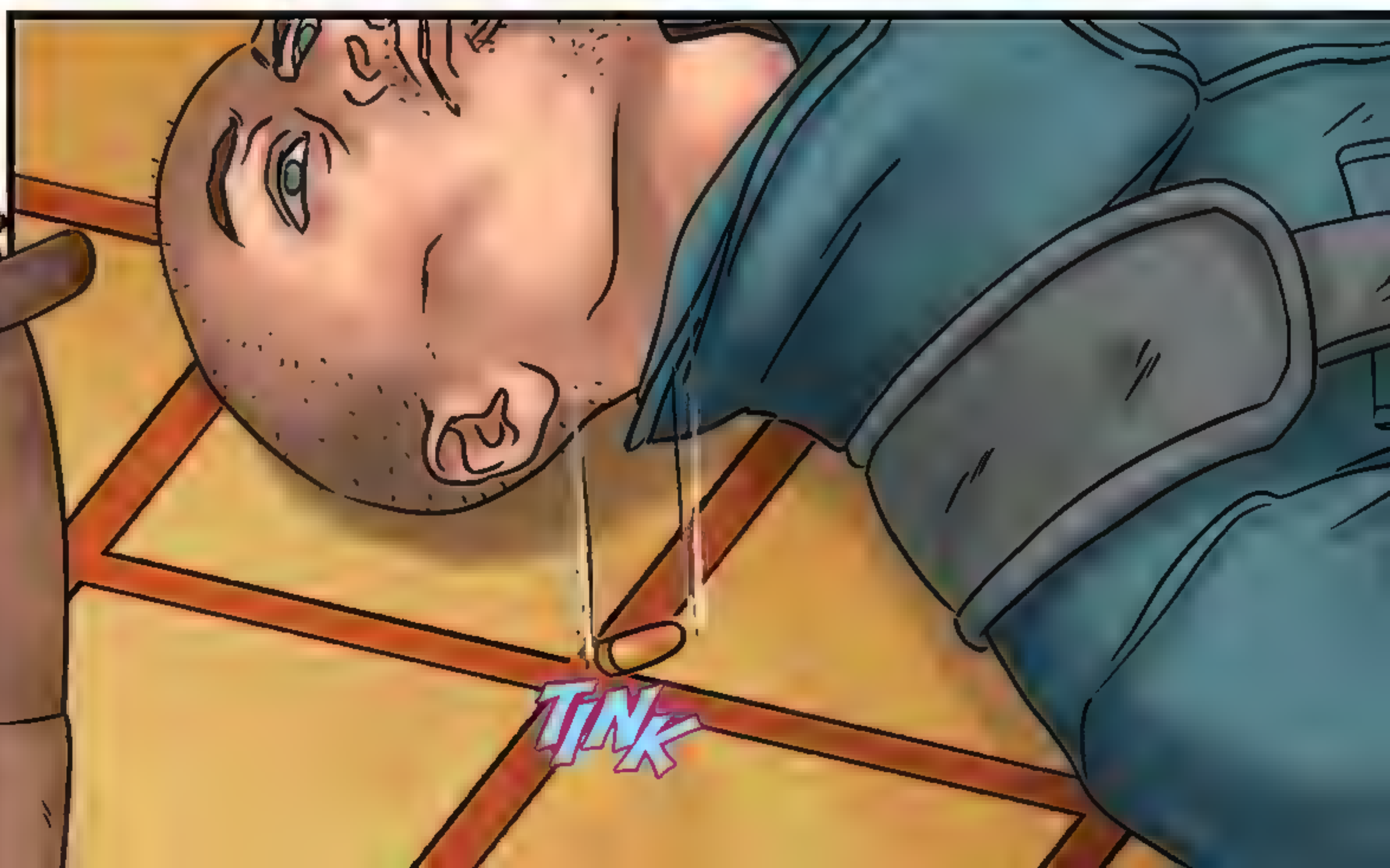
→URGH←



...ABOUT MY
FATHER.

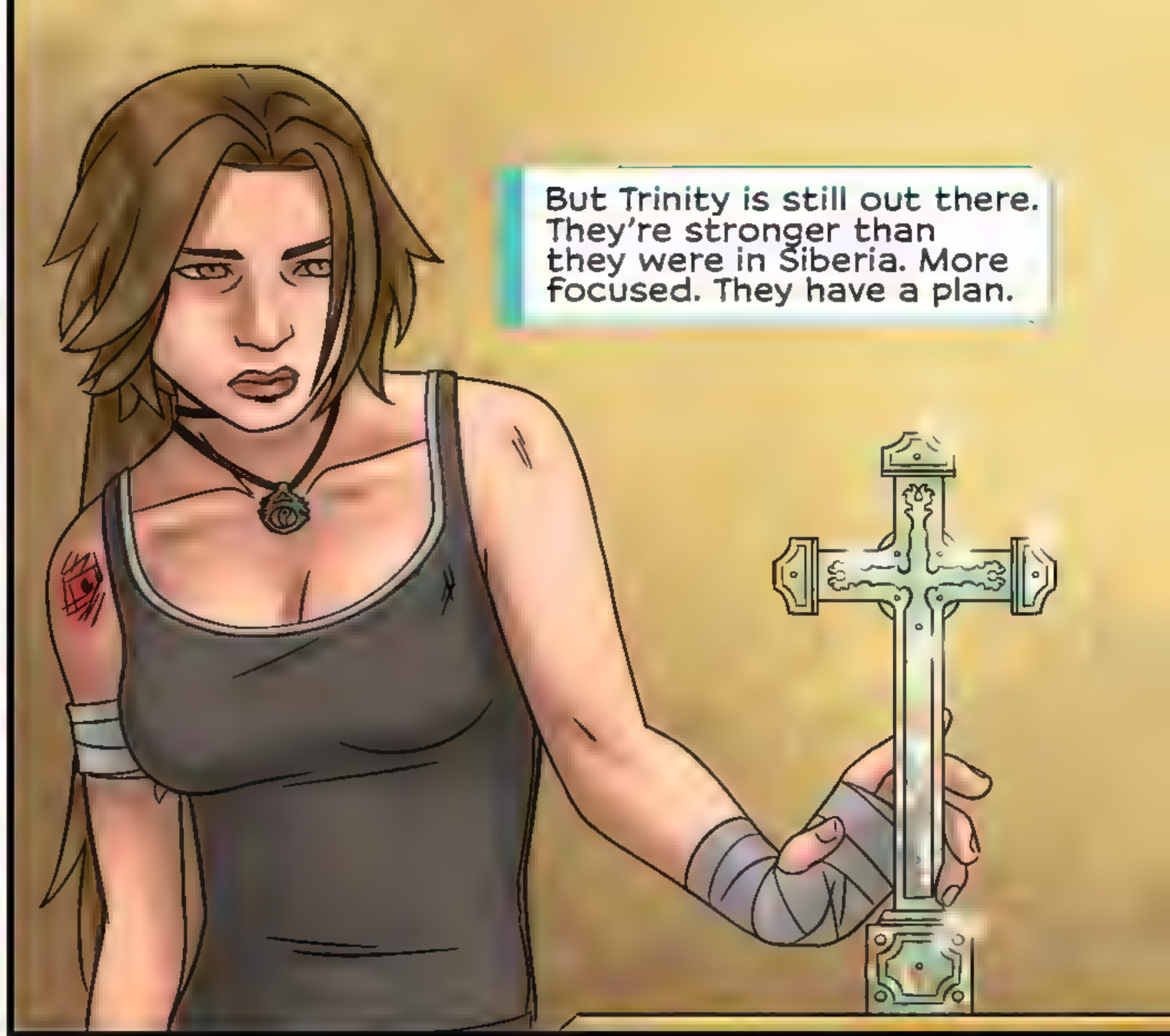


TINK

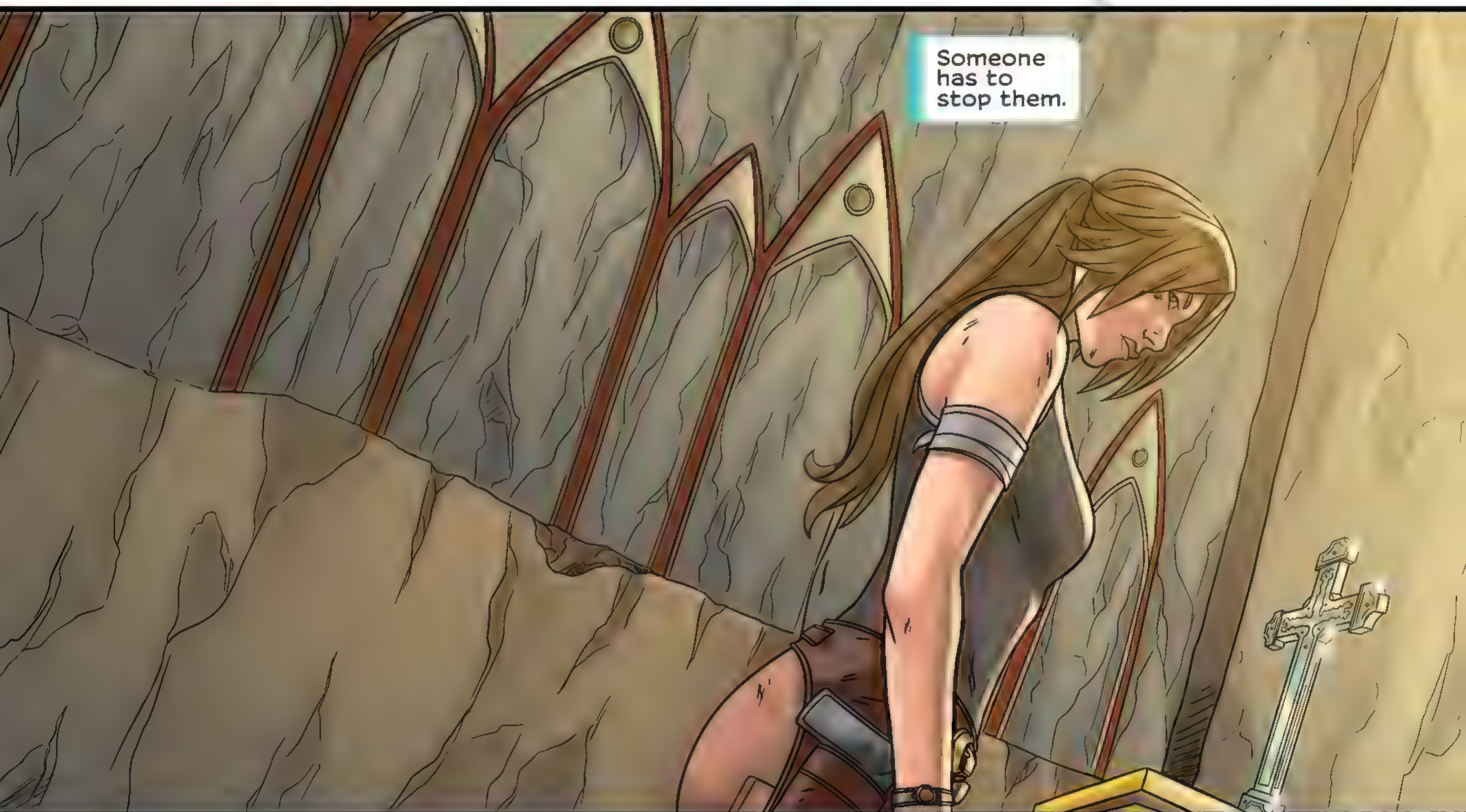




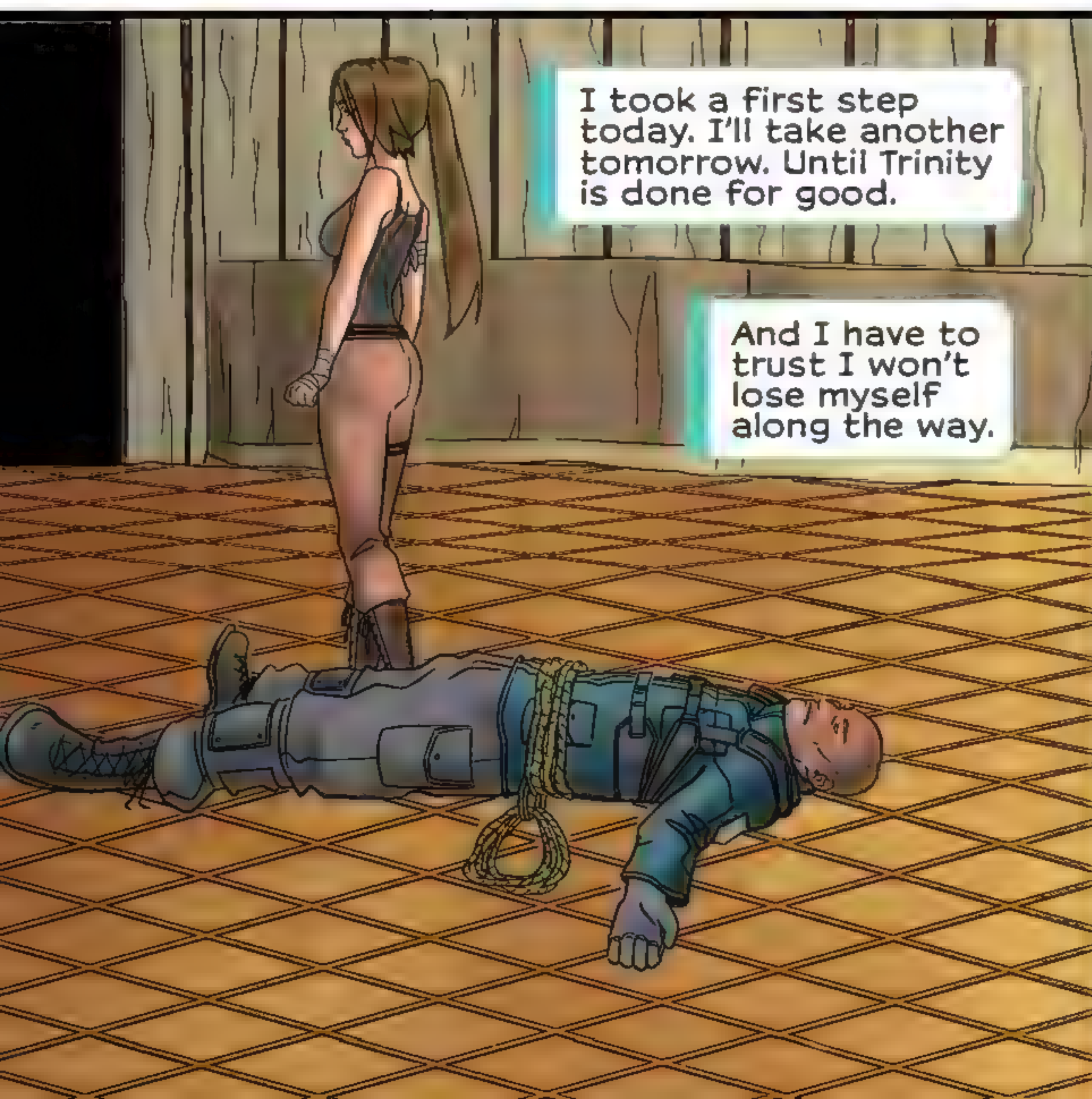
Jonah, I love you. You're my best friend, and I know you only want what is best for me.



But Trinity is still out there. They're stronger than they were in Siberia. More focused. They have a plan.

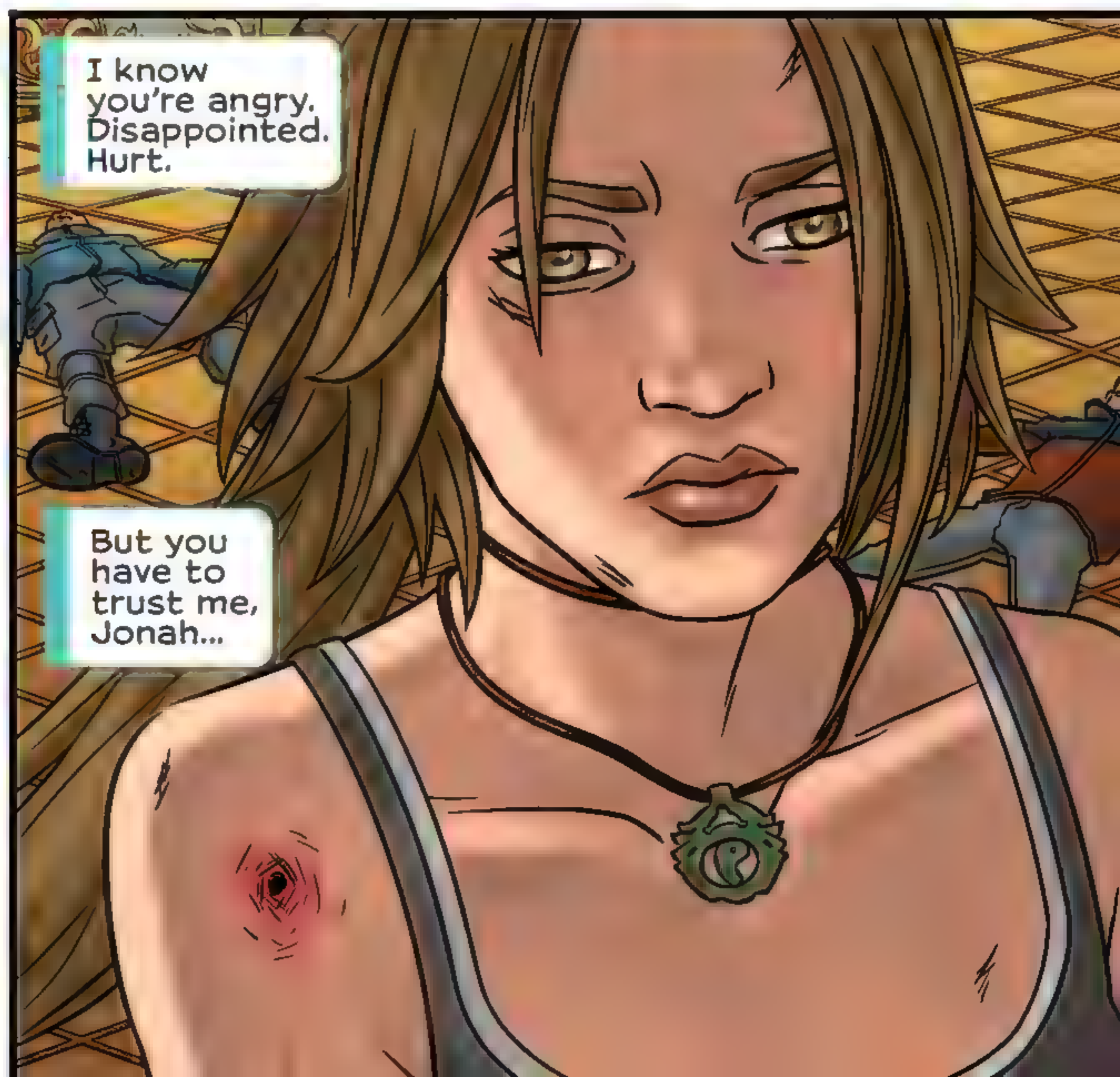


Someone has to stop them.



I took a first step today. I'll take another tomorrow. Until Trinity is done for good.

And I have to trust I won't lose myself along the way.



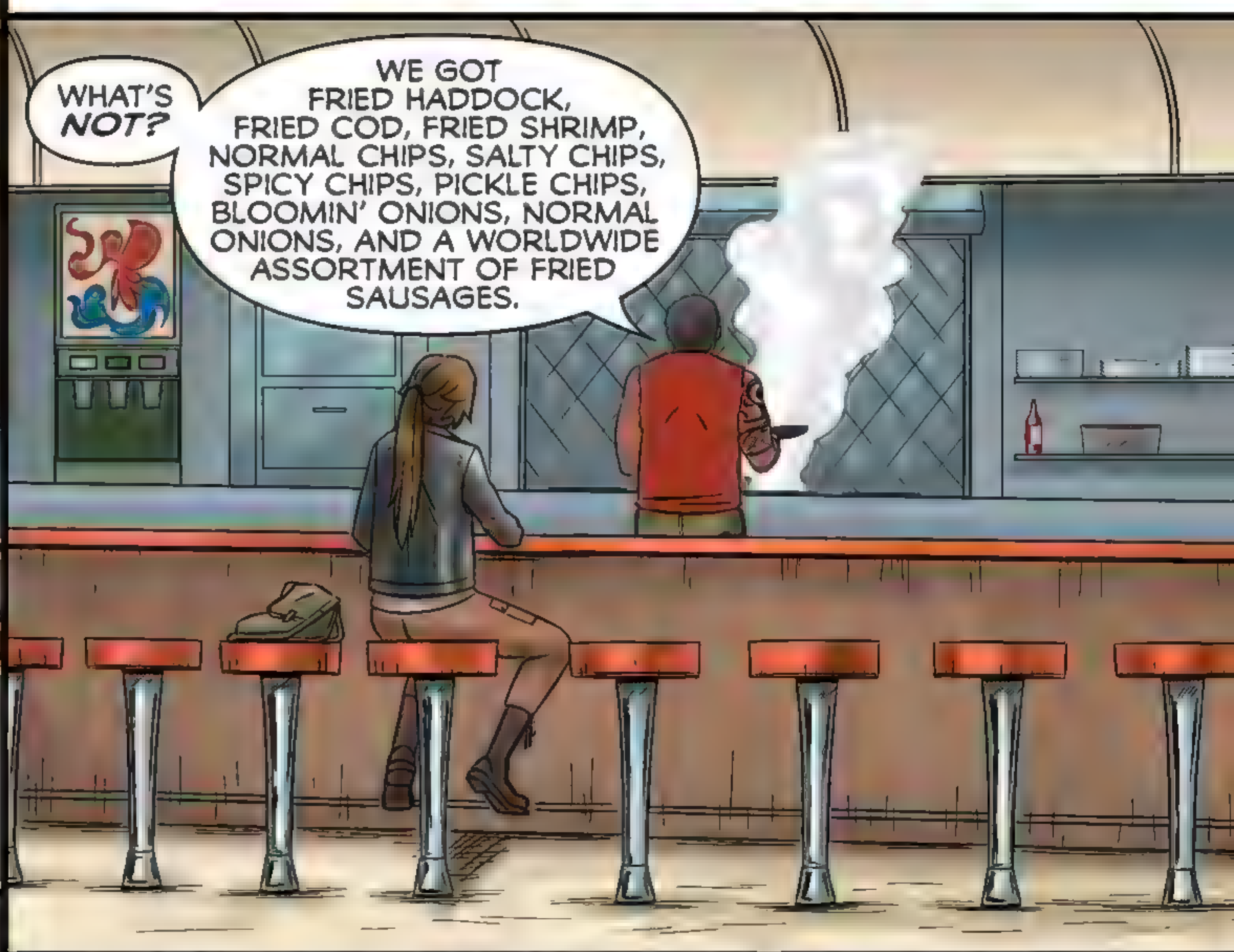
I know you're angry. Disappointed. Hurt.

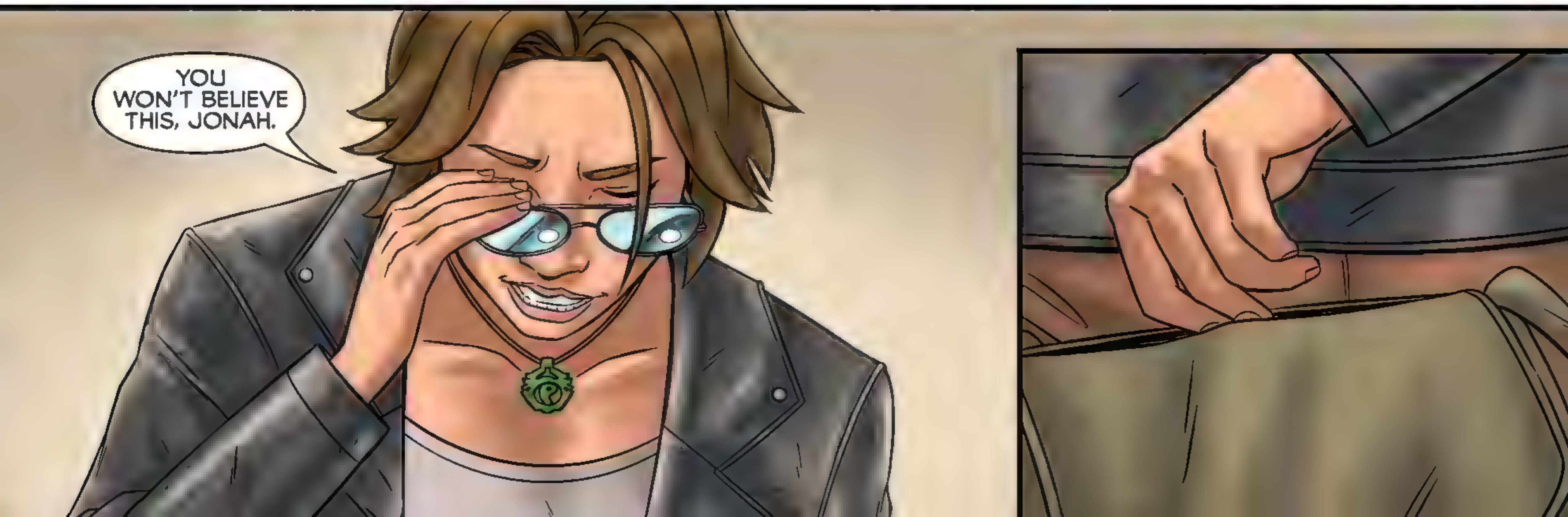
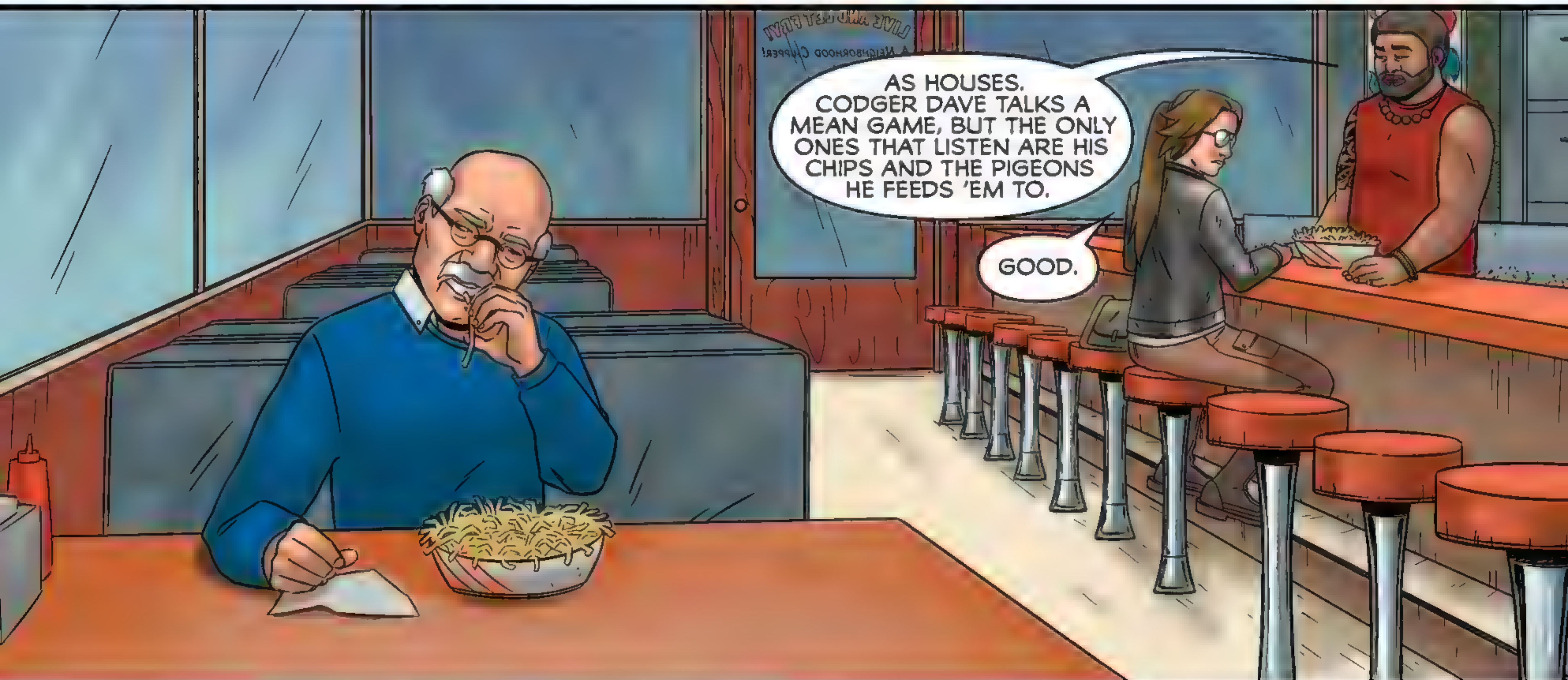
But you have to trust me, Jonah...

I know what
I have to do.

MESSAGE SAVED.









TRINITY.

I FOUND THEM IN CINQUE TERRE.

THEY WERE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING CALLED THE **CROSS OF STARS**.

I KNOW IT SOUNDS PRETENTIOUS, BUT MY FATHER USED TO TELL ME STORIES ABOUT THE CROSS WHEN I WAS LITTLE: A LONG-LOST ARTIFACT THAT COULD WHISPER THE LOCATION OF GOD.

SUPPOSE IT SHOULD COME AS NO SURPRISE THAT IT'S NO MYTH. NO MORE THAN YAMATAI OR THE TOMB OF THE LOST PROPHET--IT'S **REAL**. I **HELD** IT. AND TRINITY WANTED IT, BADLY.

I NEUTRALIZED THEIR RECONNAISSANCE TEAM AND BURIED THE ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB, BUT SOMETHING THEIR CAPTAIN SAID GOT ME THINKING. HE MENTIONED SOMEONE RISING WITHIN TRINITY'S LEADERSHIP, SOMEONE CALLED **THE CARDINAL**.

JONAH, I **HAVE** TO BELIEVE THAT THIS WAS THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR KILLING MY FATHER. IF YOU AND I PUT OUR EARS TO THE GROUND AND KNOCK A FEW HEADS TOGETHER, I'VE NO DOUBT THAT WE CAN **FIND** THIS MAN, DISMANTLE TRINITY, AND FINALLY GET JUSTICE FOR--

WHAT WERE WE DOING IN THAILAND?

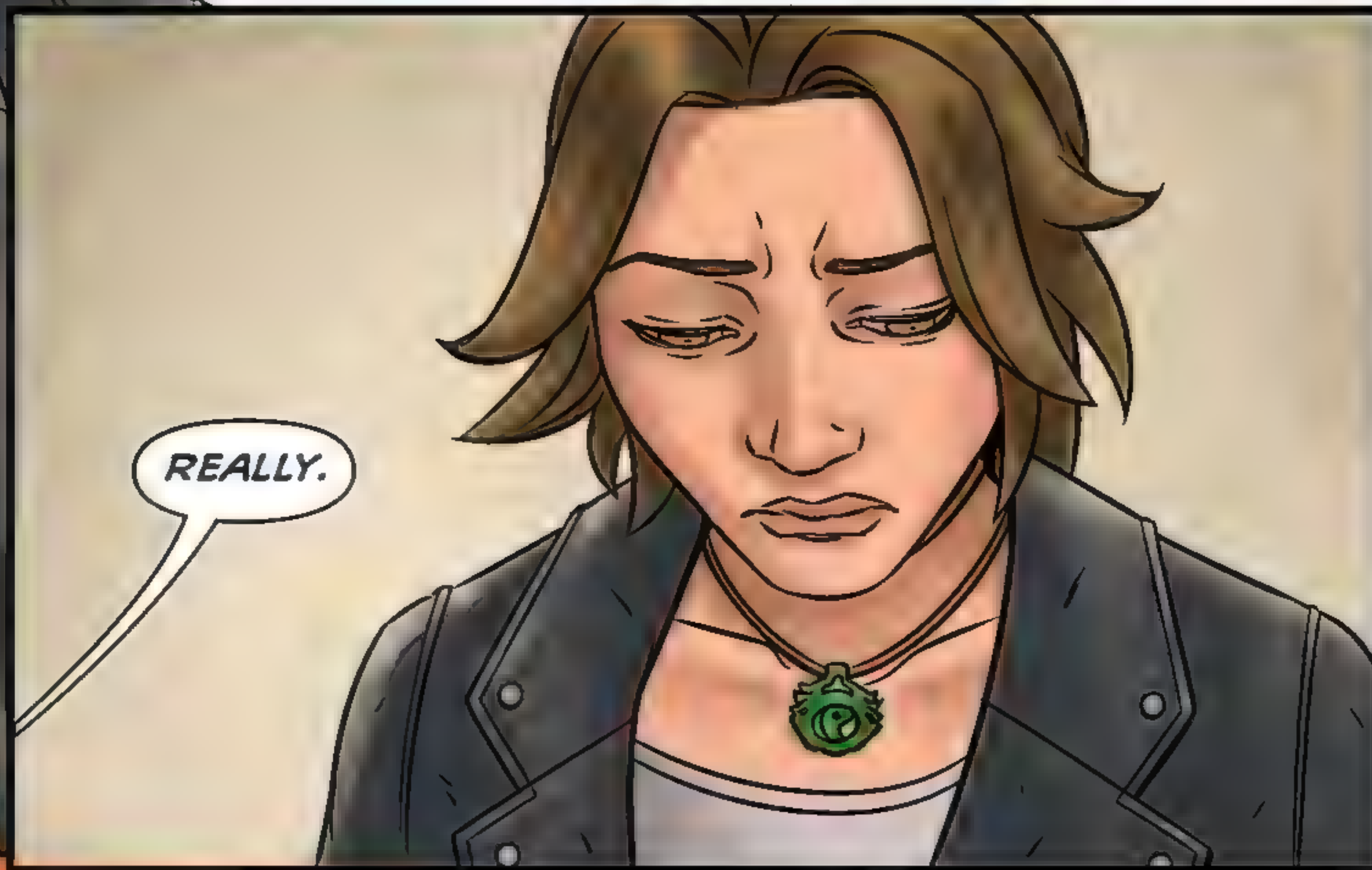


WHAT?



LARA. YOU HEARD ME. TELL ME THE TRUTH.

WHAT WERE WE DOING IN THAILAND?



REALLY.

THAILAND
Twenty uncharted kilometers
outside Chiang Mai
One Month Ago

I'VE
GOTTA SAY,
LARA, I THOUGHT
I'D HAD MY FILL OF
ADVENTURE AFTER
SIBERIA, BUT THIS
IS AN INCREDIBLE
SPOT!

GLAD I
COULD GET YOU
OUT OF THE FLAT.
I HOPE YOU WON'T
TAKE THIS THE WRONG
WAY, BUT I'VE BEEN
WORRIED ABOUT
YOU.



JONAH,
I'M SERIOUS.
TRINITY IS STILL
OUT THERE. I
WOULDN'T BLAME
YOU FOR BEING--

LARA.





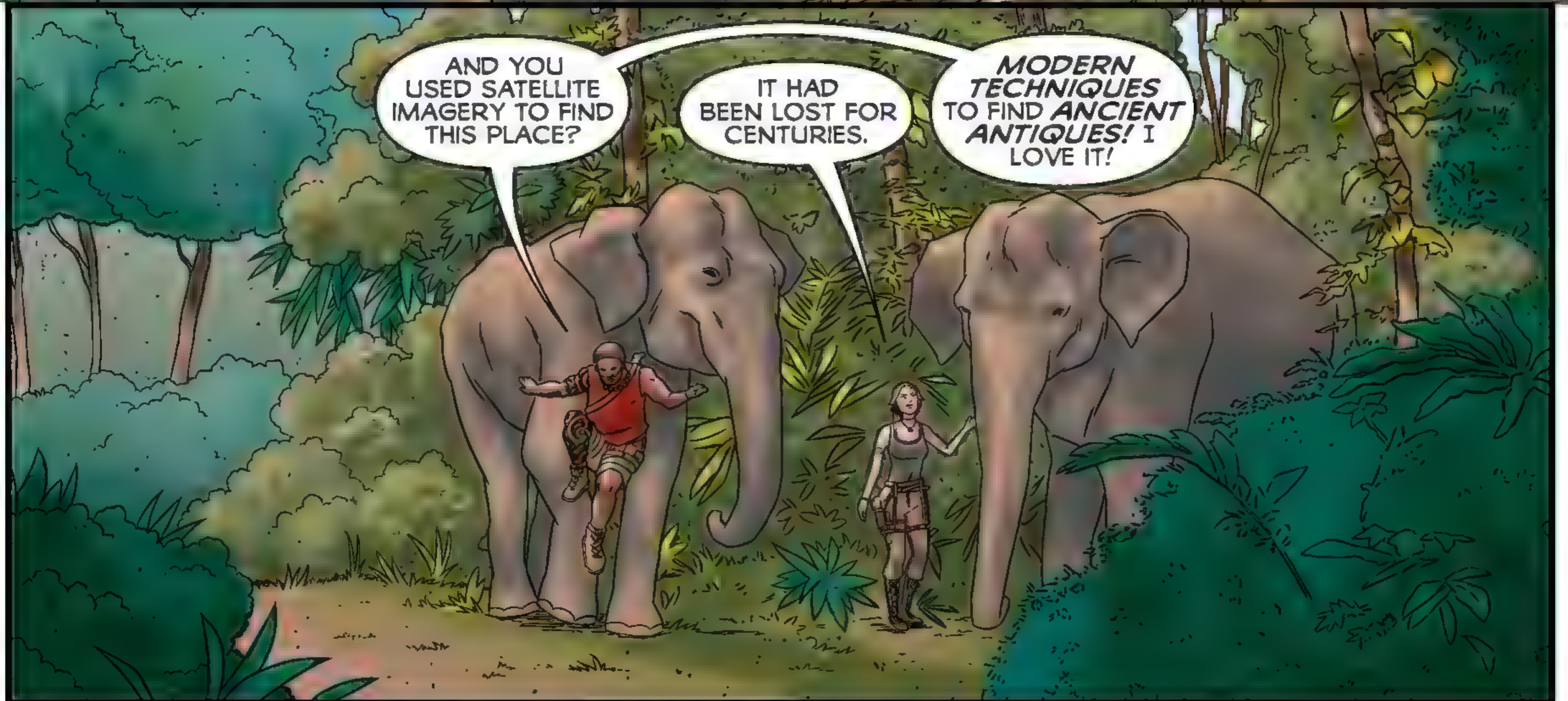
THE
TEMPLE OF
THE BUDDHA
RECEIVING.

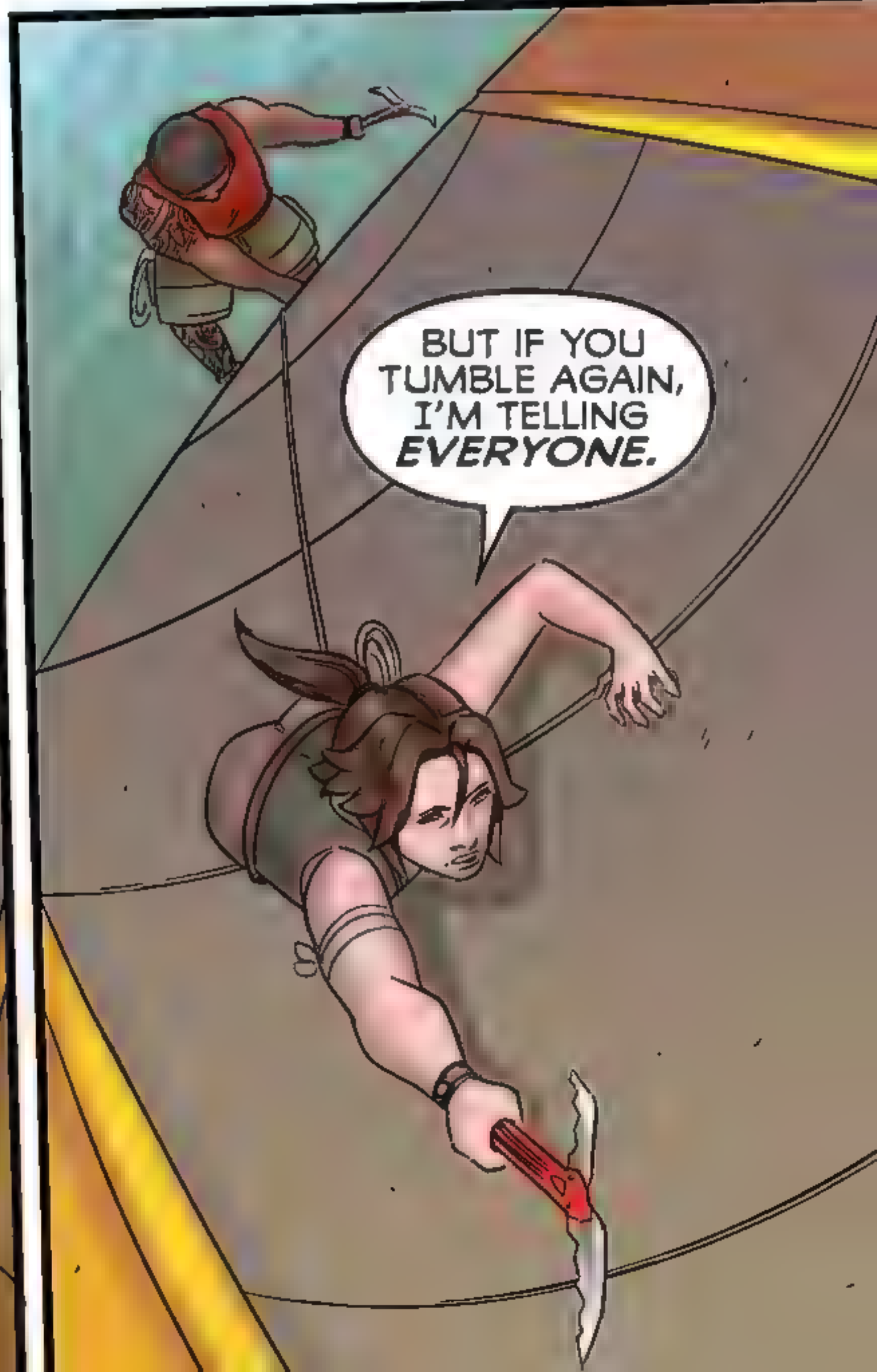
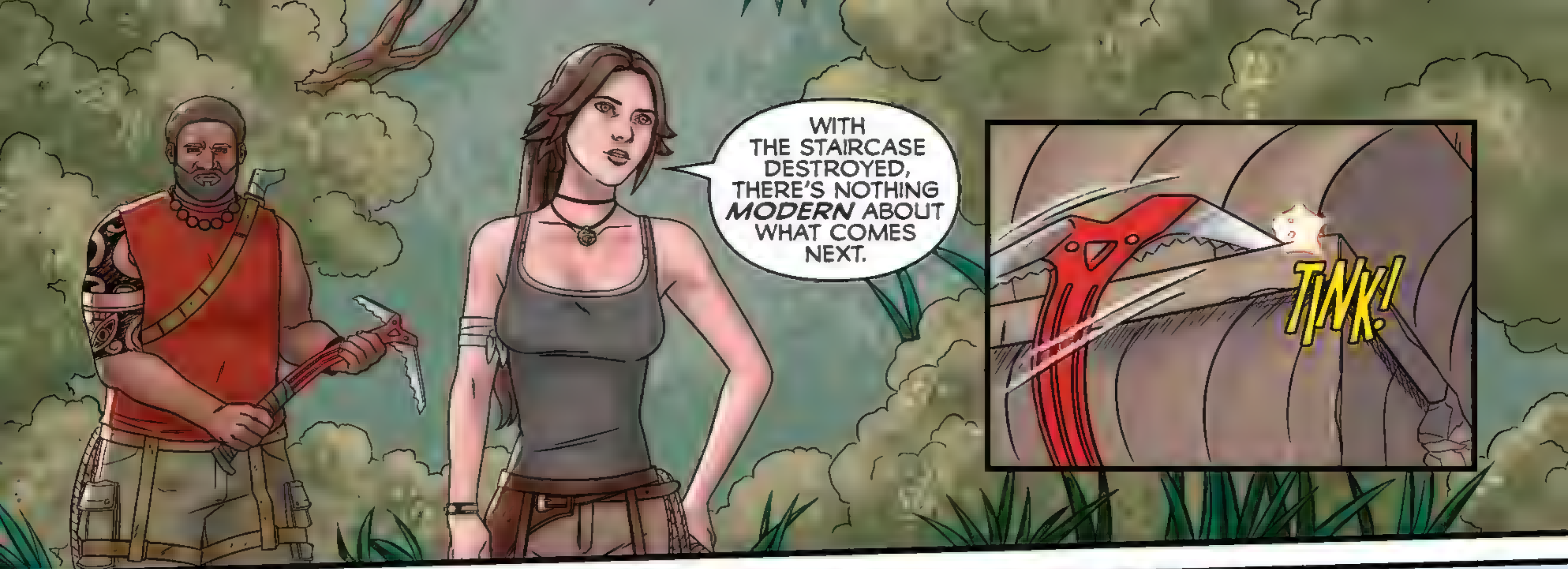
NOT A
MYTH AFTER
ALL.

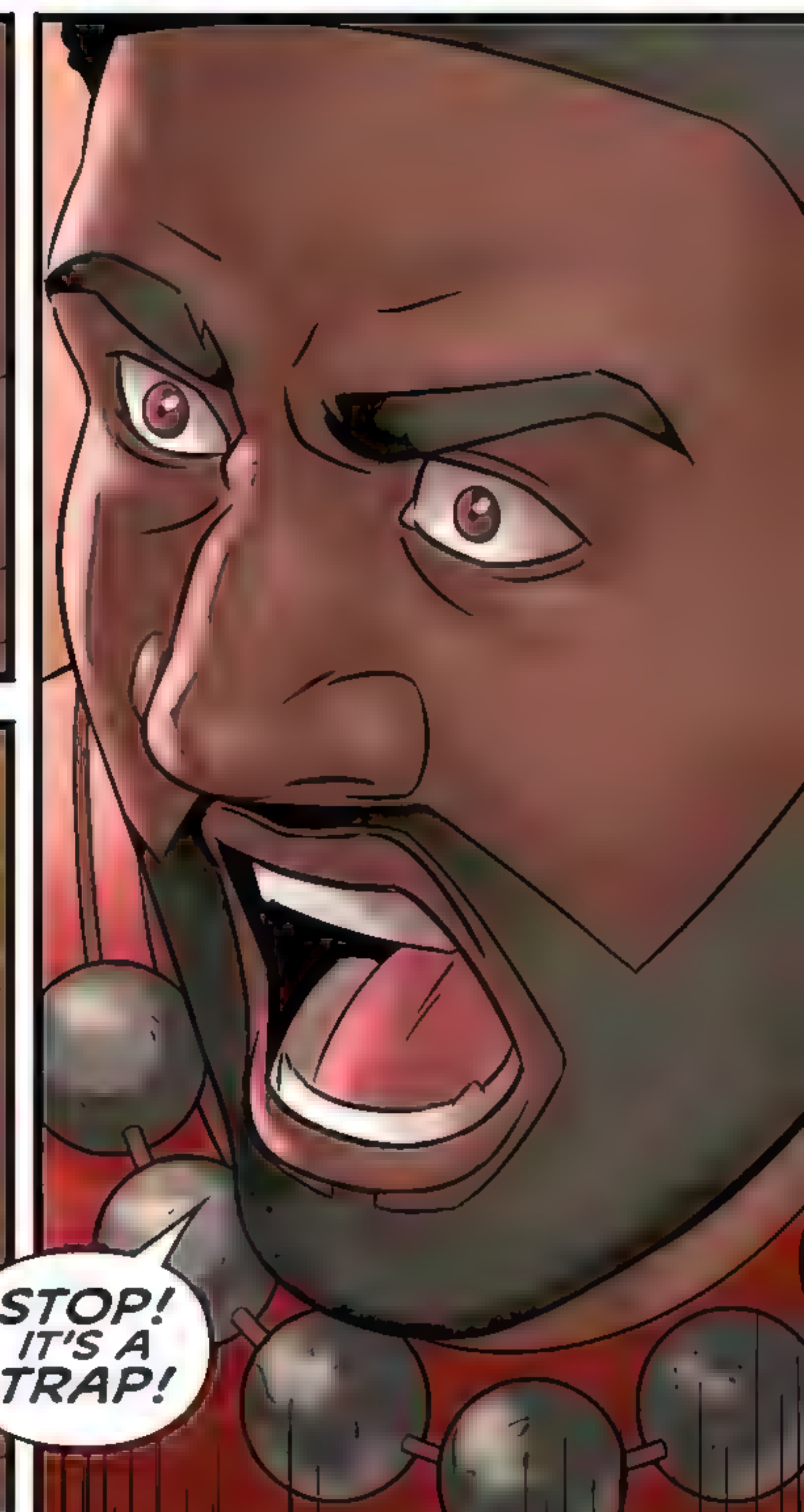
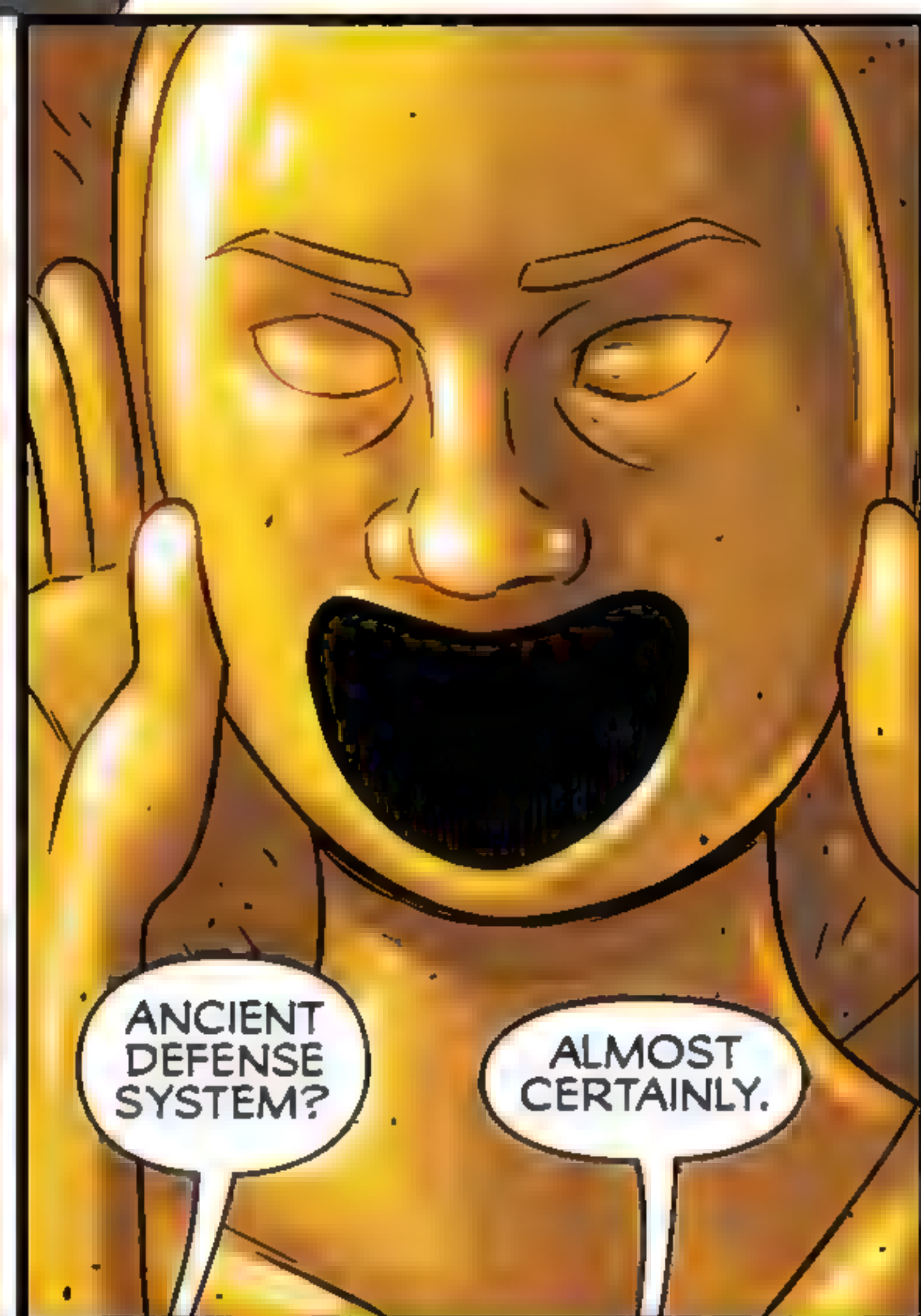
AND YOU
USED SATELLITE
IMAGERY TO FIND
THIS PLACE?

IT HAD
BEEN LOST FOR
CENTURIES.

**MODERN
TECHNIQUES
TO FIND ANCIENT
ANTIQUES! I
LOVE IT!**



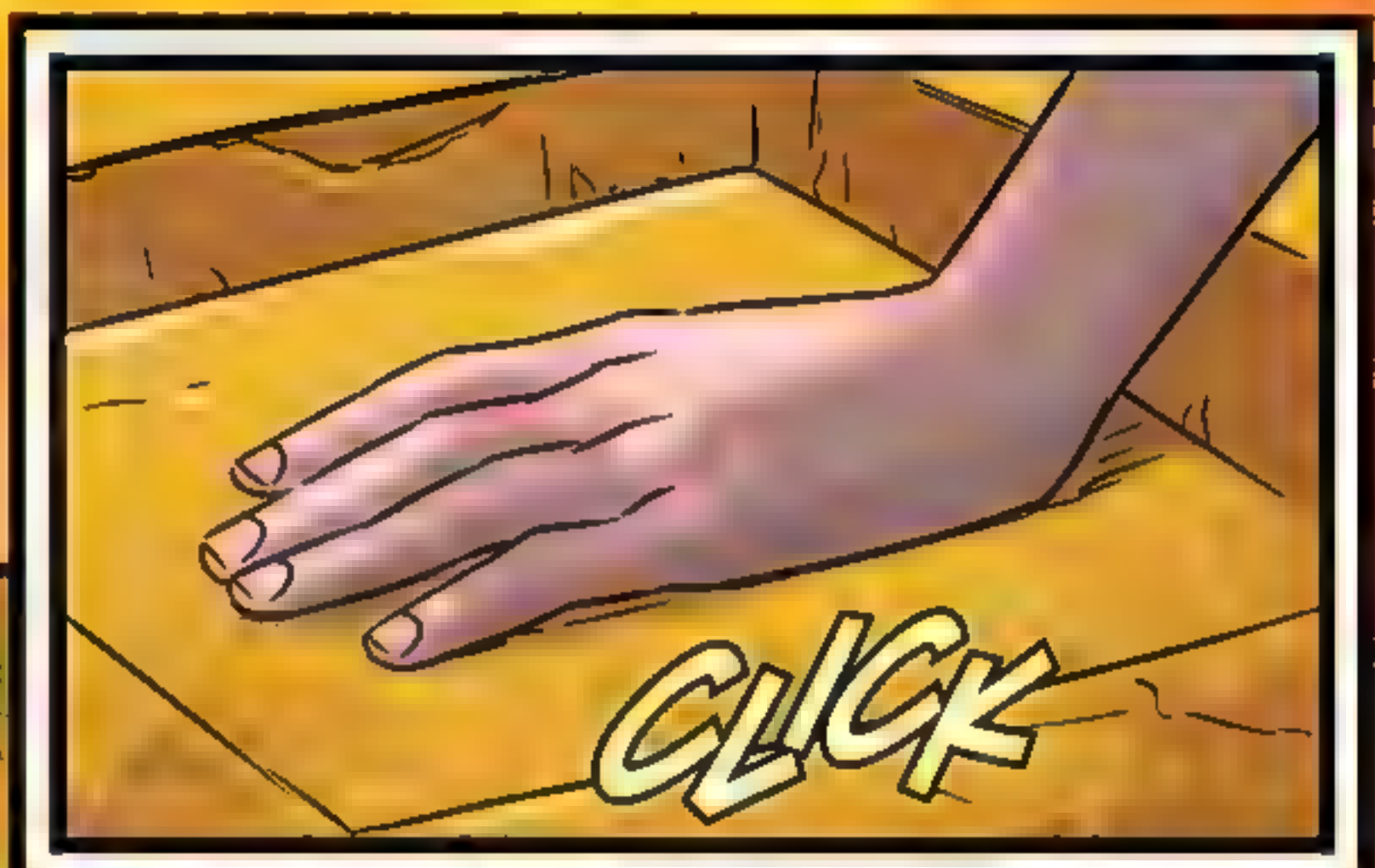






BEEP
BEEP
BEEP

KRAKOOOM!



CLICK



LARA!

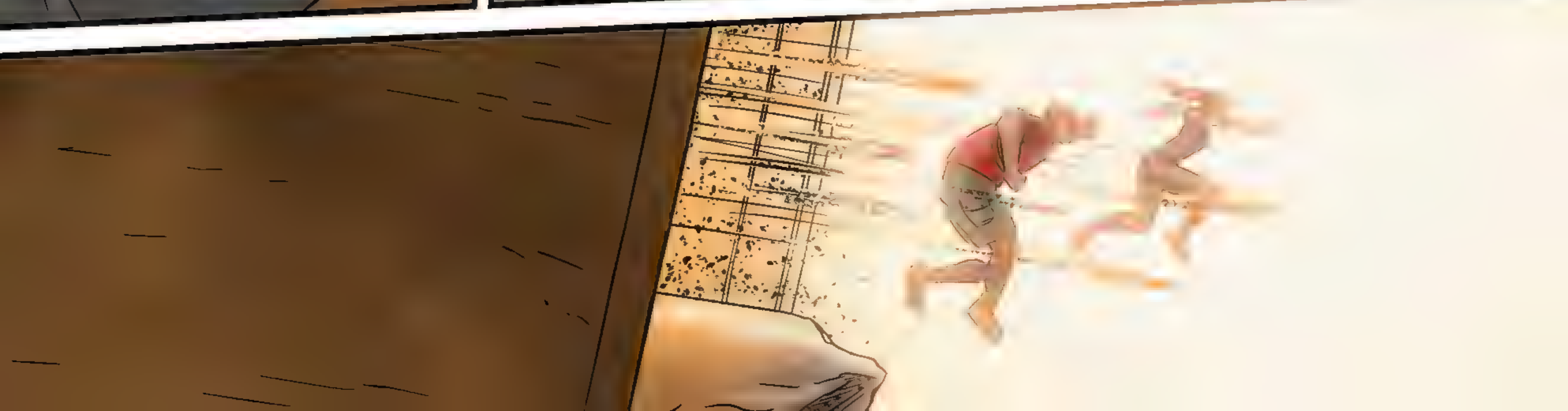
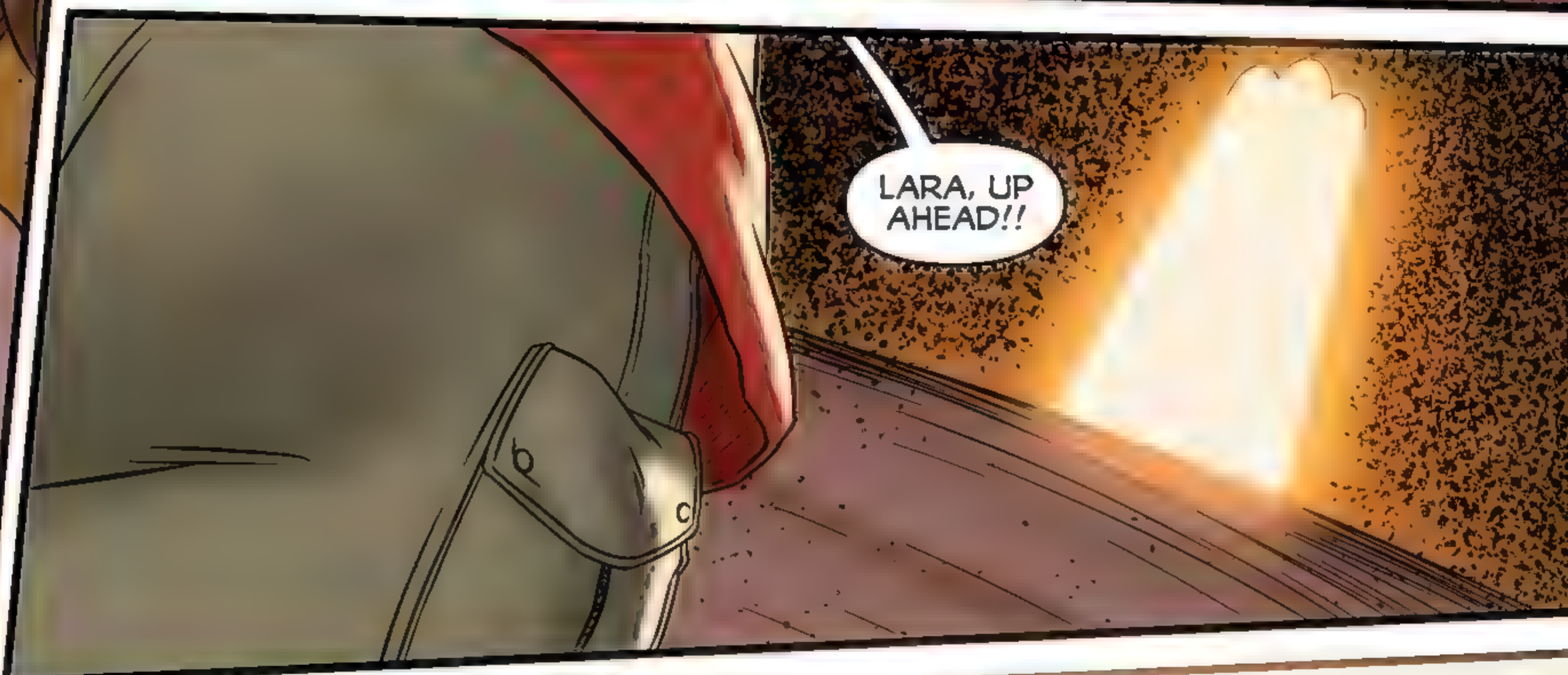
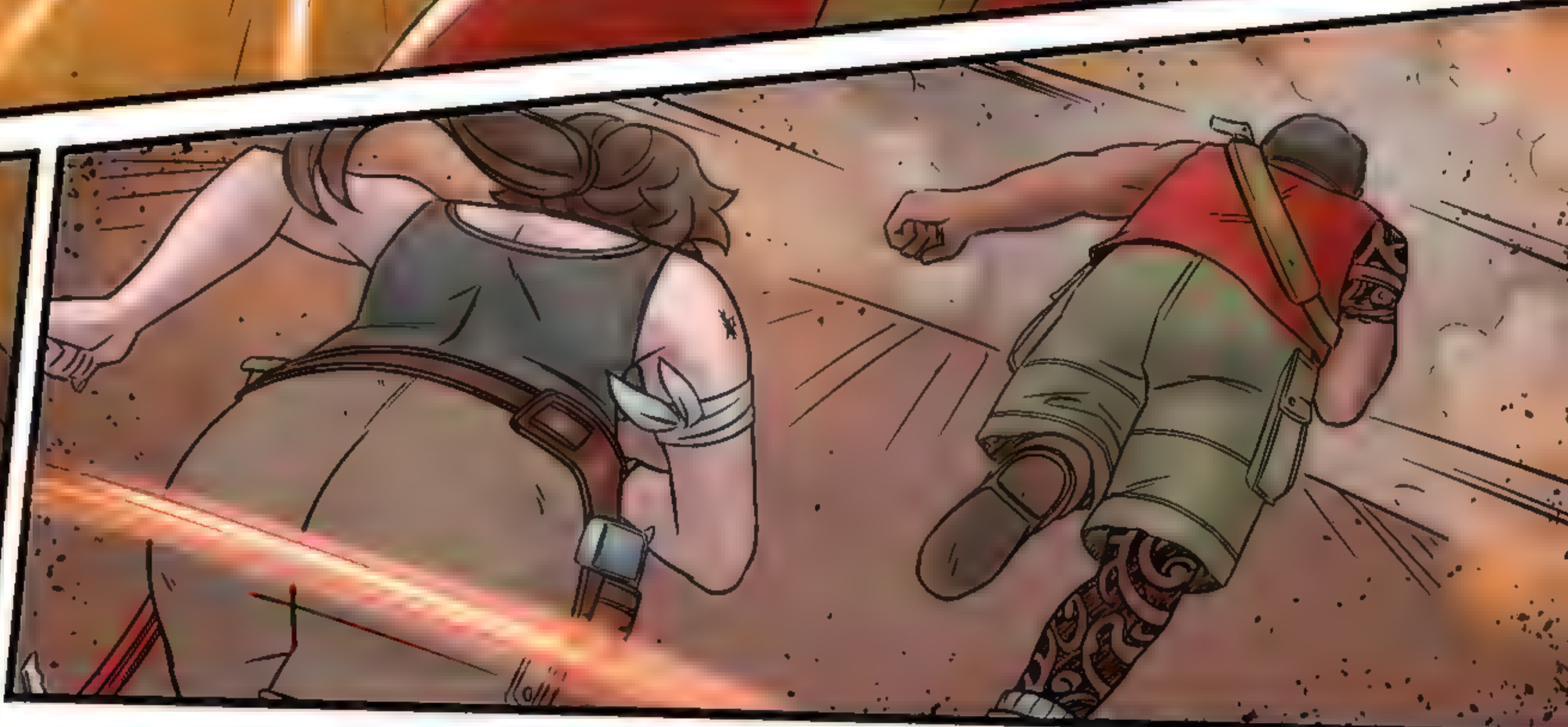
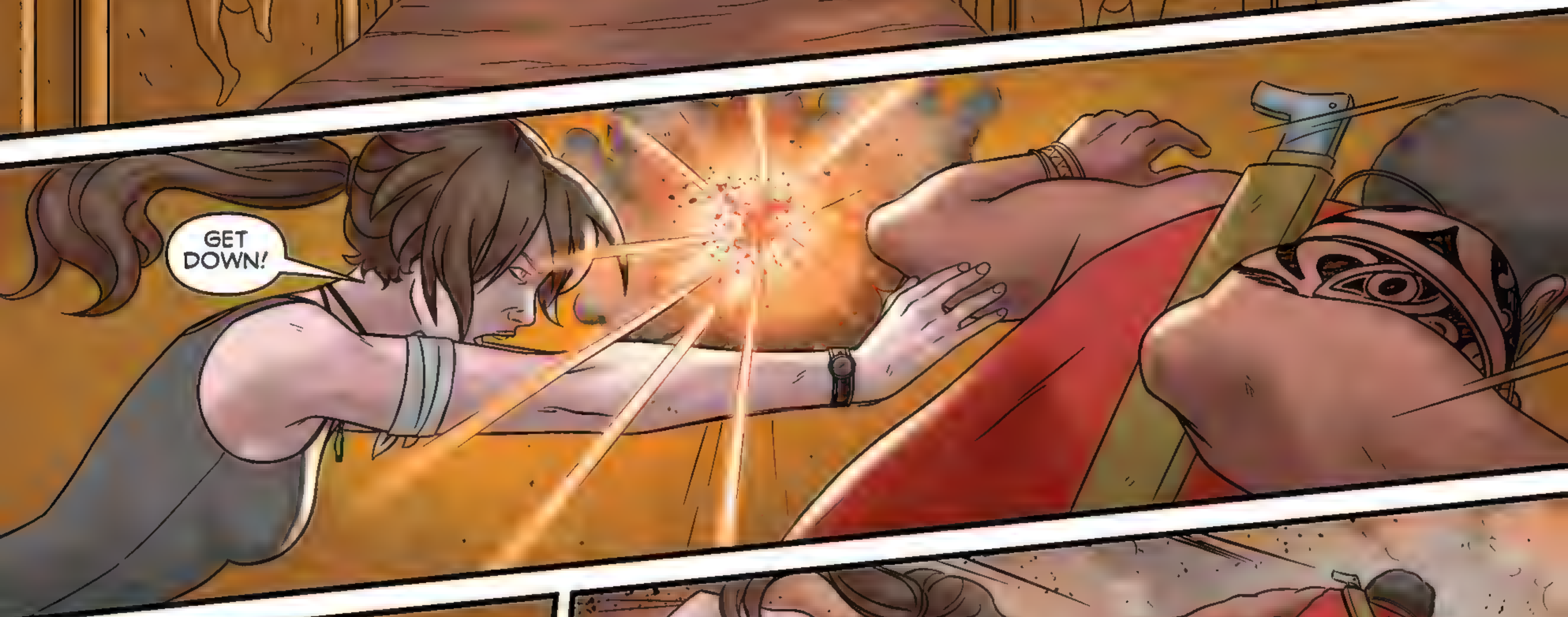
JONAH!
ARE YOU--



I TOLD
YOU I'M FINE,
NOW RUN!

CLICK

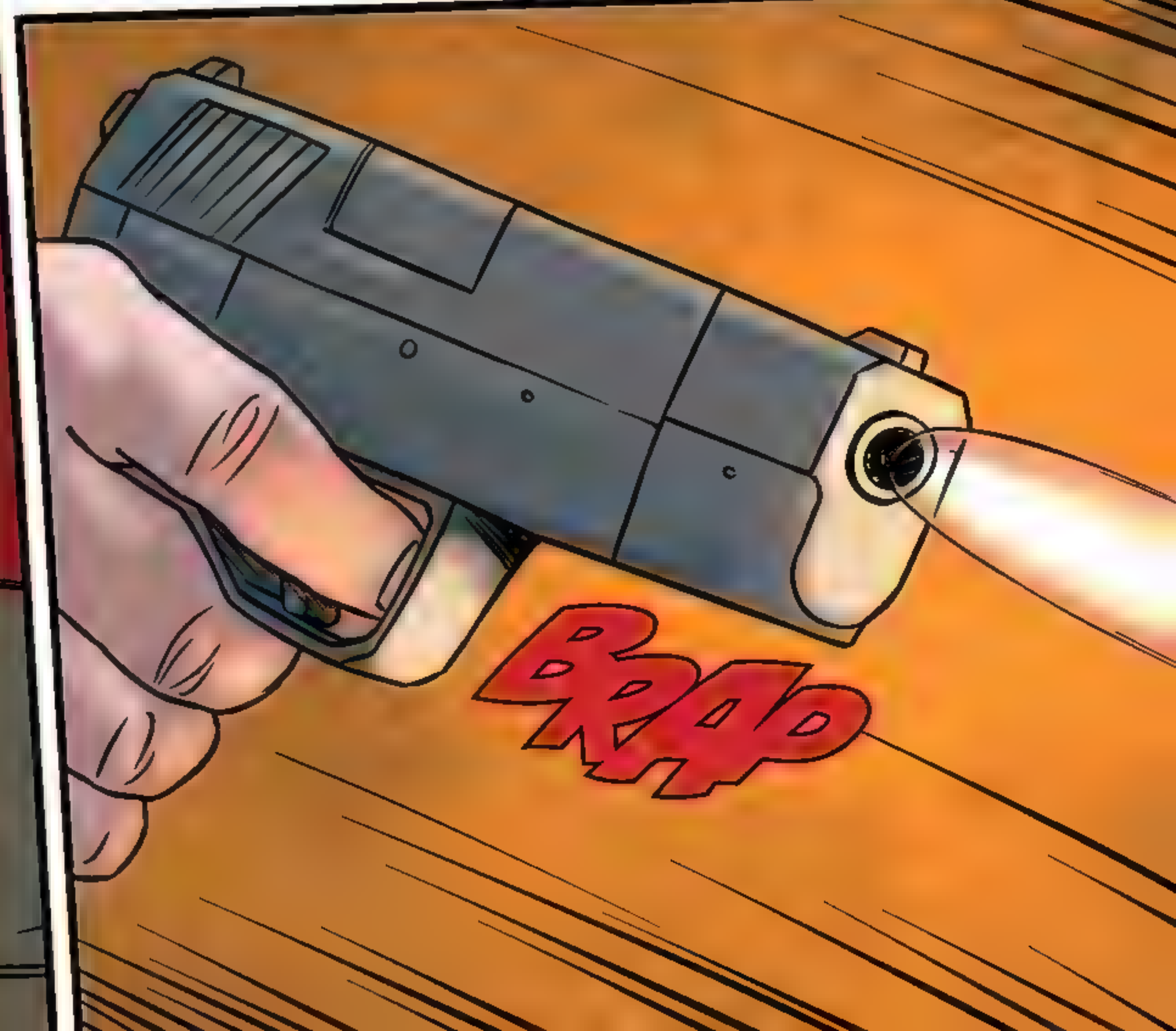
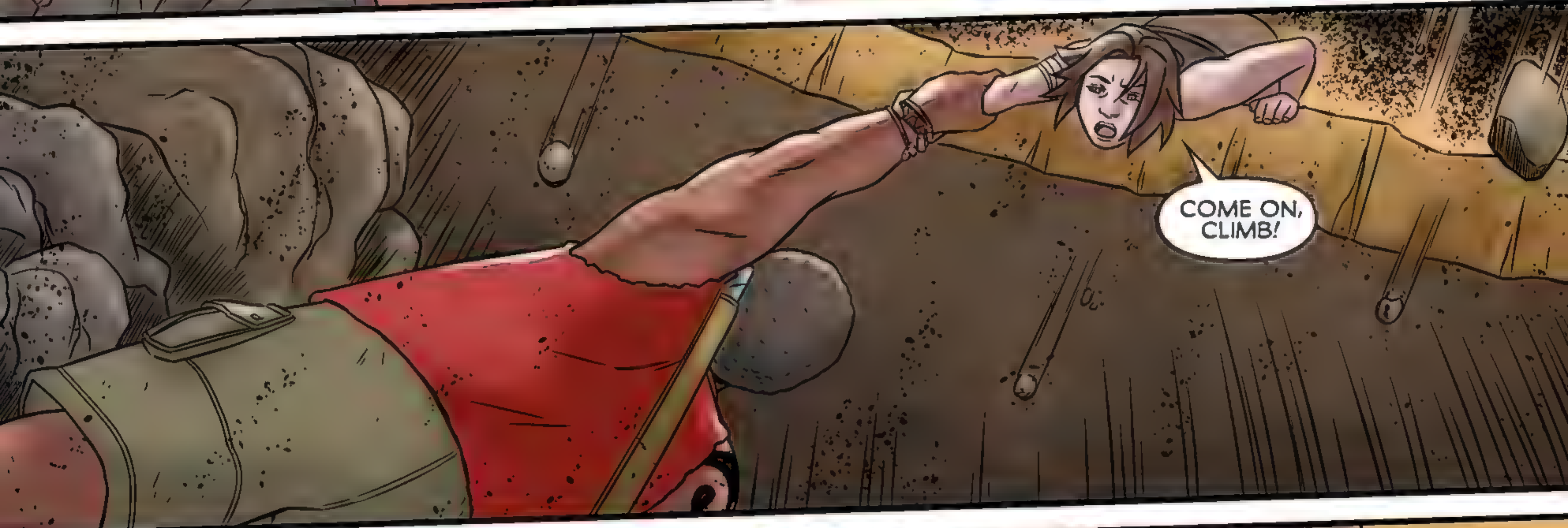
KSHHHHHH

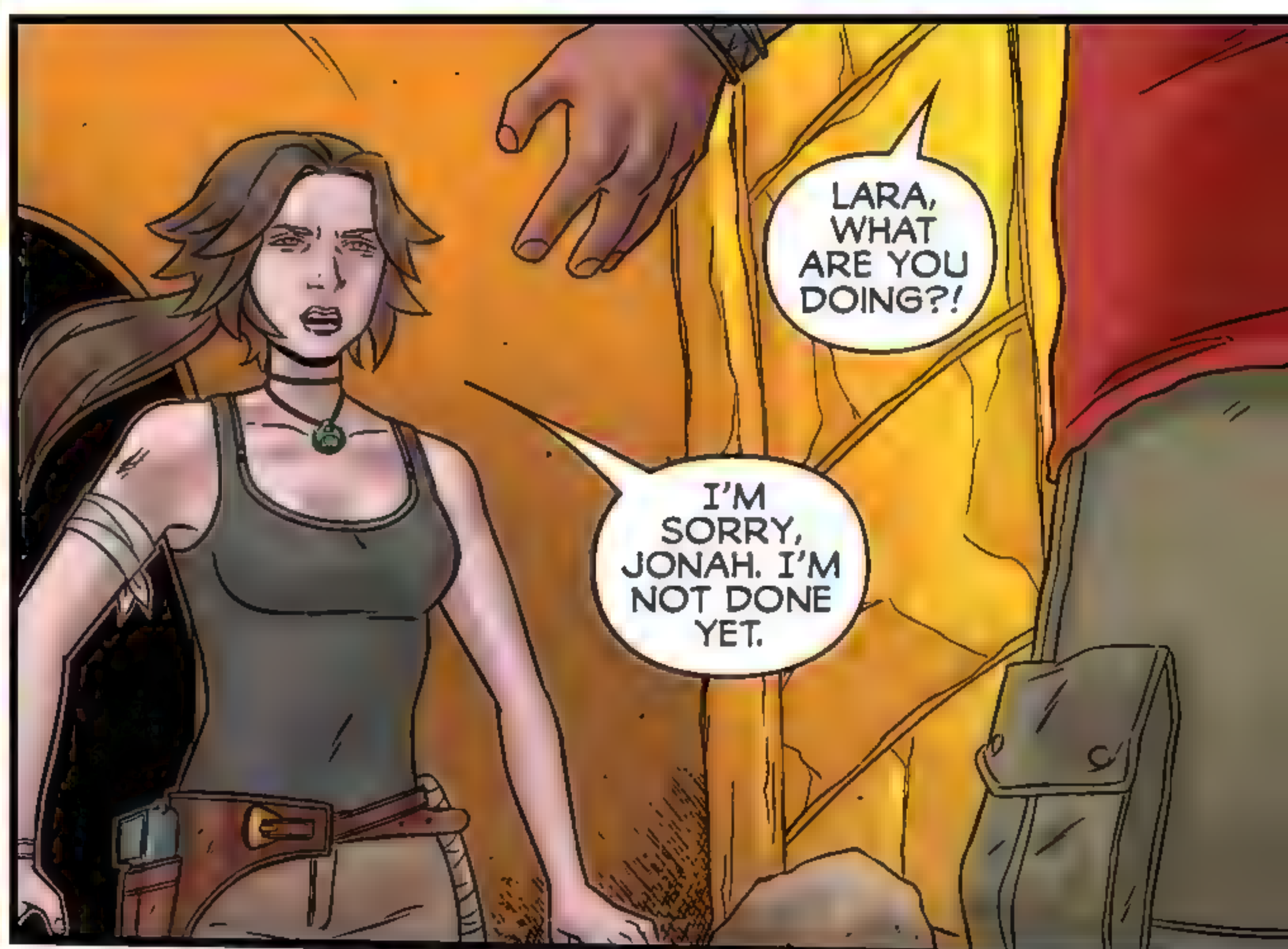




PRINCE OF MONTEZ

OH, GOD, LARA! THE WHOLE PLACE IS COMING DOWN!



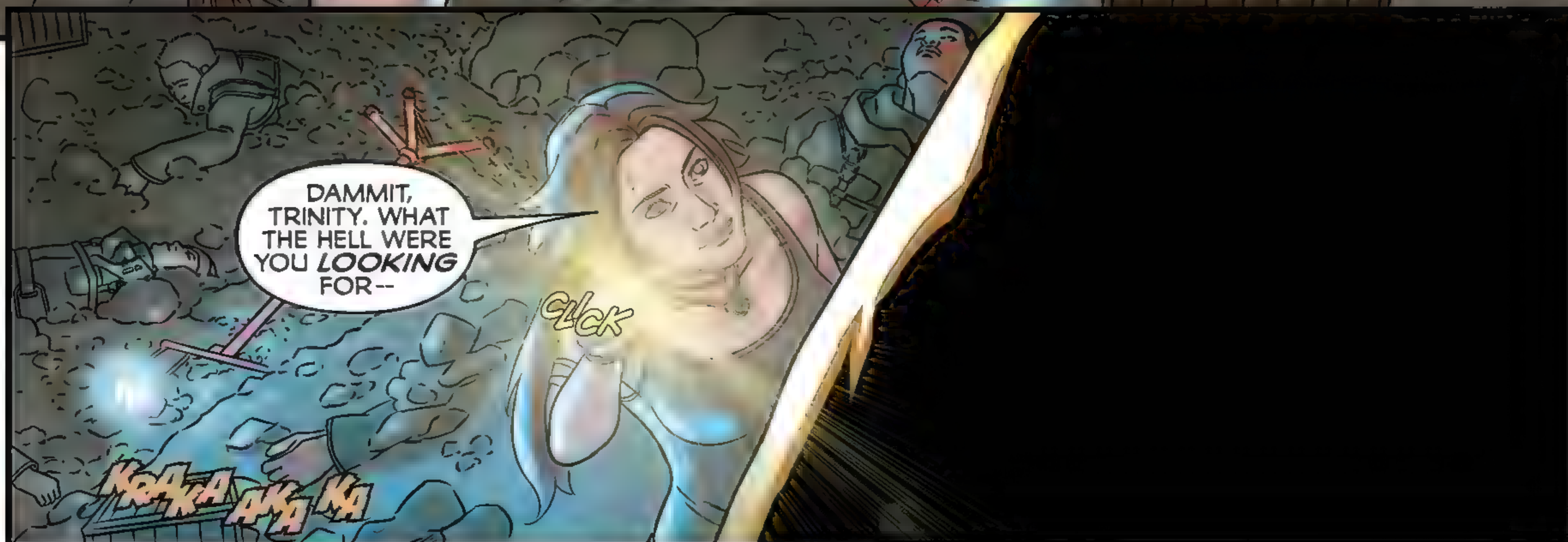
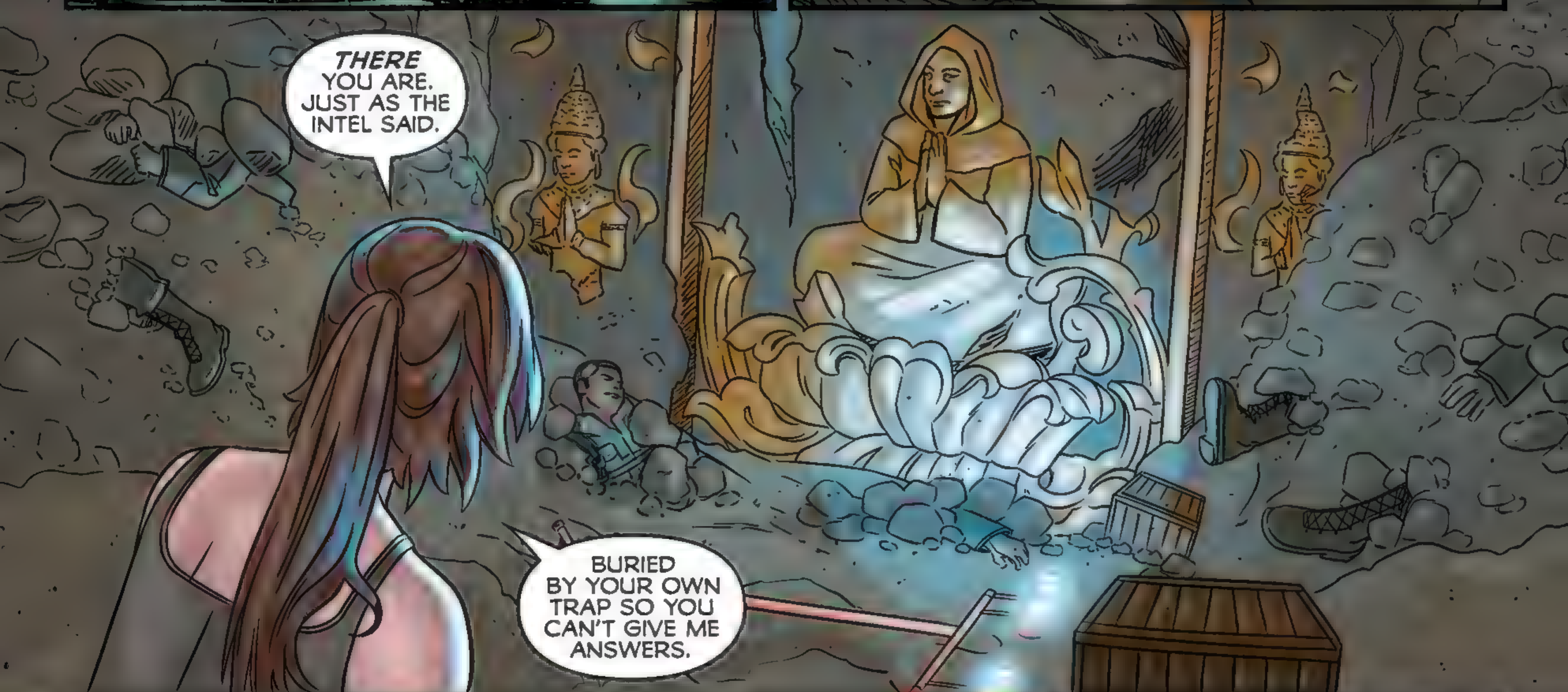
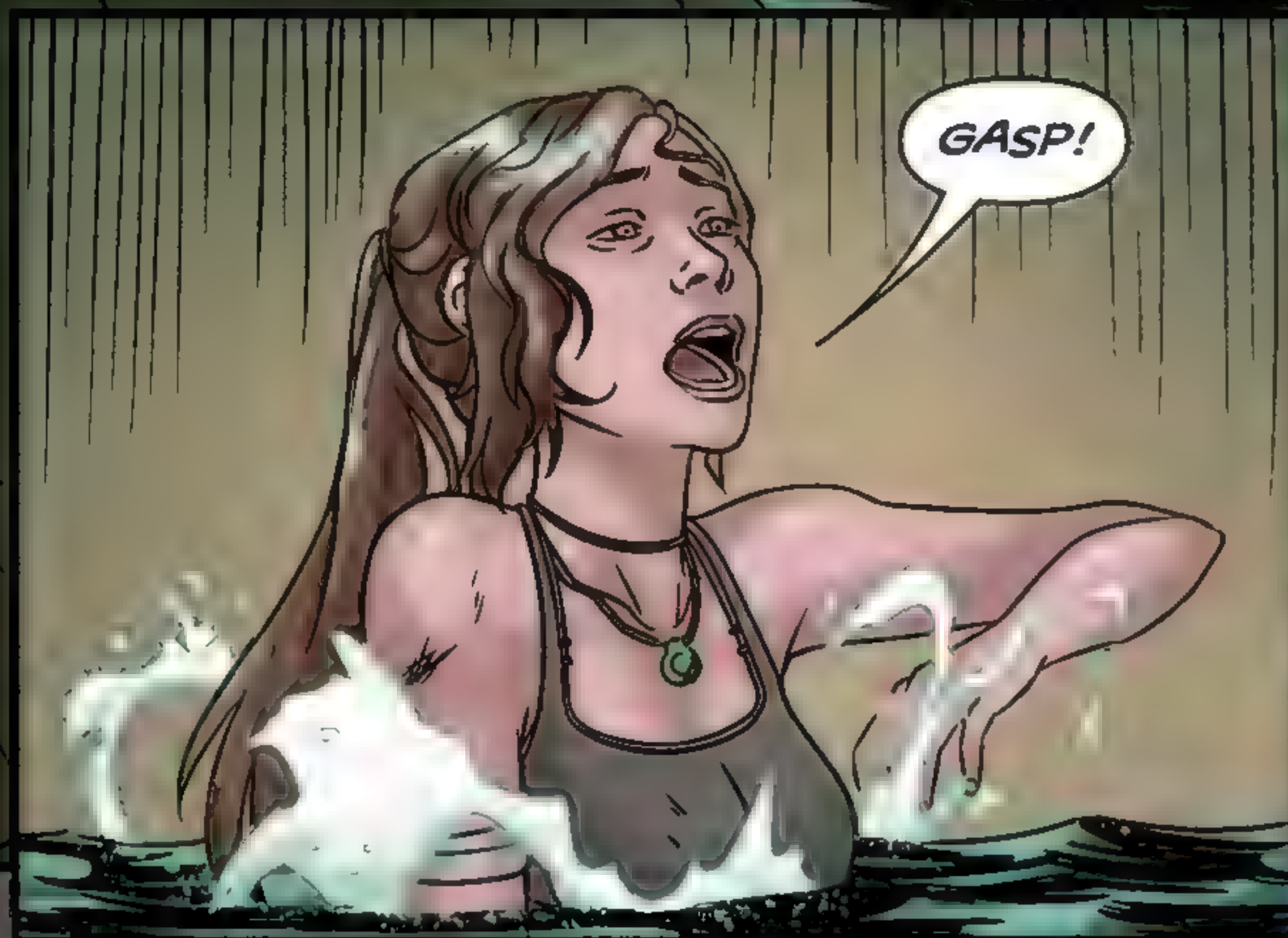
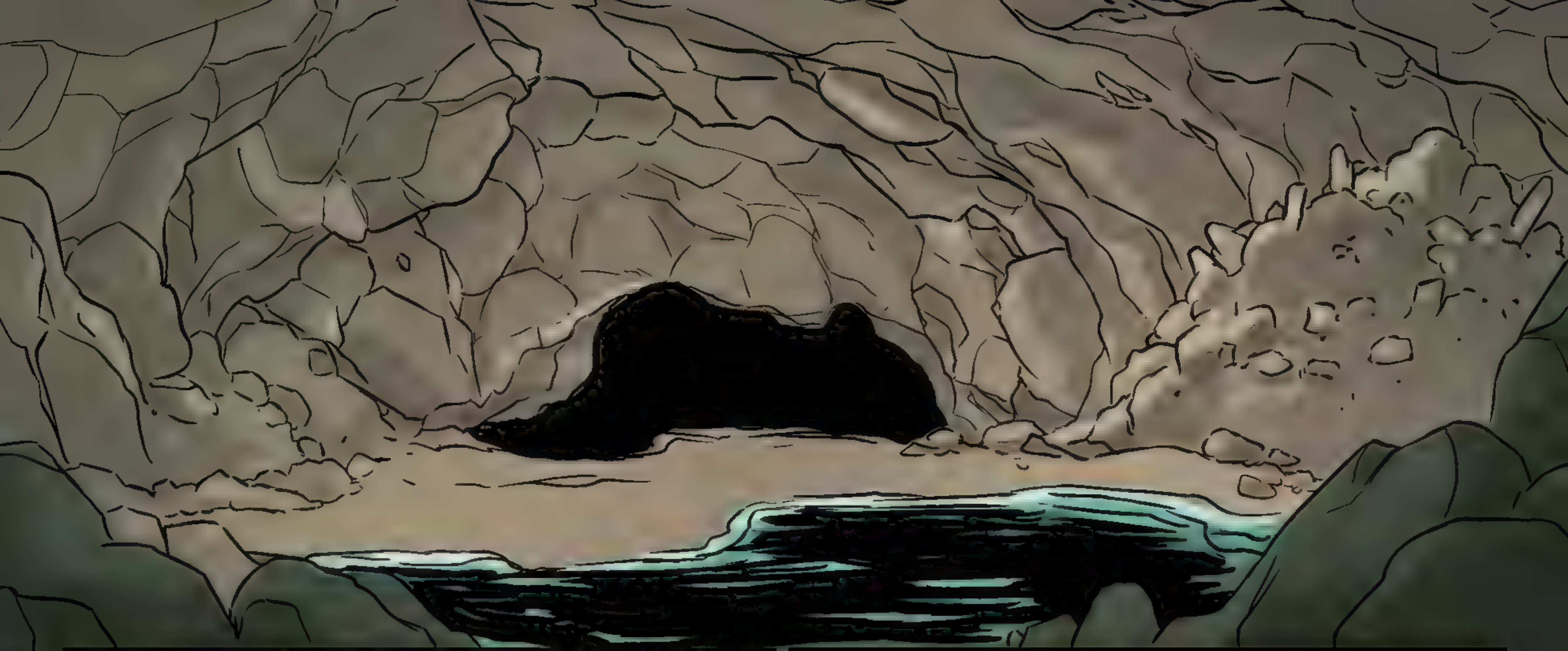


KRAK

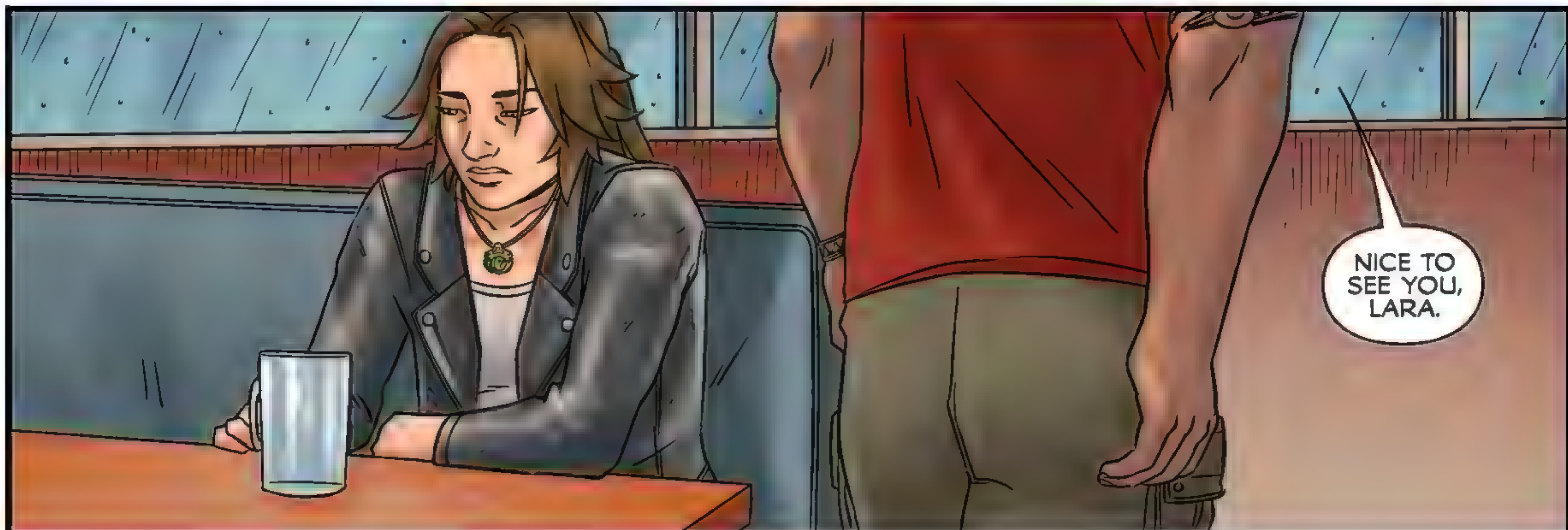
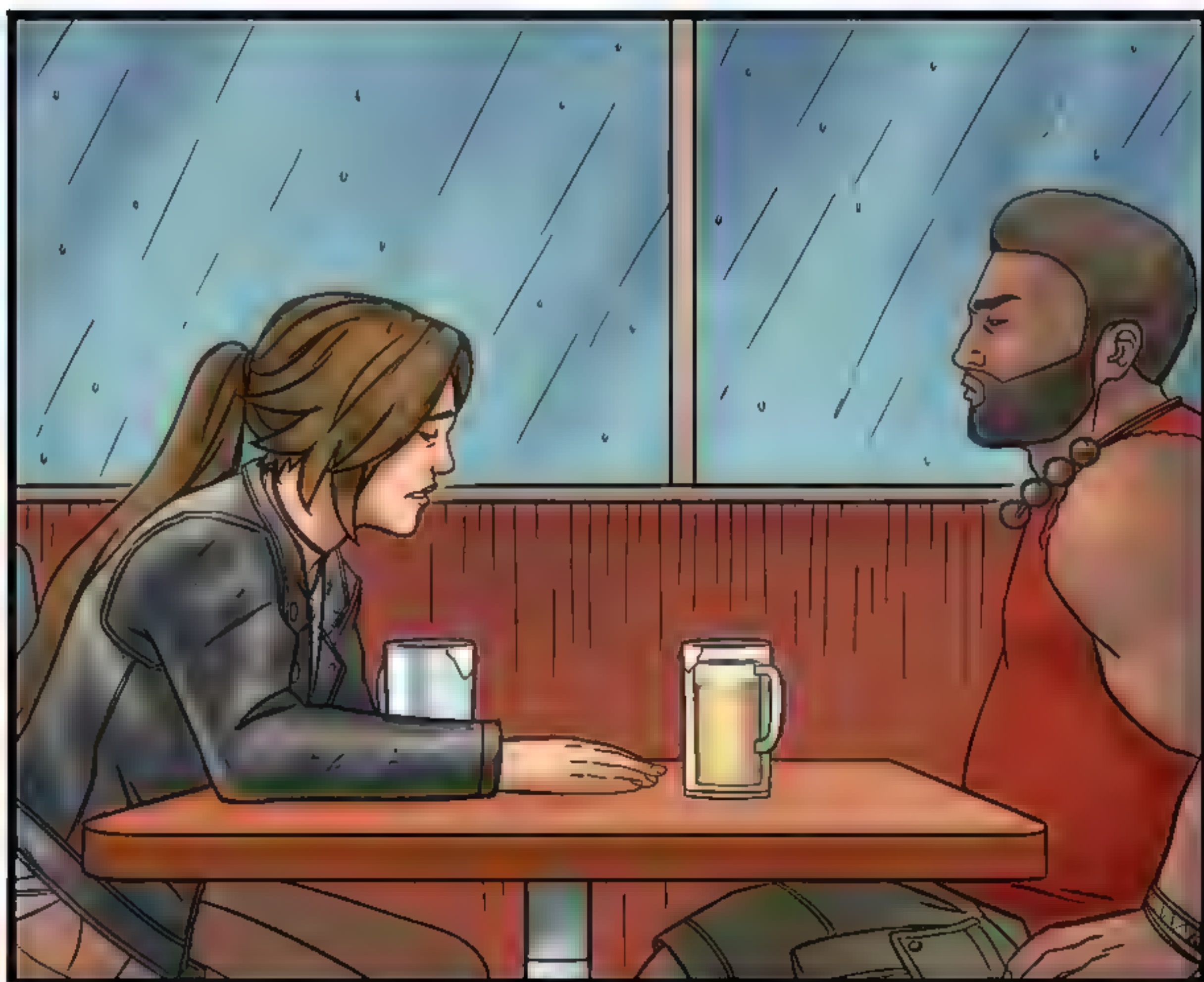
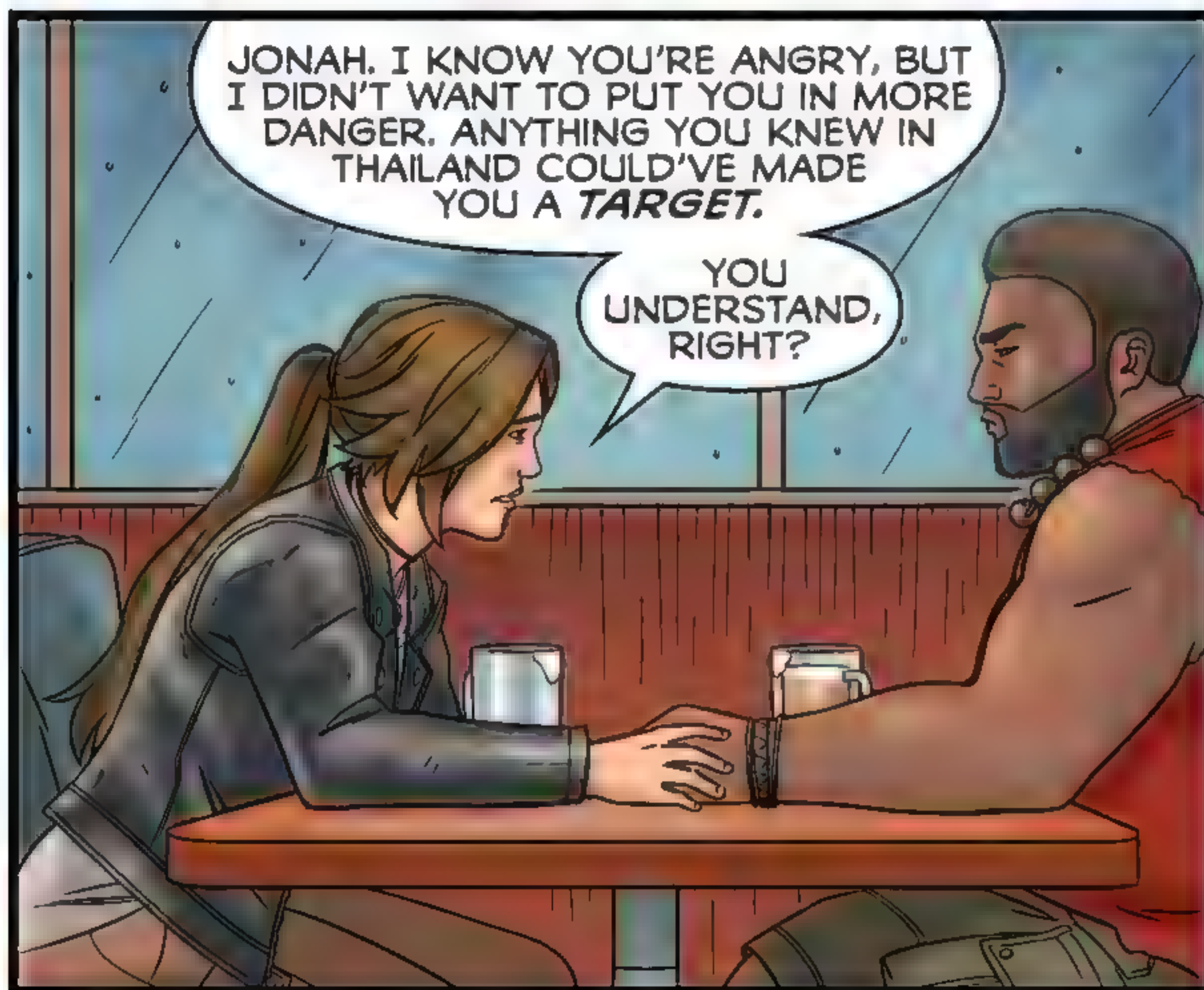
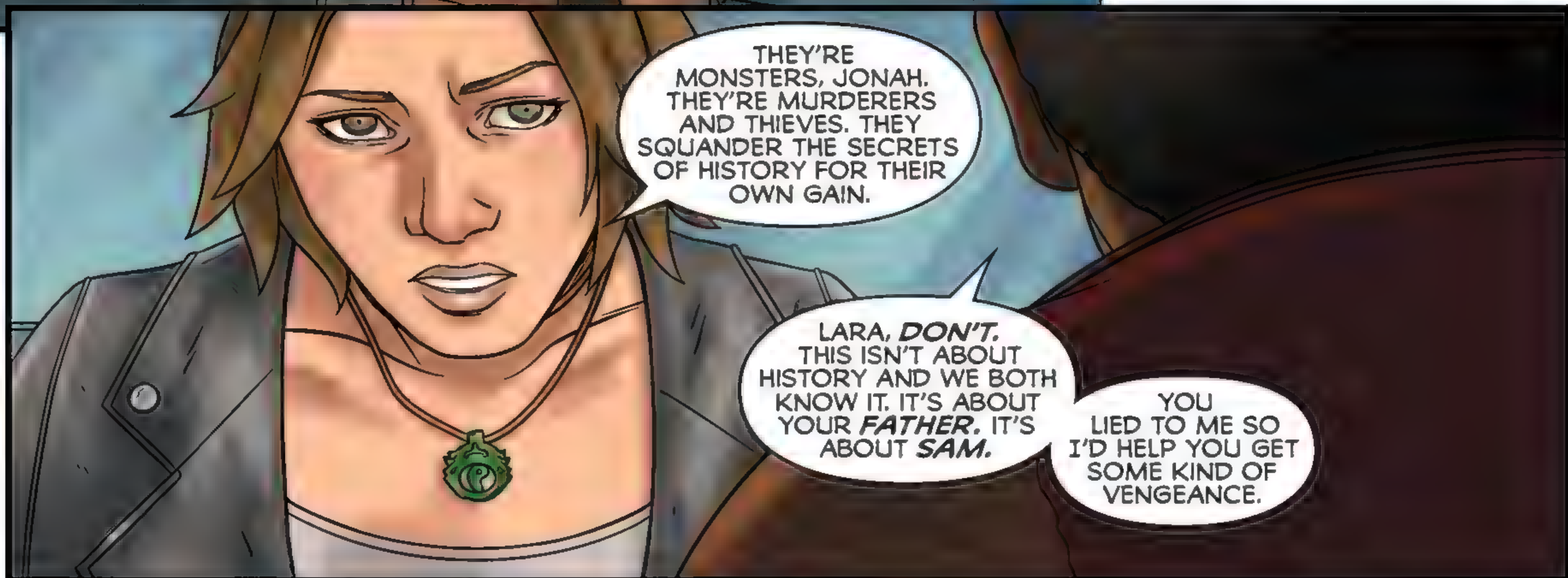


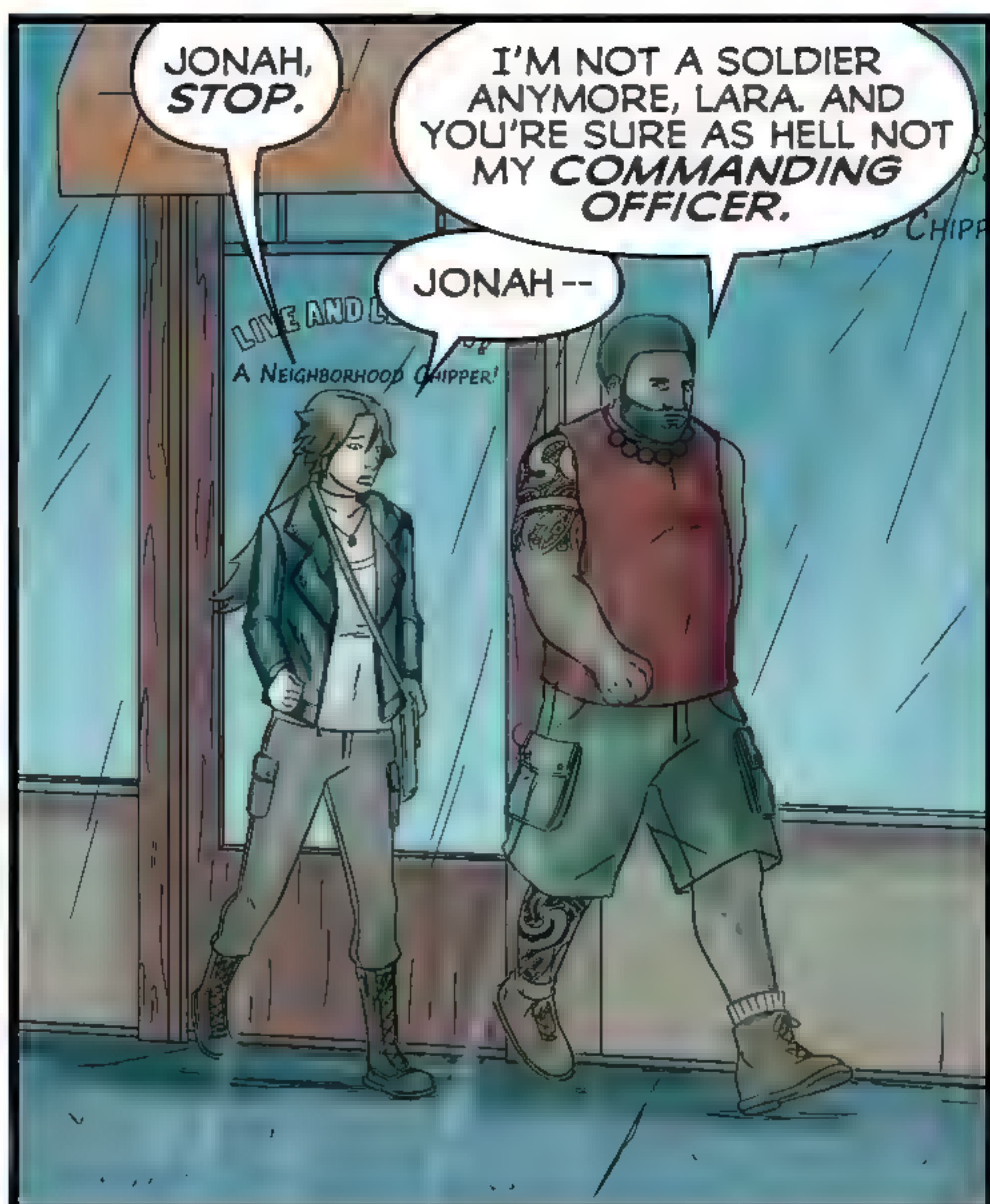
THWOMP

GAH!





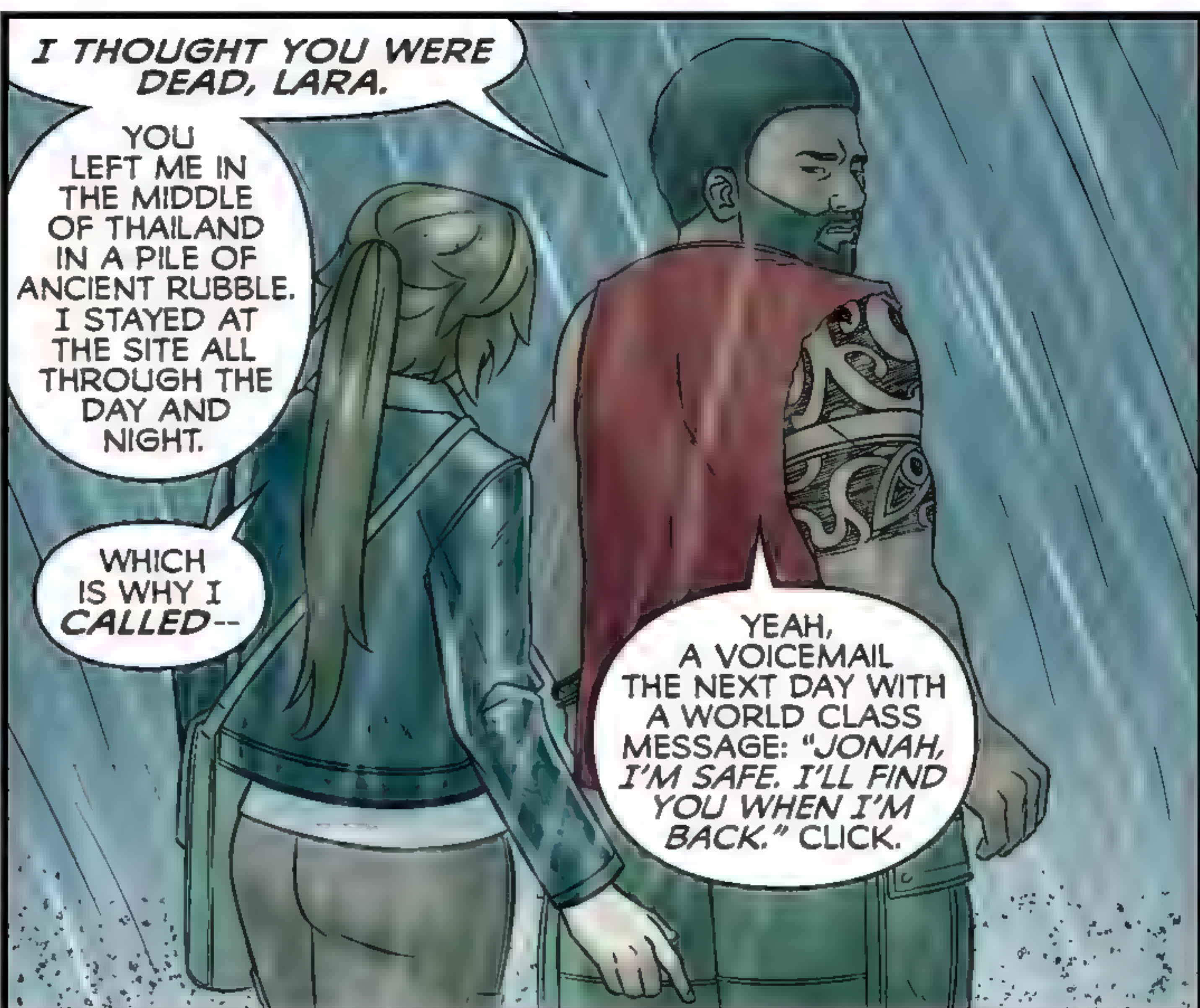




JONAH,
STOP.

I'M NOT A SOLDIER
ANYMORE, LARA. AND
YOU'RE SURE AS HELL NOT
MY **COMMANDING**
OFFICER.

JONAH --



*I THOUGHT YOU WERE
DEAD, LARA.*

YOU
LEFT ME IN
THE MIDDLE
OF THAILAND
IN A PILE OF
ANCIENT RUBBLE.
I STAYED AT
THE SITE ALL
THROUGH THE
DAY AND
NIGHT.

WHICH
IS WHY I
CALLED--

YEAH,
A VOICEMAIL
THE NEXT DAY WITH
A WORLD CLASS
MESSAGE: "JONAH,
I'M SAFE. I'LL FIND
YOU WHEN I'M
BACK." CLICK.



I
WAS ON A
MISSION.



WOW,
LARA.

**LISTEN TO
YOURSELF.**



NO, YOU
LISTEN.

THEY
**KILLED MY
FATHER, JONAH.**
THE BASTARDS KILLED
MY FATHER. THAT'S *IT*.
THAT'S ALL I HAVE. SO
YEAH, I WANT SOME
ANSWERS. I WANT TO
FIND THE GODDAMN
CARDINAL AND--

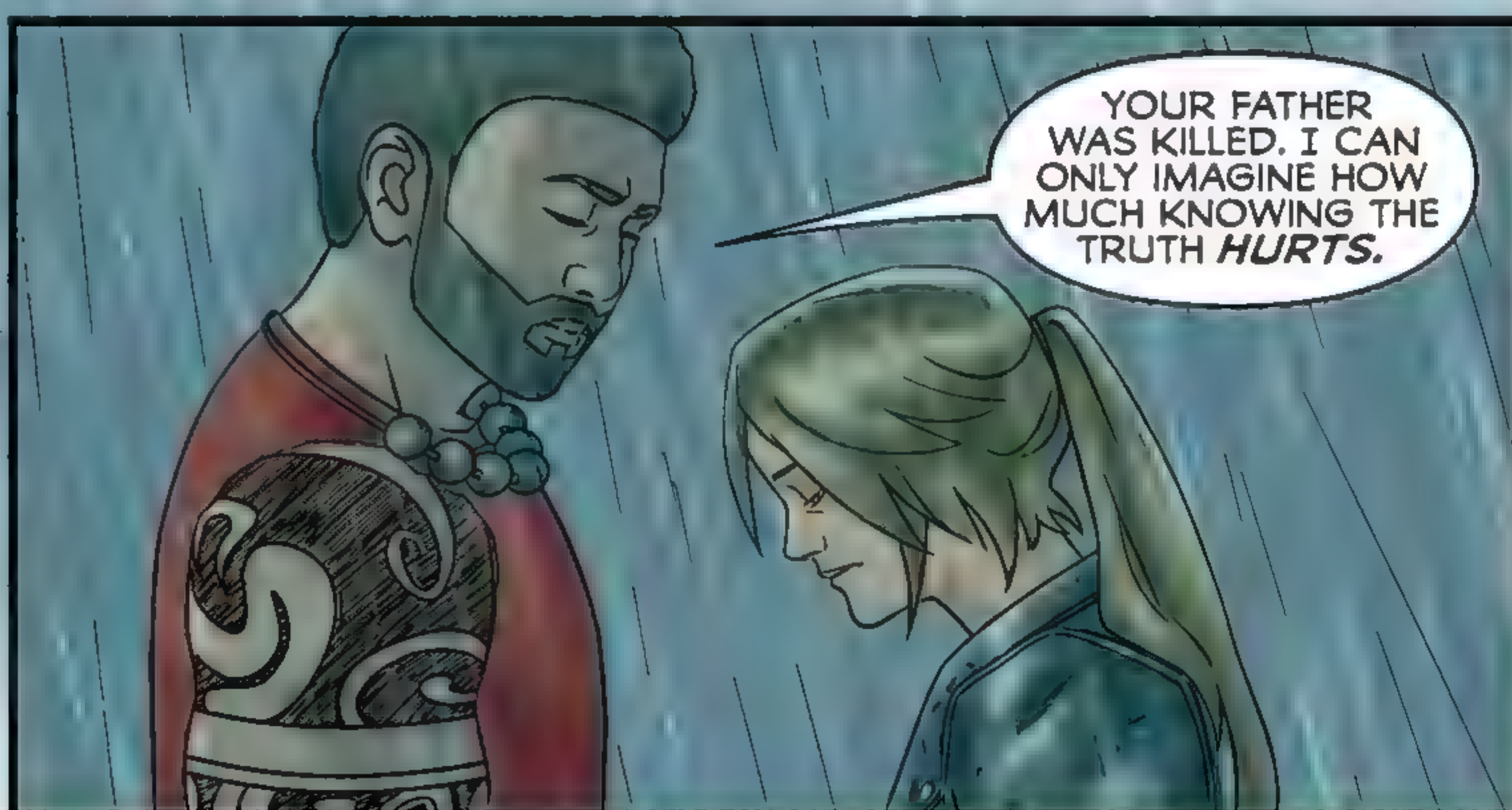


AND
WHAT? LARA,
I'VE BEEN WITH YOU
FOR IT ALL. **YAMATAI!**
THE BLACK SPORE.
I **DIED** IN **KITEZH.** THE
DANGER WE FACED,
THE MEN WE HAD
TO **KILL?**

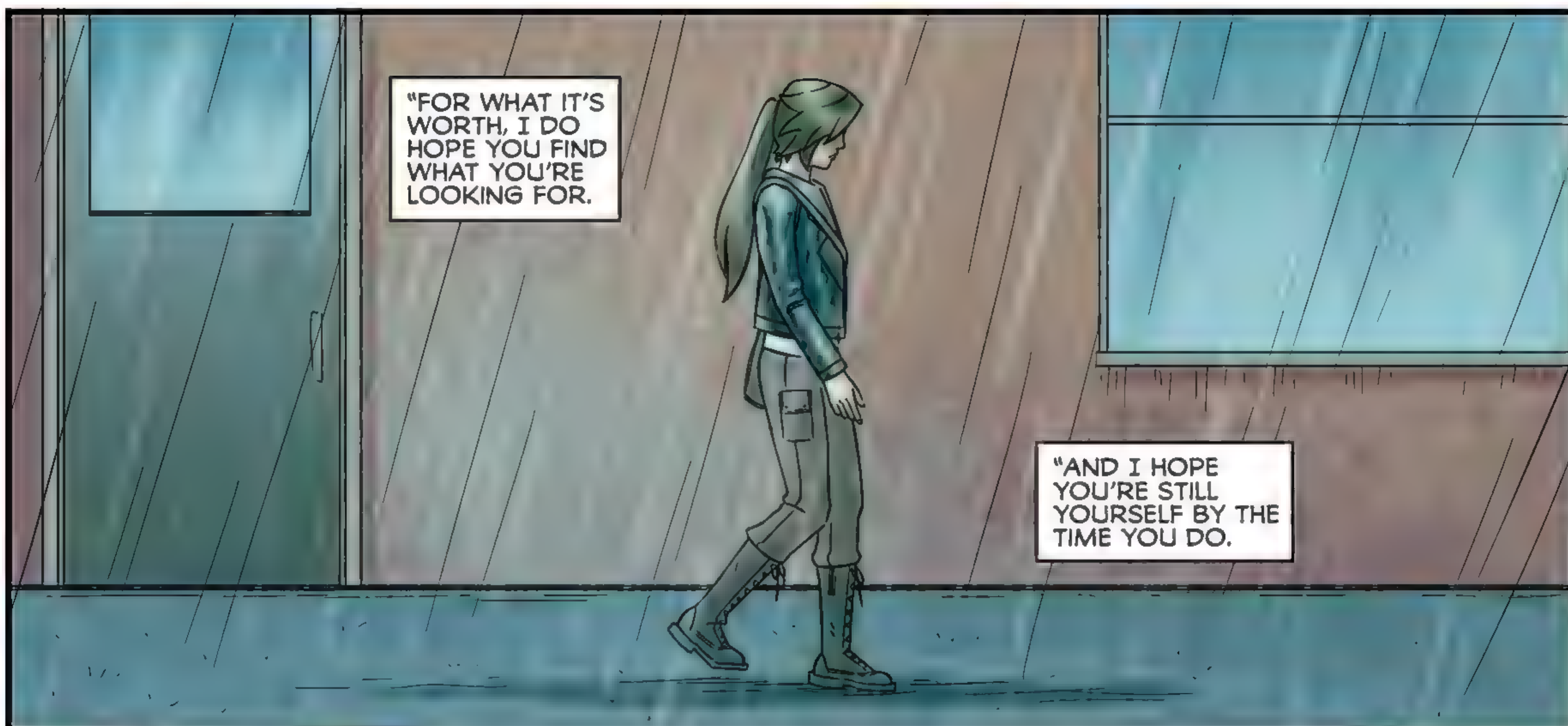
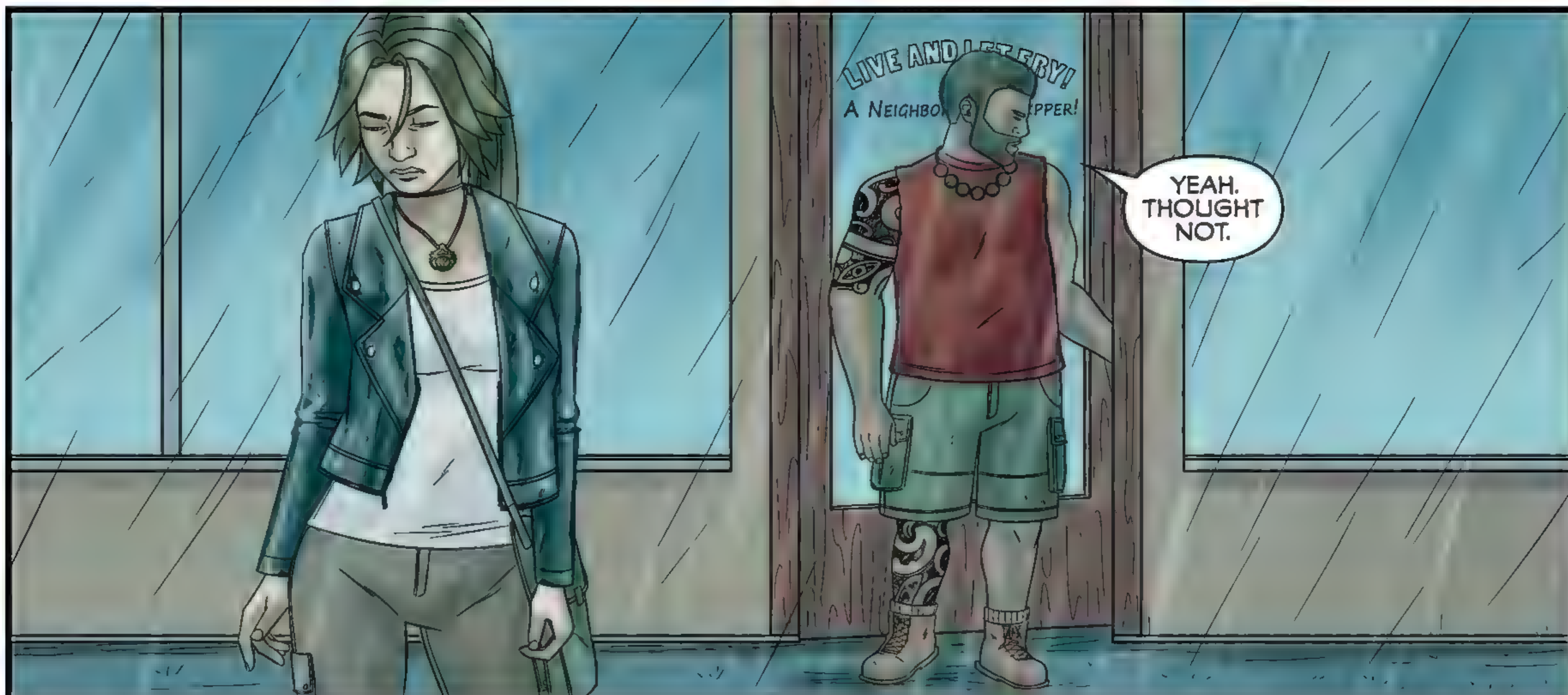
SELF-DEFENSE,
EVERY TIME. BUT
WHEN YOU WENT TO
CINQUE TERRE, YOU
MAY TELL YOURSELF
YOU WERE LOOKING
FOR ANSWERS...

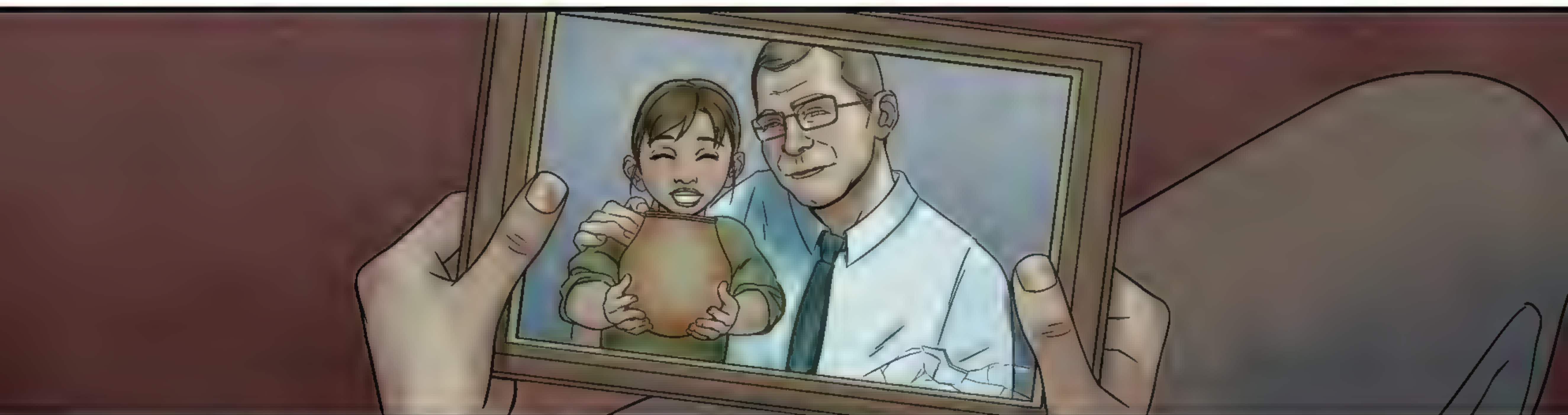


...BUT
WE BOTH KNOW
YOU WERE REALLY
LOOKING FOR THE
FIGHT.









Dear Jonah.

Hate to admit it, but I can't stop thinking about what you said.

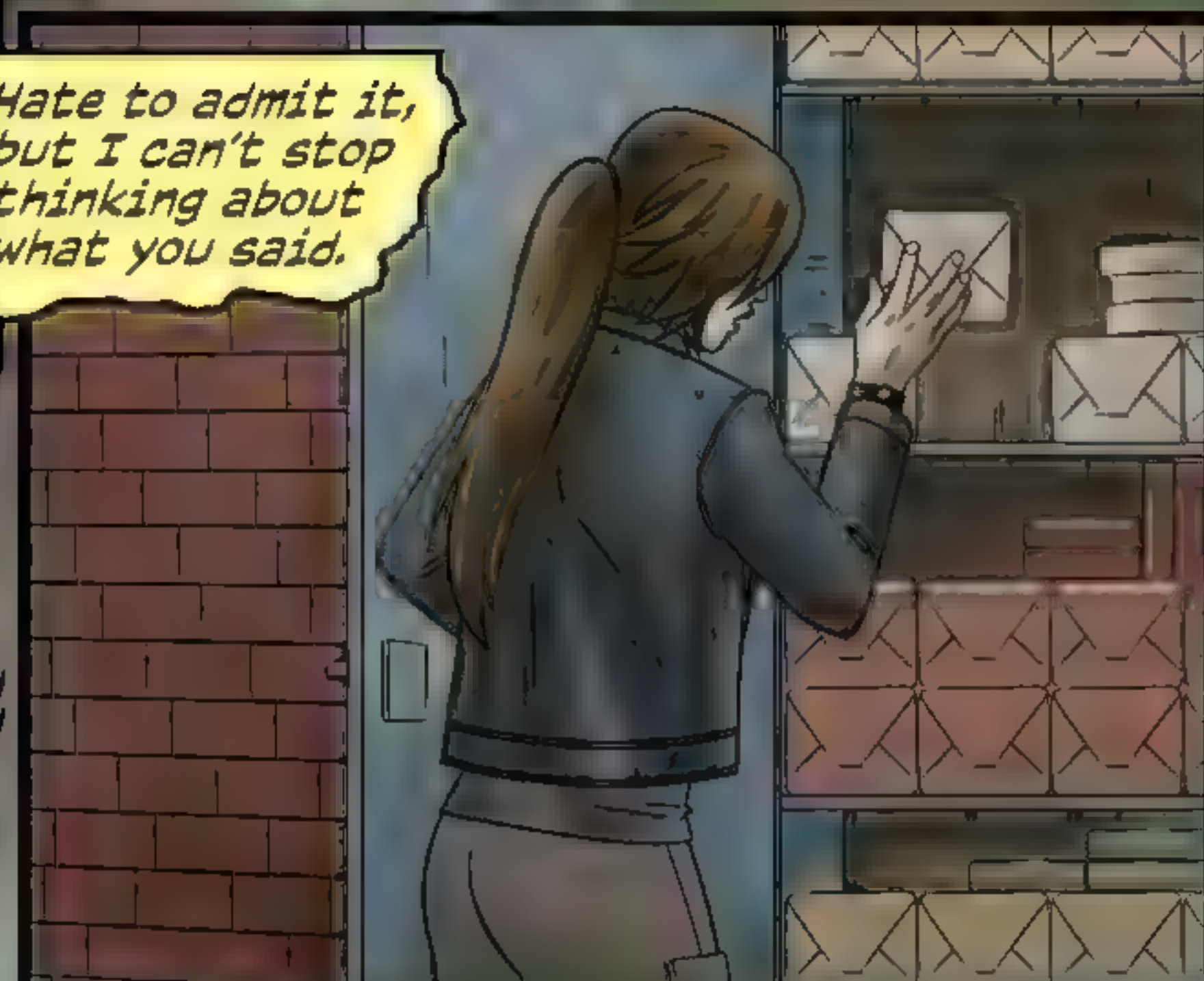
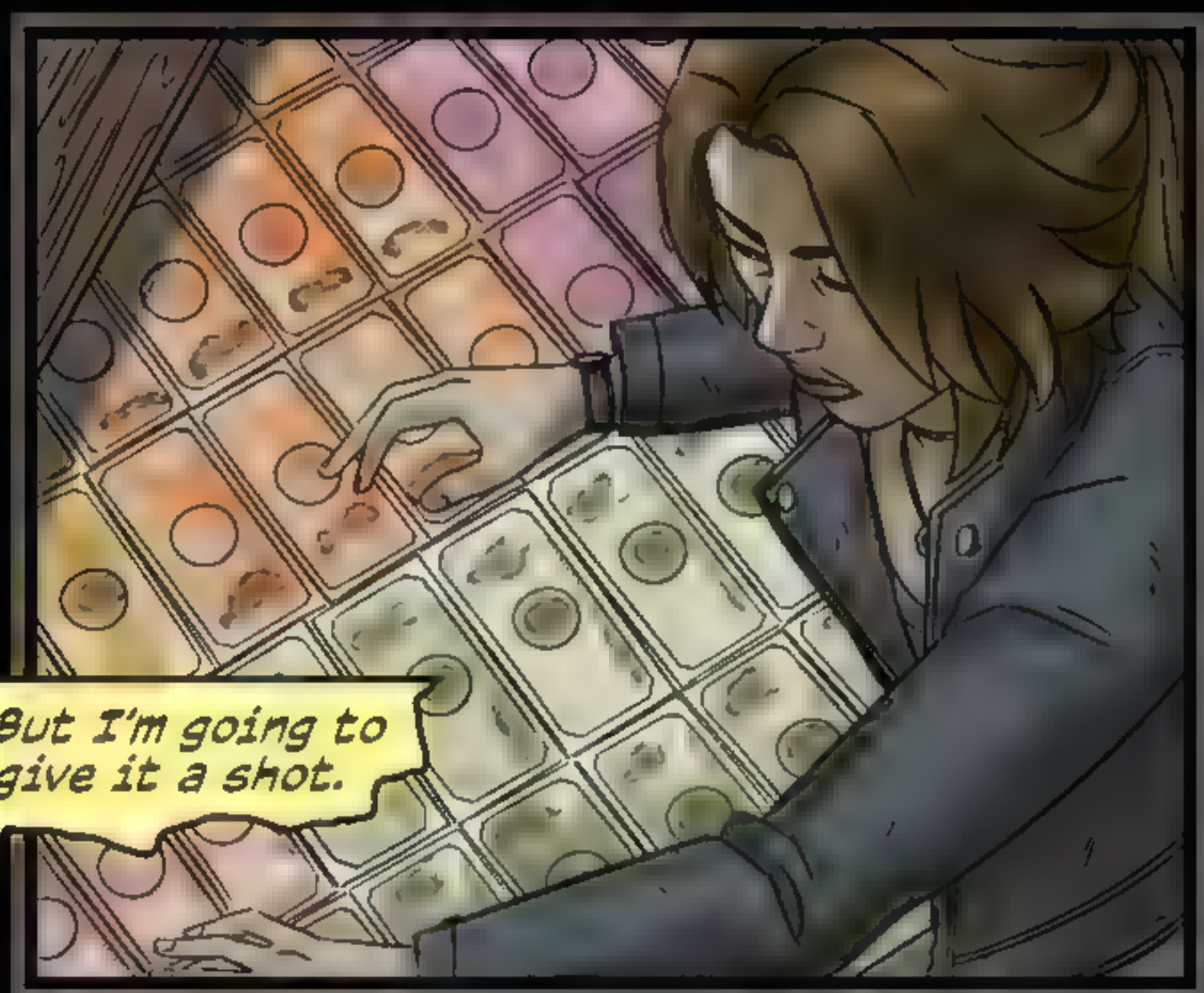
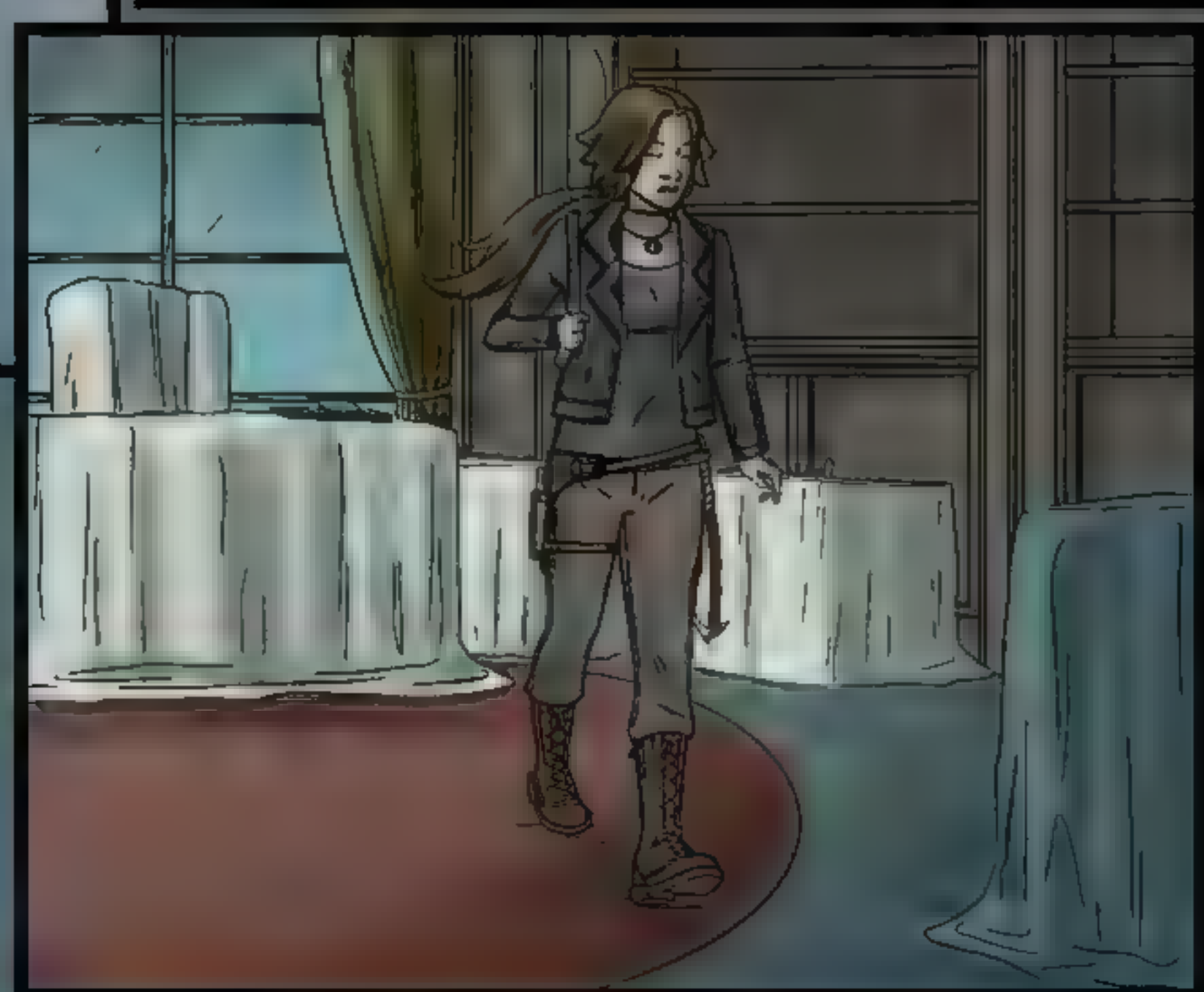
About moving on from Trinity. A normal life and all that.

Not sure what passes for normal in my life anymore.

But I'm going to give it a shot.

I know we didn't leave things on great terms...

...but wish me luck, yeah?



SPRING





"FIRST TIME ON A BOAT LIKE THIS?"

"NOT EXACTLY."



THIS'LL BE MY TWENTIETH WRECK. BAD FOOD, WORSE HOURS--BUT WHERE ELSE IS A MAN LIKE ME GONNA SEE HISTORY LIKE *THIS*?

I'VE SEEN THINGS YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE.

YOU'D BE SURPRISED.

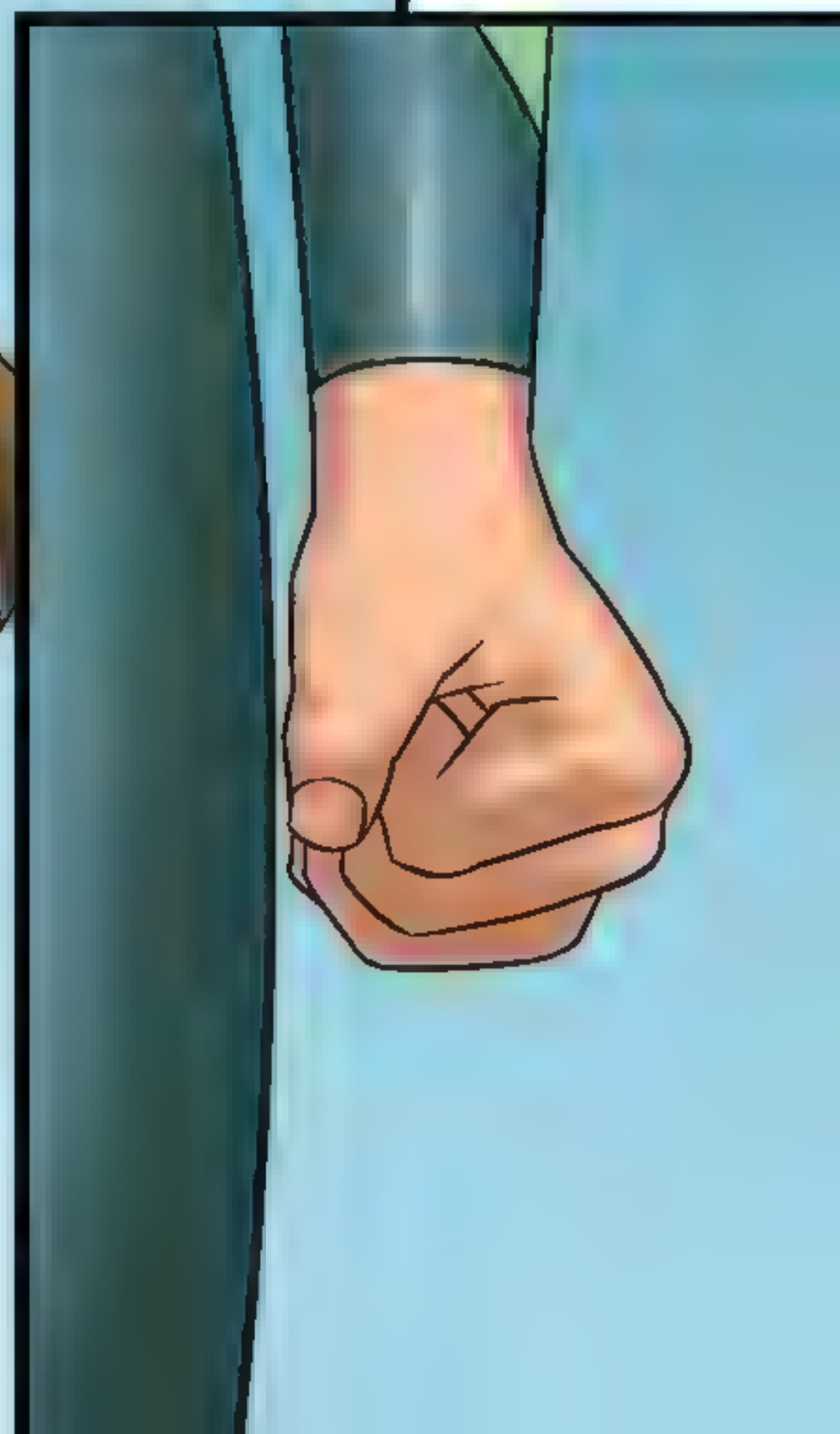


WHAT SURPRISES ME IS THAT THERE'S *MILLIONS* IN THAT NET. ENOUGH TO CHANGE A PERSON'S LIFE TEN TIMES OVER. BUT MOST OF THE PEOPLE ON THIS EXCAVATION BARELY GLANCE AT IT. IT'S JUST ANOTHER *GRIND* FOR THEM.

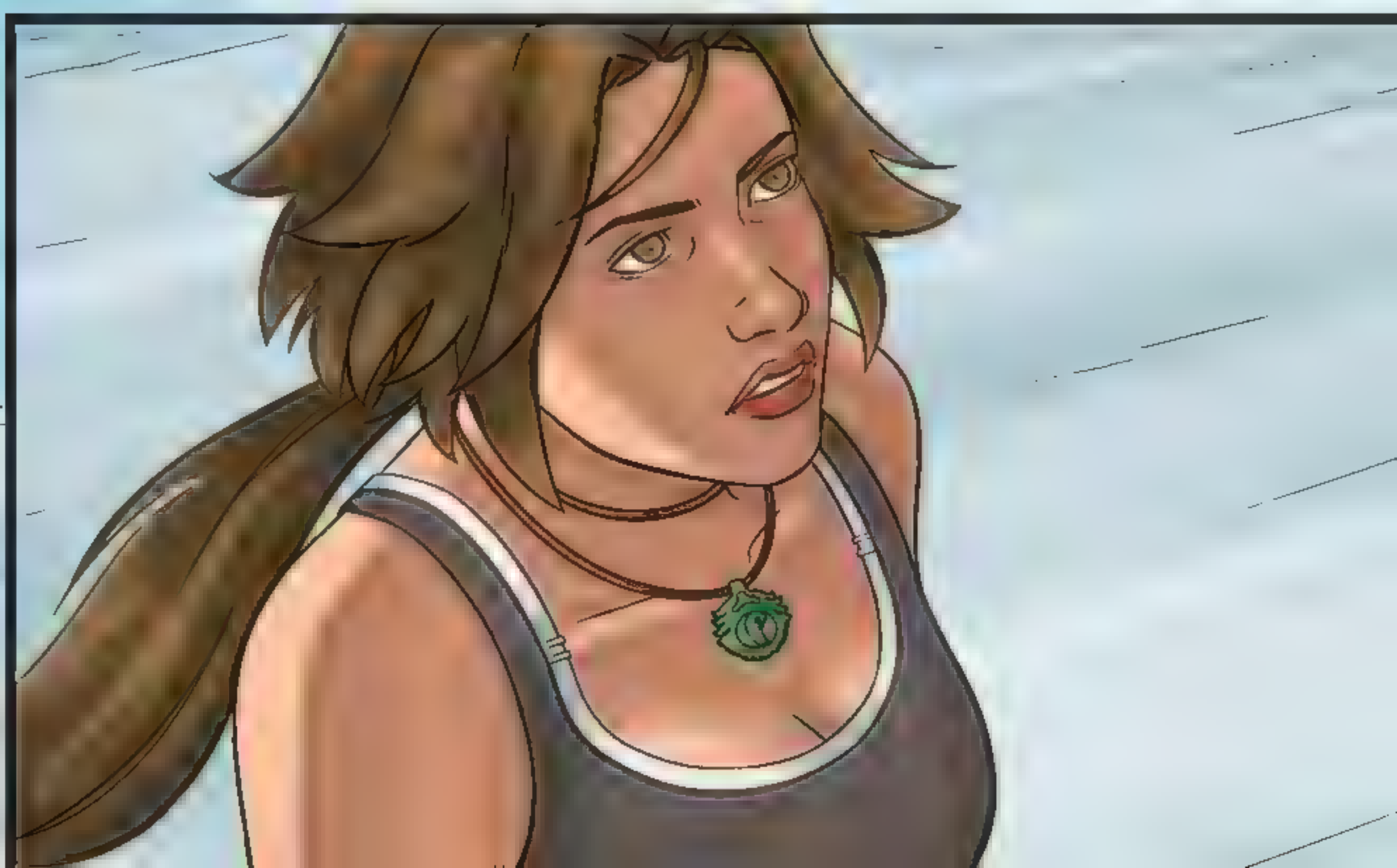
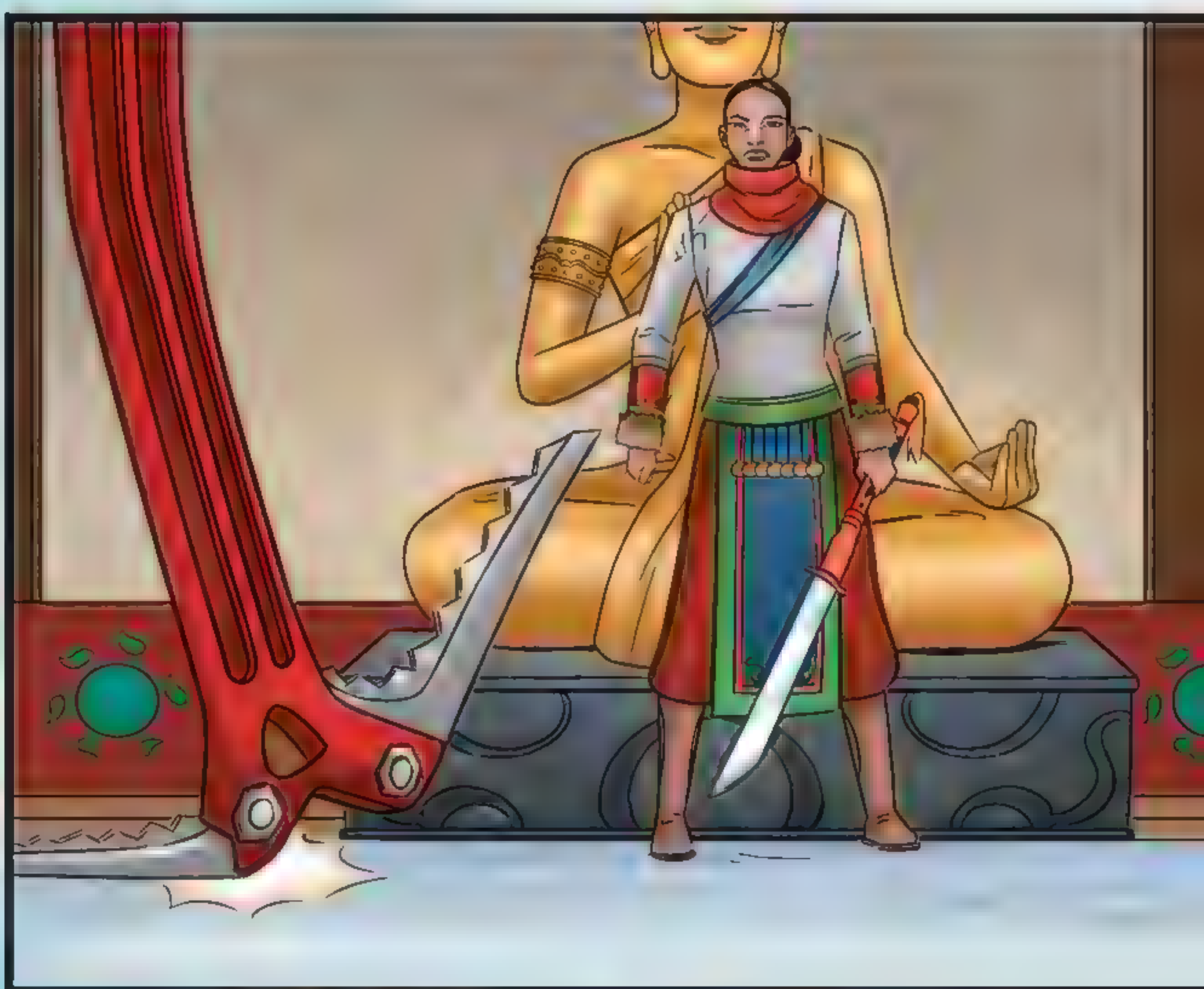
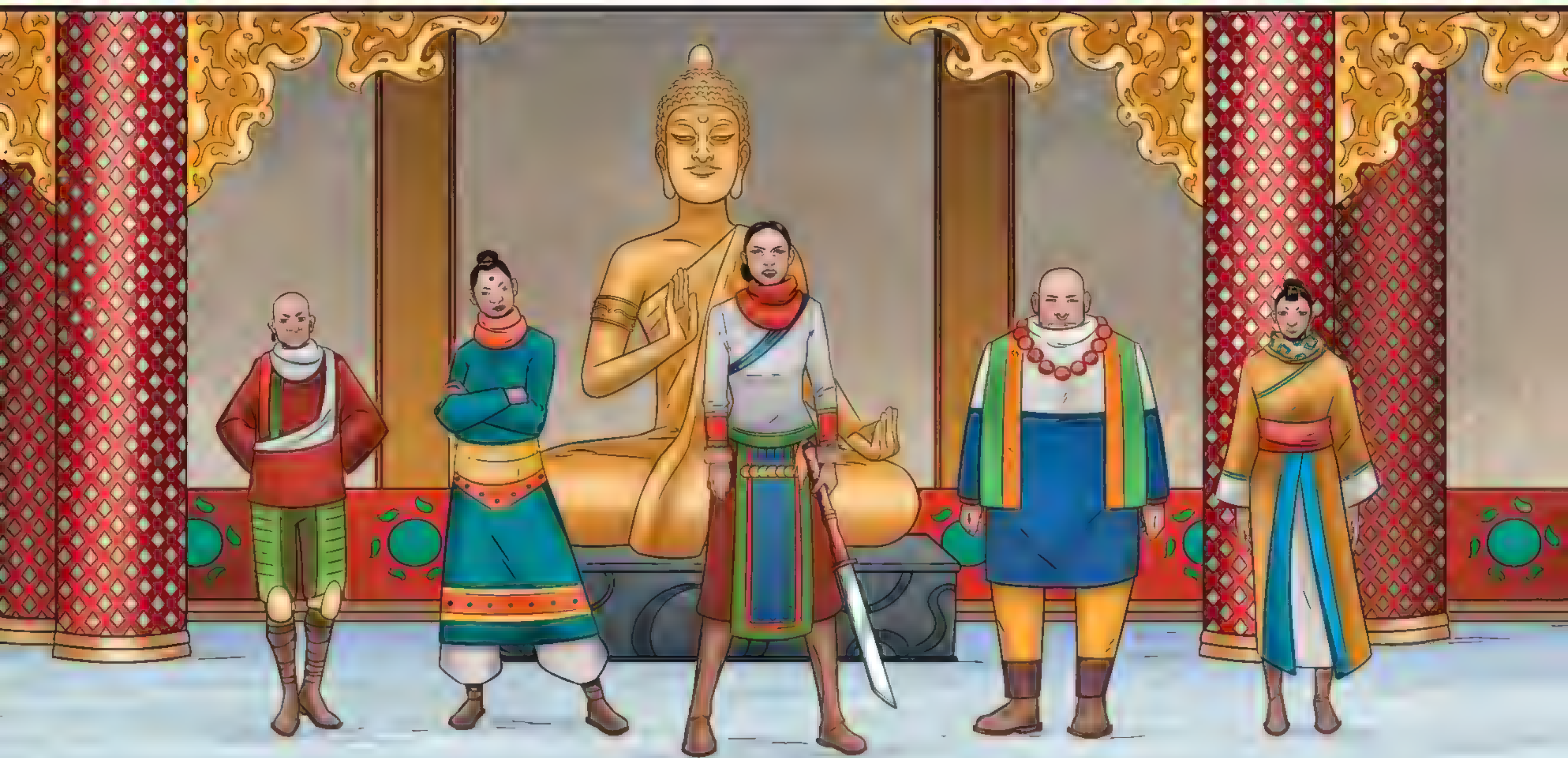
DON'T YOU EVER GET CURIOUS ABOUT THE STUFF WE DIG UP?

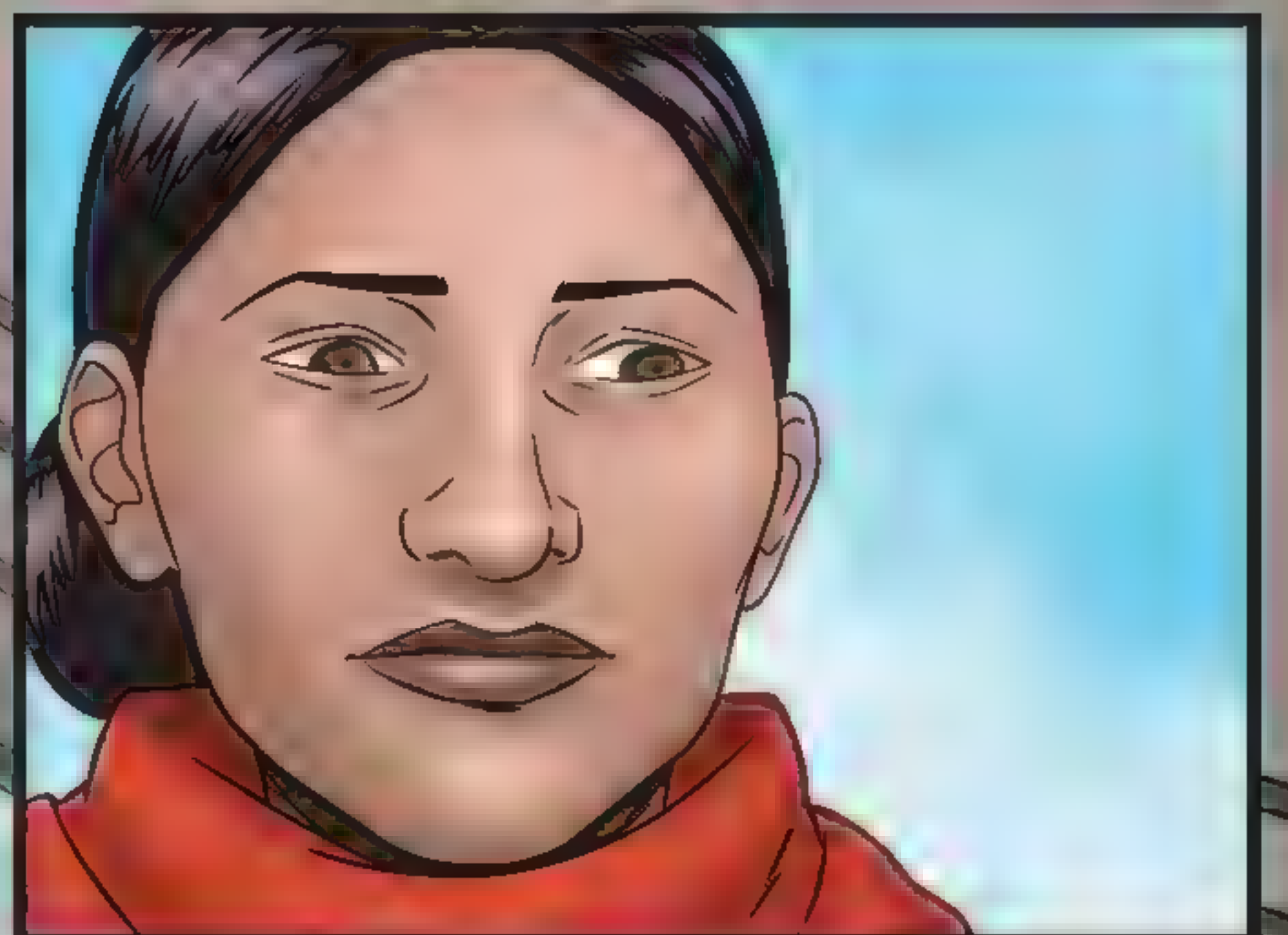


NO.



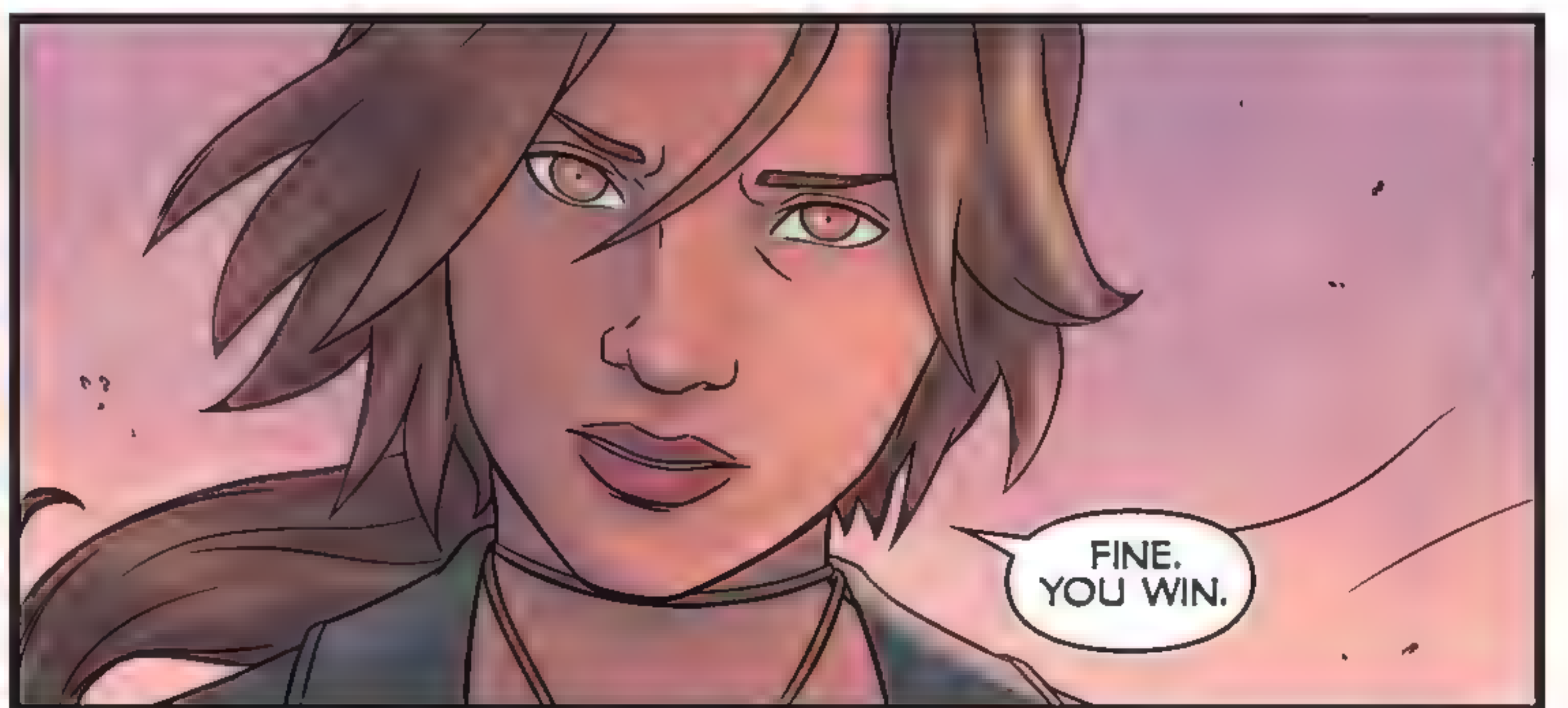
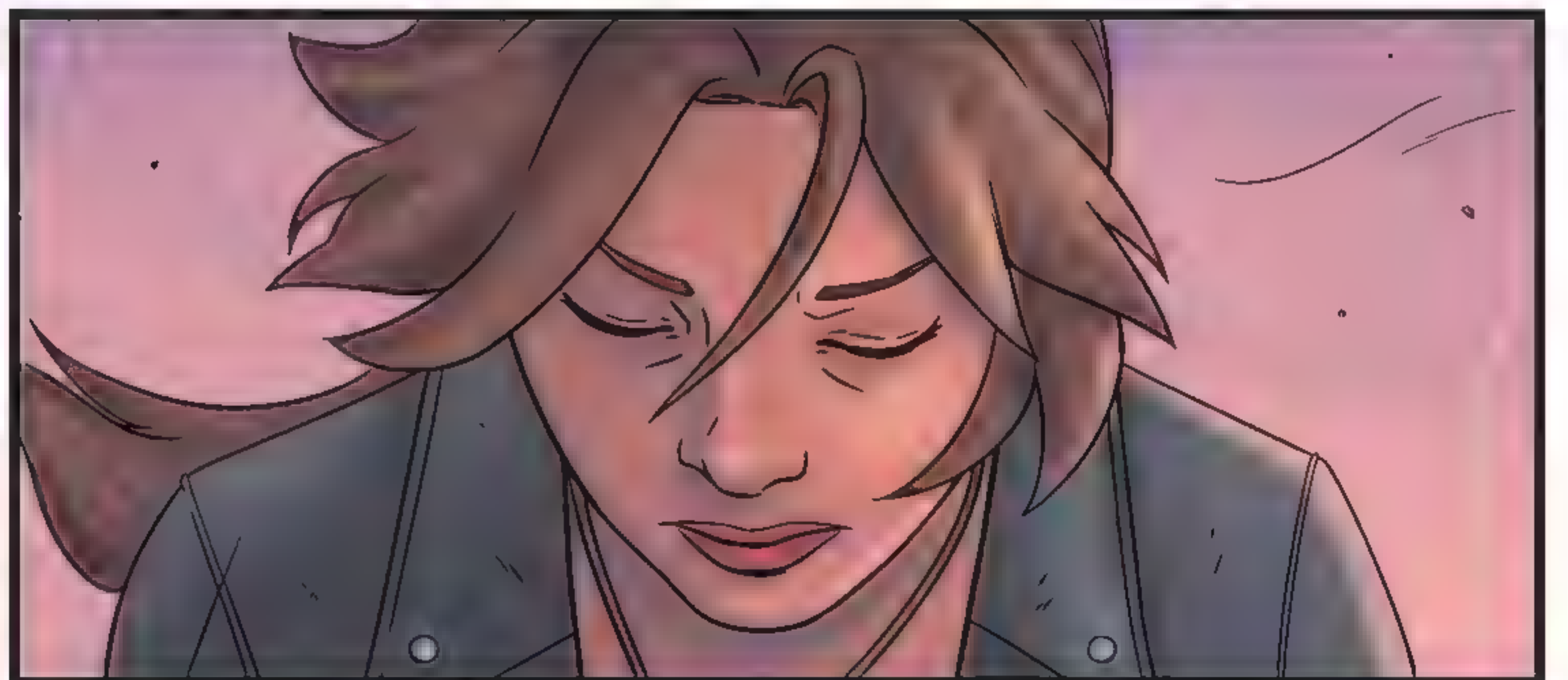
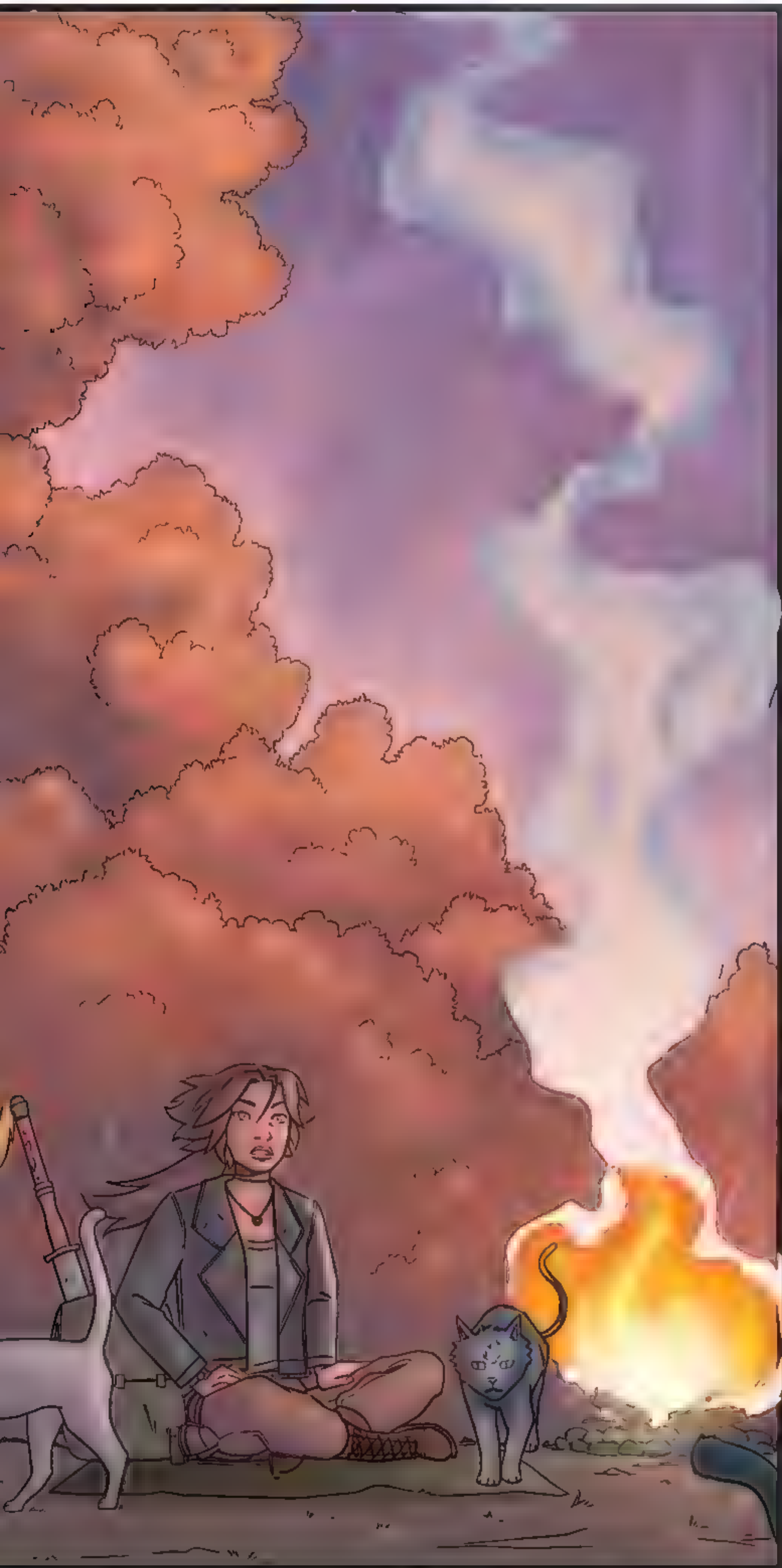
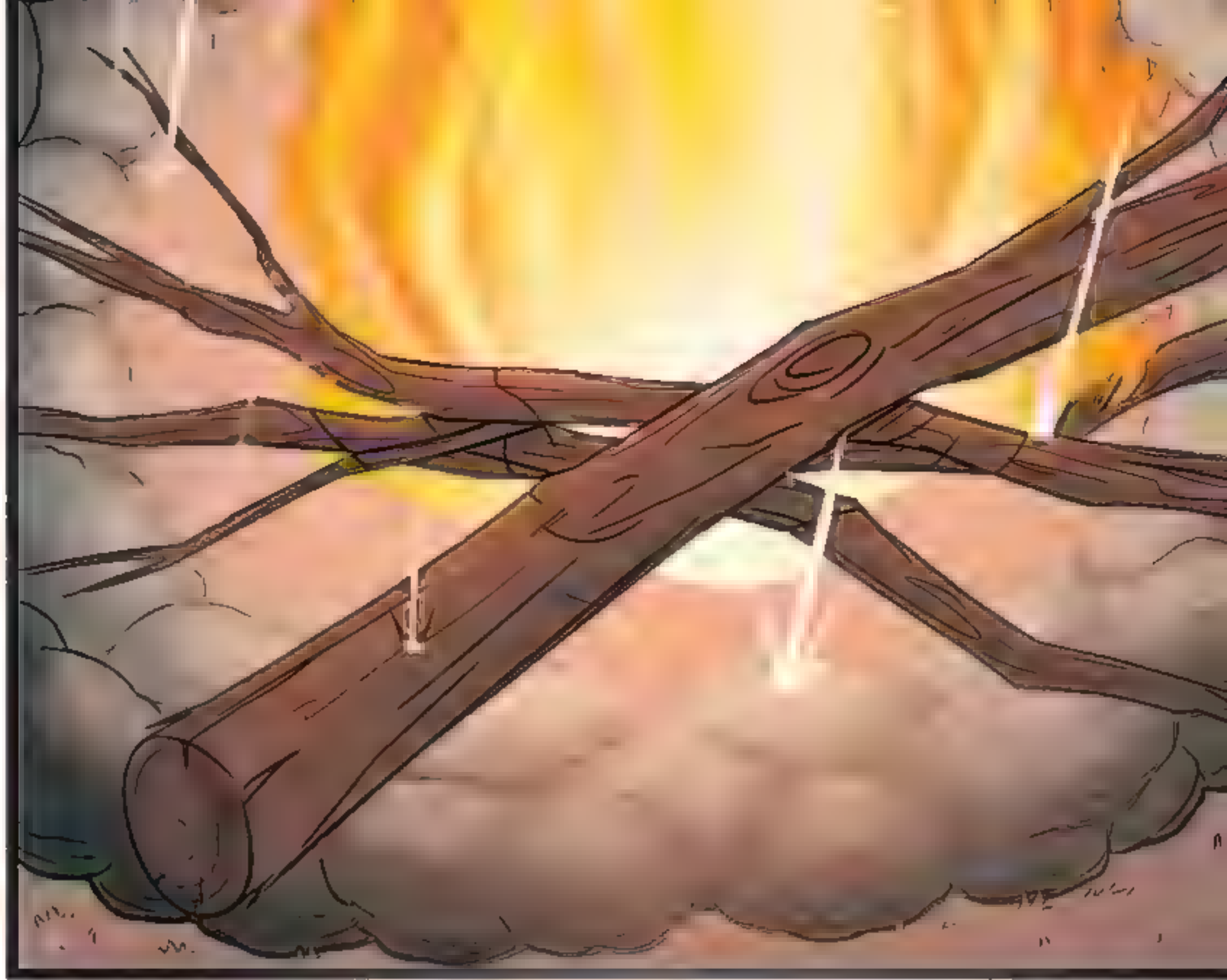
SUMMER





FALL





FINE.
YOU WIN.

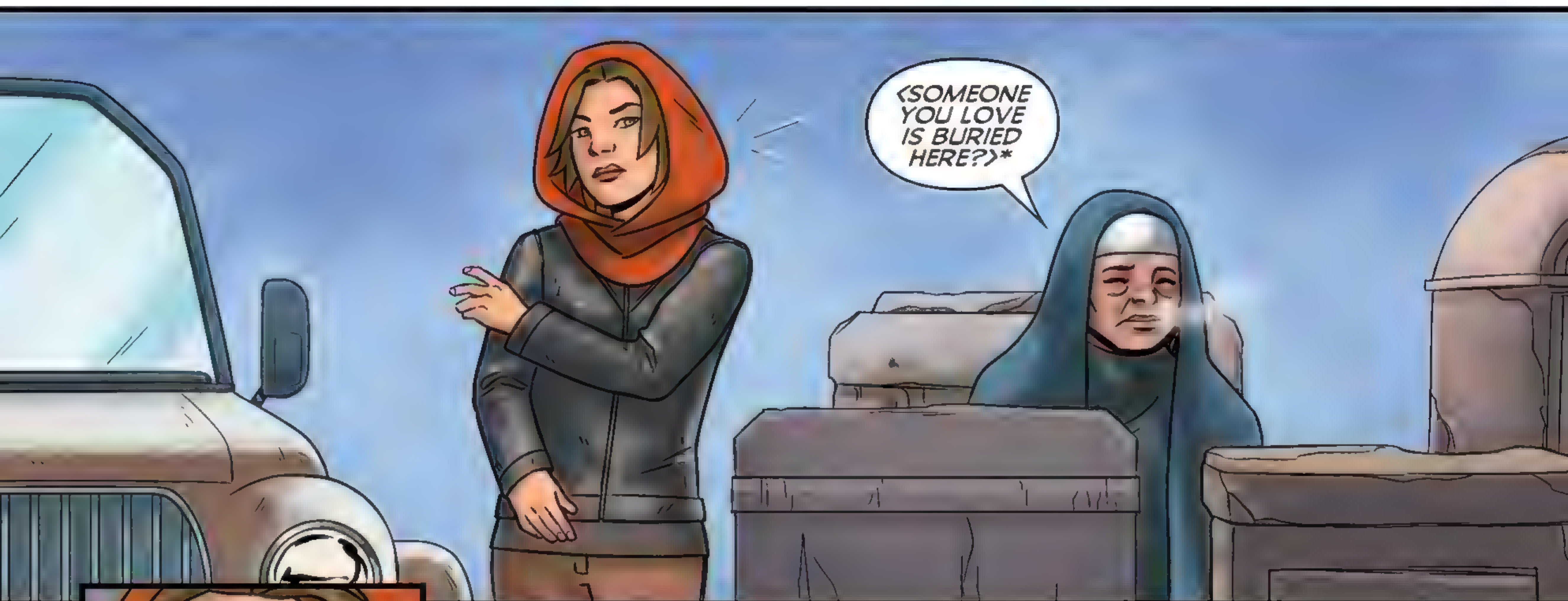


YOU
WANNA
TALK?

WINTER

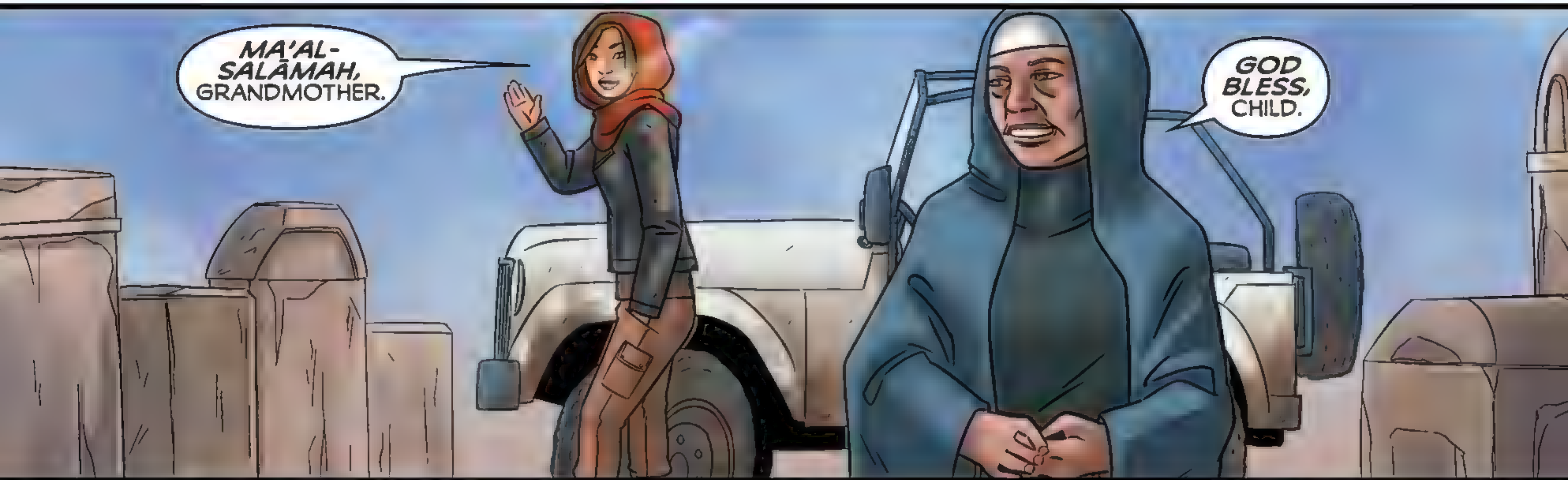


"LET'S TALK."





«IT IS
ALSO AN
EXCELLENT
PLACE TO
LISTEN.»



MA'AL-
SALĀMAH,
GRANDMOTHER.

GOD
BLESS,
CHILD.

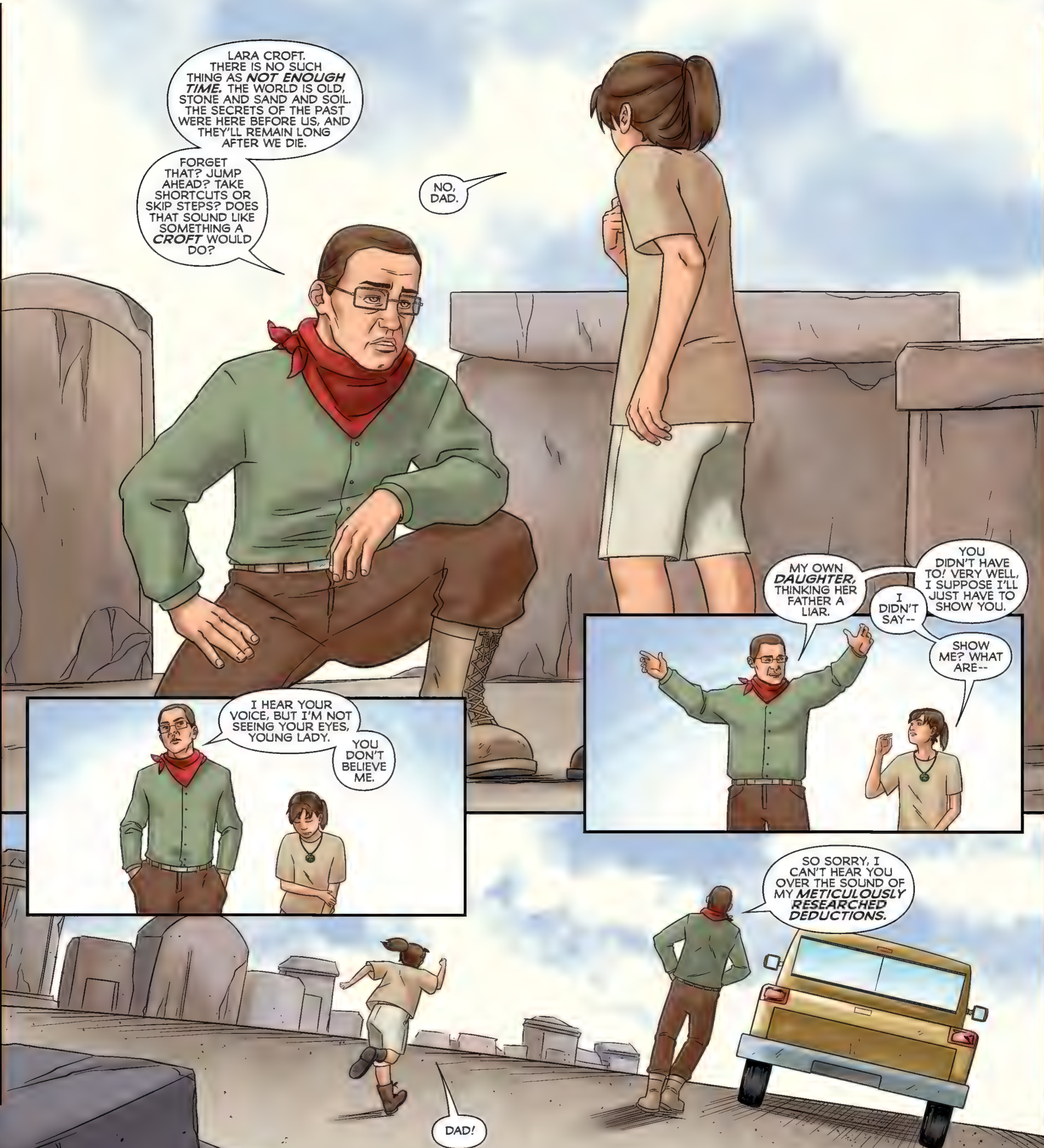


"BUT WHY
ARE WE
HERE?"

"PATIENCE."



IF YOU
WON'T TELL ME
WHAT WE'RE DOING,
HOW CAN I **HELP**
YOU? I NEED **FACTS**,
DAD. OTHERWISE
THERE MIGHT NOT
BE ENOUGH
TIME.



LARA CROFT.
THERE IS NO SUCH
THING AS **NOT ENOUGH**
TIME. THE WORLD IS OLD,
STONE AND SAND AND SOIL.
THE SECRETS OF THE PAST
WERE HERE BEFORE US, AND
THEY'LL REMAIN LONG
AFTER WE DIE.

FORGET
THAT? JUMP
AHEAD? TAKE
SHORTCUTS OR
SKIP STEPS? DOES
THAT SOUND LIKE
SOMETHING A
CROFT WOULD
DO?

NO,
DAD.

I HEAR YOUR
VOICE, BUT I'M NOT
SEEING YOUR EYES,
YOUNG LADY.

YOU
DON'T
BELIEVE
ME.

MY OWN
DAUGHTER,
THINKING HER
FATHER A
LIAR.

I
DIDN'T
SAY--

YOU
DIDN'T HAVE
TO! VERY WELL,
I SUPPOSE I'LL
JUST HAVE TO
SHOW YOU.

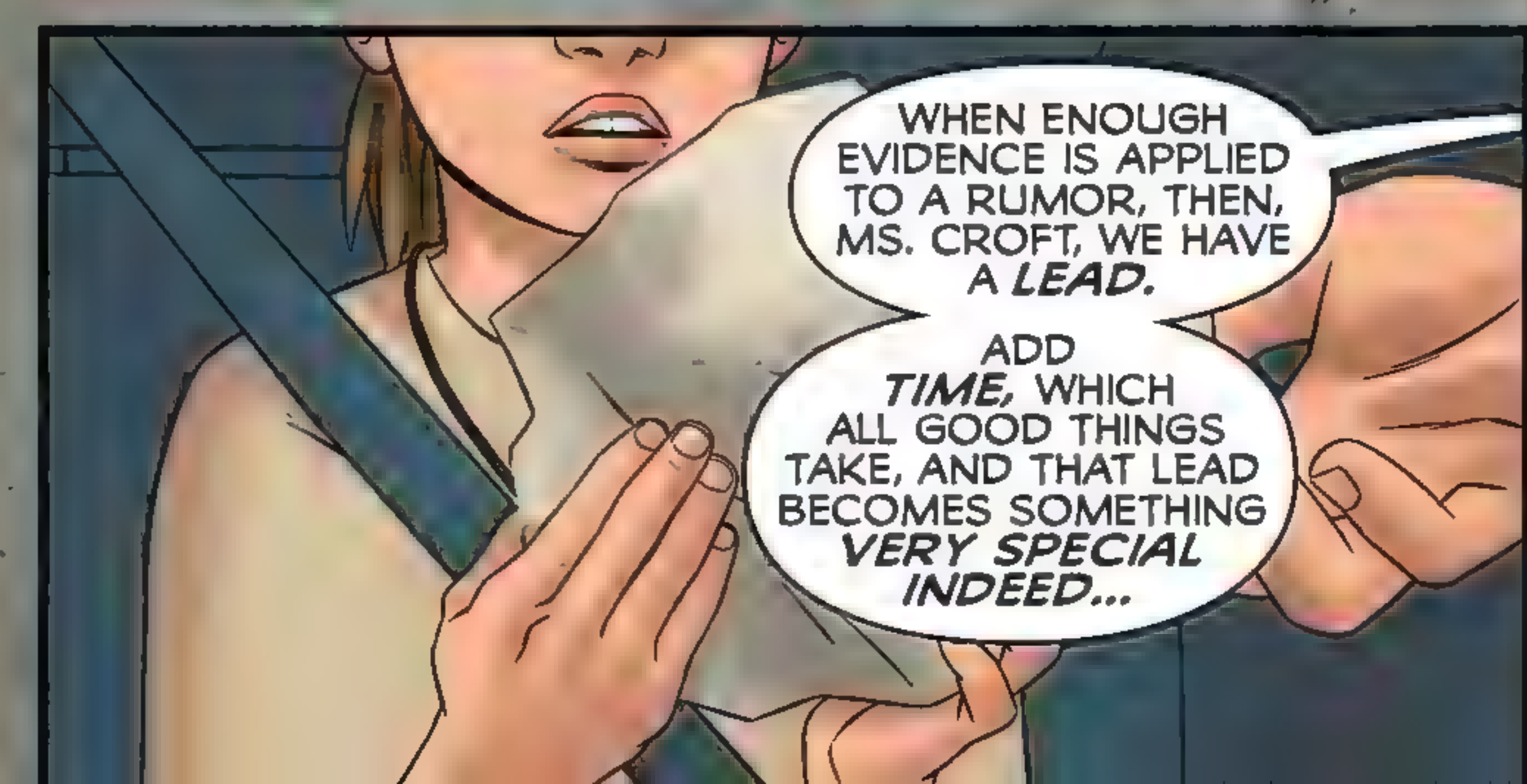
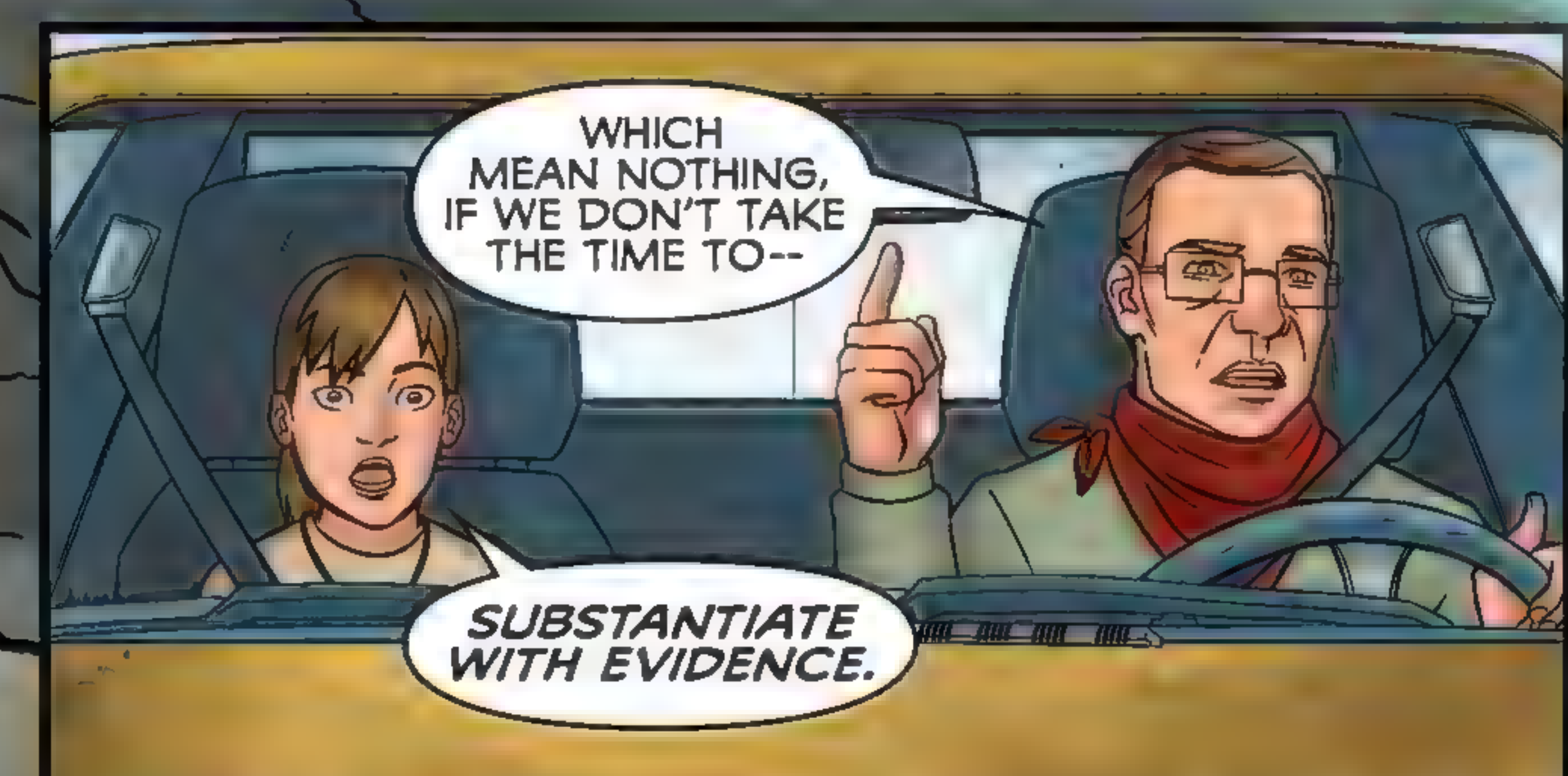
SHOW
ME? WHAT
ARE--

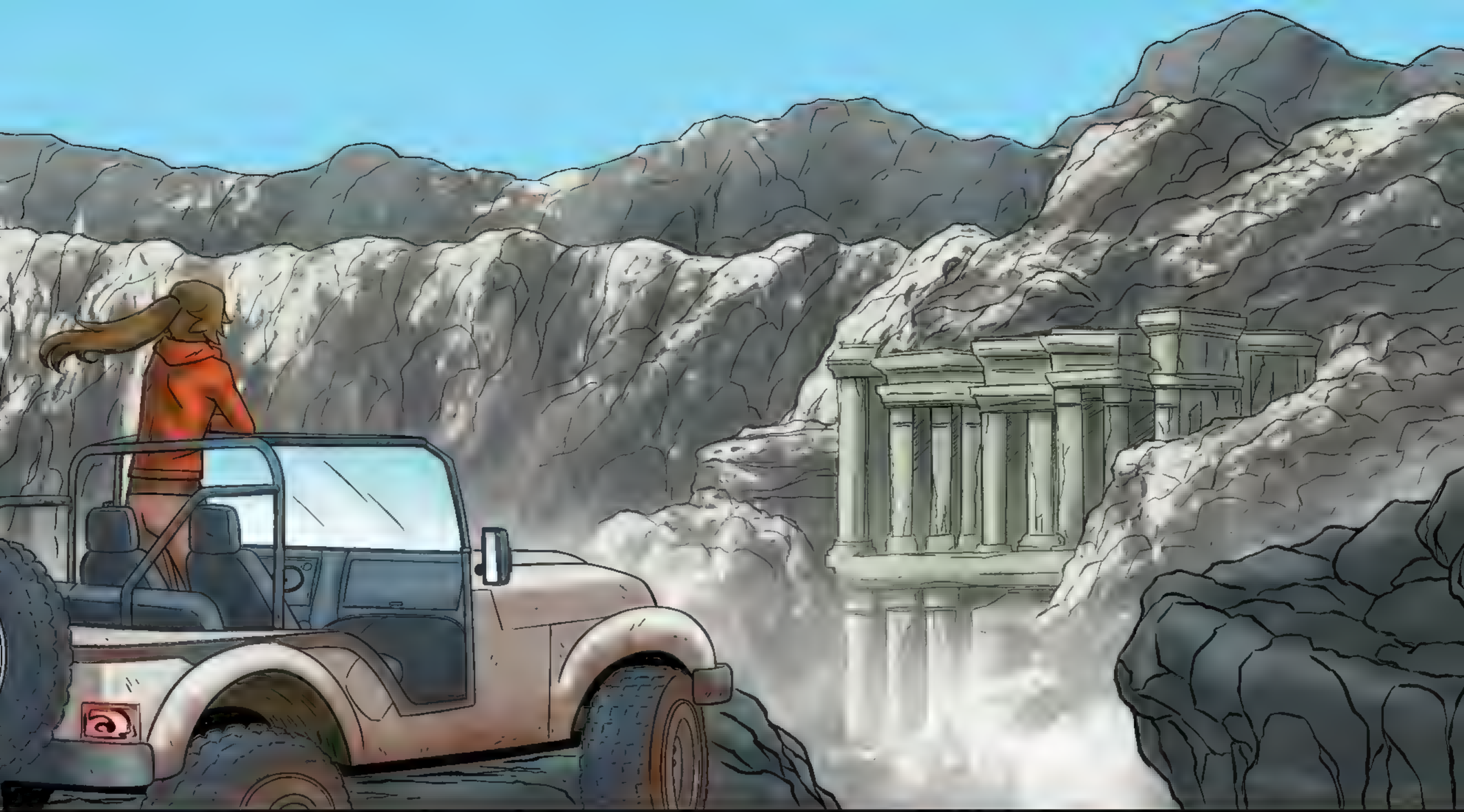
SO SORRY, I
CAN'T HEAR YOU
OVER THE SOUND OF
MY **METICULOUSLY**
RESEARCHED
DEDUCTIONS.

DAD!

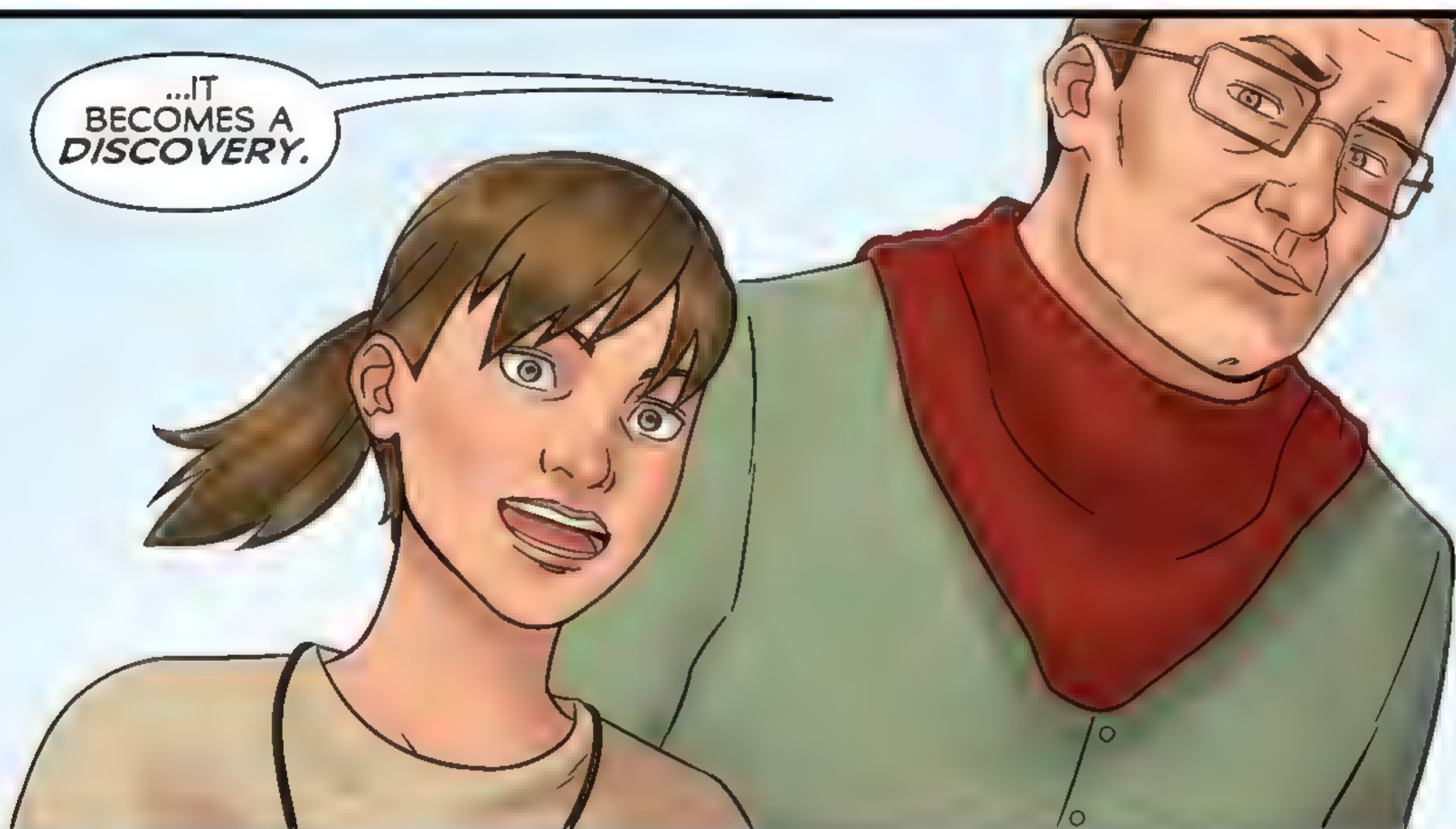


SPRING





...IT
BECOMES A
DISCOVERY.



IT'S STILL
A SECRET, DAD.
JUST LIKE YOU
LEFT IT.

THE SECRET
MONASTERY...



...OF
AKHENATEN.
THE HEART OF HIS
FAITH, BURIED IN THE
MOUNTAINS OF
THE MOON...



...WHERE NO
ONE WOULD
EVER THINK
TO TREAD.



EXCEPT
US, OF
COURSE.

LET
ME SHOW
YOU WHAT'S
INSIDE.

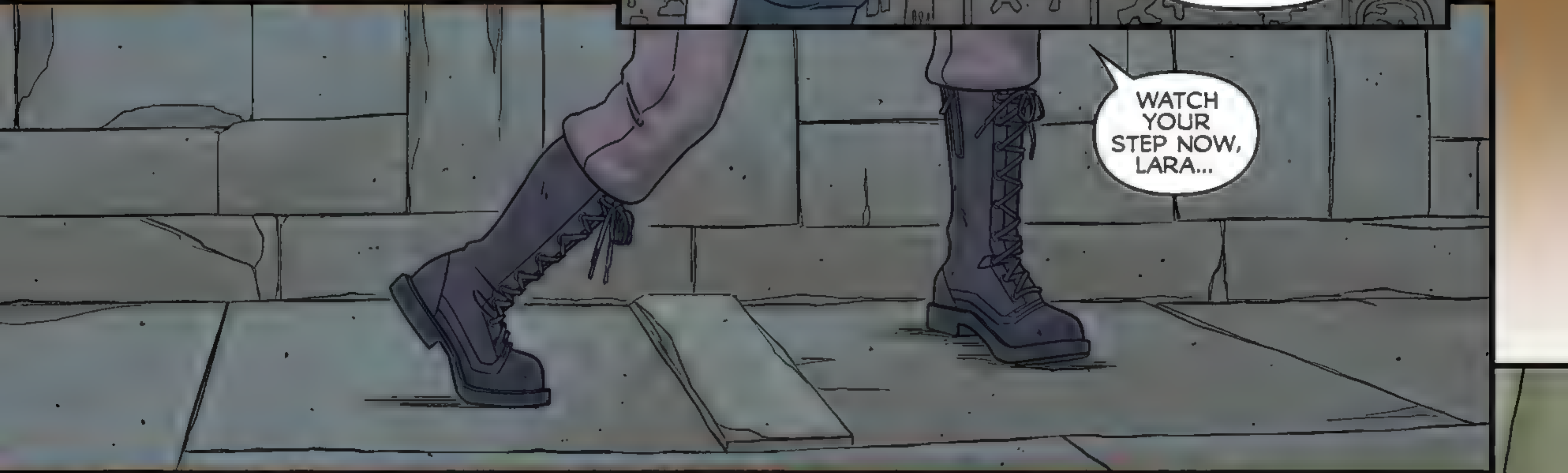


YOU SEE
THIS RELIEF, LARA?
THEY GO ALL THE WAY
INSIDE, DEEP INTO THE
TEMPLE. SECRETS ON
SECRETS, HIDDEN IN
THESE WALLS.

THAT SYMBOL
THERE IS THE SUN GOD **ATEN**.
THEY CONSIDERED THIS PLACE
TO BE HIS HOME, OR AT LEAST
A BIT OF A SUMMER CABIN.
INCREDIBLE, ISN'T IT?

YEAH,
DAD...

...INCREDIBLE.



WATCH
YOUR
STEP NOW,
LARA...



ANY
FOOTFALL
COULD BE YOUR
LAST IN THESE
HALLS.

YOU SEE THAT
PANEL? A SINGLE
MILLIMETER, READY
TO TAKE YOUR LIFE
AS SURELY AS
ANY ASP.



UNLESS
WE PROP IT UP
JUST SO.

SO IT
DOESN'T ROLL
SHUT AND SEAL
US INTO OUR
GRAVES?

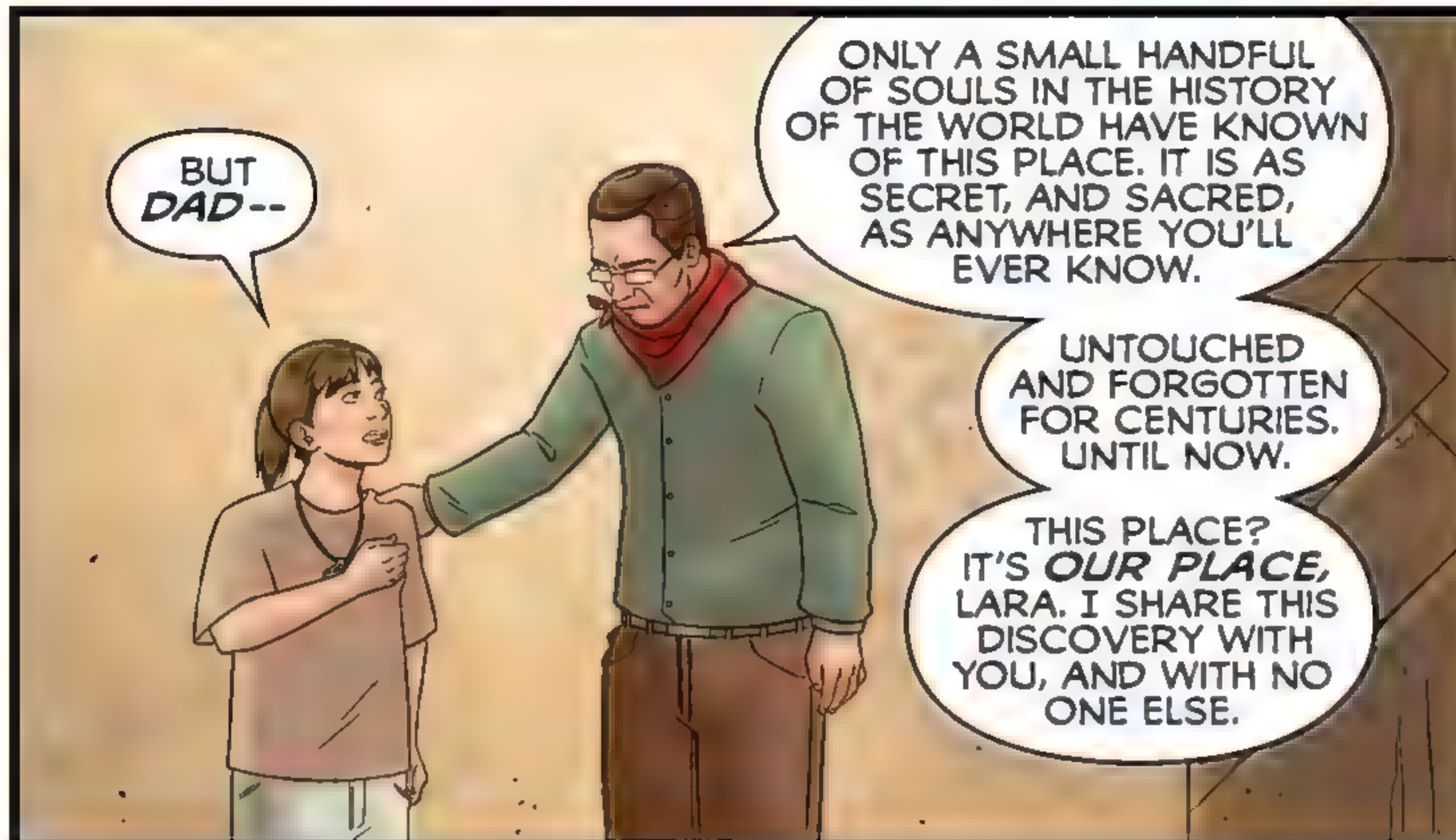
TOP
MARKS.



IT'S INCREDIBLE, DAD. REALLY!

JUST WAIT UNTIL THE ROYAL SOCIETY HEARS ABOUT THIS! THE BRITISH MUSEUM WILL HAVE A FIELD DAY! YOU'LL BE **FAMOUS!**

ONLY IF WE TELL THEM. WHICH IS SOMETHING WE'RE **NEVER** GOING TO DO.



BUT DAD--

ONLY A SMALL HANDFUL OF SOULS IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD HAVE KNOWN OF THIS PLACE. IT IS AS SECRET, AND SACRED, AS ANYWHERE YOU'LL EVER KNOW.

UNTOUCHED AND FORGOTTEN FOR CENTURIES. UNTIL NOW.

THIS PLACE? IT'S **OUR PLACE**, LARA. I SHARE THIS DISCOVERY WITH YOU, AND WITH NO ONE ELSE.



FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES, LARA, THIS PLACE...



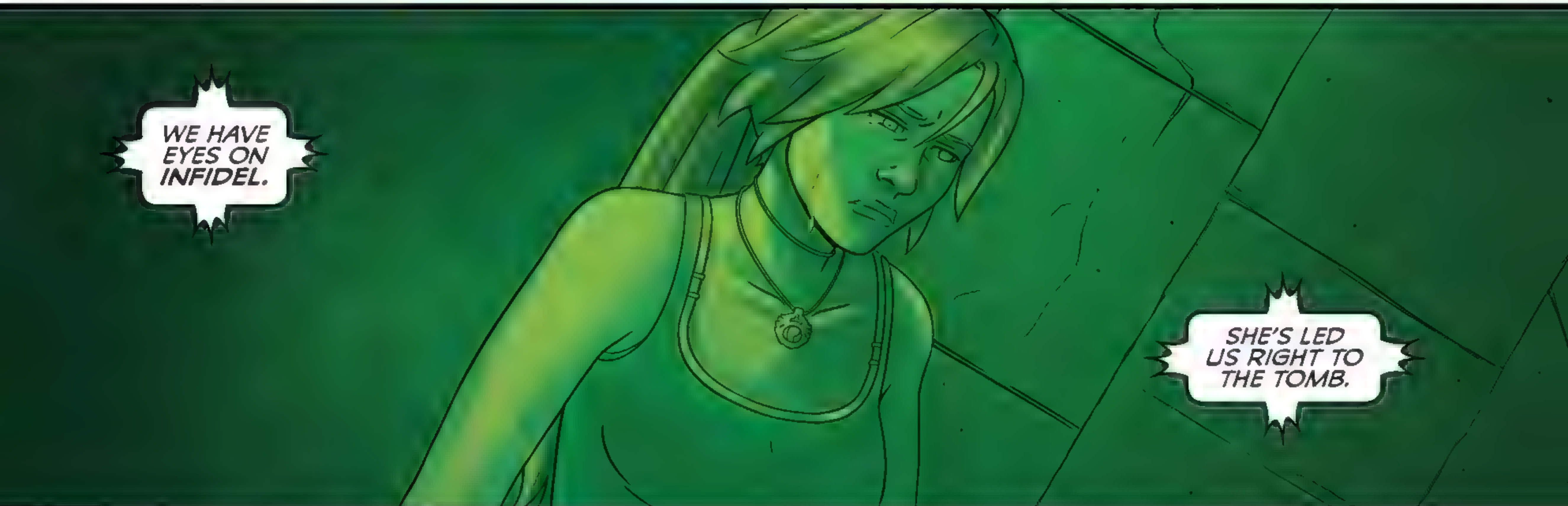
...IT'S JUST FOR **US**.





ALL
UNITS.

THIS IS
SPEARTIP.



WE HAVE
EYES ON
INFIDEL.

SHE'S LED
US RIGHT TO
THE TOMB.



ITS
SECRETS
WILL BE
OURS.

AND WE'LL
BURY HER
WITHIN.



OPEN
FIRE ON MY
MARK.

Encryption Level:
Cardinalis Natus.

Command
Report.

Intel came
through
this time.

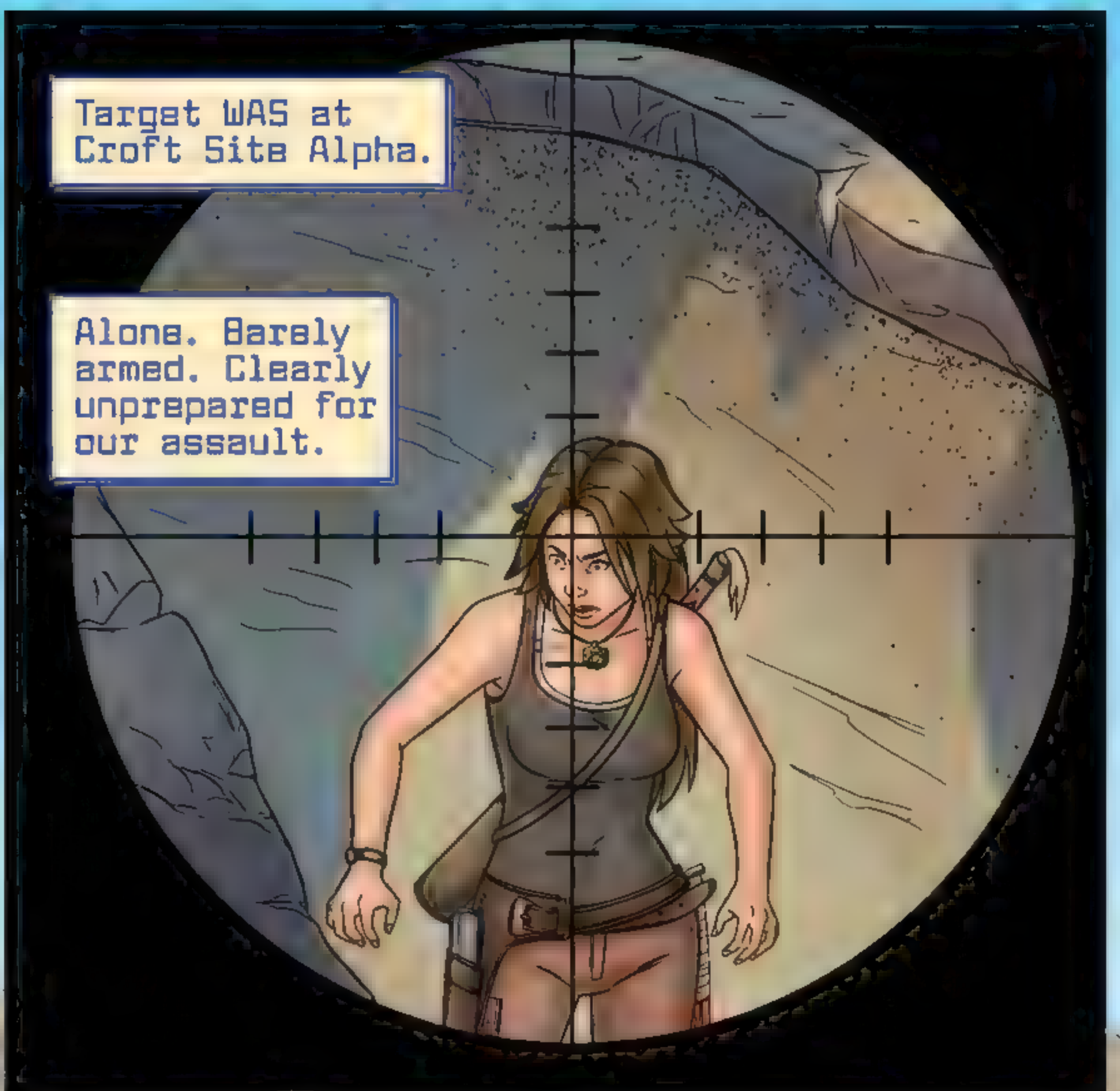
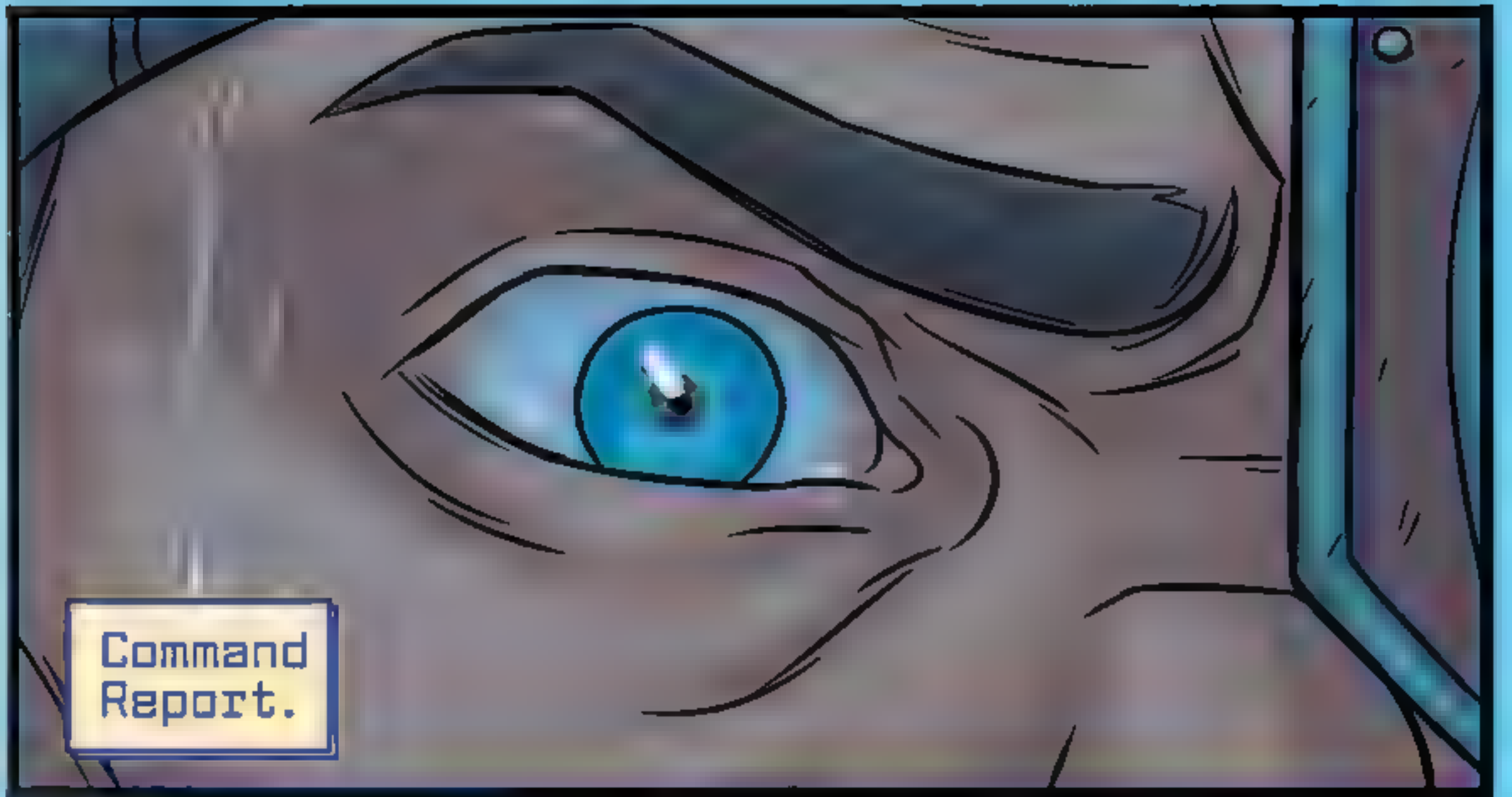
Target WAS at
Croft Site Alpha.

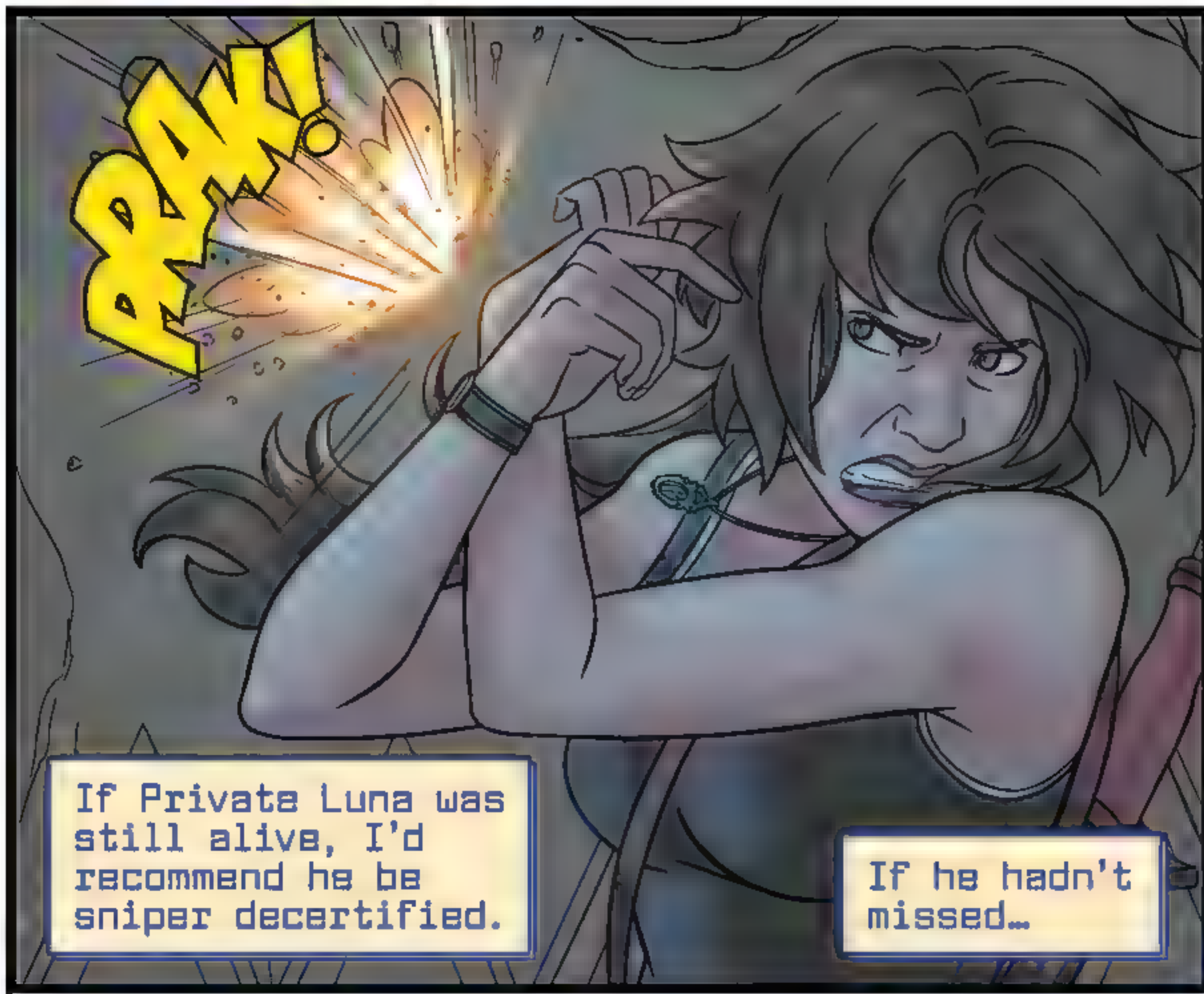
Alone. Barely
armed. Clearly
unprepared for
our assault.

So, we proceeded
accordingly.

WE ARE
MISSION
GO.

TAKE
THE
SHOT.





If Private Luna was still alive, I'd recommend he be sniper decertified.

If he hadn't missed...



But he did. Target evaded our initial strike.



So we secured the area of engagement and began our advance.

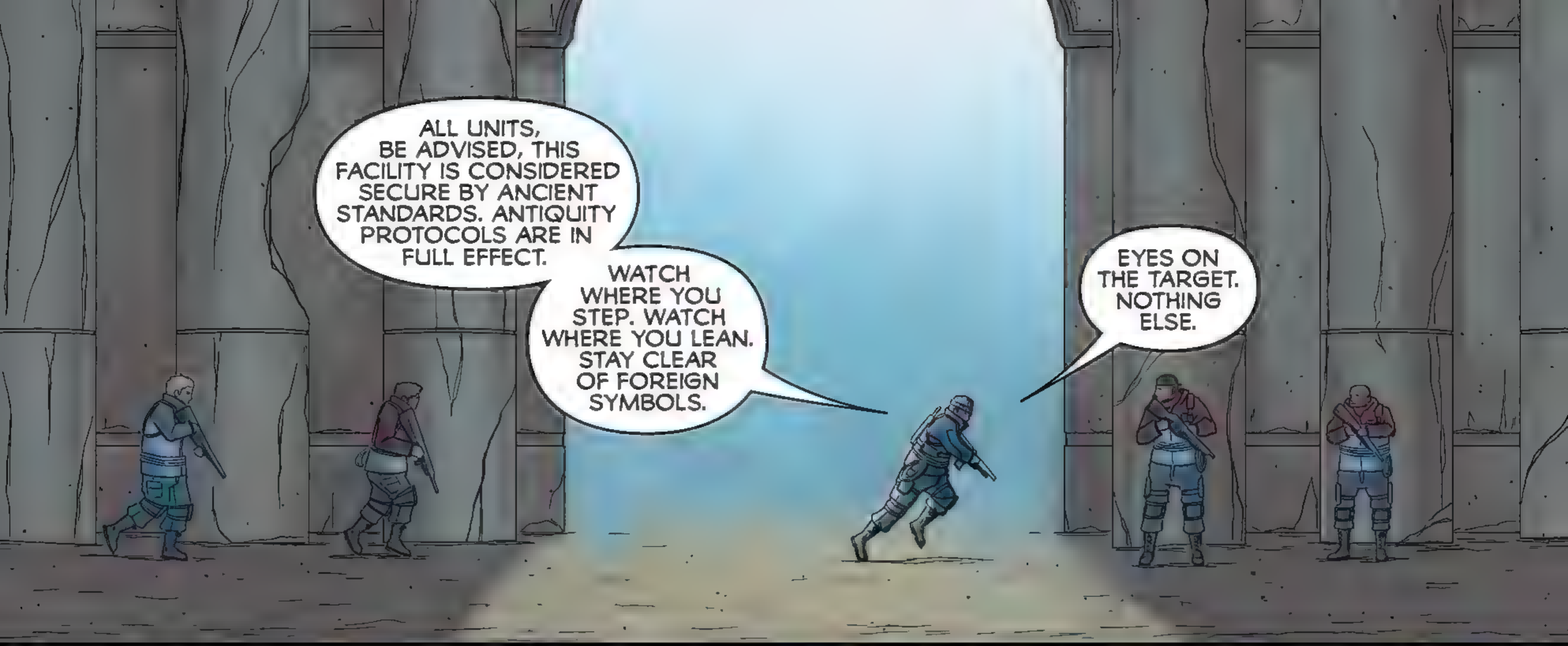


RUMBLE



AYEE!

That's when the LOSSES began.



ALL UNITS,
BE ADVISED, THIS
FACILITY IS CONSIDERED
SECURE BY ANCIENT
STANDARDS. ANTIQUITY
PROTOCOLS ARE IN
FULL EFFECT.

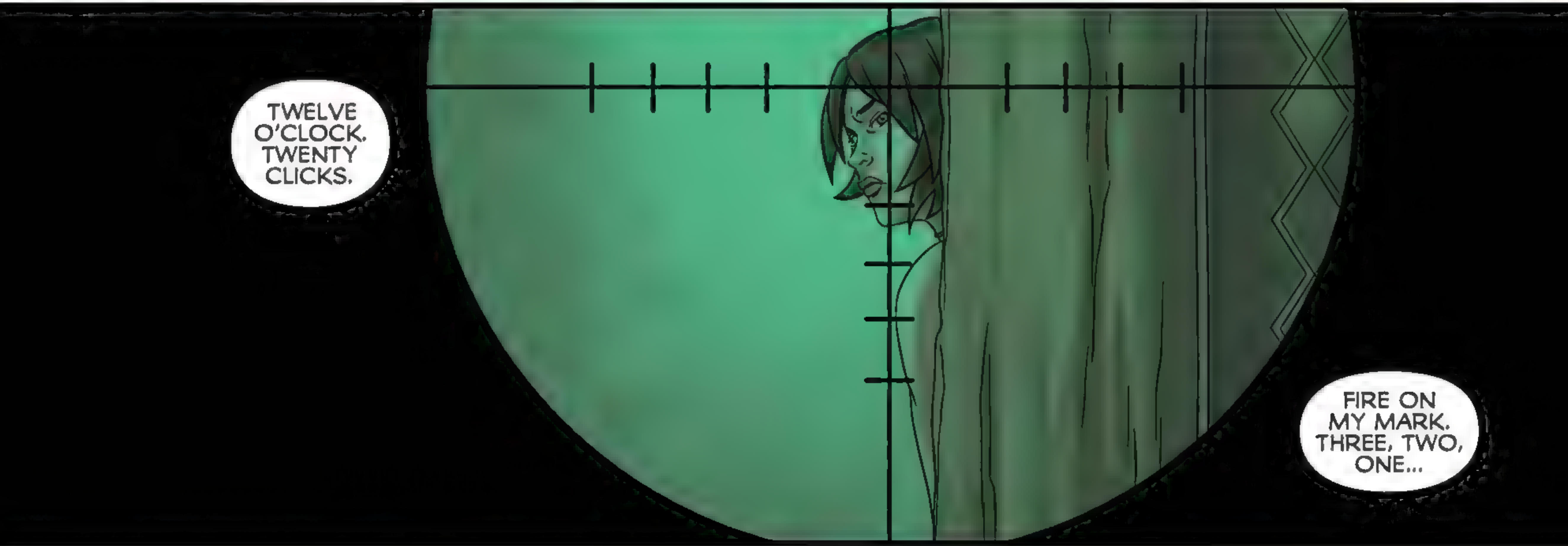
WATCH
WHERE YOU
STEP. WATCH
WHERE YOU LEAN.
STAY CLEAR
OF FOREIGN
SYMBOLS.

EYES ON
THE TARGET.
NOTHING
ELSE.



IT'S TOO DARK.
CAN'T CONFIRM
TARGET, SIR.

I
CAN.



TWELVE
O'CLOCK.
TWENTY
CLICKS.

FIRE ON
MY MARK.
THREE, TWO,
ONE...

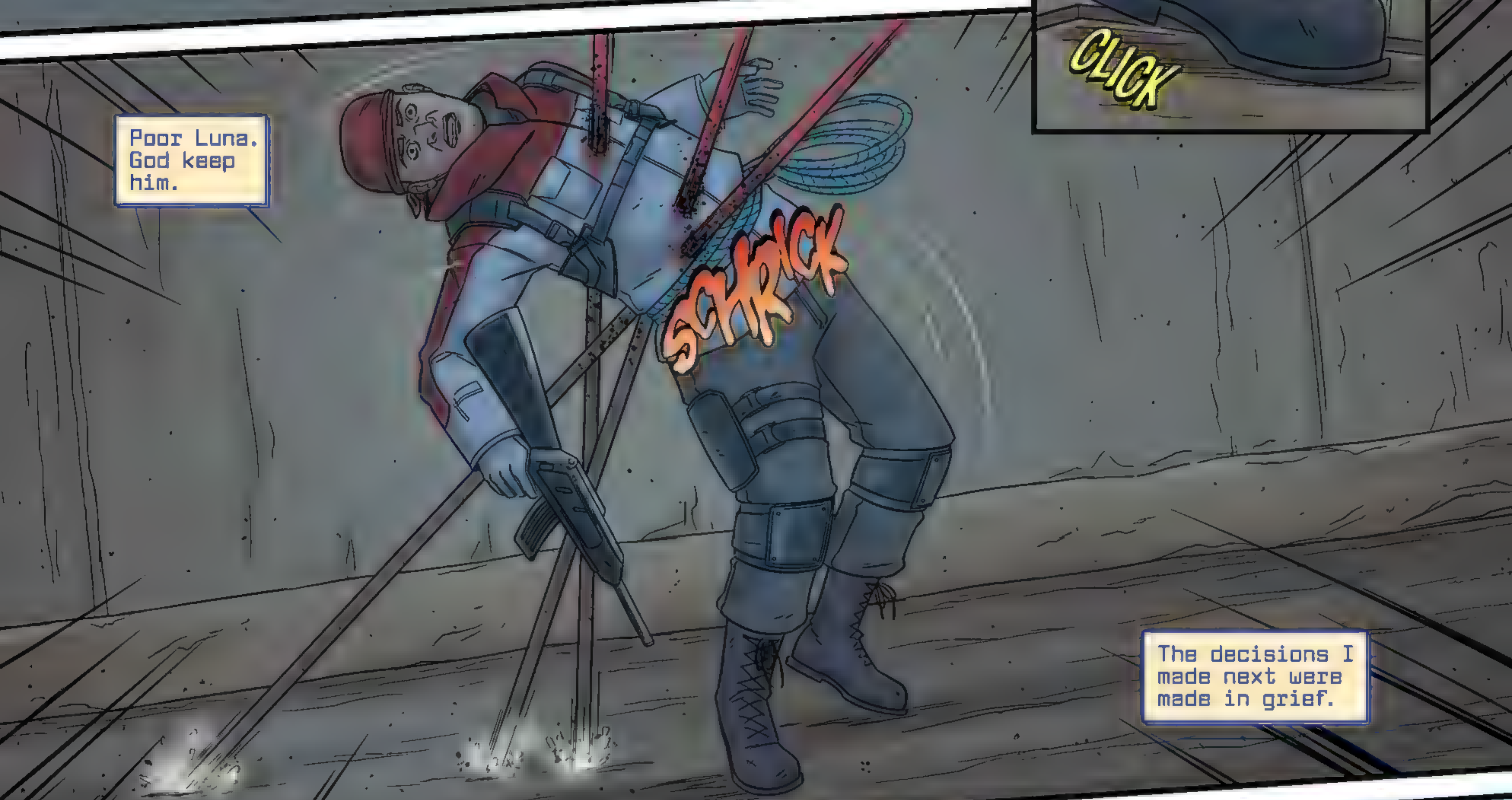


HRAH!

Our protocols fall apart the minute we engaged the target.



Poor Luna.
God keep him.



The decisions I made next were made in grief.

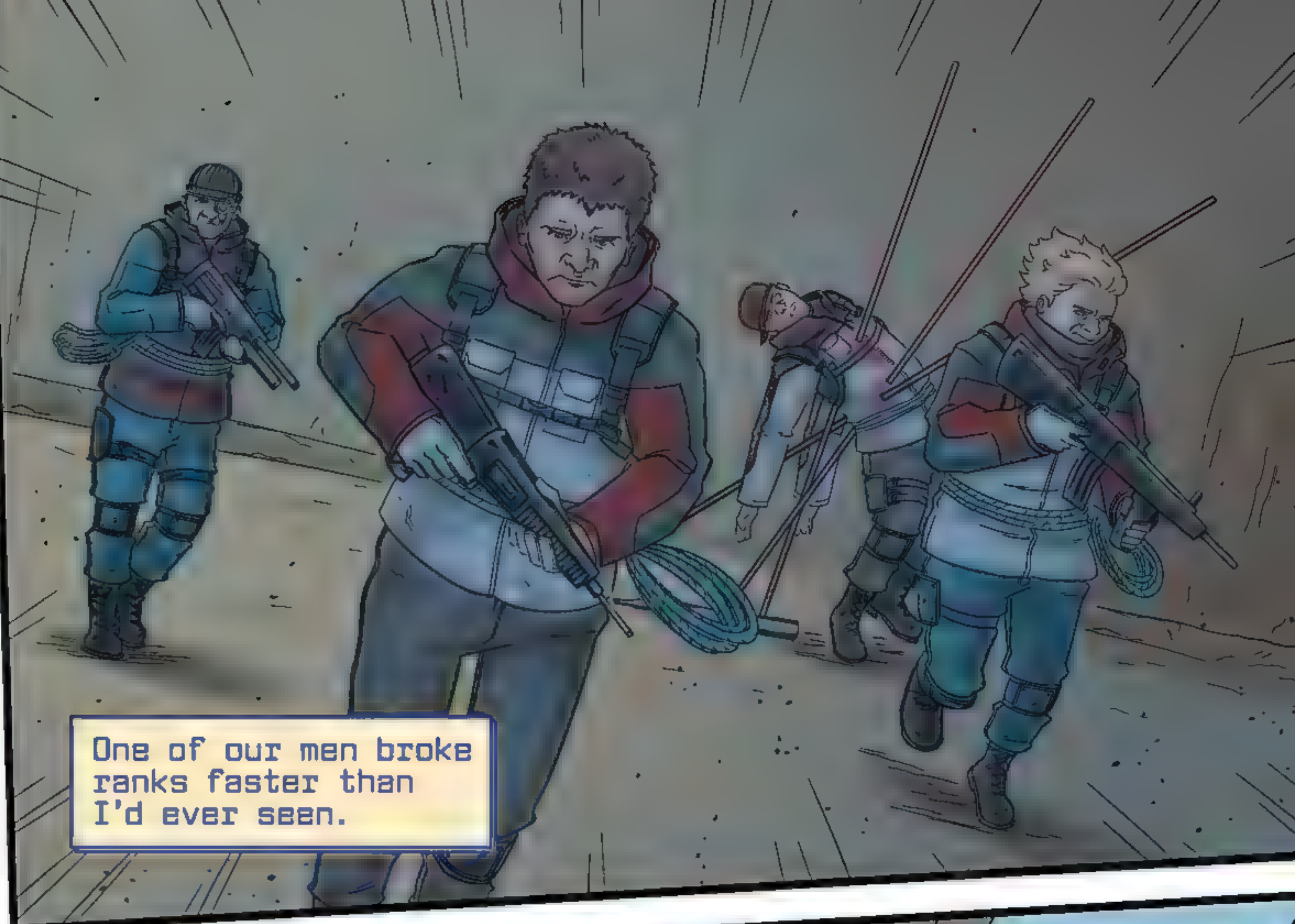


ALL
UNITS
ADVANCE!
DON'T LET
HER GET
AWAY!

That
fault is
mine.



The target's resistance to our initial incursion was not unexpected.



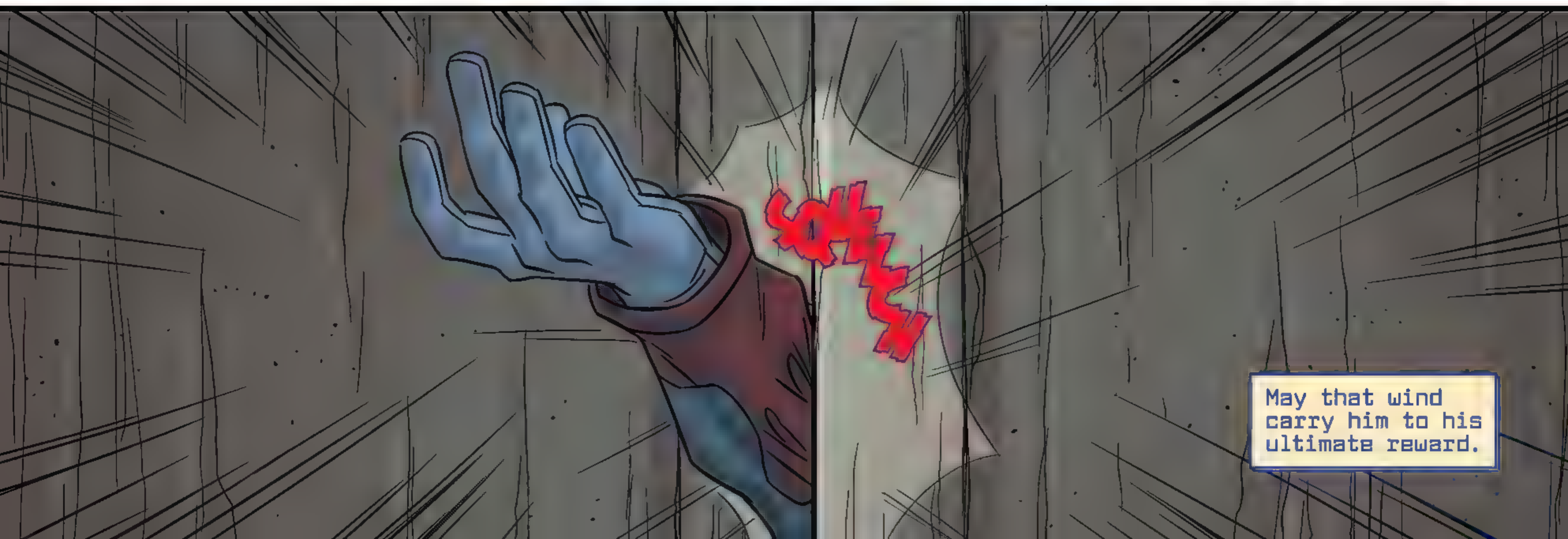
One of our men broke ranks faster than I'd ever seen.



I like to imagine he did it for the glory of Trinity, my Cardinal.



His faith was a hurricane that carried him forward.



May that wind carry him to his ultimate reward.

The strength of Trinity is not in any one soldier. It is in our united cause. Our knowledge of the TRUTH at the HEART OF THE WORLD.

BLOW IT OPEN.

THROW!

Knowing such truth, we cannot fail.

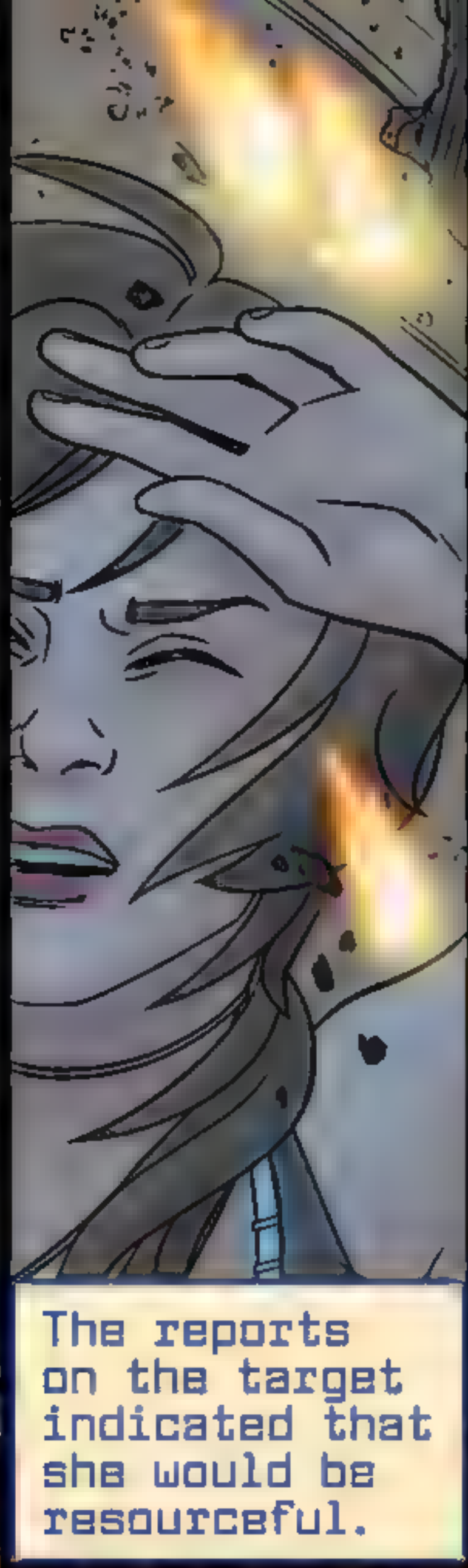
ZERO TWO HUNDRED. HIGH.

BRING HER DOWN.

At least, that is what I believed.



I REALIZE THAT YOU'VE BEEN WATCHING THIS ROOM FOR MILLENNIA...



The reports on the target indicated that she would be resourceful.



...SO I SINCERELY APOLOGIZE.



This proved INCREDIBLY TRUE.



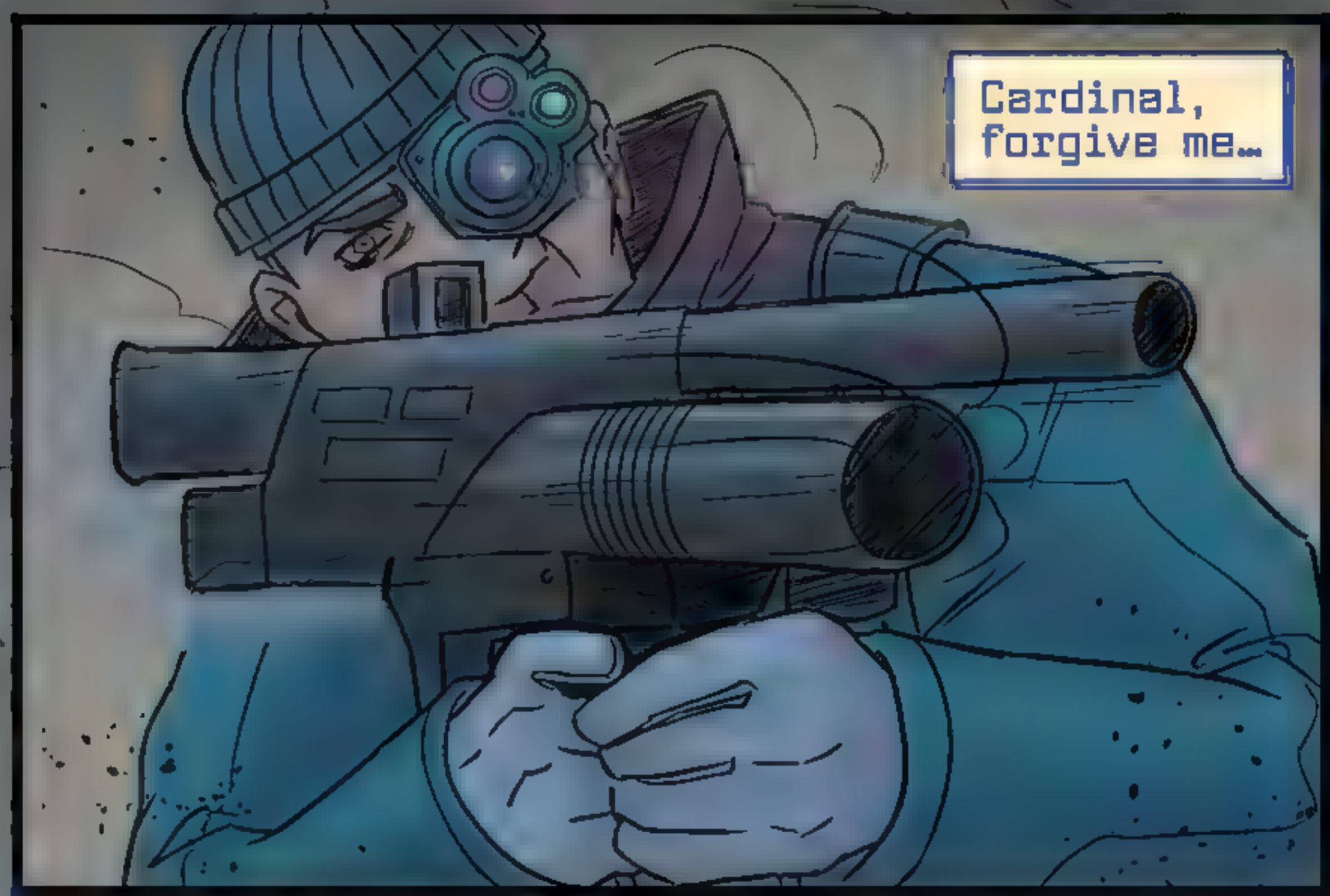
The reports also indicated that she would be PREDICTABLE.



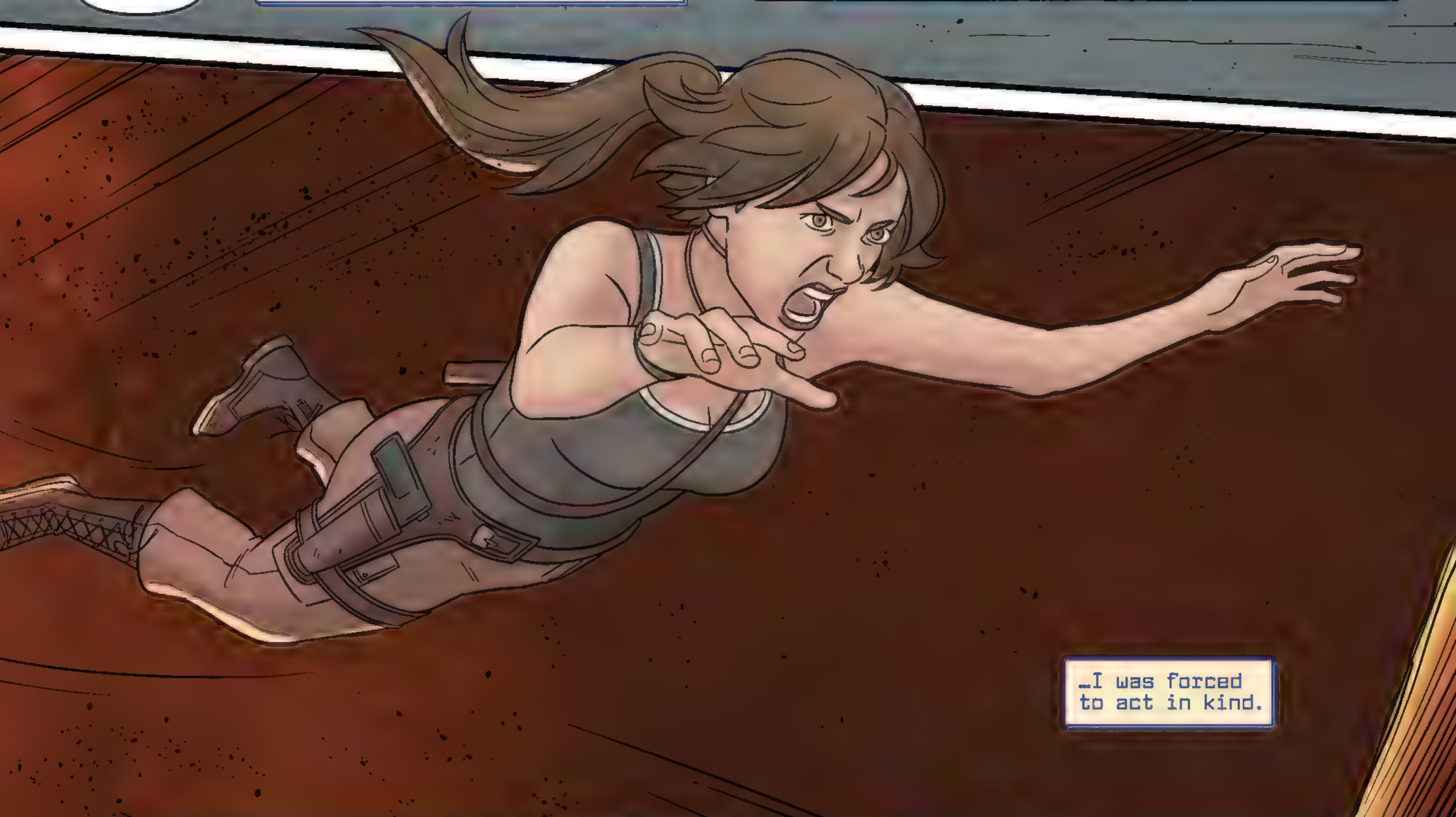
That no matter what we might bring to bear, she will always attempt to run away.



There is no heresy she would not commit against this sacred place to save her own soul.



Cardinal, forgive me...

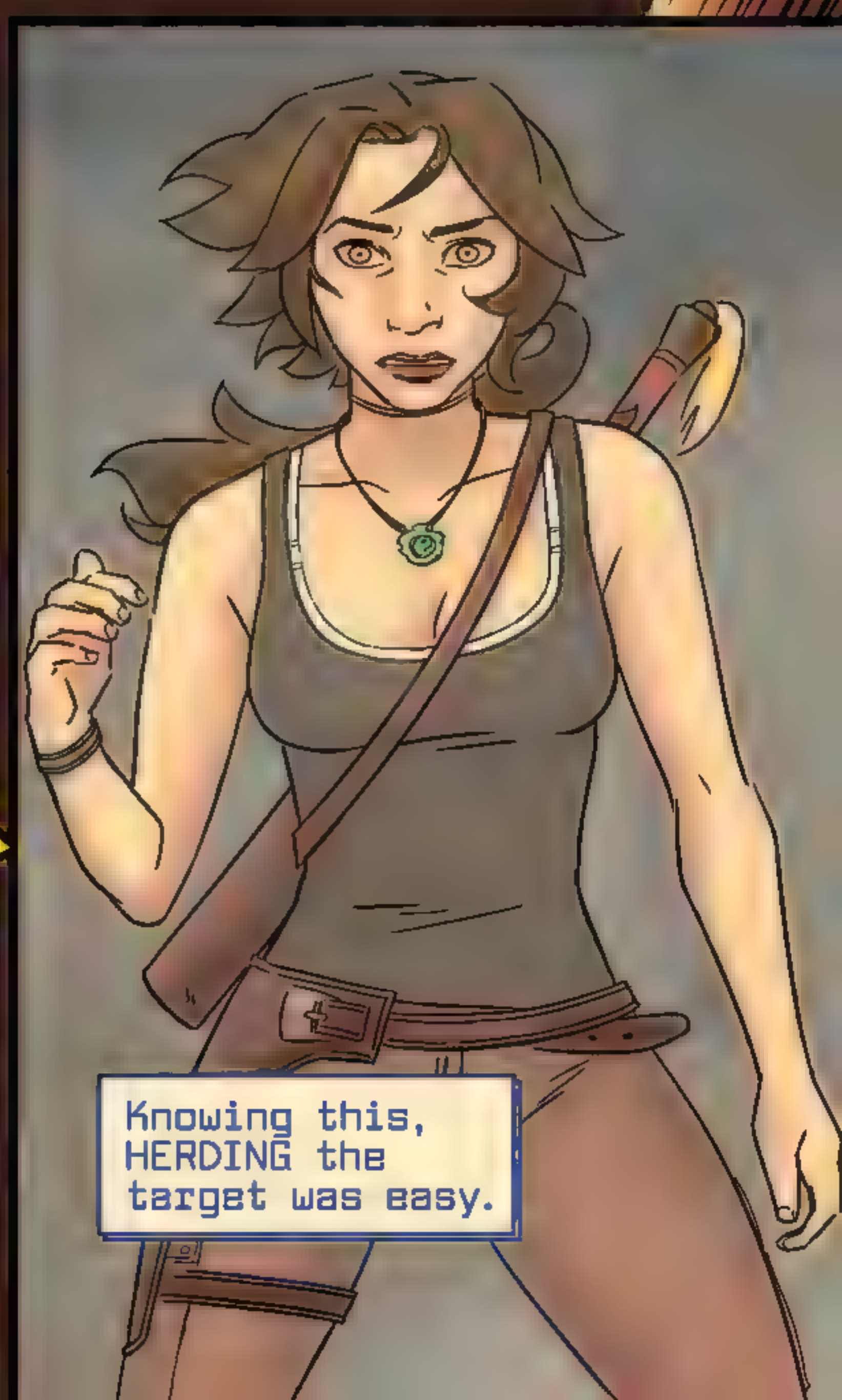


...I was forced to act in kind.



KEEP MOVING... THERE'S A WAY OUT...

...ALWAYS A...WAY OUT.



Knowing this, HERDING the target was easy.



And we brought
her to a place
of NO ESCAPE.

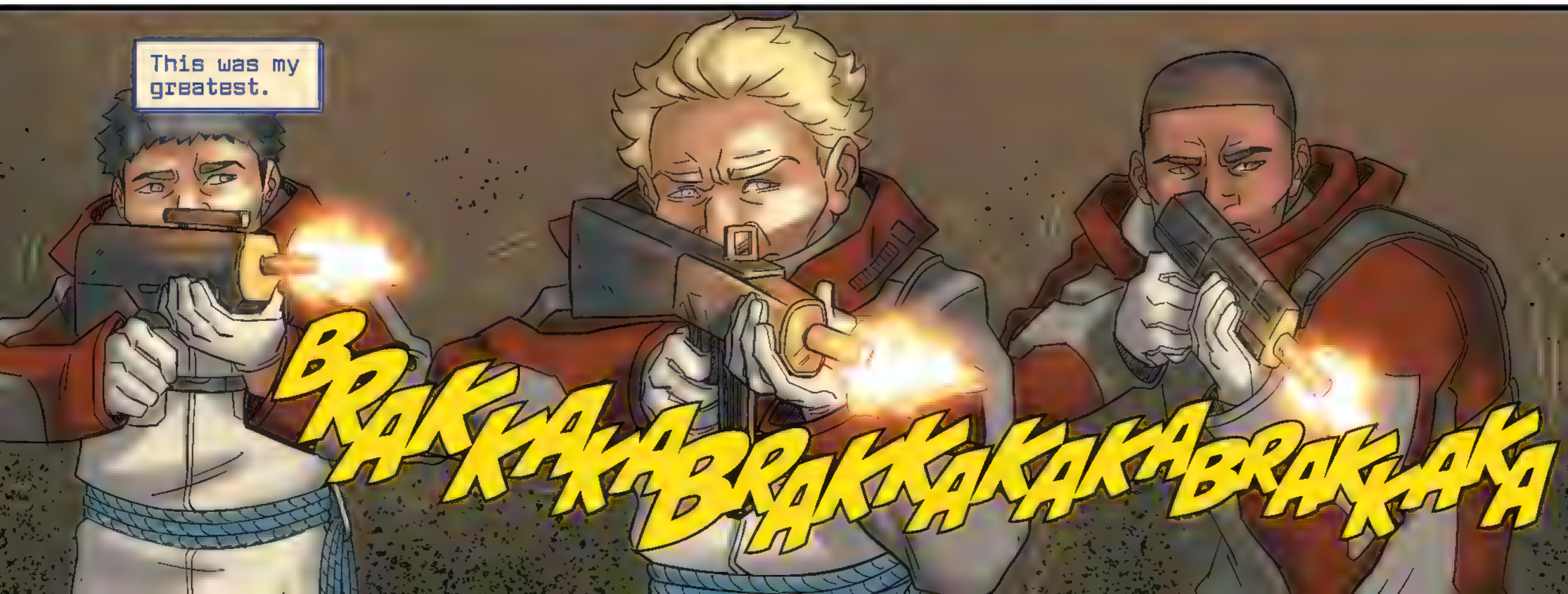
Of all my
sins...



Of all my
mistakes...



This was my
greatest.



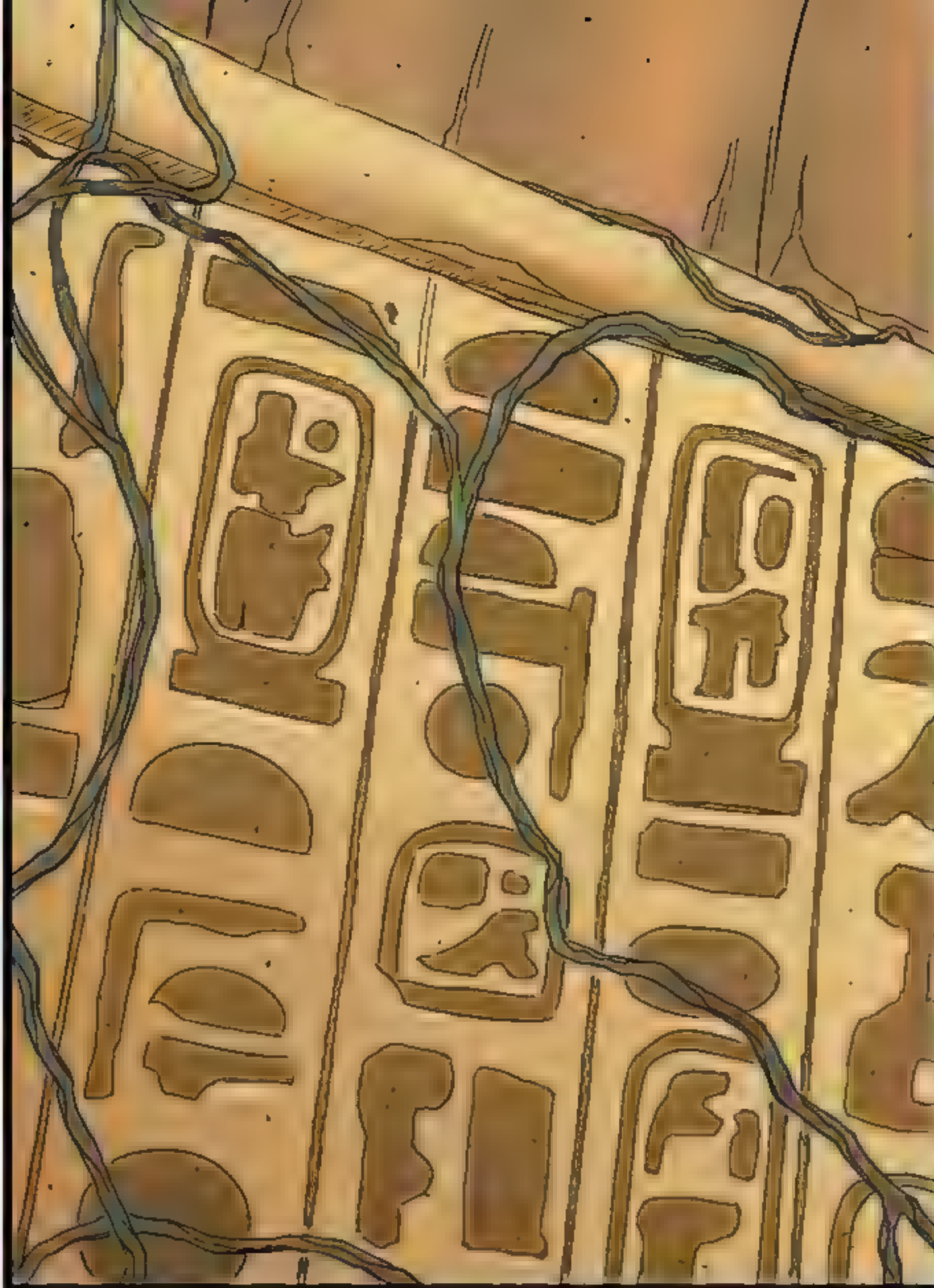
SHRANG

GAHH!

I should've realized then how foolish I'd been.



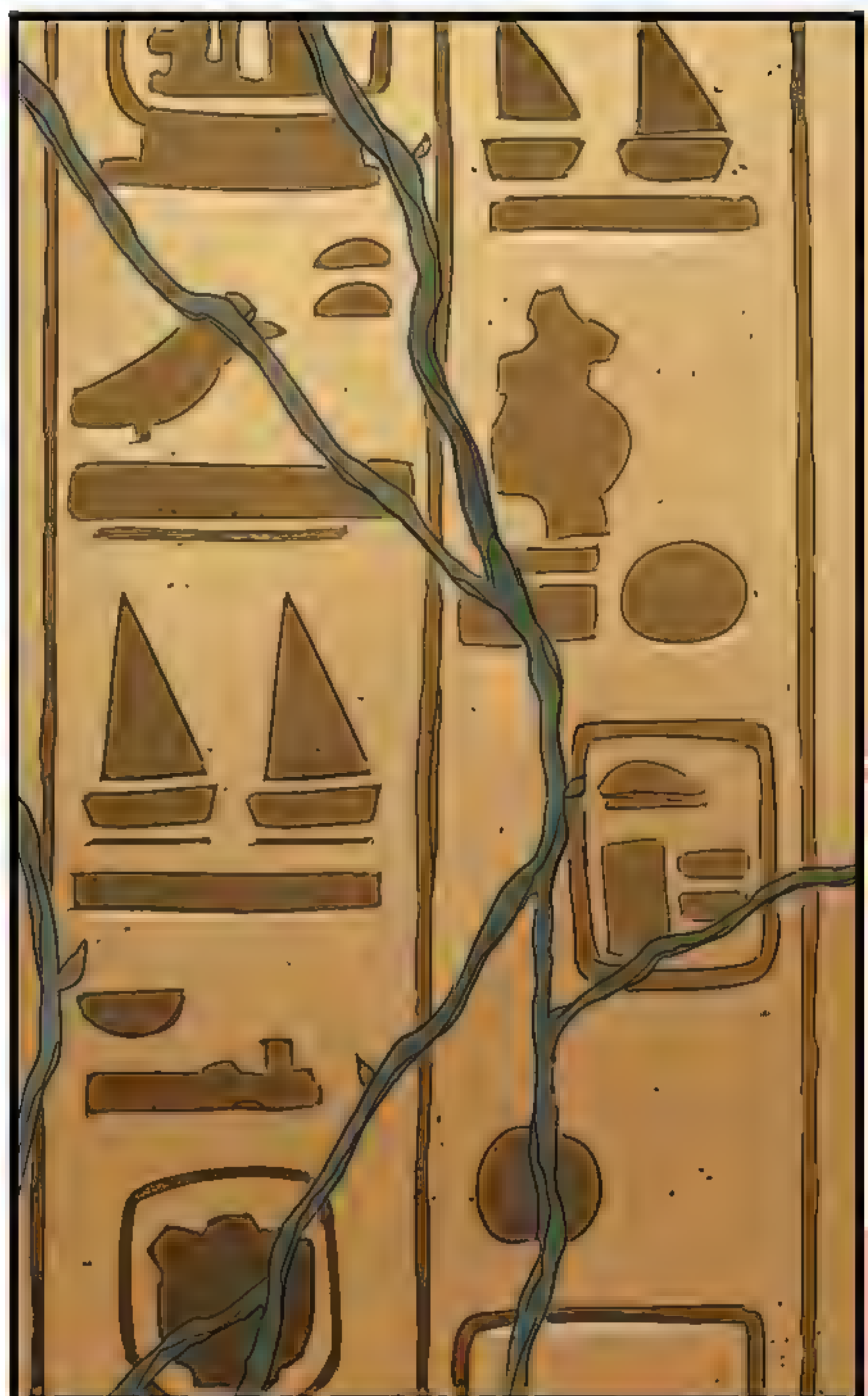
I brought her to the ONE place that could provide her what even she did not know she sought.



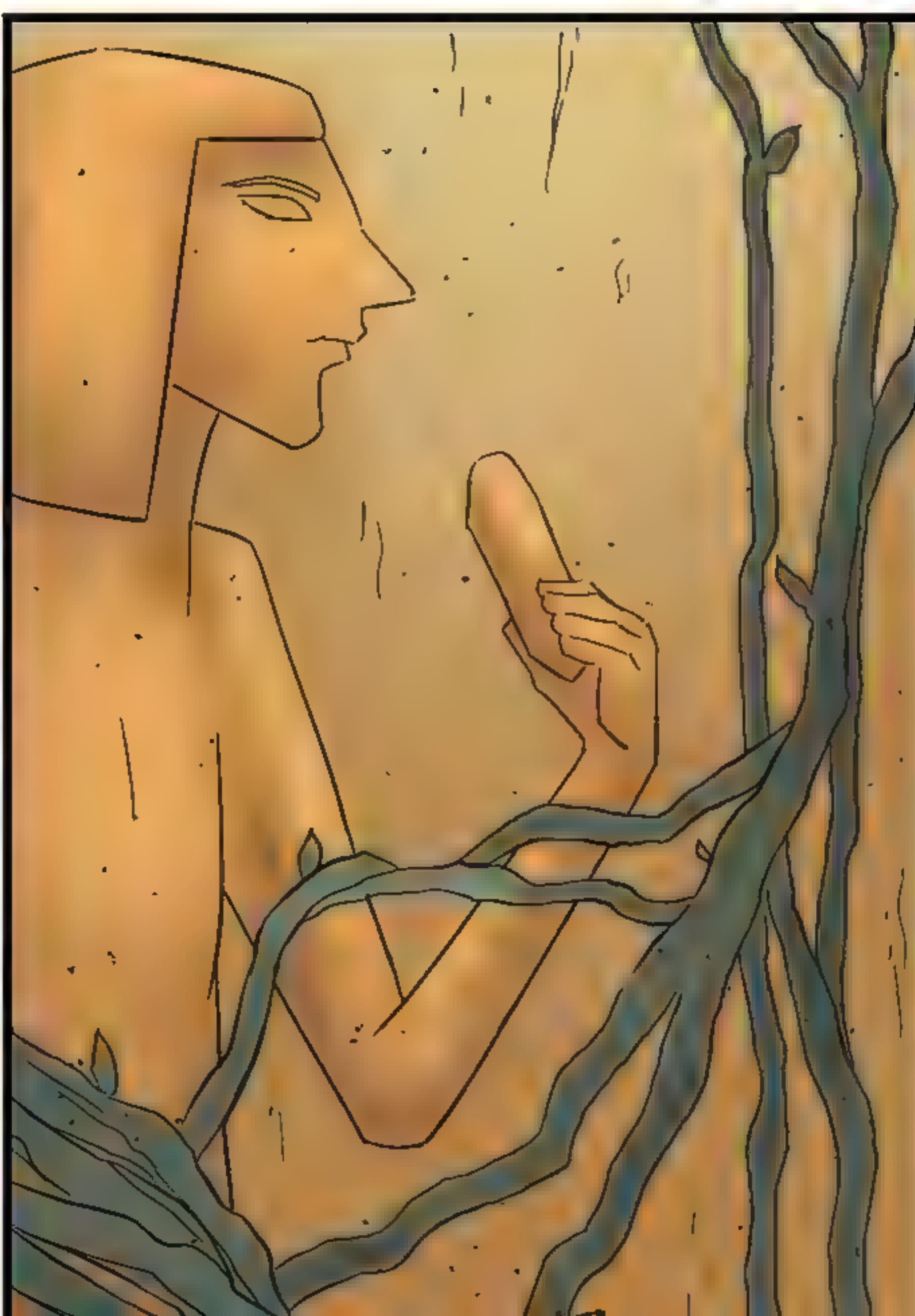
ANSWERS.



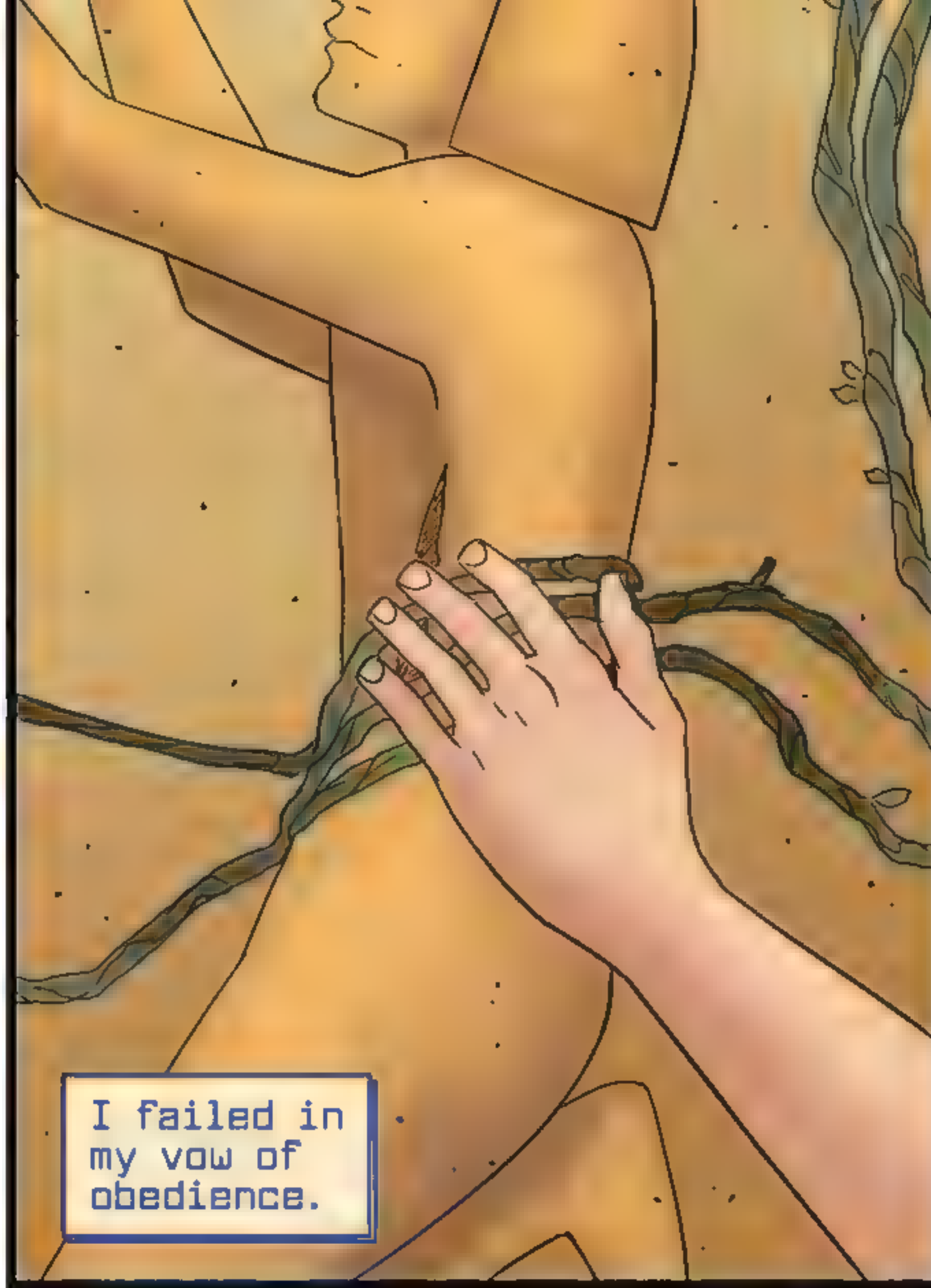
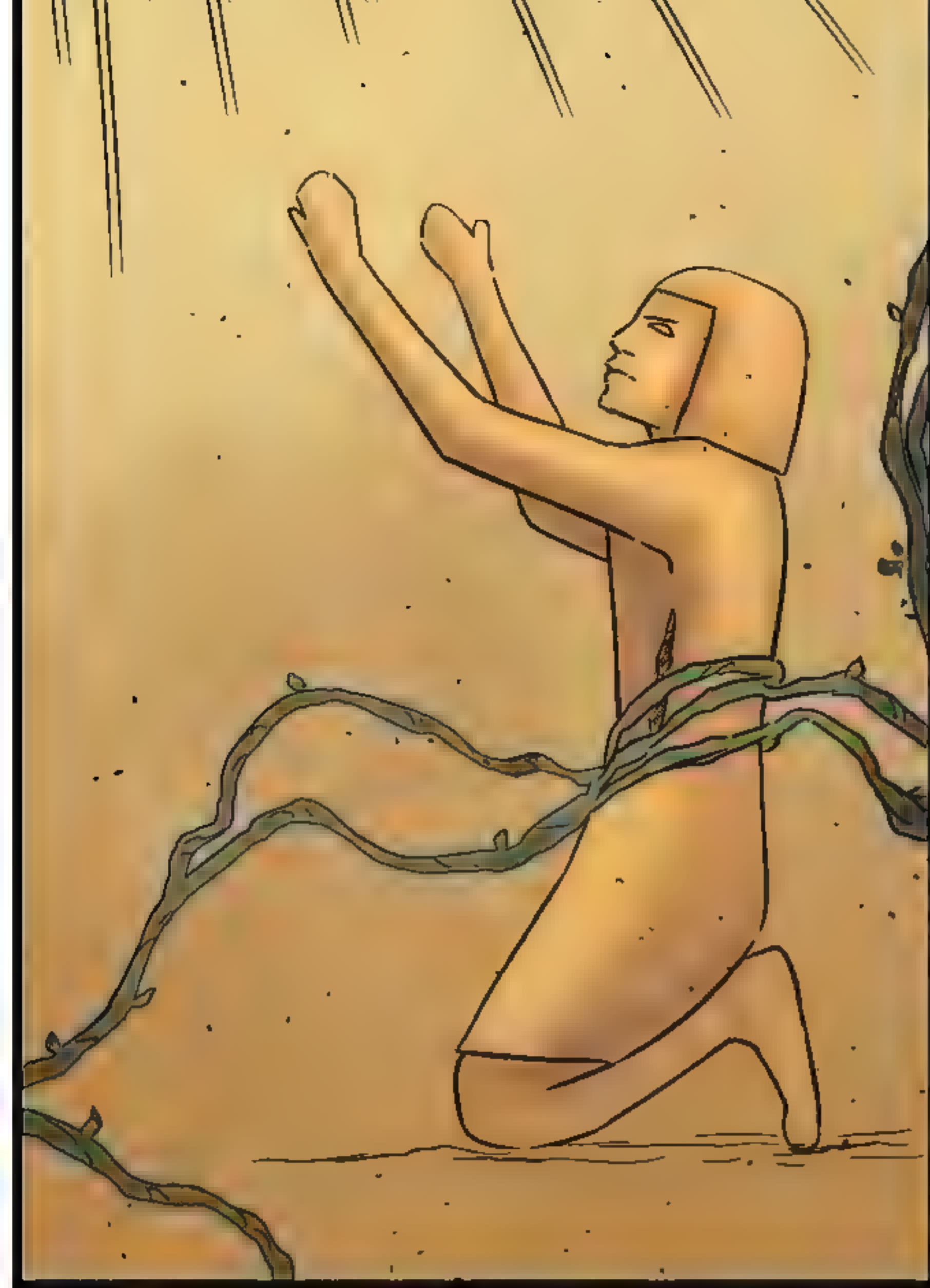
Forgive me.



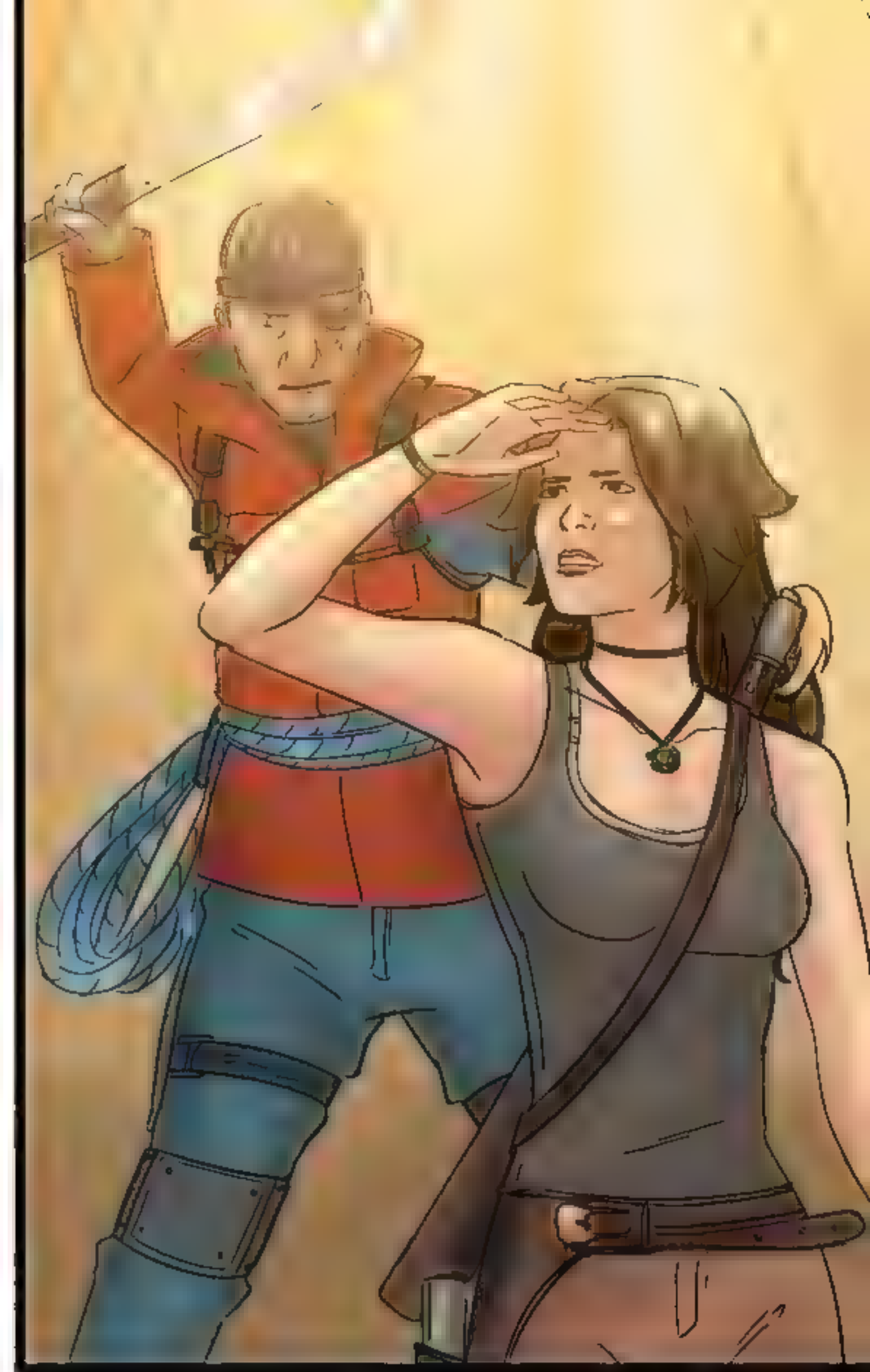
I knew not what I did.



I put all of Trinity at risk.



I failed in
my vow of
obedience.



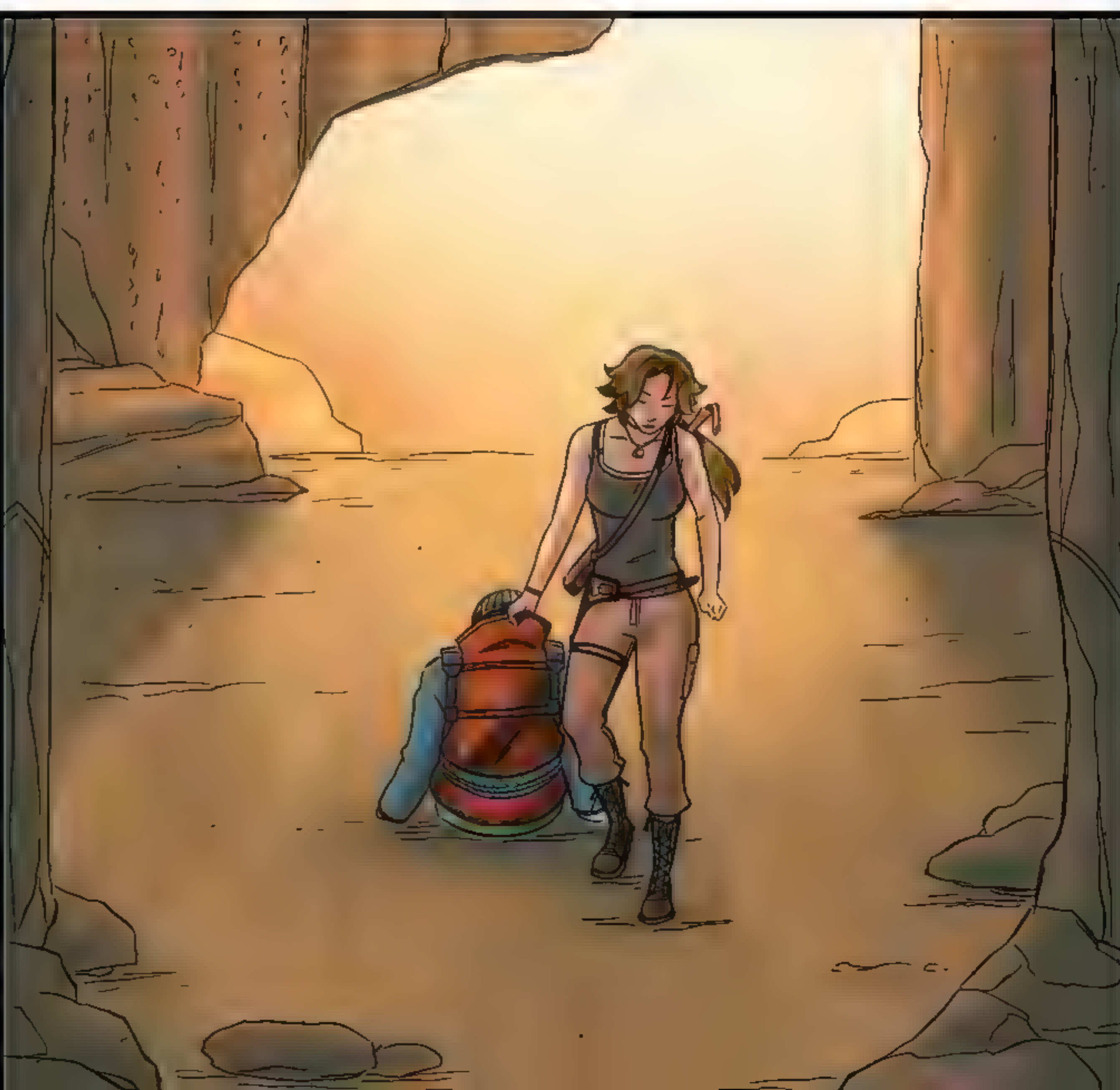
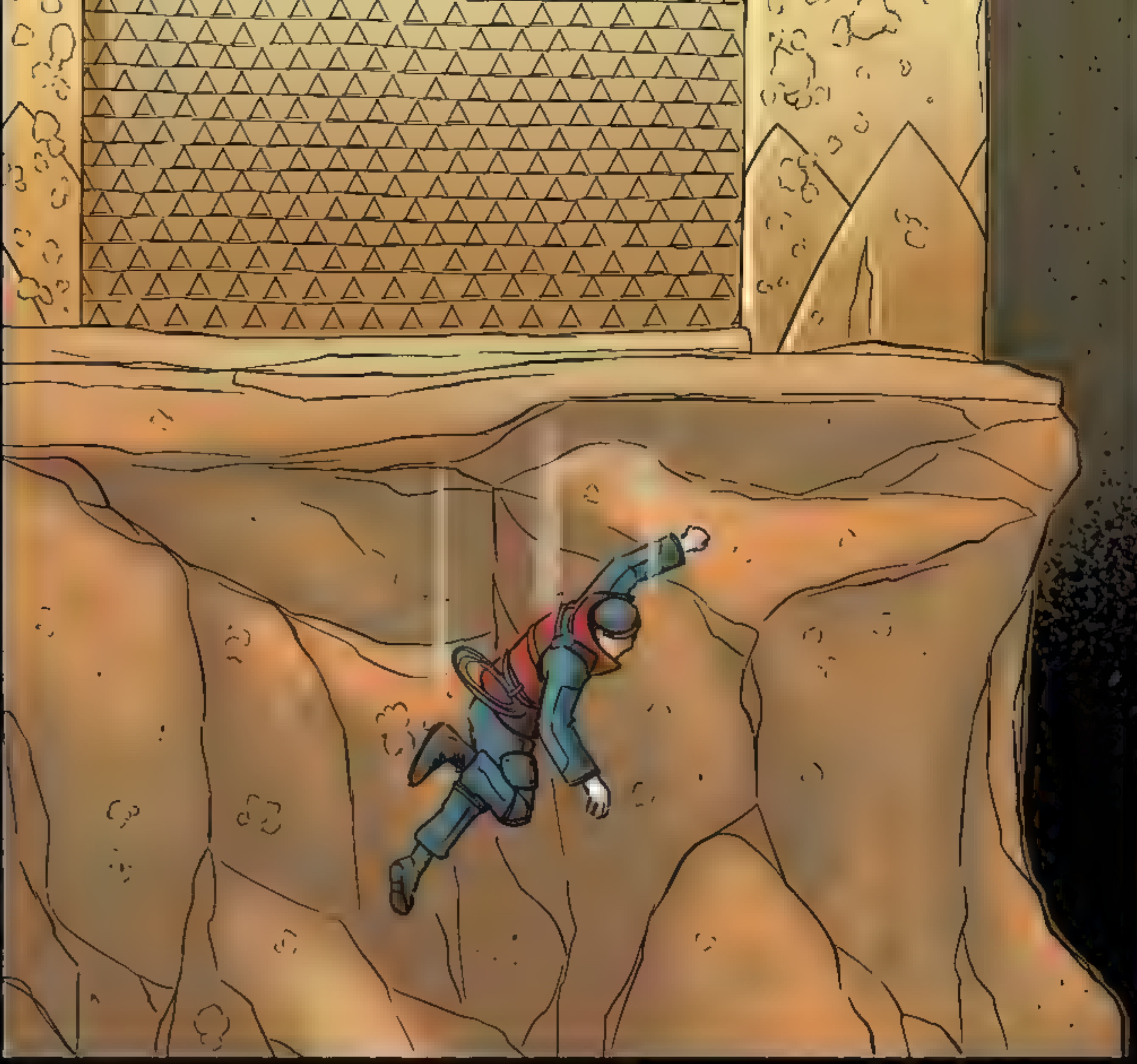
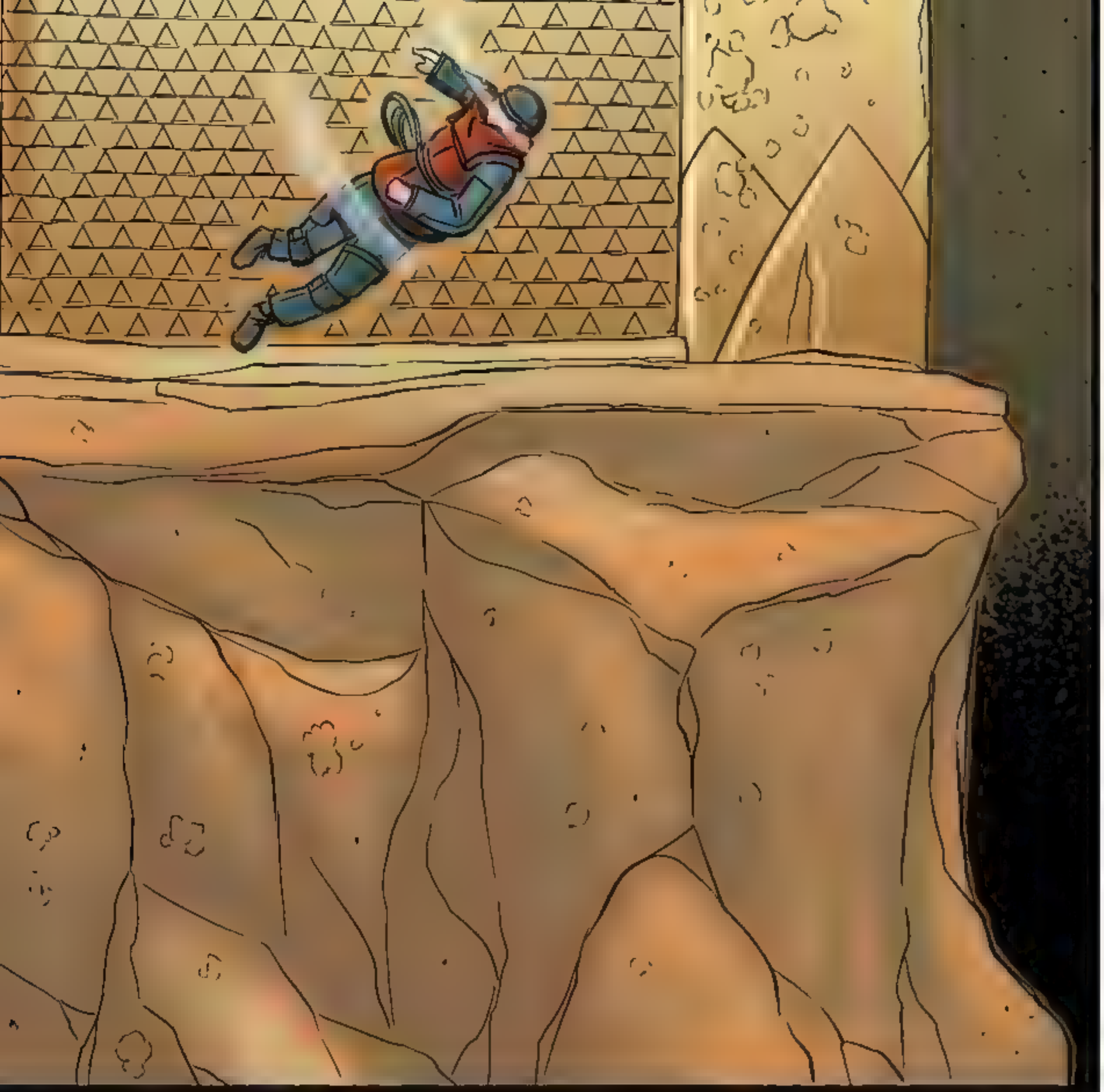
I revealed
to her the
location
of God.



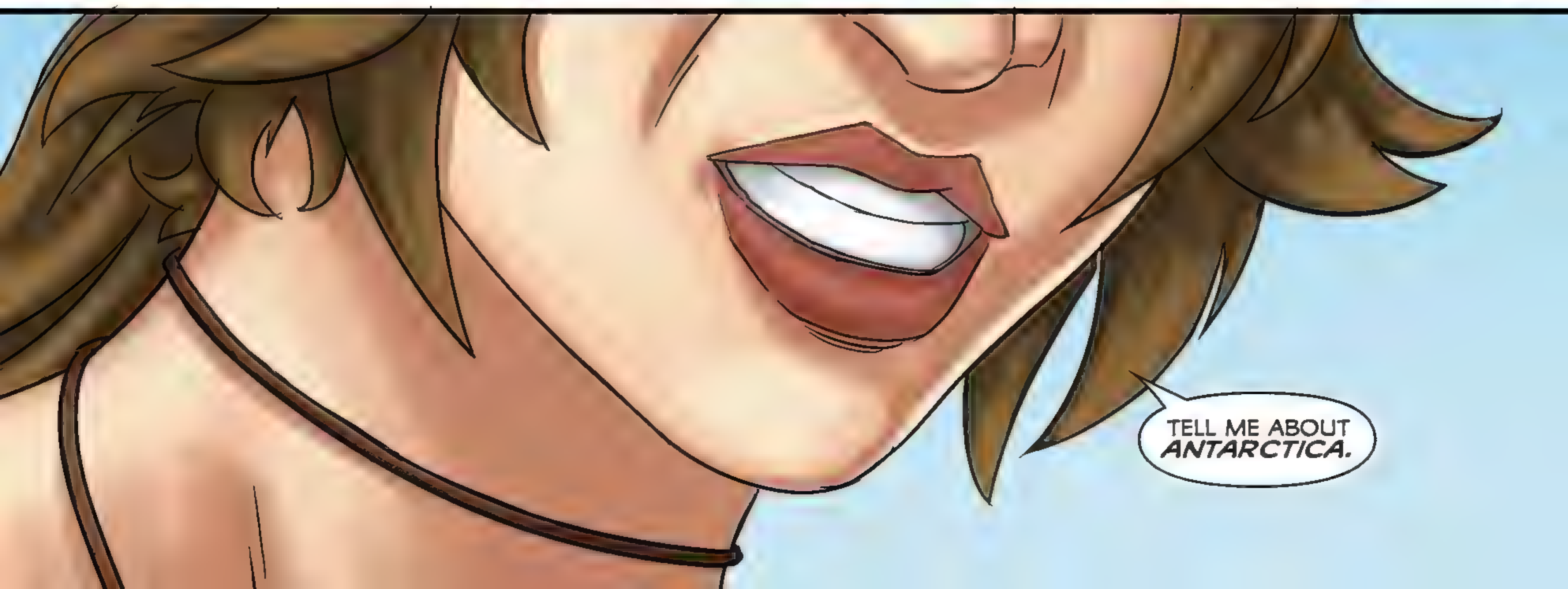
Without ever
speaking a word.



HRAH!









I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.



OF COURSE YOU DO.



THESE LITTLE CHIPS, THEY'RE IN ALL YOUR HELMETS, LET YOU COORDINATE, SHARE INFORMATION.

AMBUSH ME IN MY FATHER'S SECRET PLACE.

YOU KNOW WHAT *THAT* MEANS?



IT MEANS TRINITY KNEW ABOUT THIS PLACE FOR A LONG TIME.

IT MEANS YOU'VE BEEN HERE. CLASSIFIED IT. READ ITS SECRETS. DECIPHERED THE HIEROGLYPHICS ON THESE WALLS, SAME AS I *JUST DID*.

"A CRYSTAL OF LIGHT, TAKEN FROM A SECRET PLACE AND SAID TO COMMUNICATE STILL WITH ITS LAND OF ORIGIN.

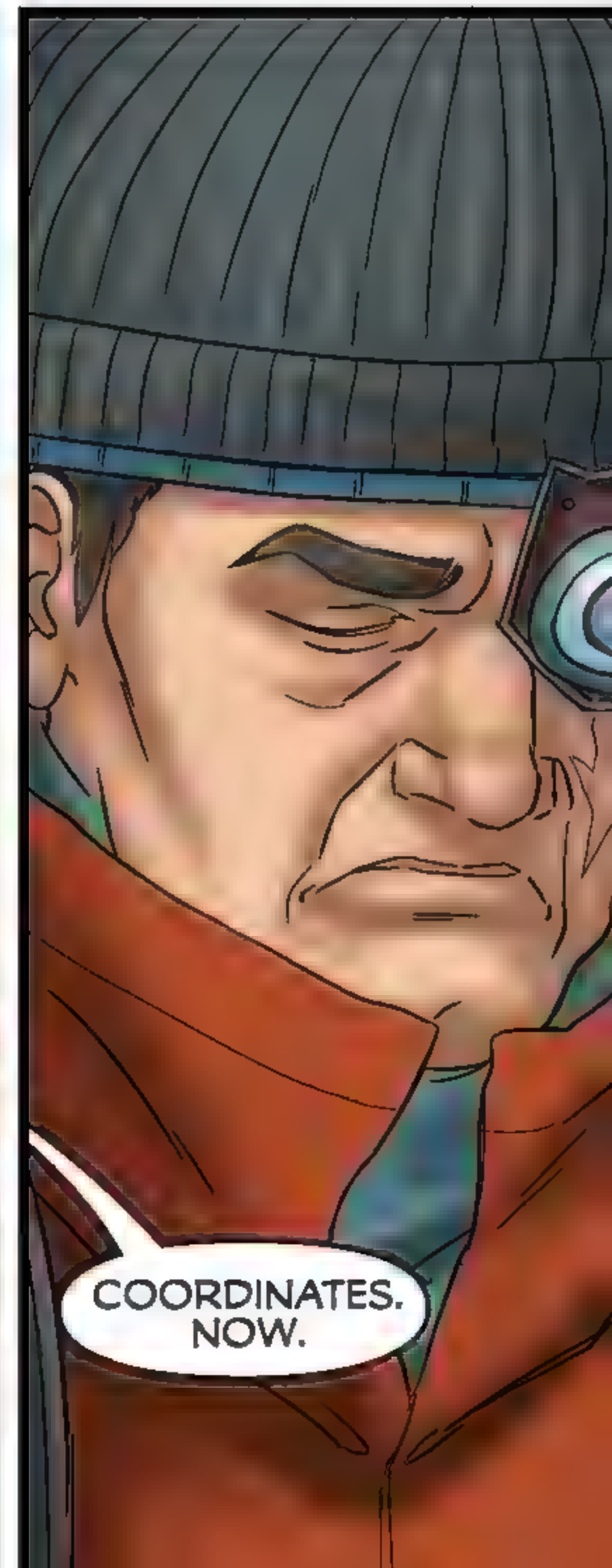


"JUST LIKE THE CROSS AT CINQUE TERRE, THIS PLACE IS A MAP. A GUIDE TO AN ANCIENT TREE...THAT COULD HEAL. THAT POSSESSED ENOUGH KNOWLEDGE THAT A MAN COULD SEE A GOD. A GARDEN OF EDEN. AT THE VERY *BOTTOM* OF THE WORLD."

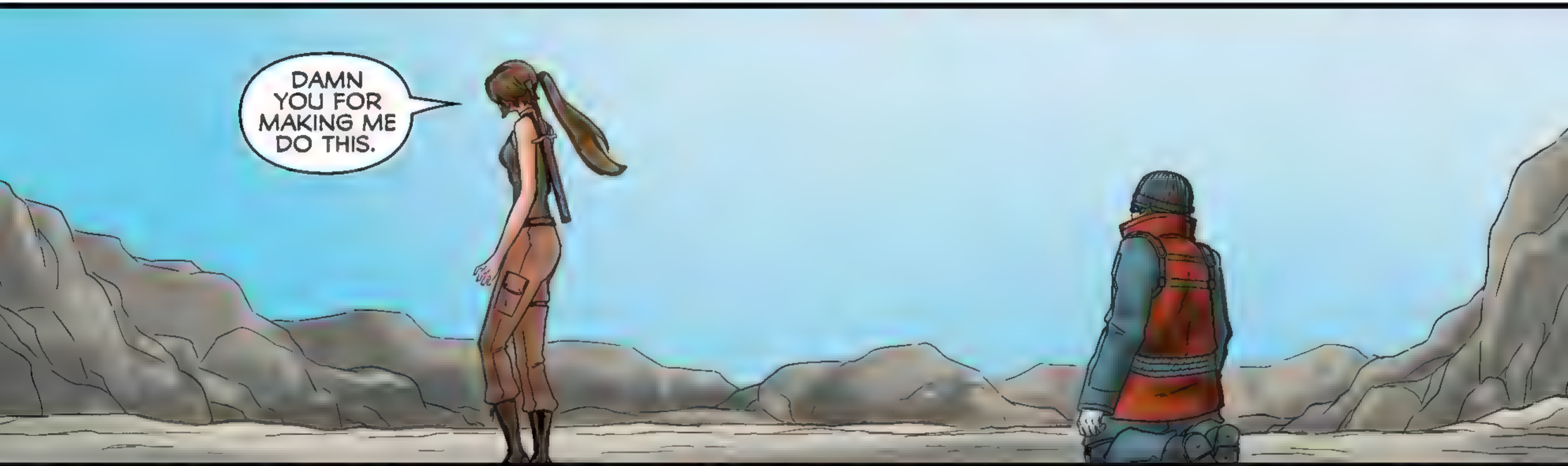


YOU'RE TELLING ME TRINITY ISN'T CHASING THAT LEAD?

THAT YOU DIDN'T HUNT ME, JUST TO MAKE SURE I NEVER FOUND YOU? EVEN AS I WAS TRYING TO LEAVE YOU IN THE PAST?



COORDINATES. NOW.





All units
be advised:
she KNOWS.

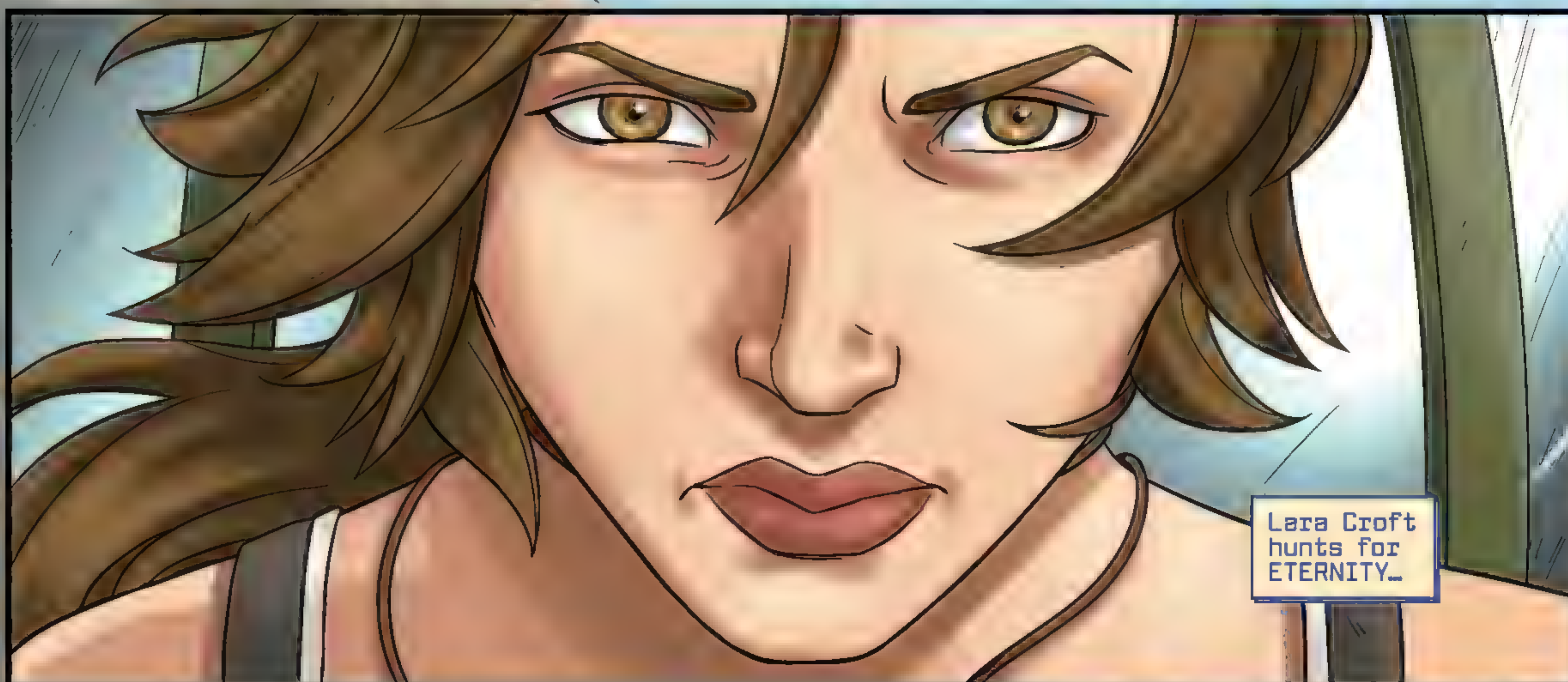


All efforts
to contain
Lara Croft
have failed.



And she is
coming for
us. For all
of us.

She is coming for the
Garden, my Cardinal.
Lara Croft is not just
hunting us anymore. She
is hunting our prey.



Lara Croft
hunts for
ETERNITY...

...And all hell
hunts with her.



EXPEDITION
LOG 07769,
DAY 37.

SHE HAS
BROUGHT
THE WAR
TO US.

OUR DAYS
OF PEACE
ARE OVER.

I HAVE MOBILIZED ALL
THREE BATTALIONS TO
DEFEND THE EXCAVATION.
THE MEN ARE BRAVE AND
LOYAL, FULL OF FURIOUS
CONVICTION.

THE CAVE-IN AT THE
THAILAND SITE. THE
ATTACK AT CINQUE
TERRE. THE ROUT IN
THE MOUNTAINS OF
THE MOON.

BUT ALL OF THEIR
TRAINING HAS IN
NO WAY PREPARED
THEM FOR HER.

I'VE STUDIED THEM
ALL, JUST AS YOU
INSTRUCTED.

IT WILL TAKE
EVERYTHING IN
OUR POWER TO
WITHSTAND HER.

BUT I'VE
NEVER MADE A
HABIT OF FAILING YOU
BEFORE AND I DO
NOT INTEND TO
START NOW.



WHEN
NEXT YOU
HEAR FROM
ME...LARA CROFT
WILL HAVE SEEN
THE LIGHT.

OR SHE
WILL BE A
CORPSE.



FOR
THE GLORY
OF TRINITY, ALL
THINGS ARE
POSSIBLE.



EVEN
ME.

I'M TELLING
YOU, GIRL, IT'S AN
IMPOSSIBLE LANDING!
EVEN IF THE SNOW COULD
SUPPORT THE CHOPPER'S
WEIGHT, THERE'S STILL NO
GUARANTEE WE'D GET HER
BACK IN THE AIR! I TRIED
TO WARN YOU BACK
IN PERTH--

AND
I TOLD YOU
THEN WHAT I'LL
TELL YOU NOW,
SMITTY...

...ALL YOU
HAVE TO DO IS
FLY. I'VE GOT THE
LANDING WELL IN
HAND. AND BY
THE WAY...

...MY
NAME'S
NOT
"GIRL."



A full-page illustration of Lara Croft rappelling down a green rope over a body of water. She is wearing her signature red jacket, brown pants, and a brown fur-trimmed hood. Her long brown hair is tied in a ponytail. She has a determined expression. In the background, there are two inset panels. The top panel shows a close-up of a man's face wearing goggles and a helmet, smiling. The bottom panel shows a close-up of a woman's face, also smiling. The main title 'TOMB RAIDER INFERNO' is written in large, stylized letters on the right side of the page. The credits are at the bottom.

DARK HORSE COMICS
presents

LARA CROFT
in

**TOMB RAIDER
INFERNO**

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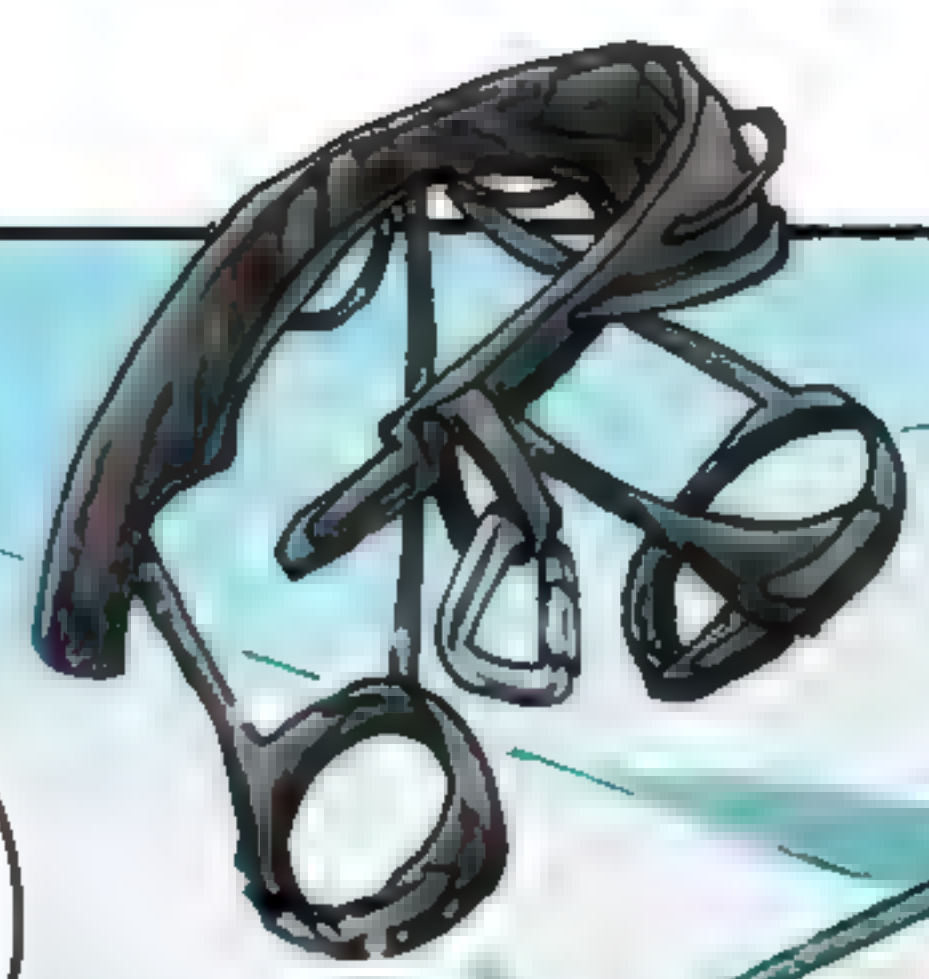
MY NAME IS LARA CROFT. DAUGHTER OF LORD RICHARD CROFT.

THIS RECORDING IS BEING MADE IN THE EVENT THAT I DO NOT LEAVE THIS PLACE.

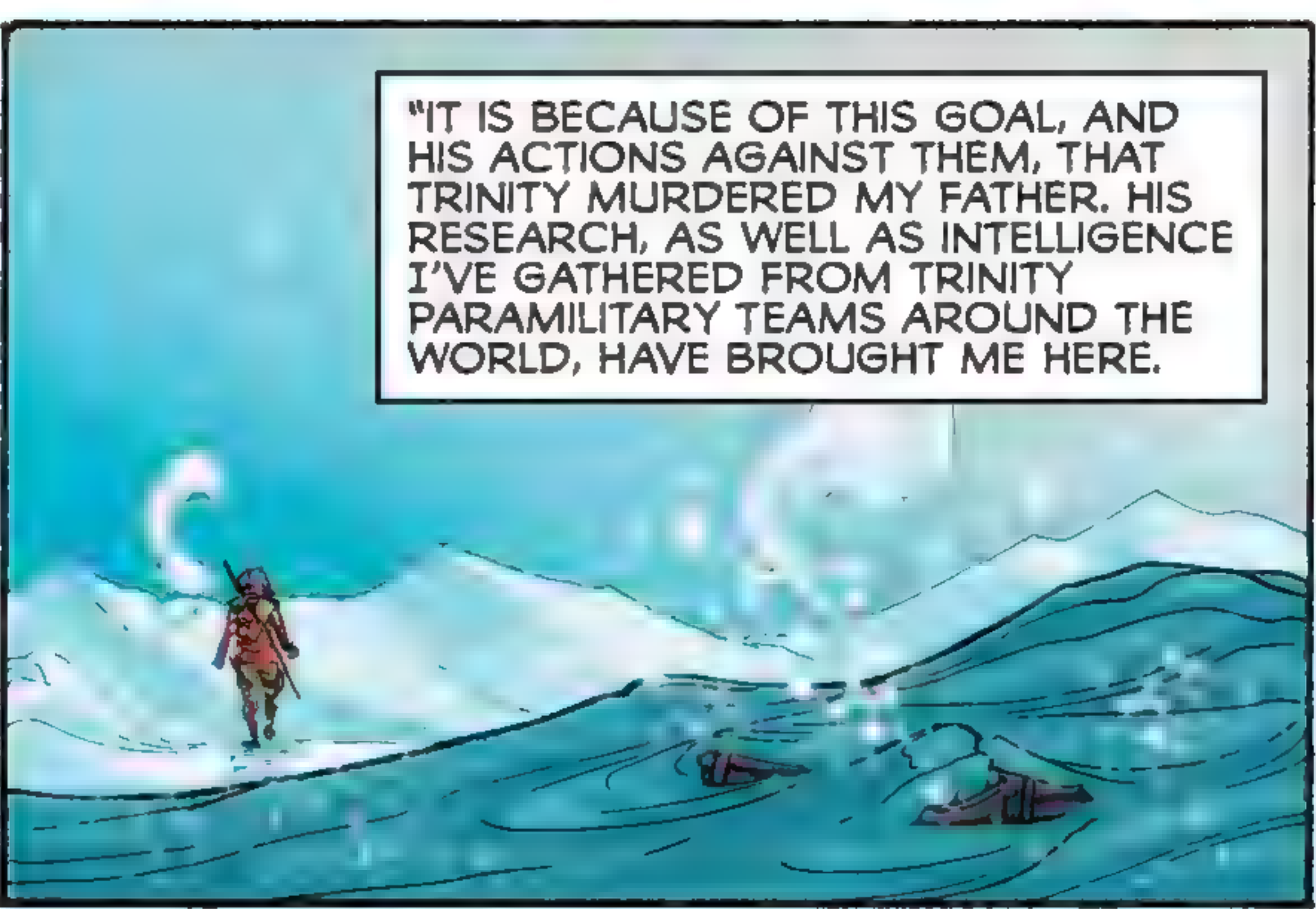


LOCAL TIME IS... IRRELEVANT, ACTUALLY. I CAN PRACTICALLY HEAR MY FATHER IN MY HEAD: "EVERY TIME ZONE TRACKS THROUGH THE SOUTH POLE, LARA. TIME IS WHAT WE MAKE IT."

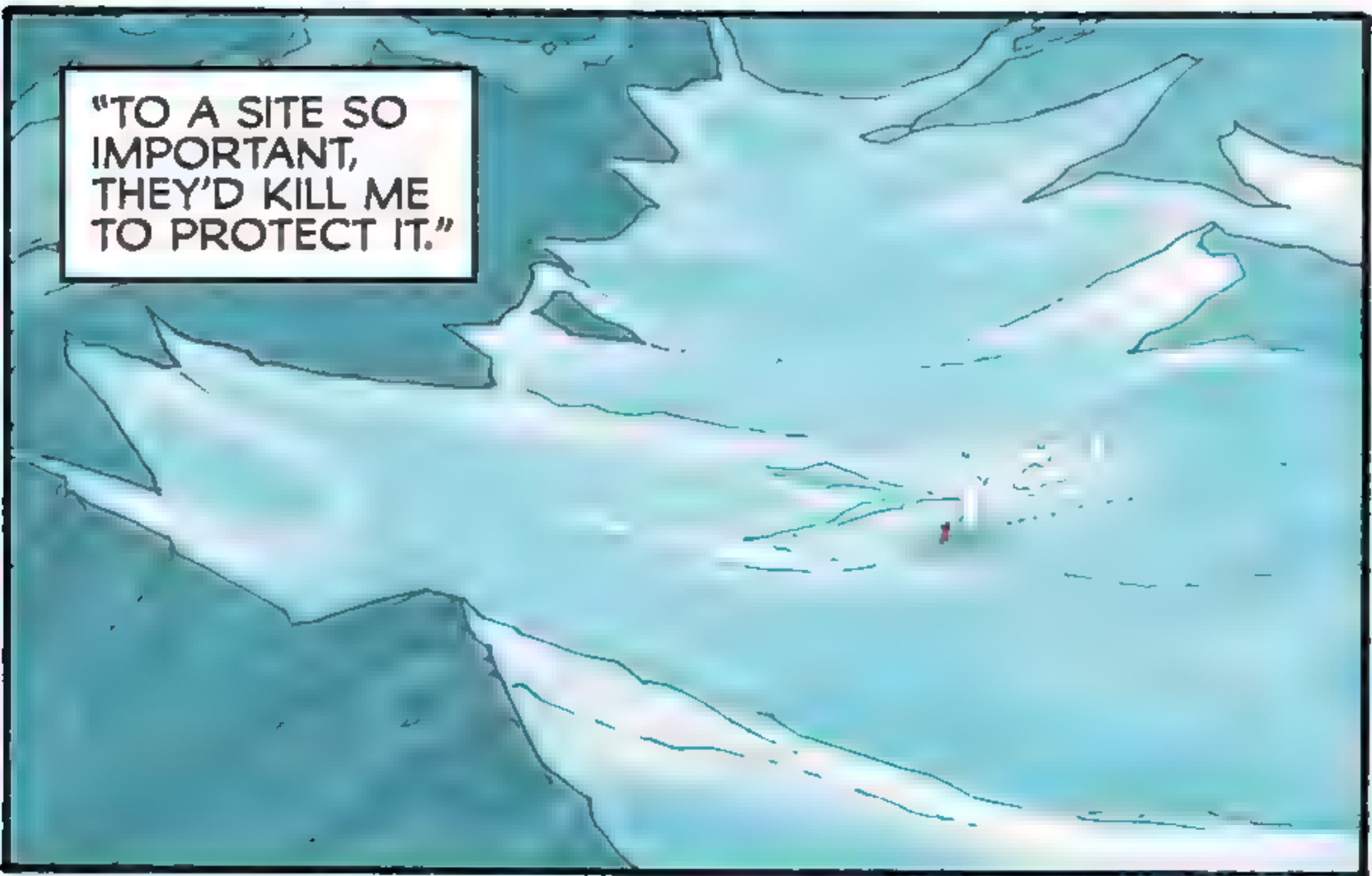
SO, SUFFICE TO SAY, I'M TRYING TO MAKE SOME OF MINE.



"I'VE BEEN TRACKING AN ORGANIZATION KNOWN AS TRINITY. AN ANCIENT ORDER NOW CONCENTRATED ON THE CONTROL AND ACQUISITION OF ANTIQUITY.



"IT IS BECAUSE OF THIS GOAL, AND HIS ACTIONS AGAINST THEM, THAT TRINITY MURDERED MY FATHER. HIS RESEARCH, AS WELL AS INTELLIGENCE I'VE GATHERED FROM TRINITY PARAMILITARY TEAMS AROUND THE WORLD, HAVE BROUGHT ME HERE.

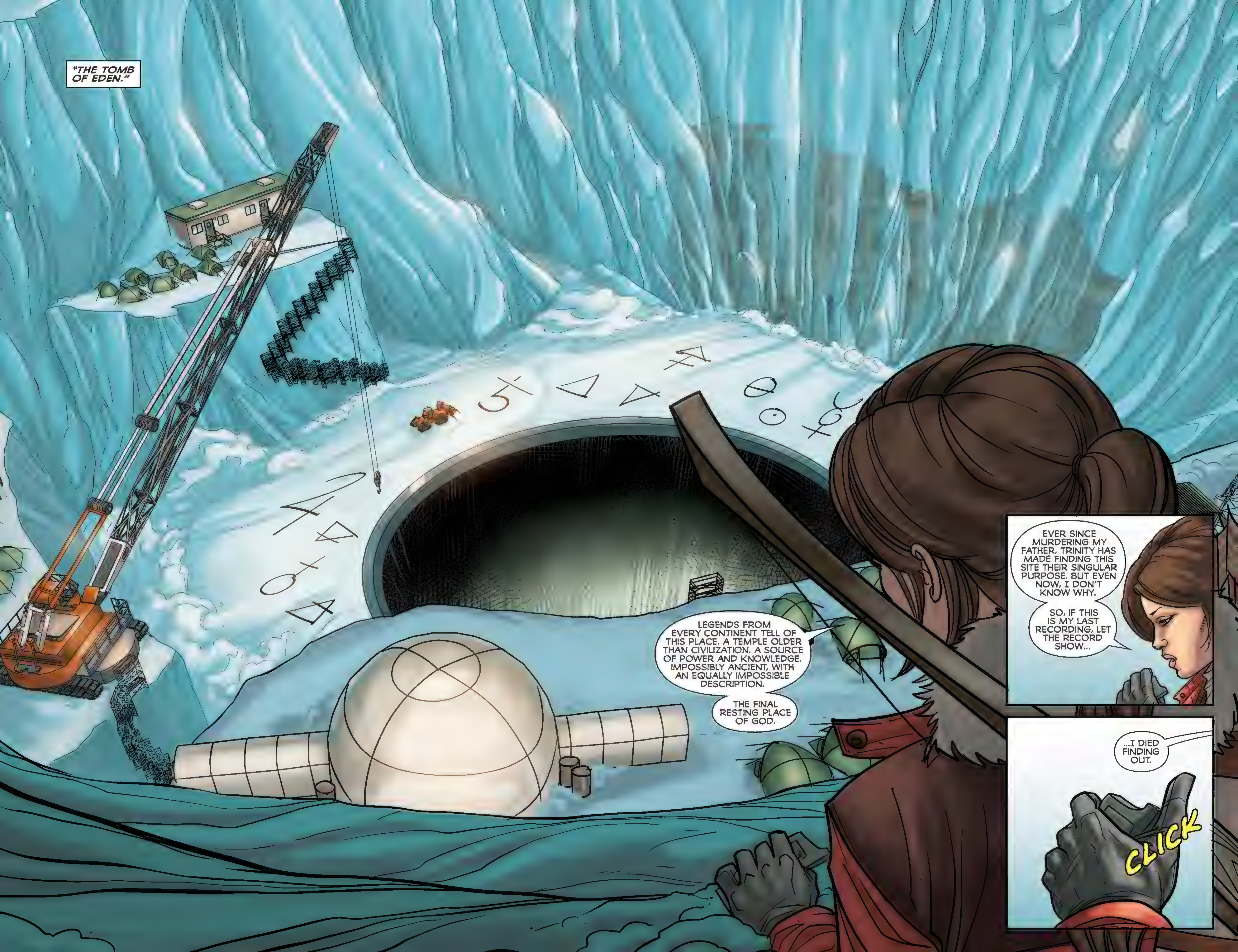


"TO A SITE SO IMPORTANT, THEY'D KILL ME TO PROTECT IT."



AN IMPOSSIBLE PLACE.

"THE TOMB OF EDEN."



LEGENDS FROM EVERY CONTINENT TELL OF THIS PLACE. A TEMPLE OLDER THAN CIVILIZATION. A SOURCE OF POWER AND KNOWLEDGE. IMPOSSIBLY ANCIENT, WITH AN EQUALLY IMPOSSIBLE DESCRIPTION.

THE FINAL RESTING PLACE OF GOD.

EVER SINCE MURDERING MY FATHER, TRINITY HAS MADE FINDING THIS SITE THEIR SINGULAR PURPOSE. BUT EVEN NOW, I DON'T KNOW WHY.

SO, IF THIS IS MY LAST RECORDING, LET THE RECORD SHOW...

...I DIED FINDING OUT.

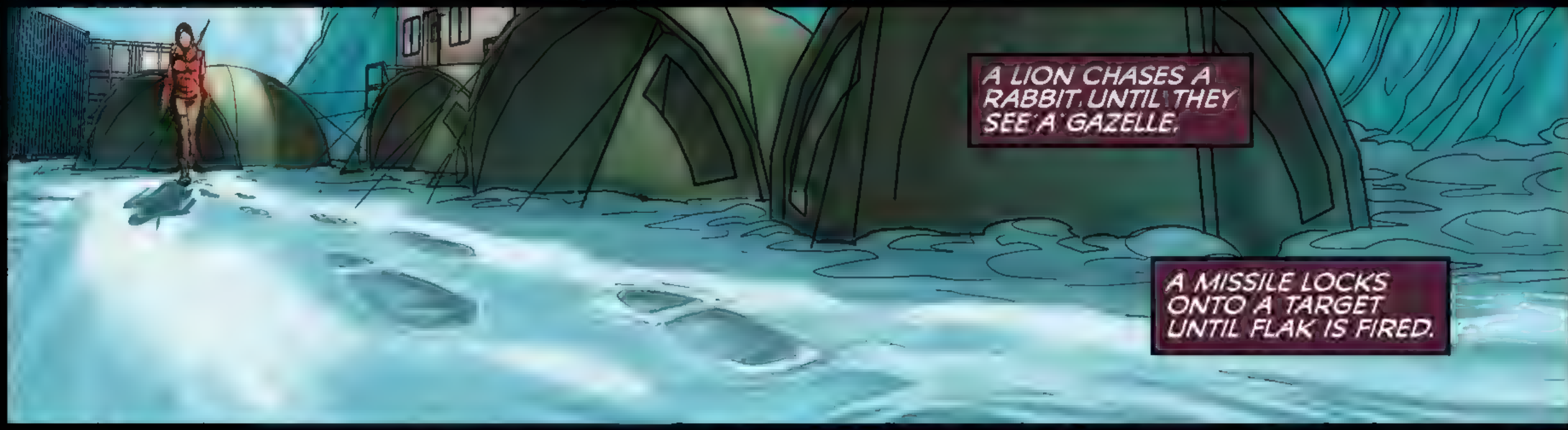
CLICK

HOW DOES
ONE HUNT
A HUNTER?

IT IS, OF
COURSE,
A TRICK
QUESTION.



YOU DON'T.



A LION CHASES A
RABBIT, UNTIL THEY
SEE A GAZELLE.

A MISSILE LOCKS
ONTO A TARGET
UNTIL FLAK IS FIRED.



A HUNTER
HUNTS. GET
OUT OF
THE WAY.

LET THEM HUNT.
SOMETHING ELSE.



UNTIL YOU
ARE READY TO
BEGIN YOUR
OWN HUNT.

CRANK



HAPPY TO HELP. WHERE ARE THE
ONES WHO DID THIS?

I...DON'T
KNOW.

THEY
TIED ME
UP, GAGGED
ME, AND...
THAT'S ALL
I KNOW.

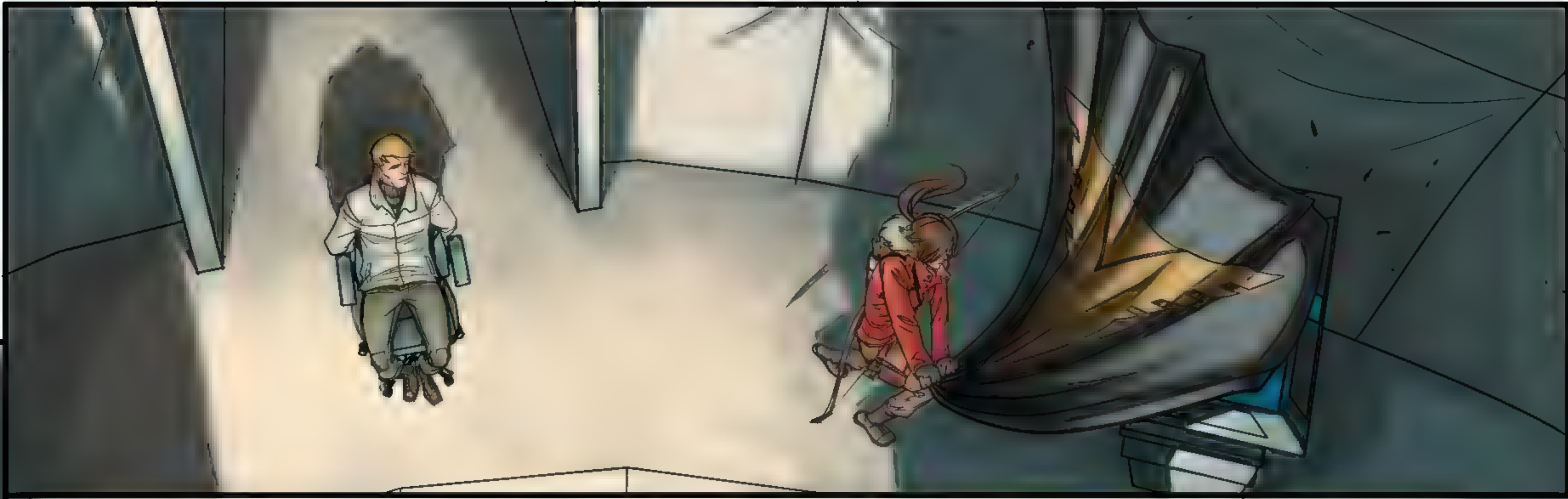
TRINITY.

THEY
DIDN'T SAY.

FROM WHAT
I COULD HEAR,
IT SOUNDED LIKE
THEY LEFT.

AND I
HAVE SOME
IDEA AS TO
WHERE THEY
WENT.





I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S REAL.

WHAT... WHAT IS IT?

A **LEGEND**, THOUGH MOST OF THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL WORLD IS CONVINCED IT'S MORE OF A **LIE**. THE **EGYPTIANS** WERE THE FIRST TO FIND IT. THEY USED WHATEVER THEY FOUND DOWN THERE TO CLAIM THE POWER OF THE GODS, STRETCHING THEIR DOMINION ALONG THE WAY.

THAI EMPERORS WERE THE NEXT TO CLAIM IT, BUILDING TEMPLES THAT RESONATED ON SPECIFIC FREQUENCIES BEING EMITTED BY THIS PLACE.

BUT IT WAS THE **EUROPEANS**, FIRST EXPLORERS, THEN THE CHURCH, WHO MOVED IN TO MAKE THE LAST CLAIM.

PARAL LEVEL

THAI LEVEL

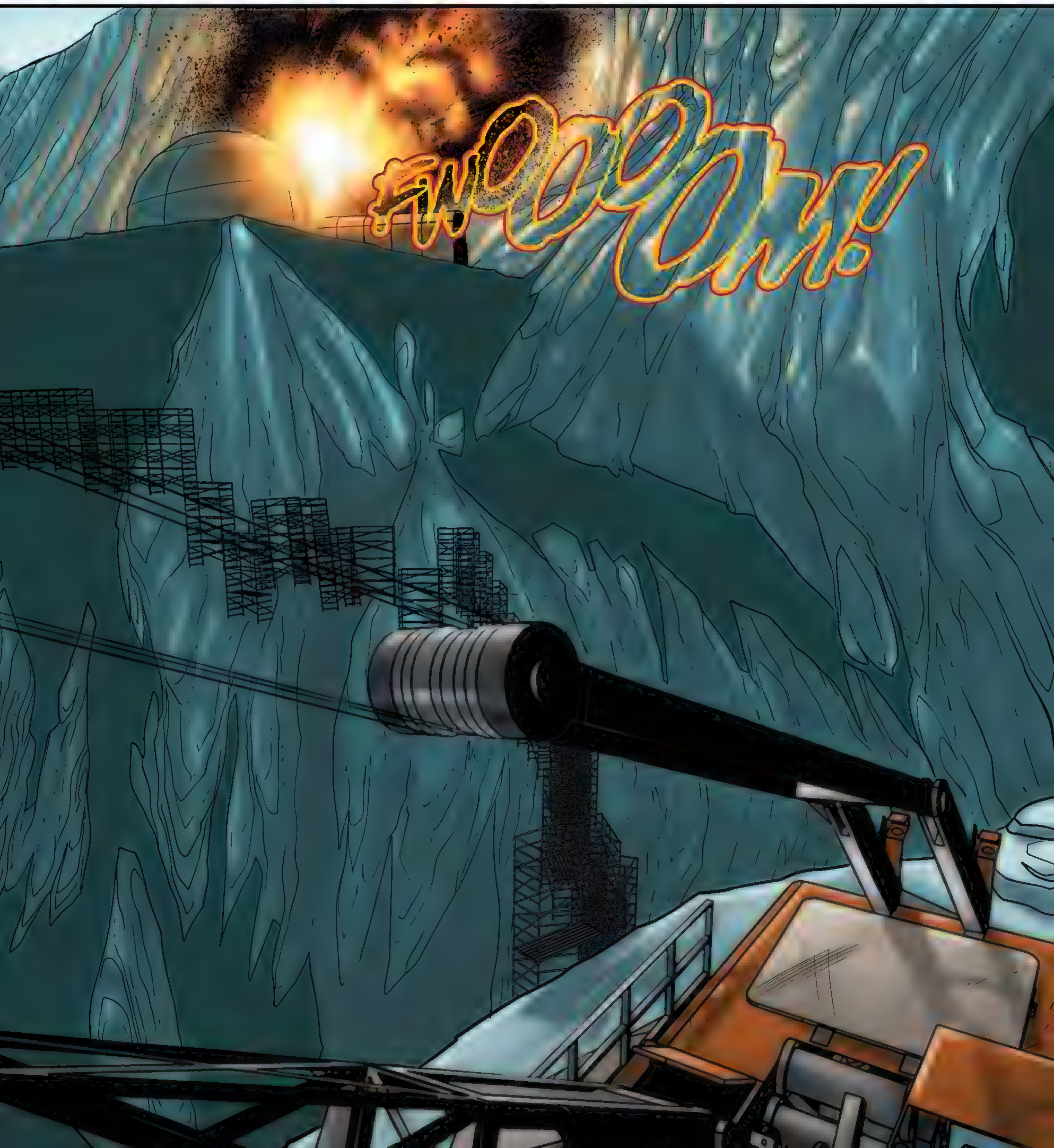
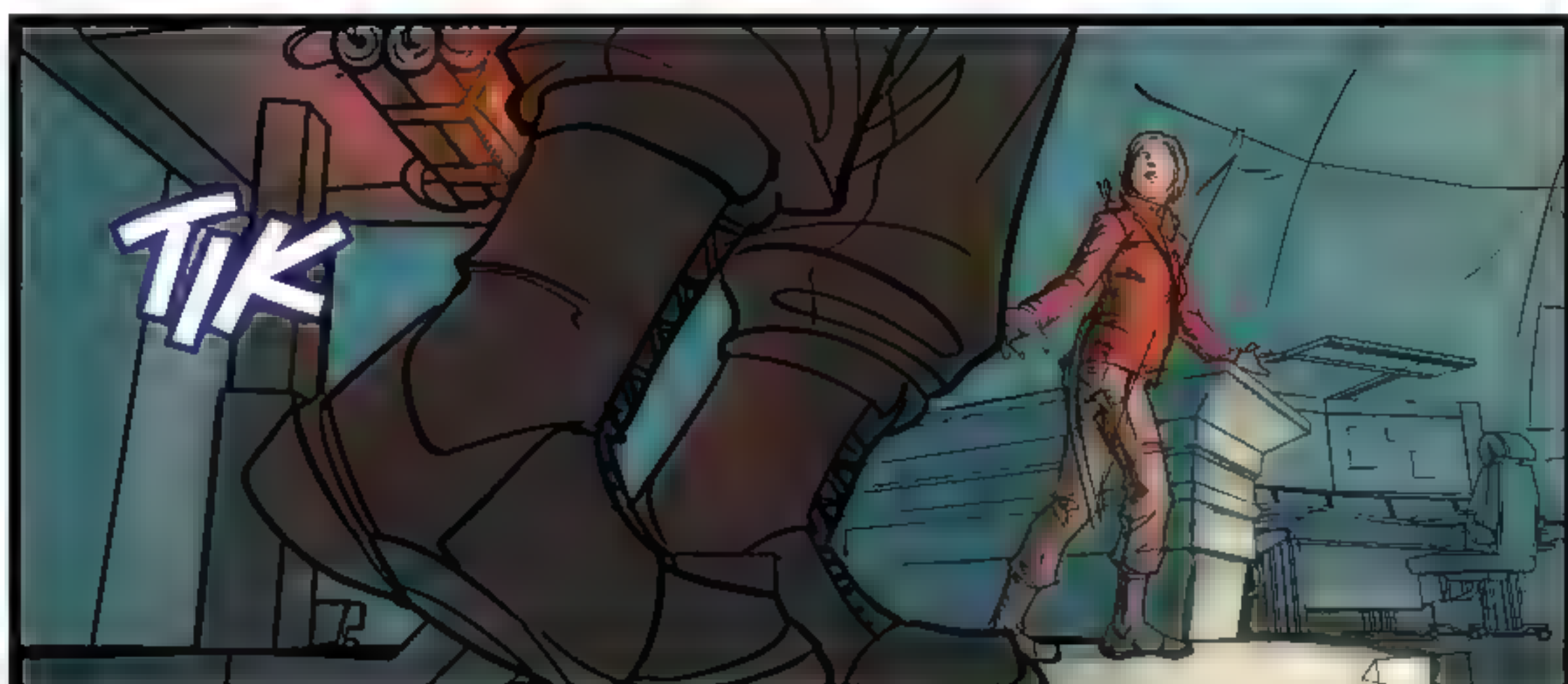
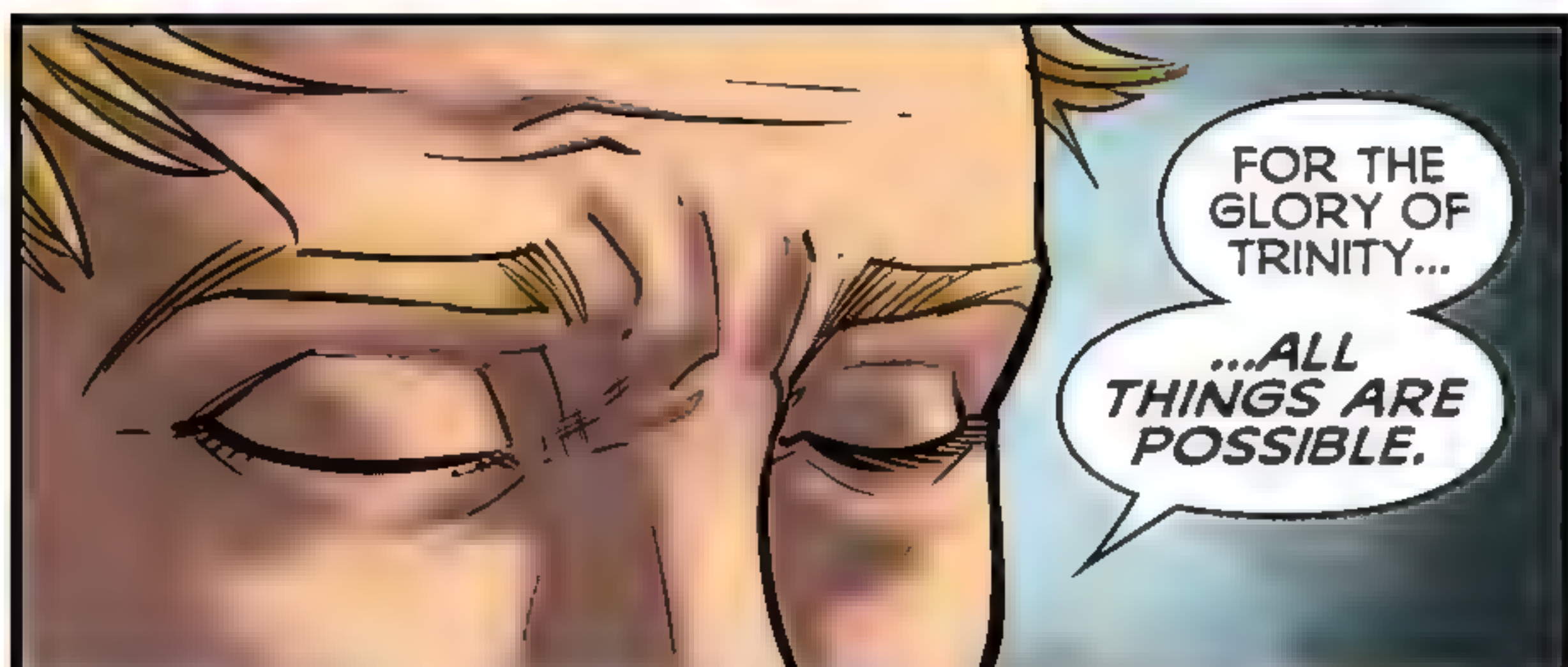
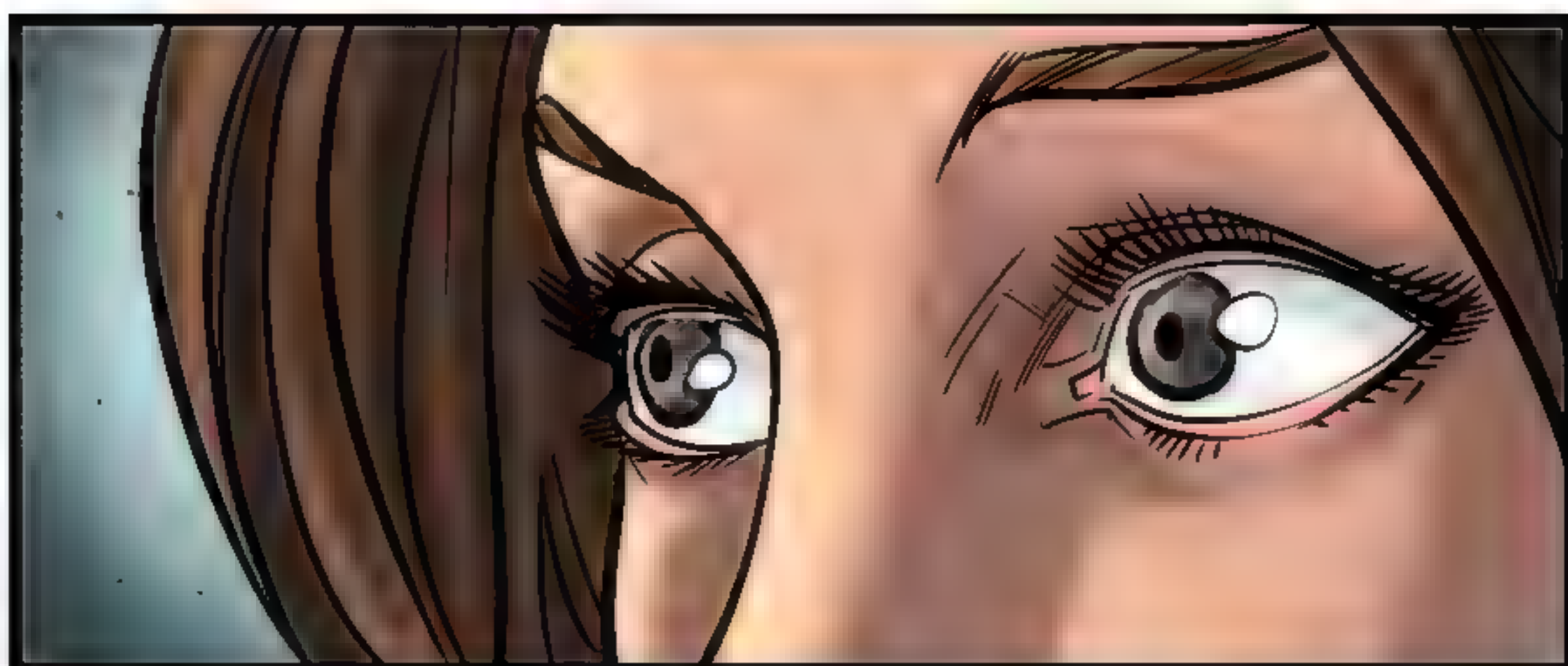
EUROPEAN LEVEL

RAE LEVEL

EACH BUILT ON TOP OF WHAT HAD BEEN BEFORE. EACH PROTECTED. EACH DEFENDED.

BUT WHAT WERE THEY DEFENDING?

YOU'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH, LARA CROFT.





AND SO, WE HAVE
MADE THE HUNTER
INTO THE PREY. WE
HAVE REDUCED
HUMAN TO ANIMAL.

GAH!

BOOM!

KPOOM!

THROO!!

WHEN AN ANIMAL
IS CORNERED, IT
IS AT ITS MOST
DANGEROUS.

THAT'S SOMETHING
EVERYONE KNOWS,
BUT IT IS ONLY
HALF THE TRUTH.

BECAUSE THE
ANIMAL IS ONLY
DANGEROUS
BECAUSE IT IS
AFRAID.

AND THAT
WHICH IS
AFRAID, MORE
EASILY MAKES
MISTAKES.

HOW, THEN, TO CAPTURE
WITHOUT BEING
SUBJECT TO ITS FURY?

A comic book panel depicting a character with long, light-colored hair and a determined expression, looking upwards. A large, pale hand reaches out from the darkness, holding a dark, curved object. The background is dark and rocky, with a bright, glowing light source on the right side. The character's face is partially illuminated by the light. The overall tone is dramatic and intense.

...shallow
breaths...

...come on,
Lara...

...come...ON.

SHUNK

You are not
dead yet.

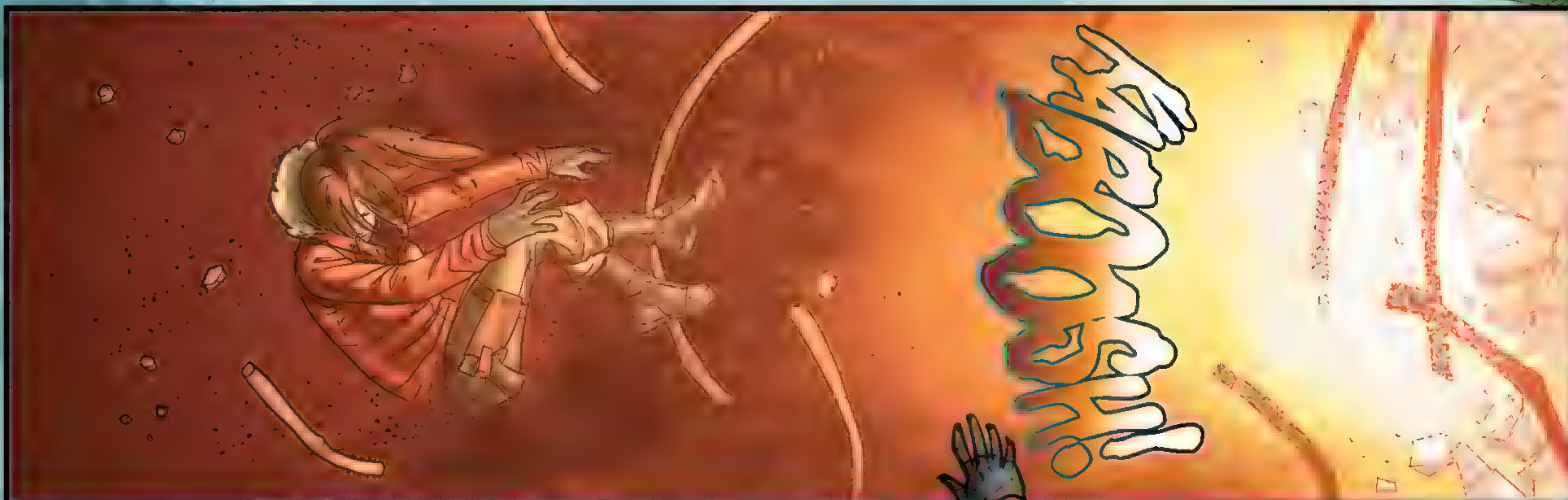
THE ANIMAL NOW
FEARS EACH STEP.

AND KNOWS
NO ESCAPE
IS POSSIBLE.

...HERE FOR
A REASON.

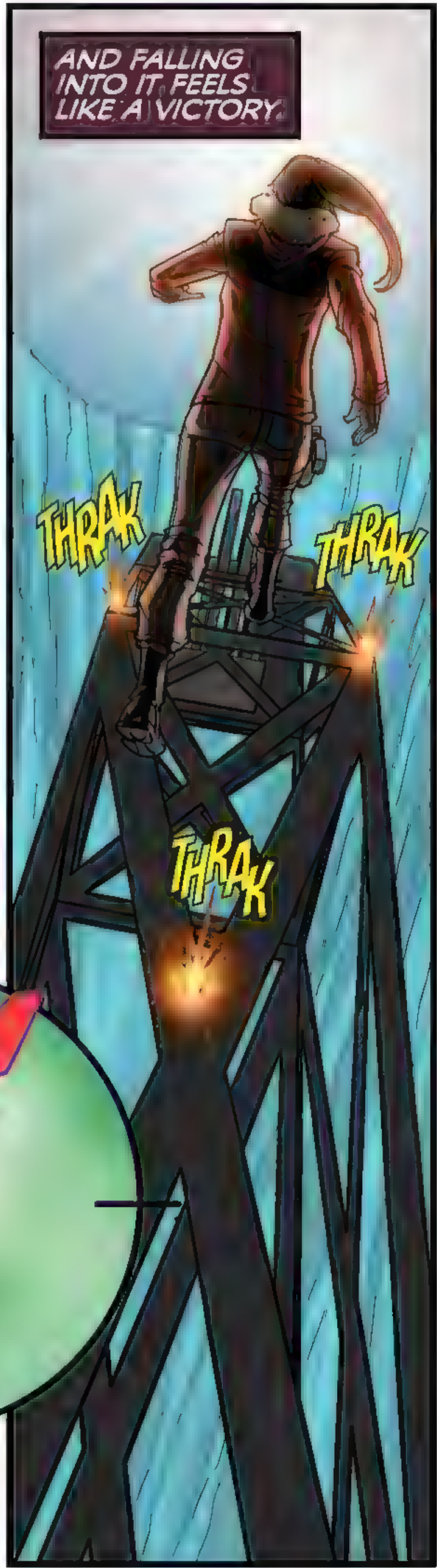
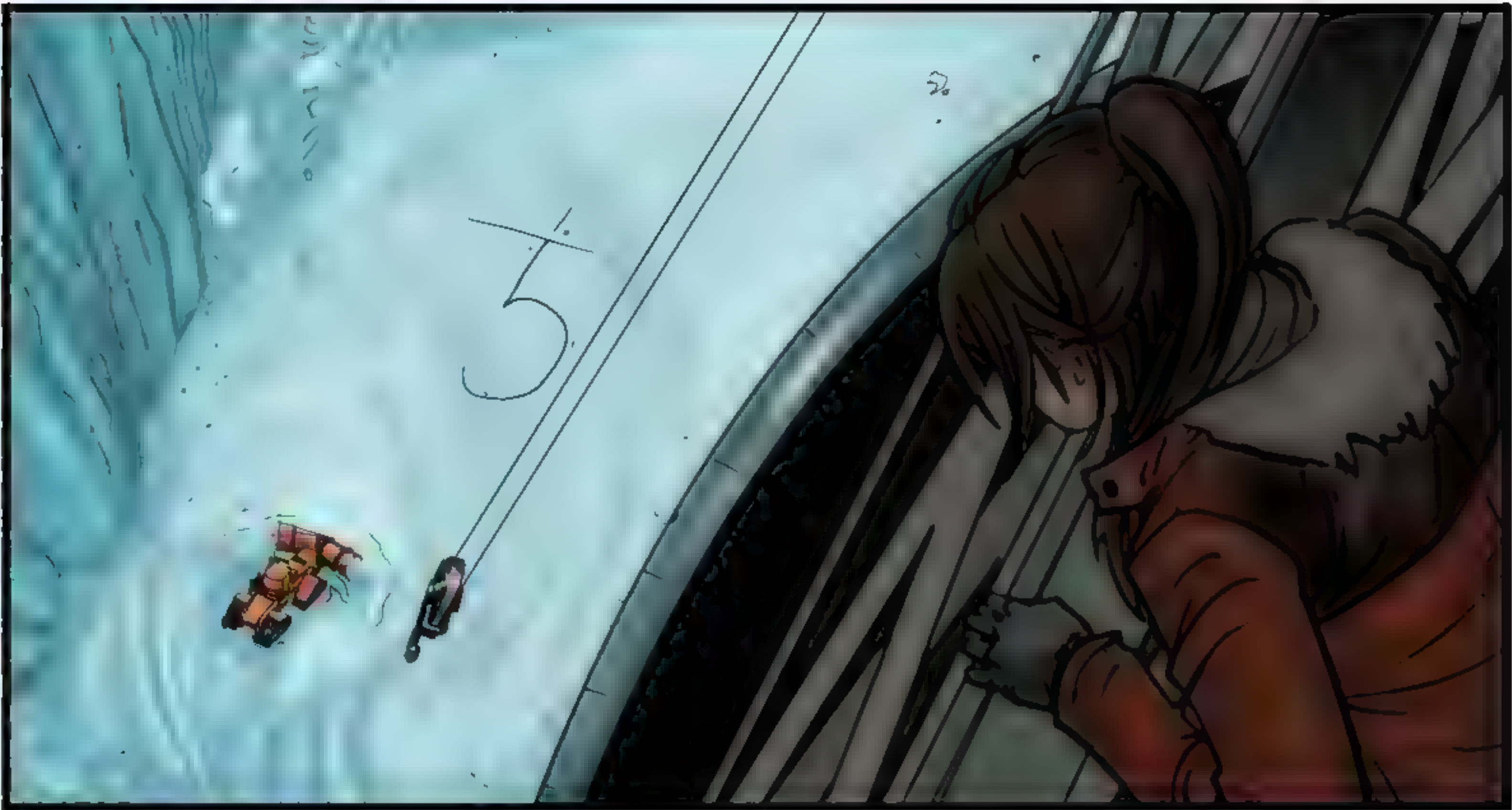
THAT
REASON
HASN'T
CHANGED.

THE TRAP
IS SET.



THE PREY
CAN TWIST.

TURN AND
SPIN AND
TURN AGAIN.



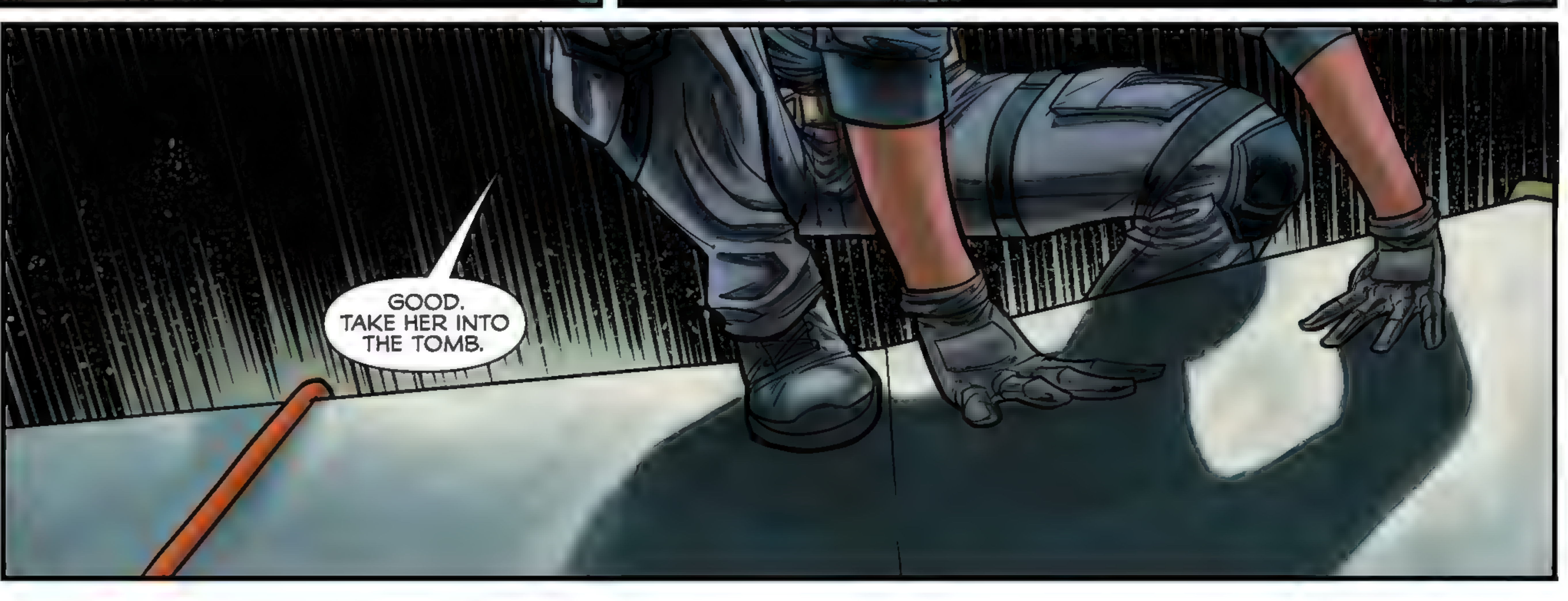
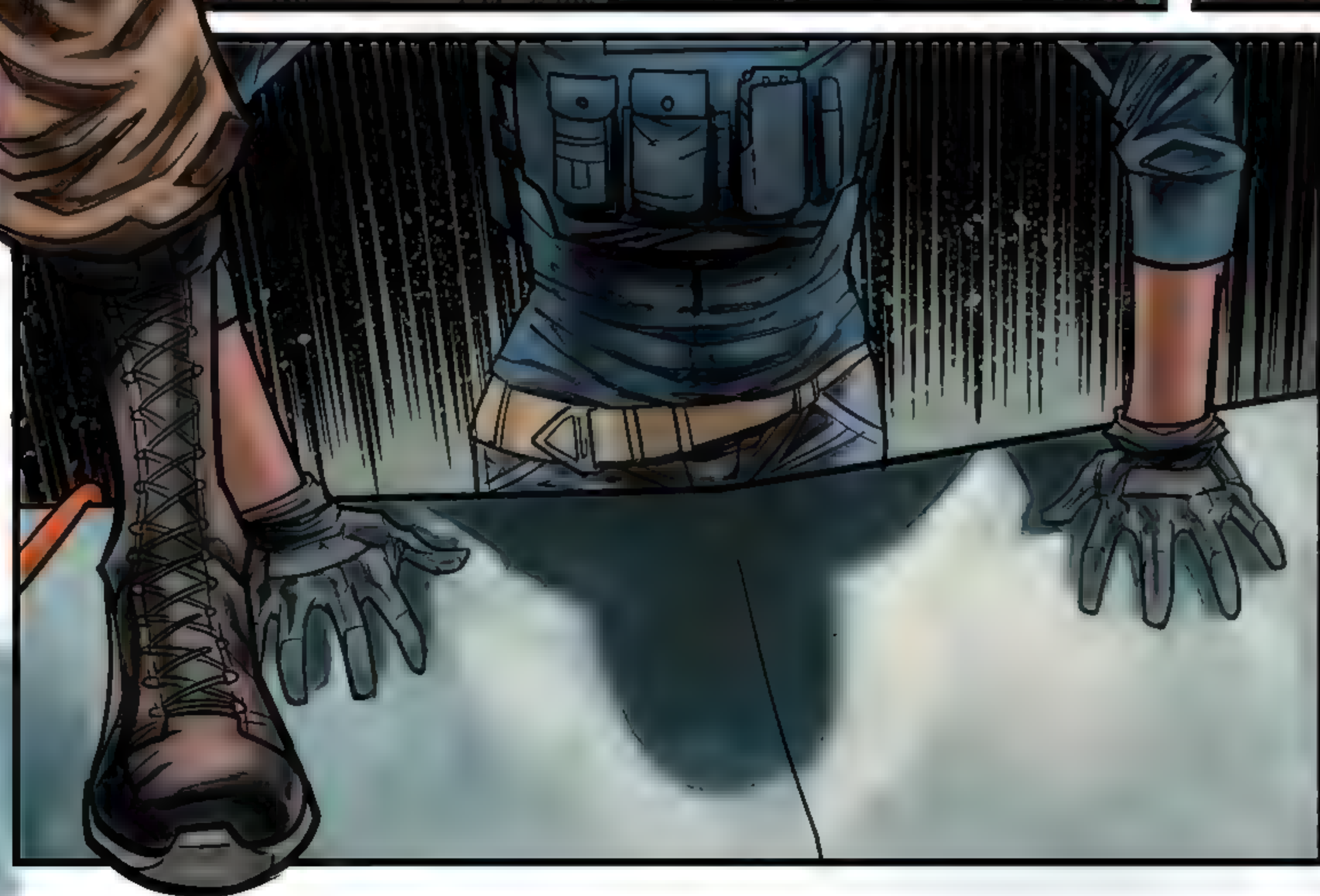
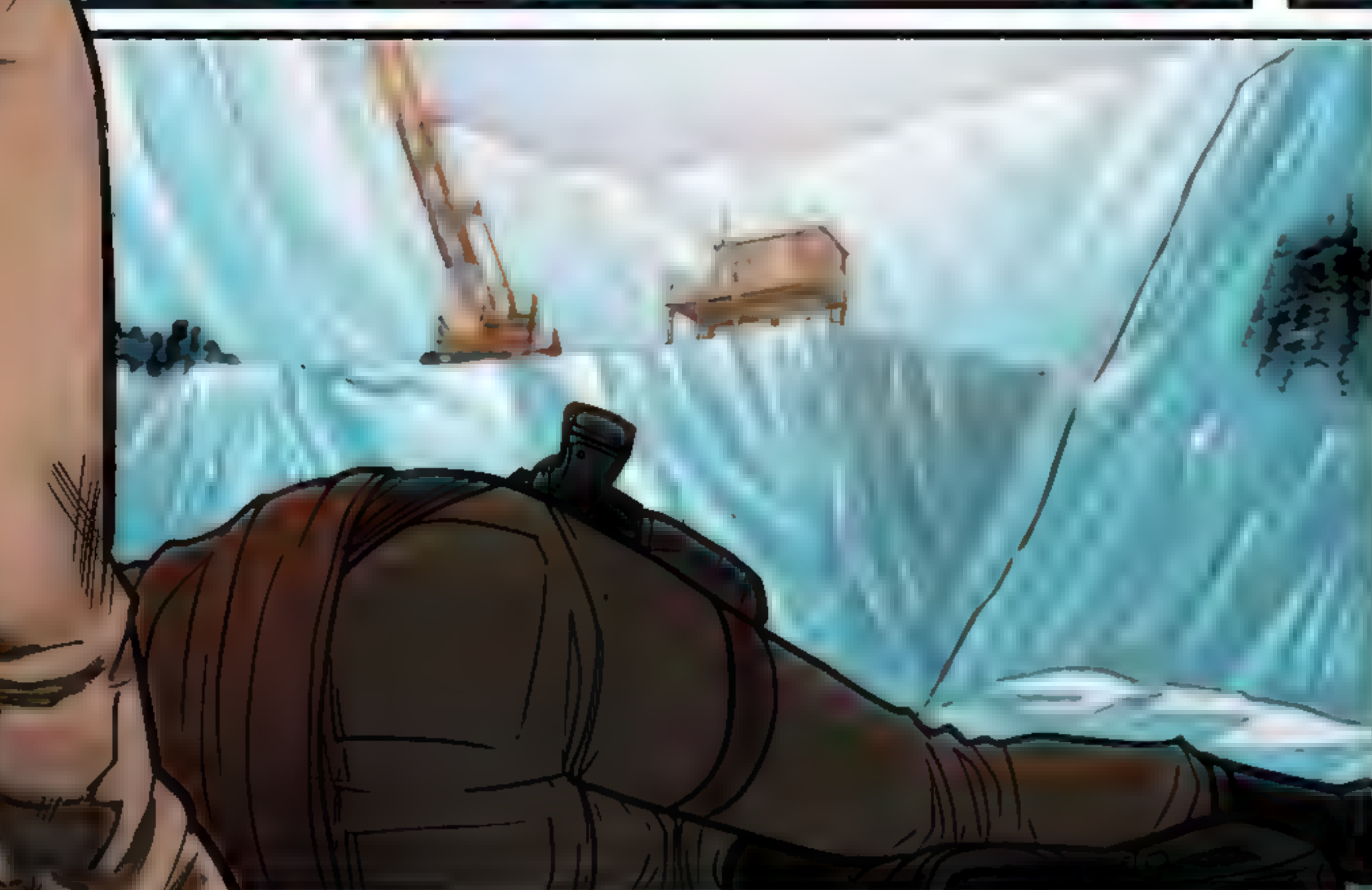
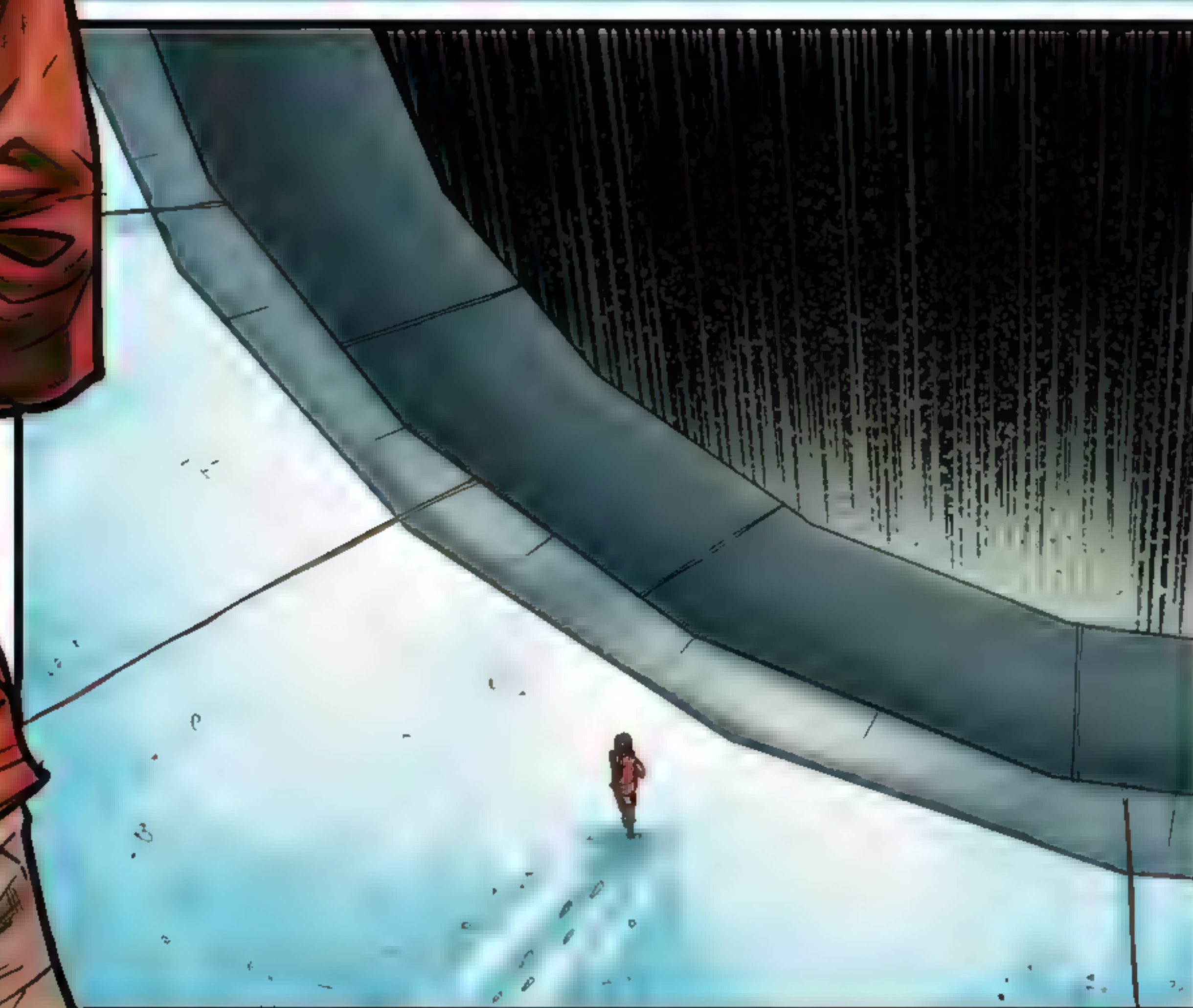




GUH!

THRAK

OOMPH





THE
WAR IS
OVER.

IT'S TIME
SHE KNEW
PEACE.

WAKE
UP, LARA.
YOU'RE GOING
TO WANT TO
SEE THIS.

AT LEAST, I
SURE *HOPE* YOU
WANT TO. AFTER ALL, IT
IS A NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE
TOMB, BURROWED DEEP
INTO THE CENTER OF THE
EARTH BY NO FEWER
THAN *FOUR* PREVIOUS
CULTURES.

REALLY
FEELS LIKE A
"*LARA CROFT*"
KIND OF PLACE
TO ME.

...WHO...
WHO *ARE*
YOU?

YES, OF
COURSE. I'D
BE CURIOUS
TOO.

MY NAME
IS NADIJA
KATLEGO.

YOU
CRASHED MY
EXCAVATION, KILLED
MY MEN, AND BLEW UP
MY CRANES, SO NOW I
HAVE TO TAKE YOU TO
THE CHAMBER USING
RATHER MORE...

...UNIQUE
METHODS.

IT
WAS *YOU*...
WHO BLEW
UP...YOUR
CRANE.

ACTIONS
HAVE CONSE-
QUENCES. A LESSON
THAT ONE ASSUMES
YOU'D HAVE LEARNED
WHEN TRINITY KILLED
YOUR FATHER. AND YET,
YOU SEEM RESOLVED
TO REMAIN
HEADSTRONG.

AN
OPEN WOUND
WITH THE
PRETENSE OF
A SCAR.

YOU
DON'T KNOW
ANYTHING
ABOUT ME.

QUITE THE
CONTRARY. IT'S
YOU WHO DOESN'T
KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT *ME*.

1995

DO YOU KNOW
SREBRENICA? A
SLEEPY TOWN
IN THE DRINA
VALLEY? IT'S
WHERE I WAS
BORN.

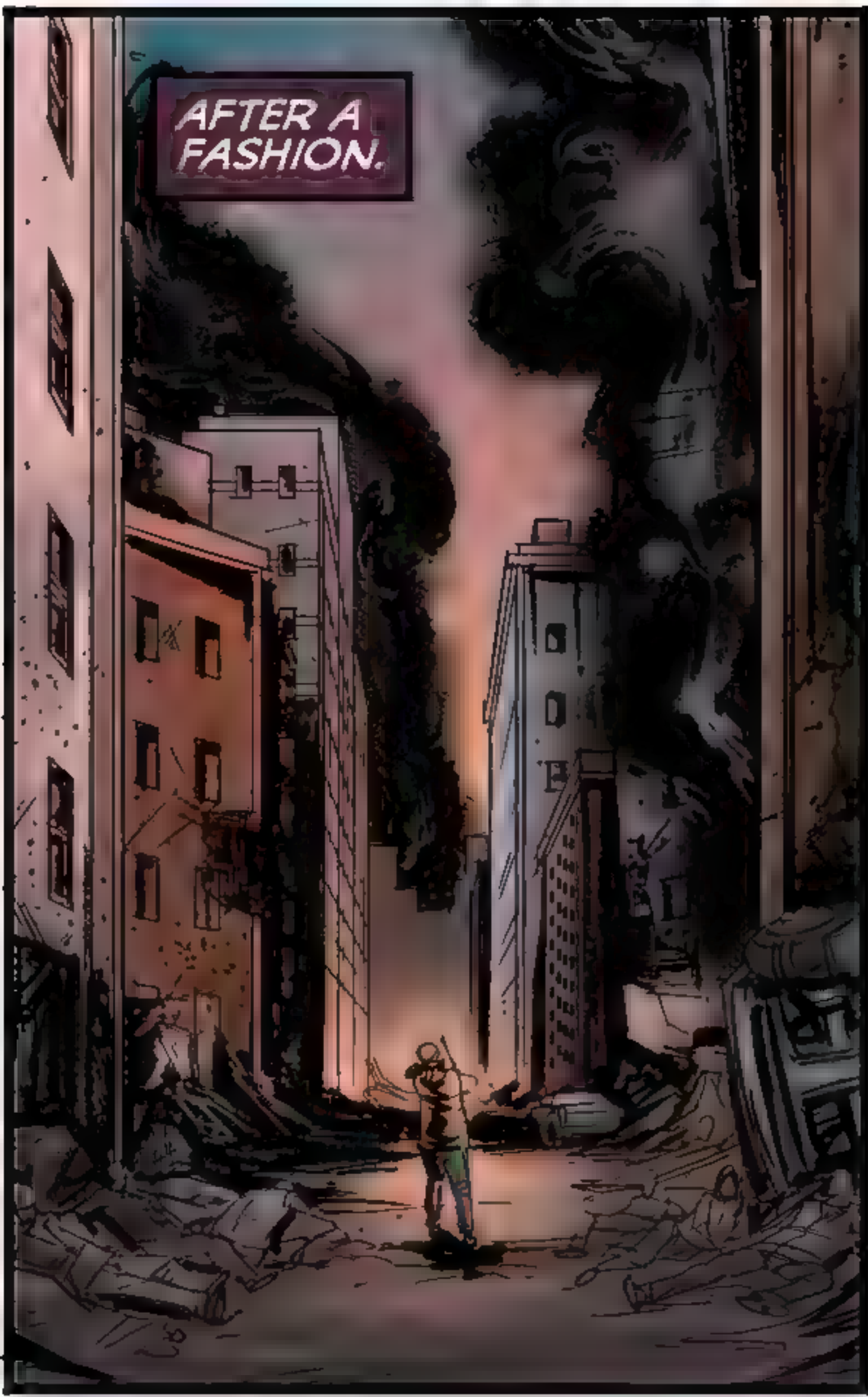
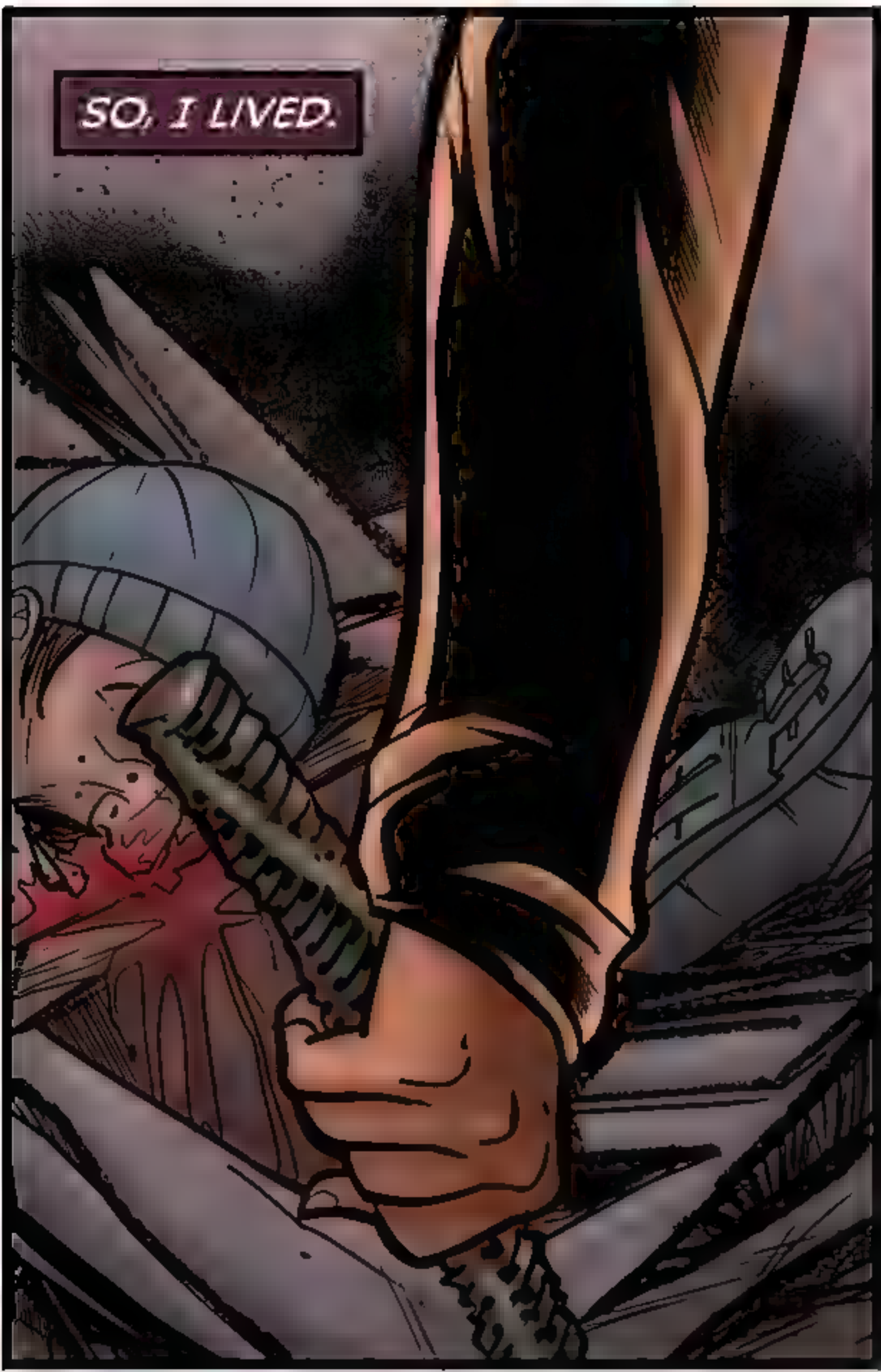
TWICE OVER.

BEFORE HIS DEATH IN
PRISON, MILOSOVIC
WOULD HAVE TOLD YOU
SREBRENICA SITS INSIDE
SERBIA. A PURE NATION, A
PLACE BOSNIAN MUSLIMS
WERE UNWELCOME.

WHEN I WAS EIGHT, HE
MADE HIS POINT BY KILLING
8,373 OF US, INCLUDING MY
FATHER, MOTHER, AND MY
TWO BROTHERS.

MY FATHER WAS A
BAKER. MY MOTHER WAS
A WRITER. MY BROTHERS
WERE AT UNIVERSITY.

MILOSOVIC
DIDN'T CARE
ABOUT LITTLE
GIRLS.





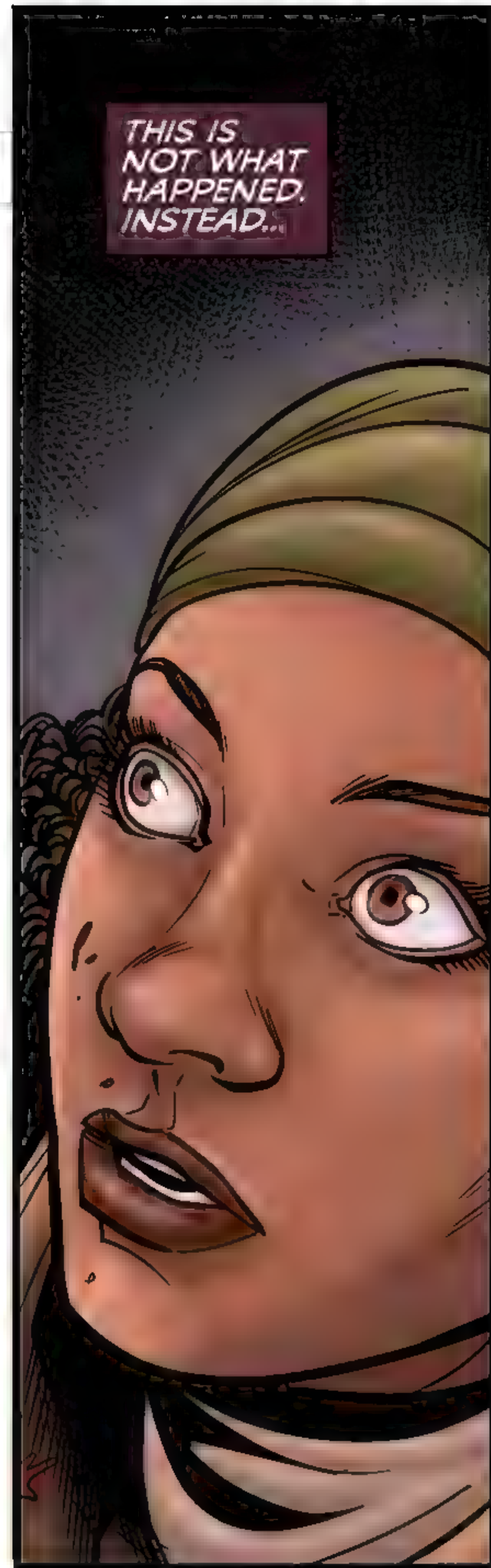
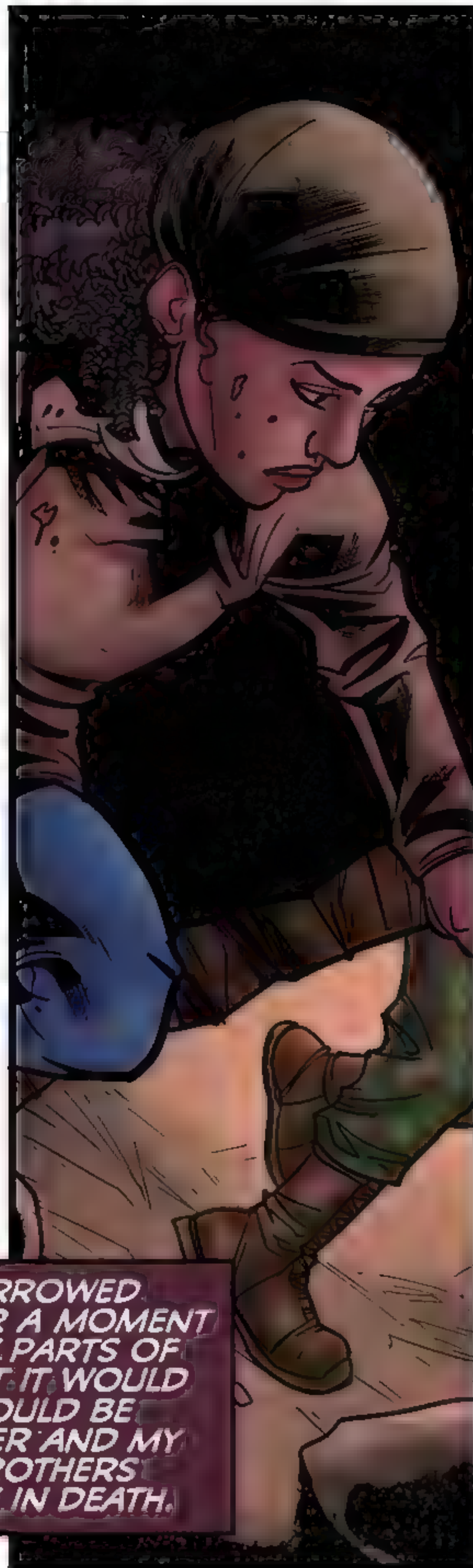
THEY DIDN'T IGNORE THE LITTLE GIRLS FOR VERY LONG.

AND WHILE I WISH I'D CAVED IN EVERY LAST ONE OF THEIR RACIST SKULLS, THAT IS NOT THE TRUTH. THE TRUTH IS THAT I RAN.



THE TRUTH IS THAT I HID.

THE TRUTH IS THAT I BURROWED INTO THE DARK AND FOR A MOMENT I HOPED IN THE DEEPEST PARTS OF MY CHILDISH HEART THAT IT WOULD SWALLOW ME. THAT I WOULD BE TRAPPED LIKE MY MOTHER AND MY FATHER AND MY TWO BROTHERS AND WE WOULD BE SAFE IN DEATH.



THIS IS NOT WHAT HAPPENED. INSTEAD...



...I SURVIVED.

SUFFERING
IS NOT ABOUT
COMPARISON.

WE ALL
FACE OUR OWN
CHALLENGES. SOME OF
US LOSE OUR WORLD AS
CHILDREN. SOME LOSE IT
LATER. SOME NEVER LOSE IT
AT ALL AND INSTEAD LOSE
THEIR GLIMPSE AT THE
TRUTH THAT LOSS
CAN BRING.

TELL
ME, LARA
CROFT.

YOU
HAVE SEEN
LOSS...BUT HAVE
YOU SEEN THE
TRUTH?

THIS
PLACE. IT'S
THE SAME DESIGN
AS THE TEMPLE
OF THE BUDDHA
RECEIVING.

INDEED.
THE ANCIENTS OF
CHIANG MAI RECEIVED
INSPIRATION IN THAT
PLACE AND BROUGHT
THEIR FAITH HERE. TO
WORSHIP AT THE
HEART OF GOD.

YOU'RE
TELLING ME
THAI EXPLORERS
MADE THEIR WAY
TO ANTARCTICA IN
THE FOURTEENTH
CENTURY.

IF YOU
THINK I'M
THAT DUMB,
YOU HAVEN'T
DONE YOUR
RESEARCH.

NOT
EXPLORERS,
LARA.



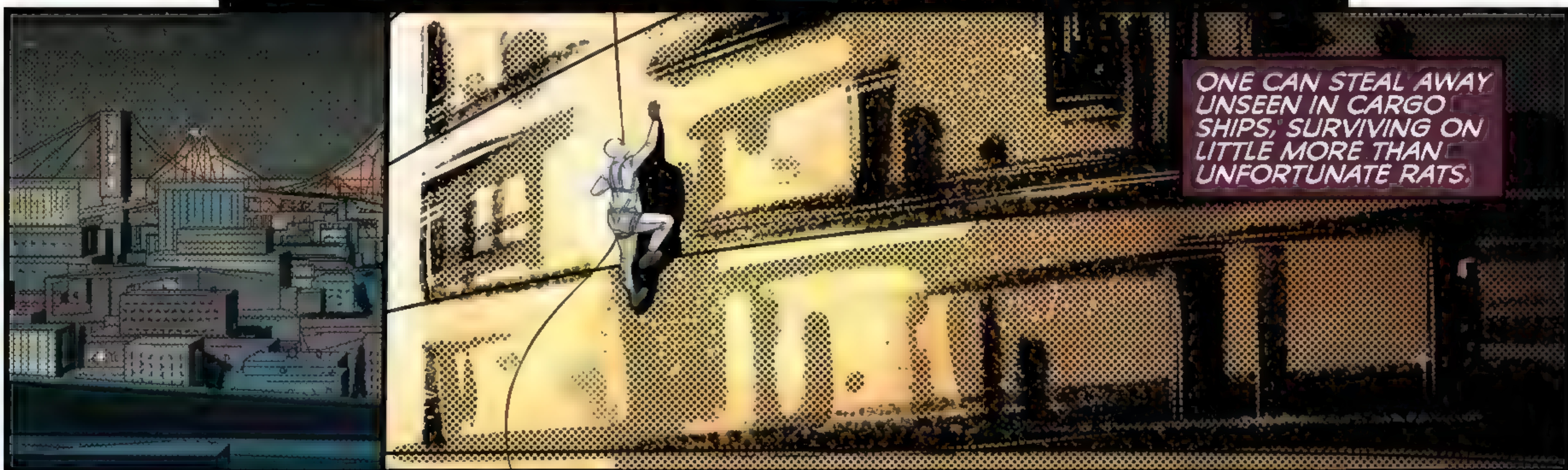
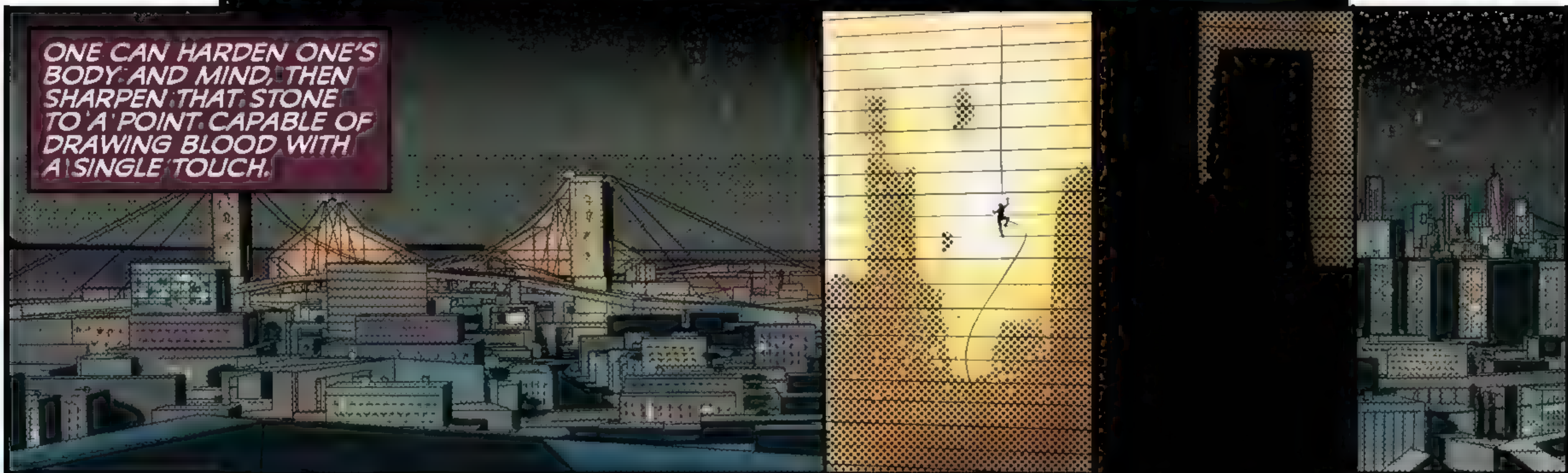
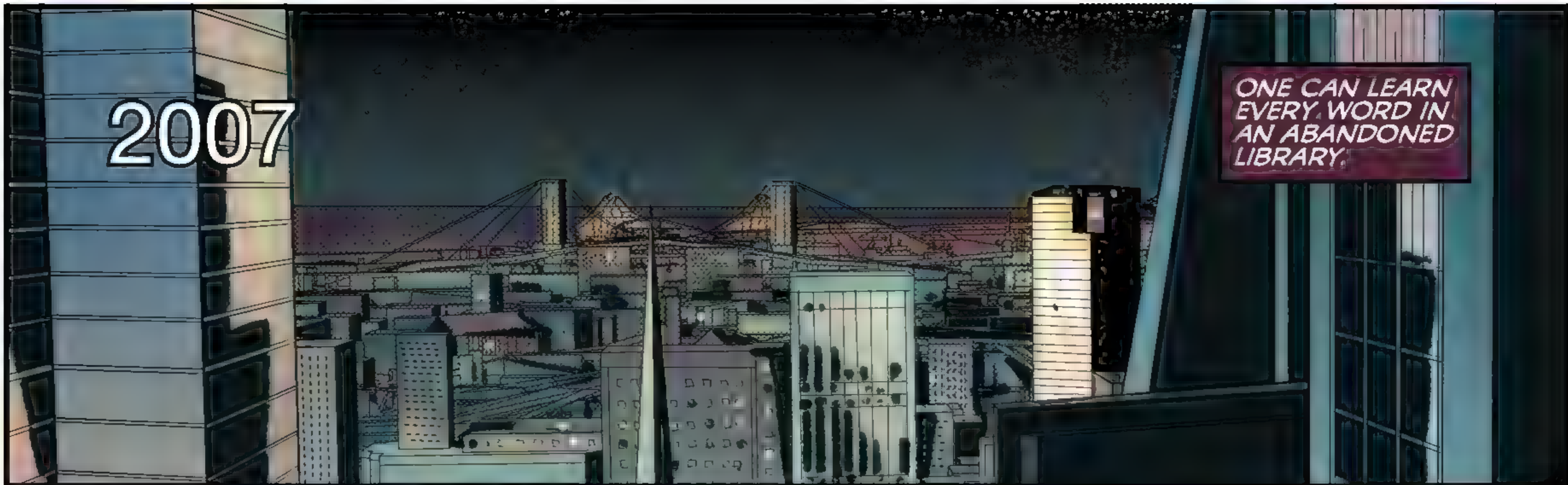
IT
ALWAYS
STARTS WITH
ONE. ONE
PERSON MAD
ENOUGH TO
CHASE A
LEGEND.

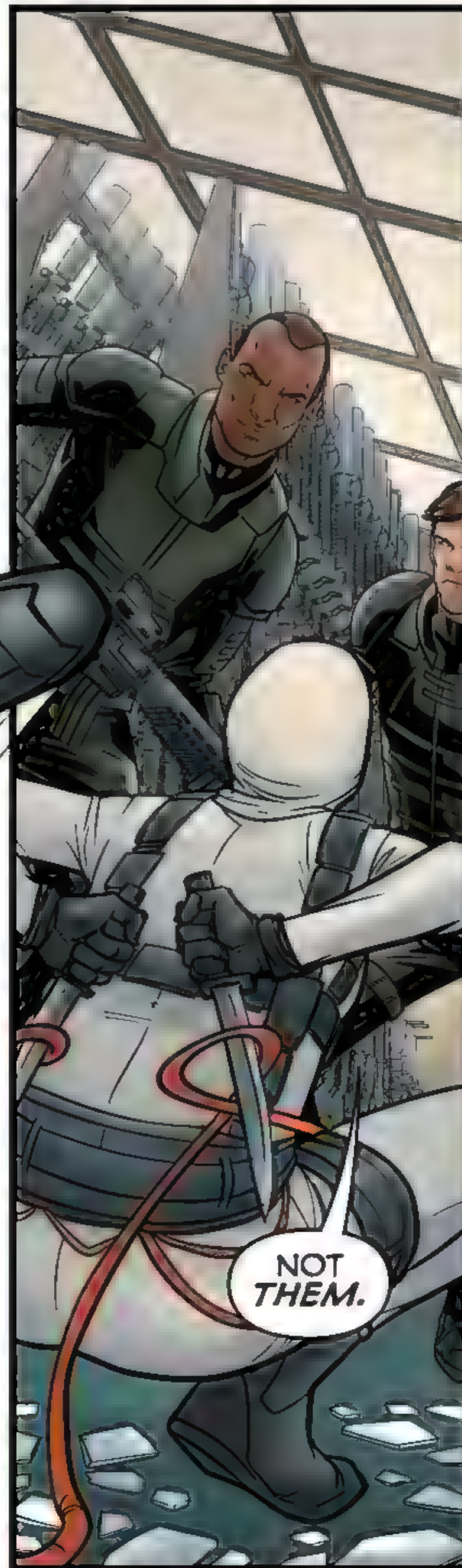
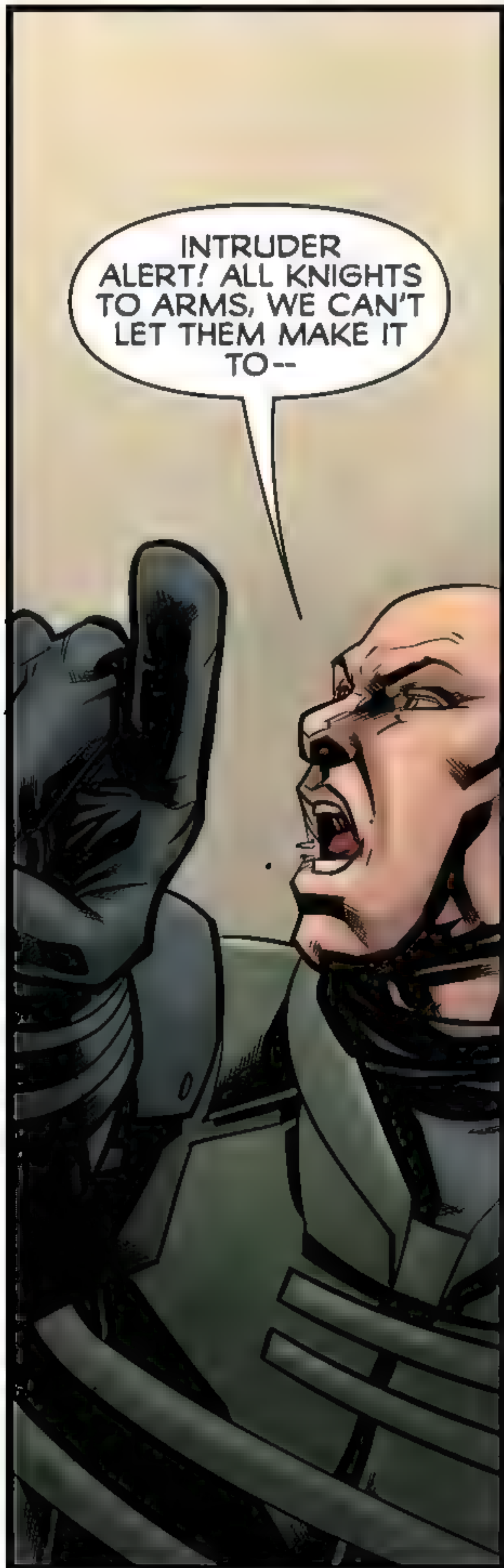
A PROPHET.
NOT UNLIKE THAT
FABLED SAINT
CHRISTOPHER.

LIKE
YOU,
NOW.



IT IS
AMAZING
WHAT ONE
CAN DO
ALONE.

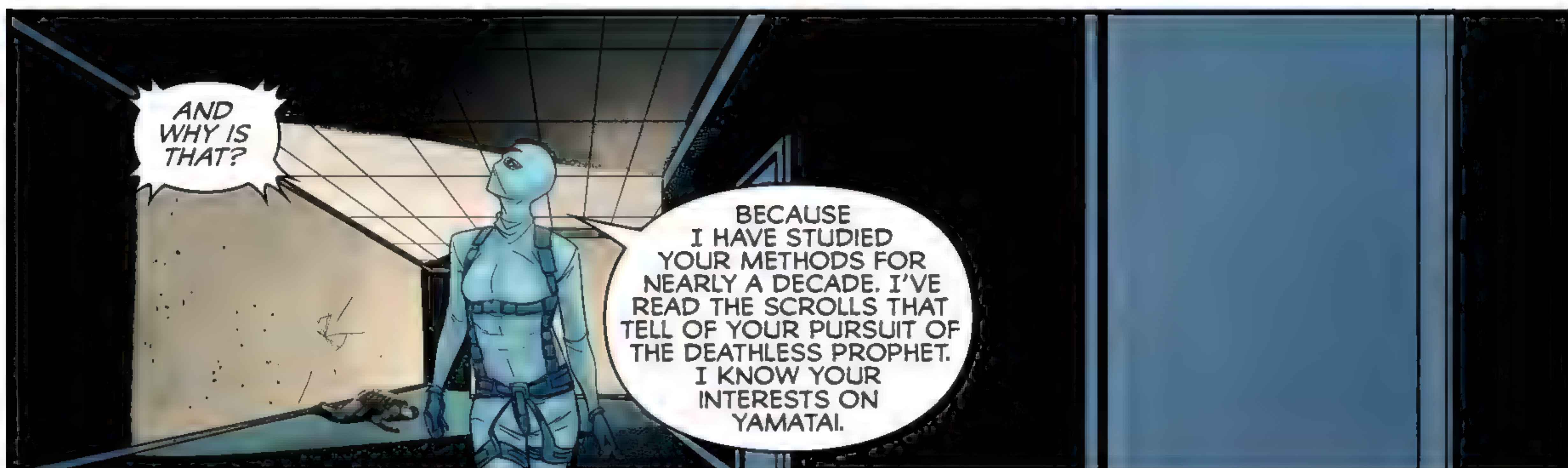






ATTENTION, INTRUDER. YOU HAVE COMPROMISED A SECURE FACILITY. PREPARE TO BE SUBDUED.

I WILL NOT.



AND WHY IS THAT?

BECAUSE I HAVE STUDIED YOUR METHODS FOR NEARLY A DECADE. I'VE READ THE SCROLLS THAT TELL OF YOUR PURSUIT OF THE DEATHLESS PROPHET. I KNOW YOUR INTERESTS ON YAMATAI.



I WROTE MY DISSERTATION AT AGE EIGHTEEN ON THE MISGUIDED NATURE OF YOUR ORGANIZATION'S APPROACH TO ANTIQUITY.



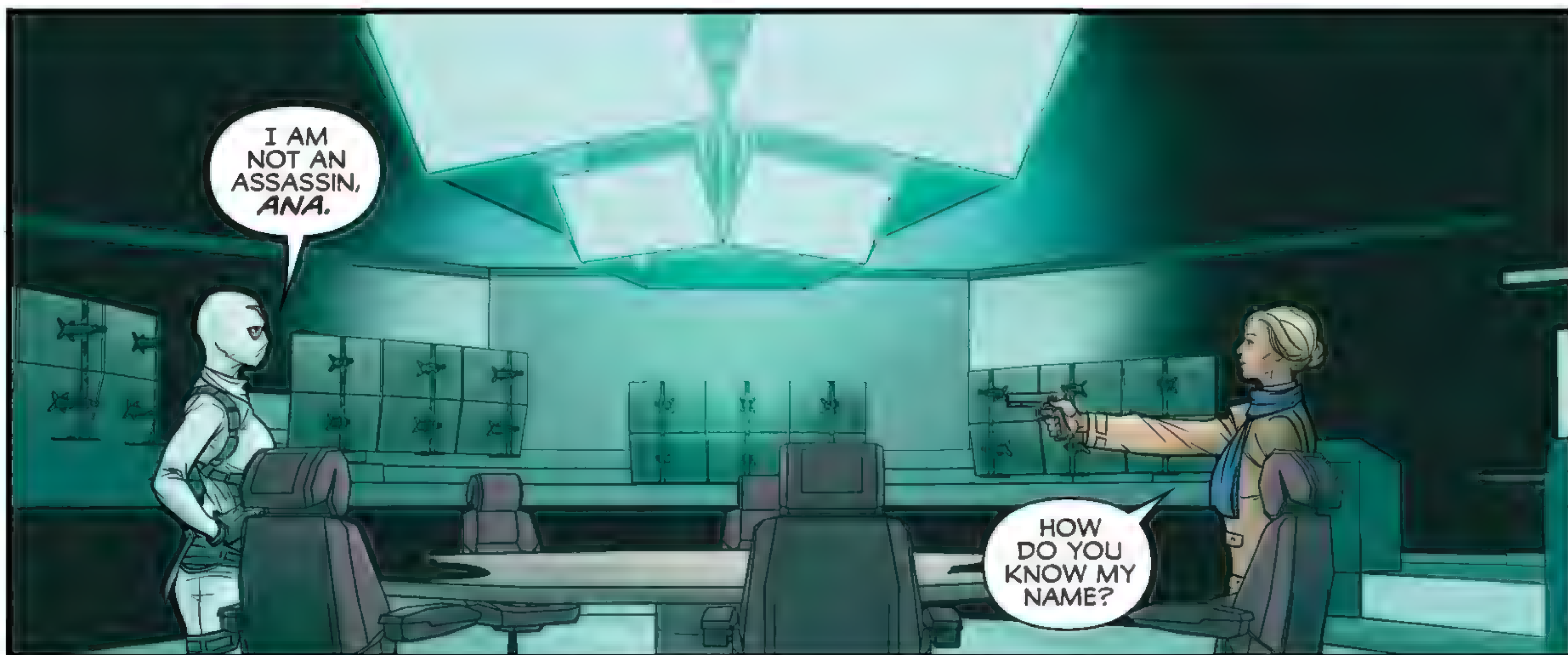
YOU HAVE MORE FUNDS THAN THE U.S. TREASURY. YOU DERIVE YOUR POWER FROM HALLS OF RELIGION, CORPORATION, AND GOVERNMENT. YOU PRETEND YOUR WORK IS SACRED BUT YOU DON'T **BELIEVE IT.**

YOU SCATTER WHEN YOU SHOULD FOCUS. YOU DEAL WITH STRANDS WITHOUT SEEING THE WEB.





IT'S
YOU THAT'S
WALKED INTO
THE WEB,
ASSASSIN.



I AM
NOT AN
ASSASSIN,
ANA.

HOW
DO YOU
KNOW MY
NAME?



MY NAME
IS NADIJA
KATLEGO. AND
I AM A
SPIDER.

I'VE FOUND
THE BEGINNINGS
OF THE GREATEST
ARCHAEOLOGICAL
DISCOVERY OF
ALL TIME.



AND I'D
LIKE TO ASK
YOU FOR A
JOB.





I KNEW ANA. SHE WAS A LIAR. A THIEF AND A COWARD. SHE HELPED KILL MY FATHER.

FOR THE GLORY OF TRINITY, ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE. EVEN KILLING THE MAN YOU LOVED.

SHE AND I SPOKE OF IT MANY TIMES. IF YOU KNEW ANA'S TRUE HEART, I DOUBT YOU'D JUDGE HER SO.



BUT YOU ALWAYS HAVE BEEN SO MUCH MORE INTERESTED IN YOUR SURROUNDINGS THAN THE PEOPLE *IN* THEM. I DON'T HAVE YOUR ATTENTION EVEN NOW. THAT'S UNDERSTANDABLE.

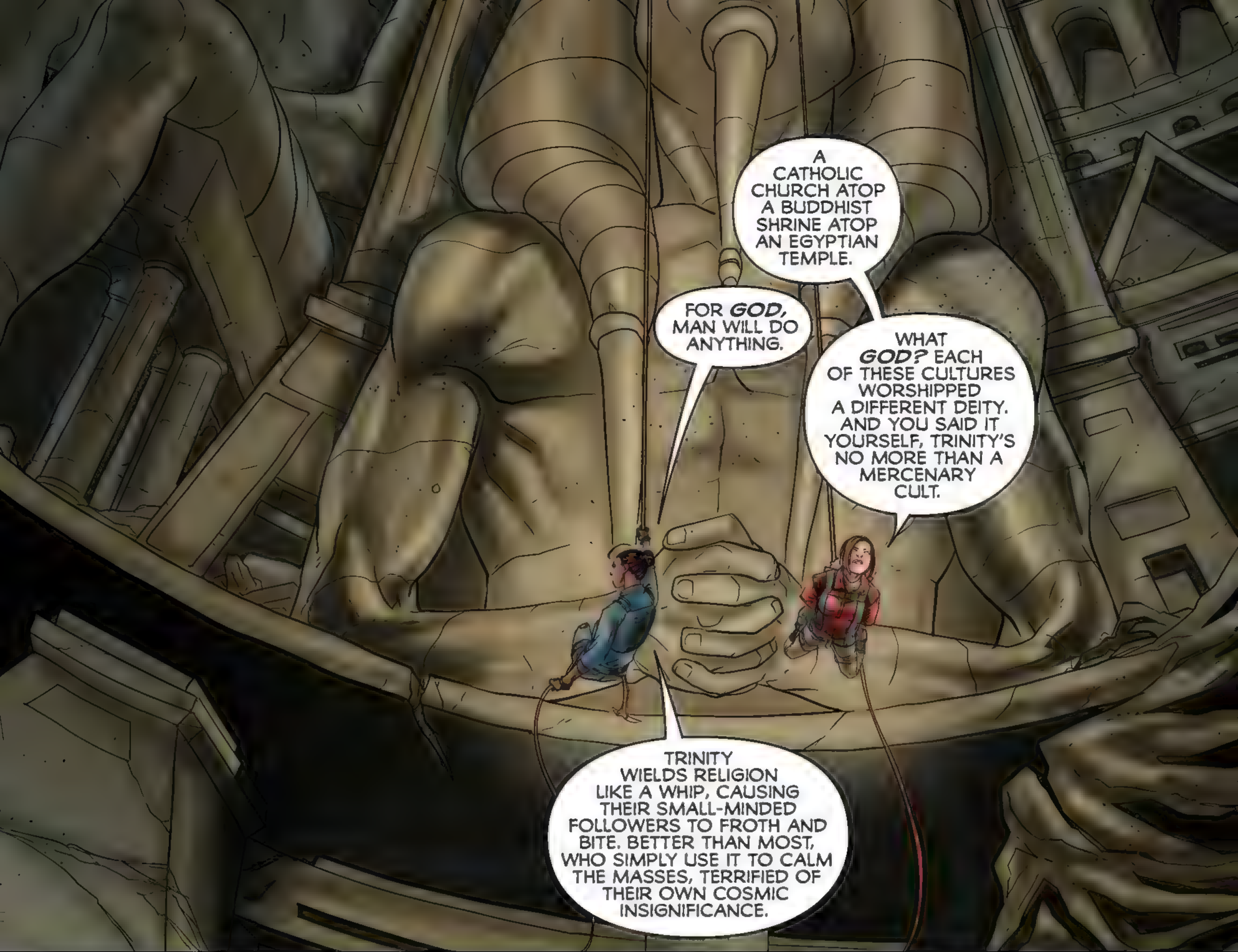
AFTER ALL, YOU'RE LOOKING AT AN IMPOSSIBLE PLACE. WHO KNEW AKHENATEN'S REACH STRETCHED SO FAR?

HE WAS NOT THE FIRST HERE, WE KNOW THAT. BUT HE **WAS** THE FIRST TO BUILD.



AND THOUGH HIS OWN PEOPLE ERASED HIS EVERY LIVING MEMORY, THOUGH THEY BURIED HIS CITIES IN SAND AND CURSED HIS GOD TO ASH...

...THIS PLACE IS HIS DYNASTY.



A CATHOLIC CHURCH ATOP A BUDDHIST SHRINE ATOP AN EGYPTIAN TEMPLE.

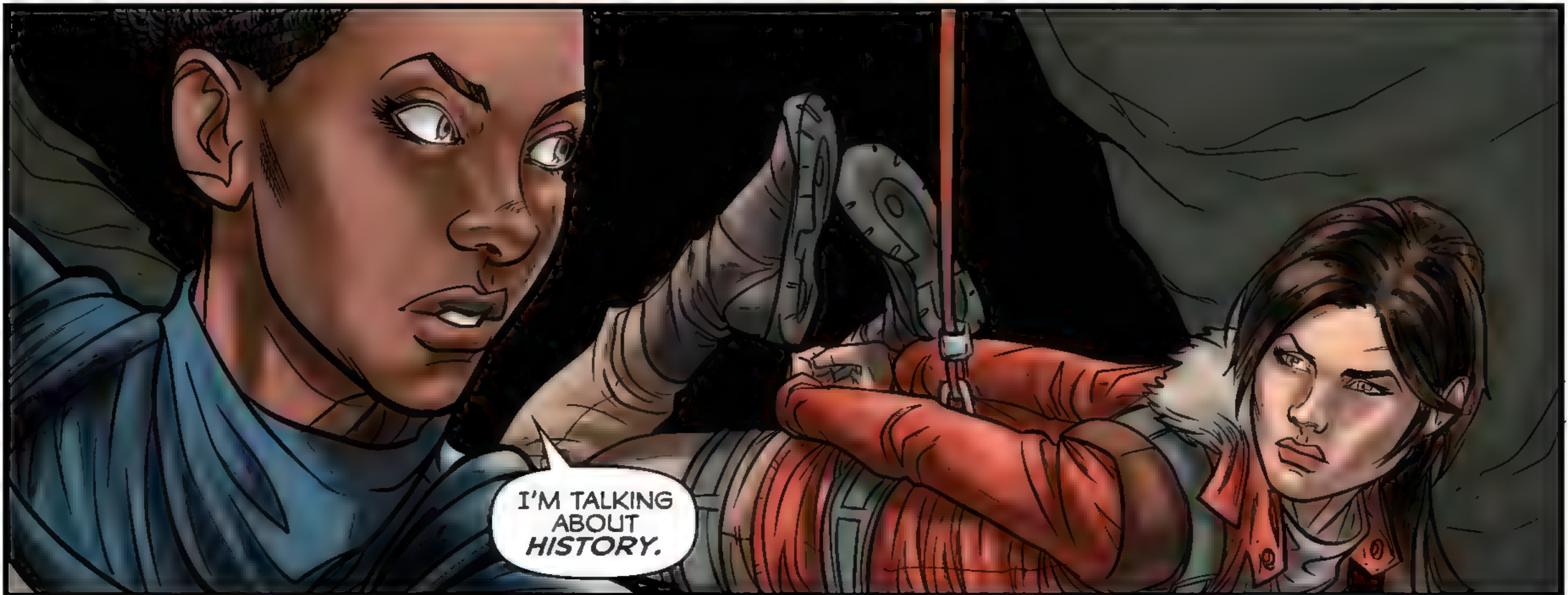
FOR *GOD*, MAN WILL DO ANYTHING.

WHAT *GOD*? EACH OF THESE CULTURES WORSHIPPED A DIFFERENT DEITY. AND YOU SAID IT YOURSELF, TRINITY'S NO MORE THAN A MERCENARY CULT.

TRINITY WIELDS RELIGION LIKE A WHIP, CAUSING THEIR SMALL-MINDED FOLLOWERS TO FROTH AND BITE. BETTER THAN MOST, WHO SIMPLY USE IT TO CALM THE MASSES, TERRIFIED OF THEIR OWN COSMIC INSIGNIFICANCE.



NO, LARA. WHEN I SAY "*GOD*," I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT *RELIGION*.



I'M TALKING ABOUT *HISTORY*.

2017

I HAD MISSED AKHENATEN'S TEMPLE, IT'S TRUE, BUT MY MEN BEAT YOU TO THE CROSS OF STARS--AND THAILAND BEFORE THAT.

THE HISTORY TOLD US A STORY. NO ONE ELSE IN TRINITY HAD THE BRAVERY TO FOLLOW IT. NONE BUT THE CARDINAL.

SO, WHEN I ASKED, HE PAVED THE WAY TO THIS PLACE.

I FOUND THE CHAPEL ABOUT A HALF MILE FROM THE SITE. NOT JUST A CHAPEL TO SAINT CHRISTOPHER, LIKE IN CORNIGLIA, BUT THE MAN'S TOMB.

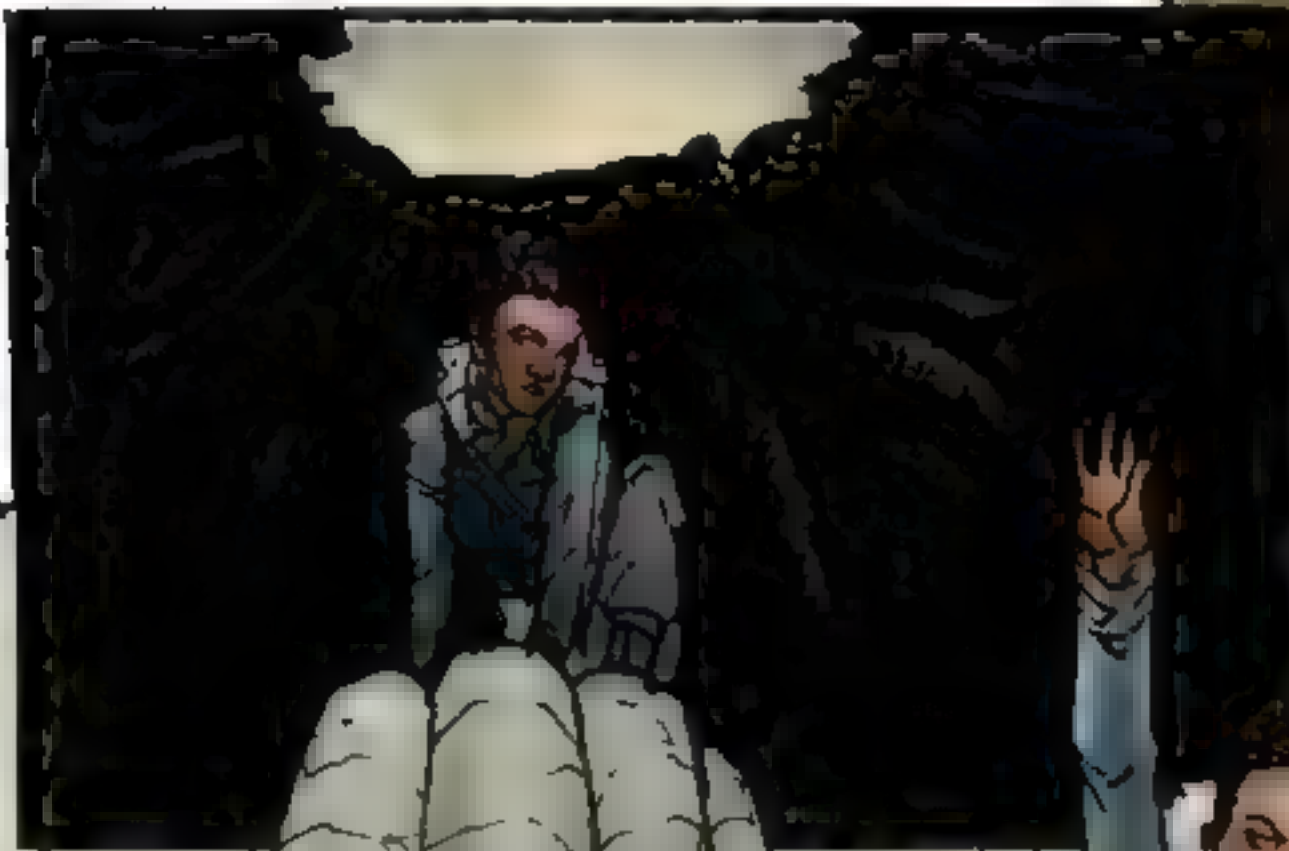
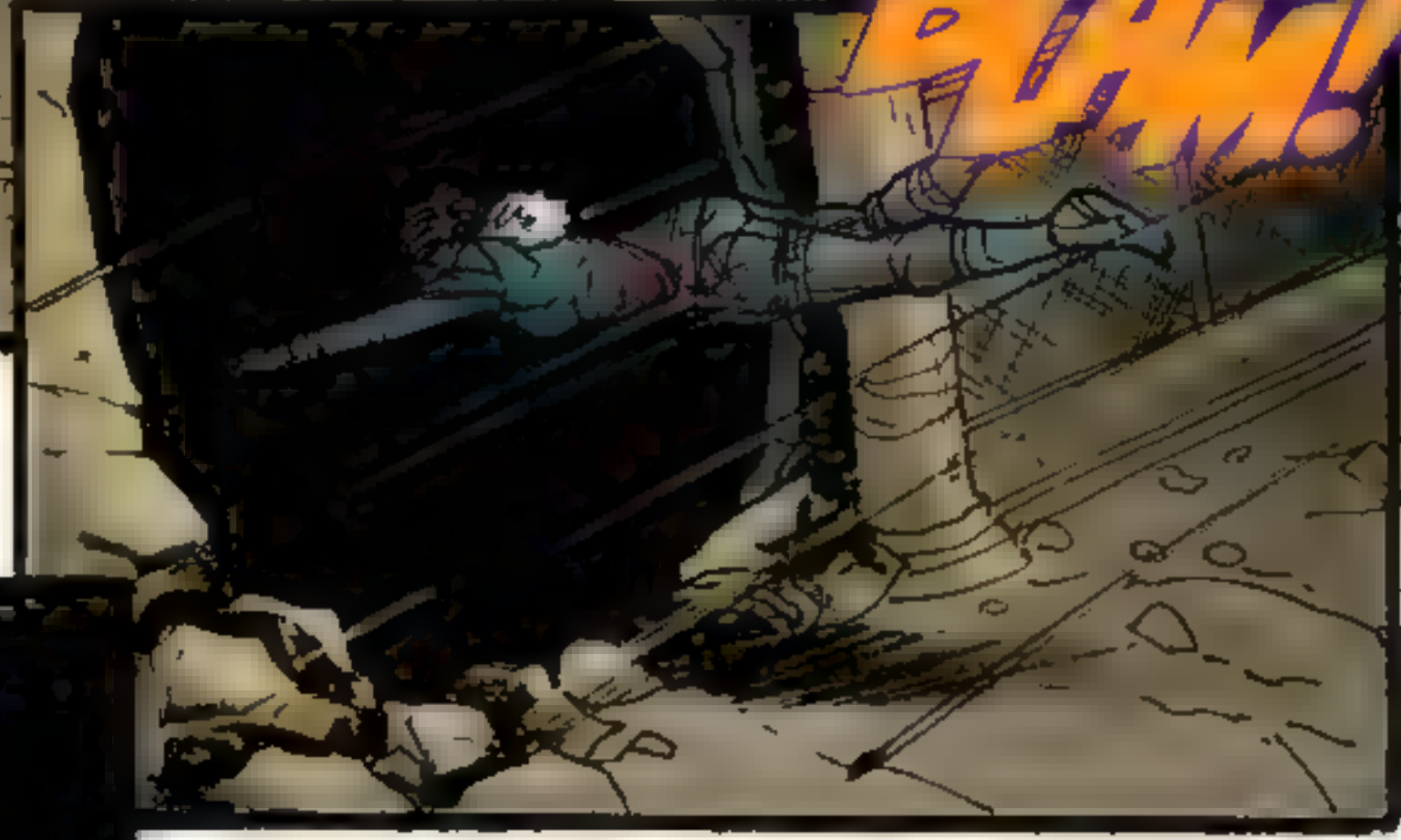
OF COURSE, THERE IS SOMETHING MANY DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE GOOD SAINT OF TRAVELERS.

KRUNCH

HE WASN'T REAL.



THE THAI STRUCTURES
WERE ANCIENT. I DIDN'T
SEE THEM AS A THREAT.



I WAS
BASICALLY
RIGHT.

THE THIRD LEVEL IS THE KIND OF FIND THAT CAN MAKE A CAREER. EIGHTEENTH DYNASTY. PERFECTLY PRESERVED. EVERY STEP, A GROUNDBREAKING DISCOVERY. EVERY STEP, A DEATH TRAP.

SO TO LIVE...



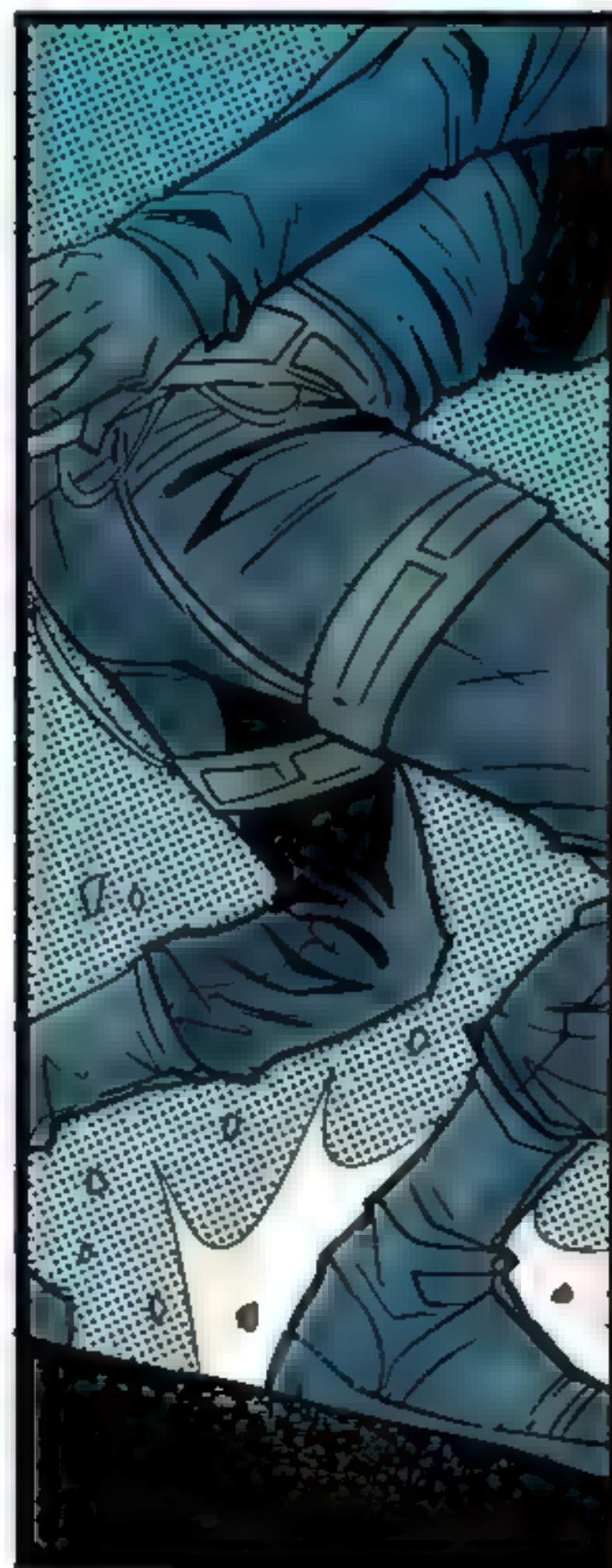
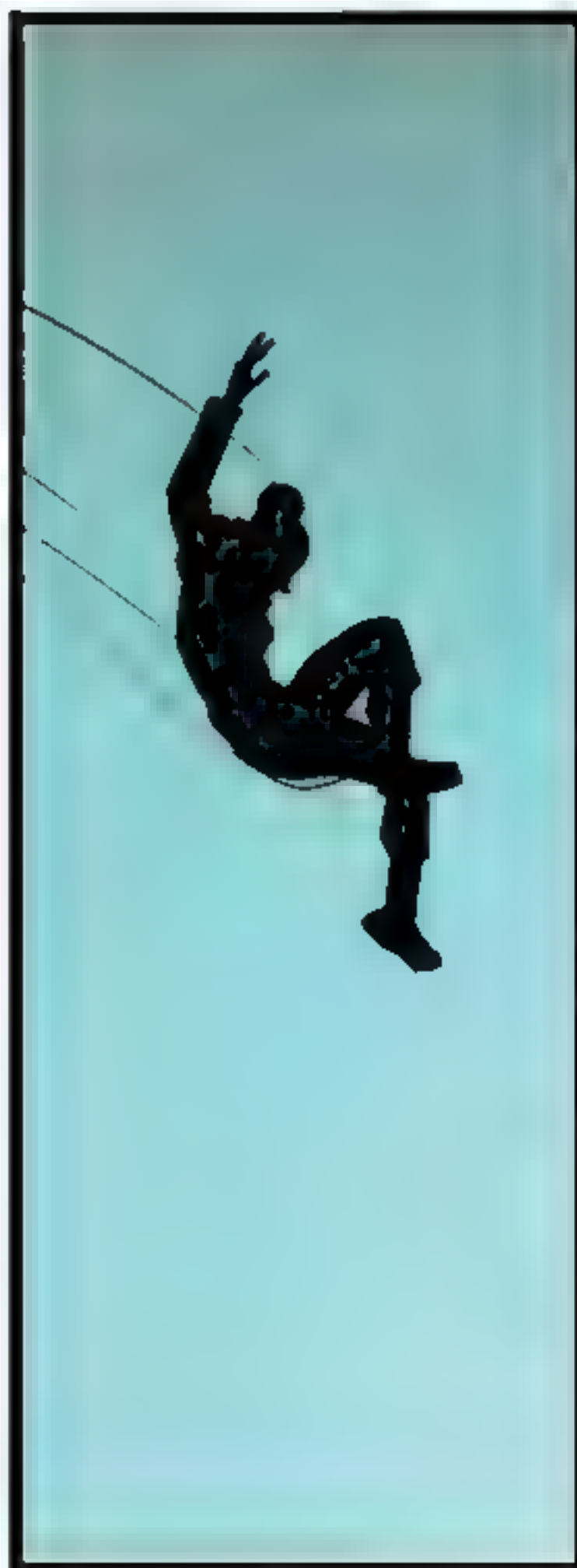
...I HAD TO FLY.



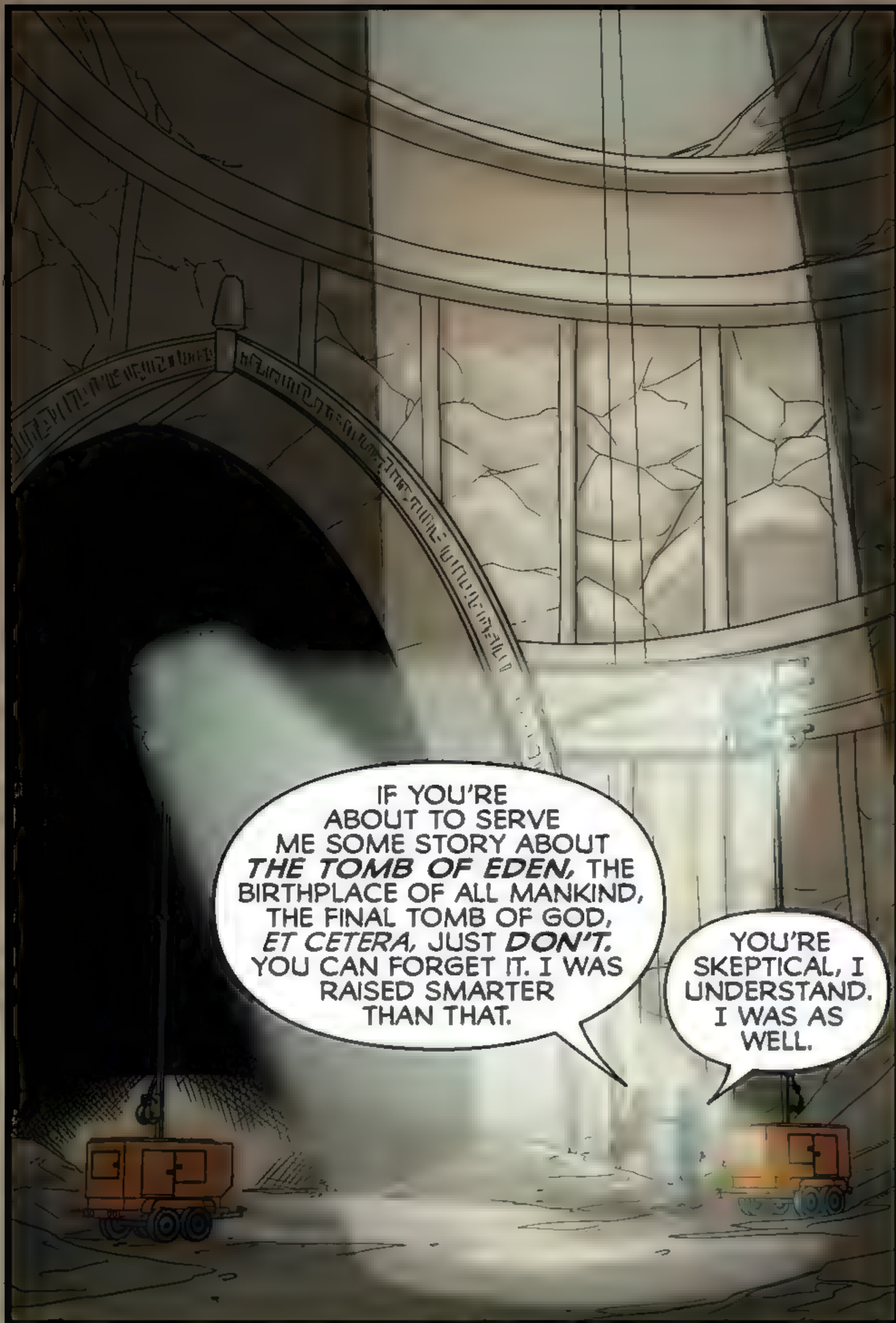
SLICE



THROMPH



AND I FOUND IT.

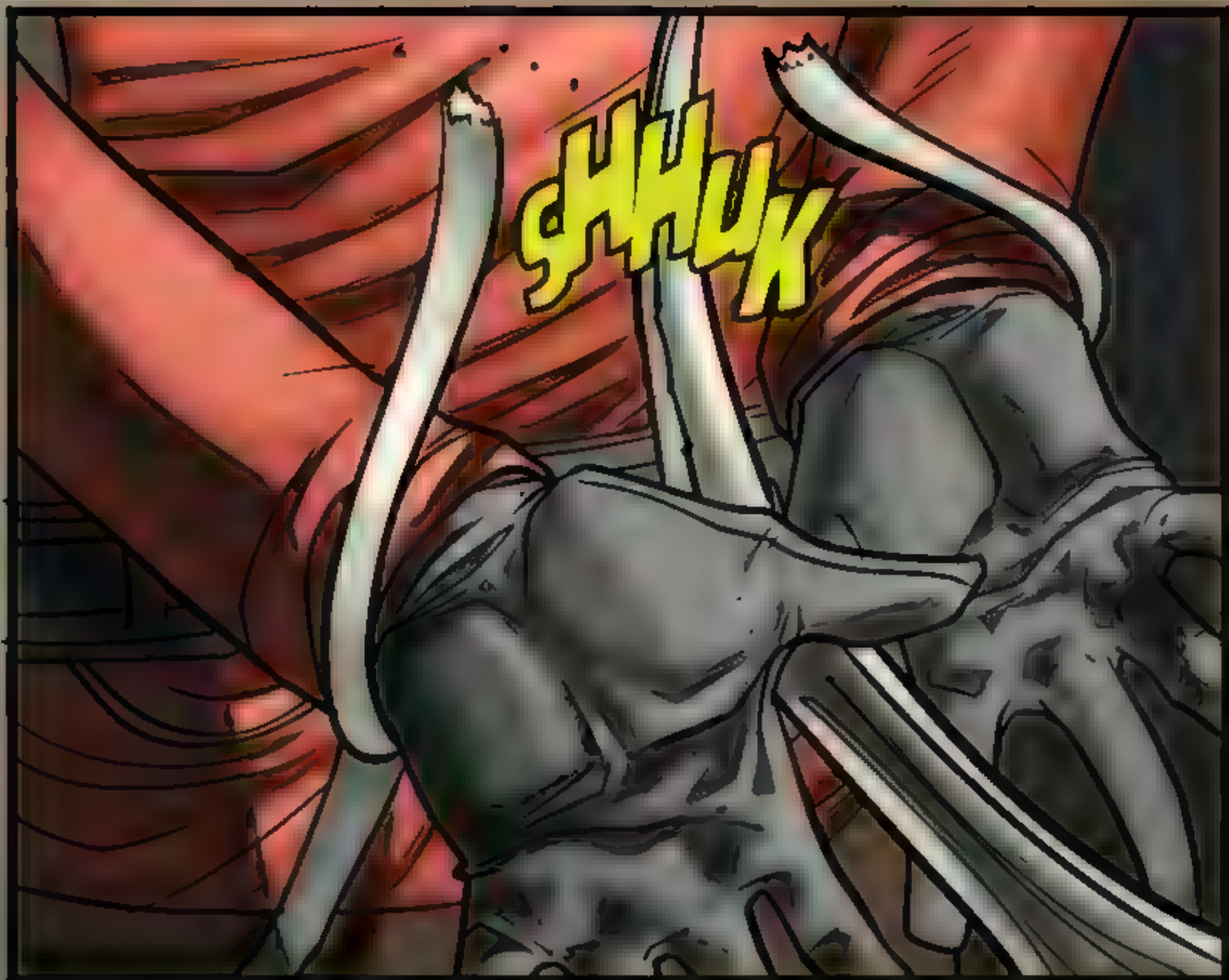


IF YOU'RE ABOUT TO SERVE ME SOME STORY ABOUT **THE TOMB OF EDEN**, THE BIRTHPLACE OF ALL MANKIND, THE FINAL TOMB OF GOD, *ET CETERA*, JUST **DON'T**. YOU CAN FORGET IT. I WAS RAISED SMARTER THAN THAT.

YOU'RE SKEPTICAL, I UNDERSTAND. I WAS AS WELL.



BUT I TRUST YOU'LL KEEP AN OPEN MIND.



SHUK



I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I'M LOOKING AT.

YOU DON'T. NOT YET.

BUT MY HANDS ARE FREE.

AS ARE YOUR FEET. SO **USE** THEM.



LET YOUR EYES ADJUST TO THE LIGHT.

LET YOUR MIND ADJUST TO THE **SCALE**.

"WELCOME, LARA CROFT, TO
THE *GARDEN OF EDEN*."

OKAY, MAYBE NOT
EXACTLY. BUT PERHAPS
THE CORE OF A MYTH THAT
BECAME THE LEGEND THAT
LAUNCHED A THOUSAND
FAITHS.

THIS PLACE...IT'S...
PRECAMBRIAN.

THE
BONES
AGREE.

A
GEOTHERMIC
ECOSYSTEM.
HOW IS THIS
POSSIBLE?

AS OLD AS THE
WORLD, COILED AND
TWISTED THROUGH ONE
CENTRAL POINT. NOT
UNLIKE...

...A
TREE.

THE
TREE.



THE BANE
OF HUMANKIND.
THE FONT FROM WHICH
KNOWLEDGE SPANG. THE
ROOT OF VIOLENCE. THE
ROOT OF ENLIGHTENMENT.
OUR DOWNFALL AND
OUR SALVATION.

OR IT'S
JUST A TREE. A
MAGNIFICENT ONE,
I'LL GIVE YOU,
BUT THAT'S ALL
IT IS.

YOU
SPEAK WITH
SUCH CERTAINTY
FOR SOMEONE
WHO KNOWS
SO LITTLE.



REMEMBER,
IT'S HISTORY I
WORSHIP. NOT SOME
BOOK OF MORALISTIC
LECTURES. AKHENATEN TRIED
TO REWRITE THE WORLD. THE
VATICAN RULED FOR TWO
THOUSAND YEARS. BUT ONLY
AFTER COMING HERE.
AFTER FINDING THIS
PLACE.

THESE ARE
FACTS. THIS IS
HISTORY.



NADIJA,
WHAT ARE
YOU—

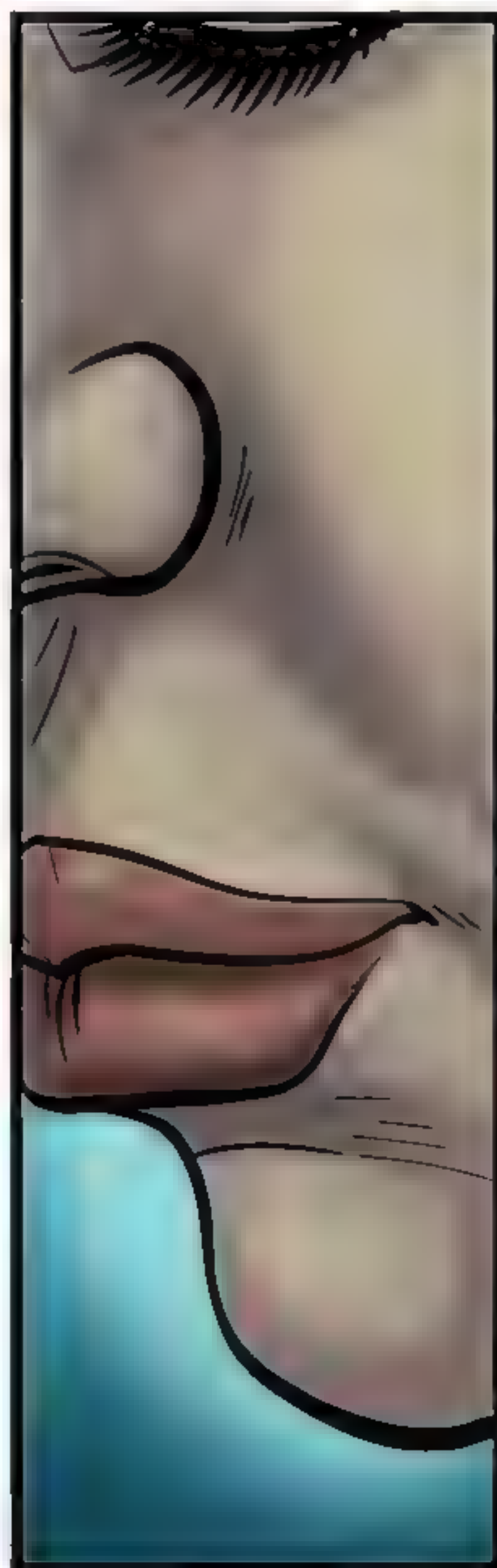
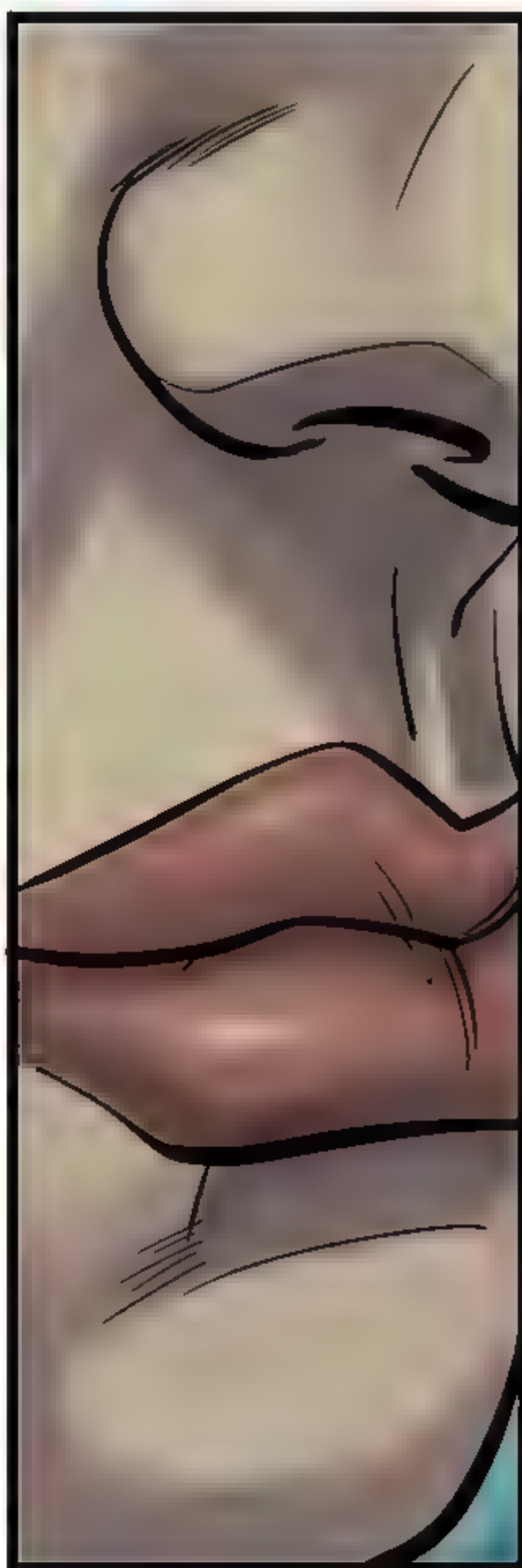
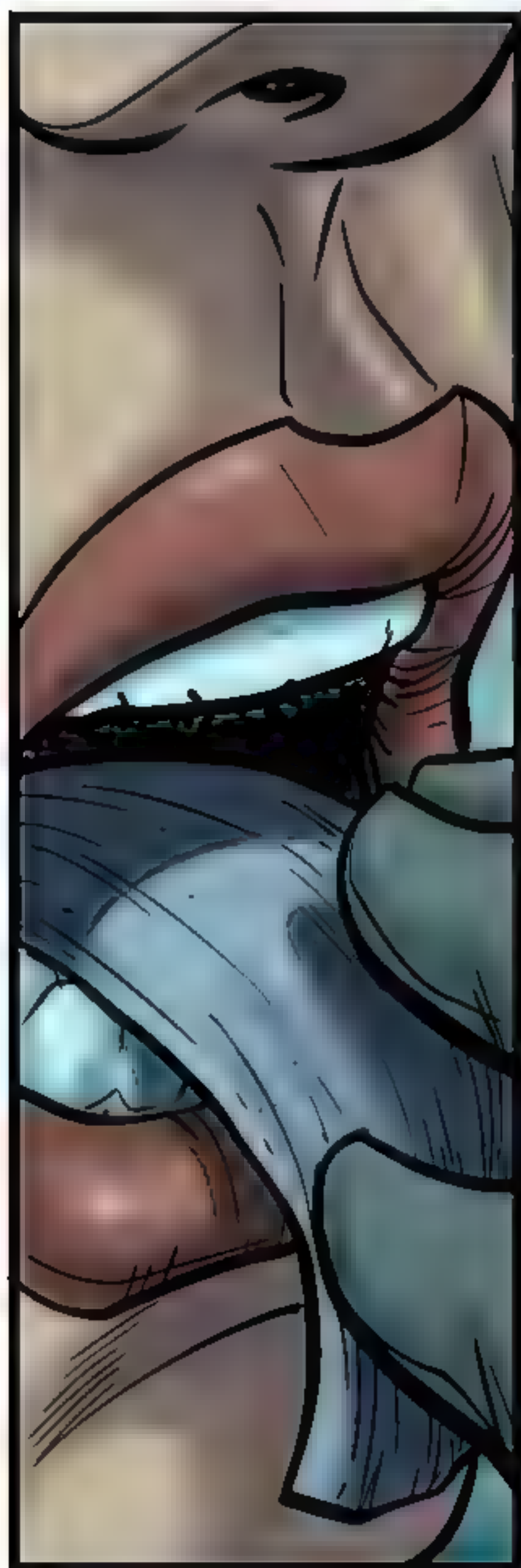
THIS
ORGANISM HAS
A CHEMICAL PROFILE
THAT OUR SCIENTISTS
WILL BE WORKING ON
FOR DECADES. BUT WHAT
THOSE CHEMICALS DO
TO THE HUMAN BRAIN...
THAT'S SOMETHING
THEY'LL NEVER
UNDERSTAND.




THEY'RE
NOT BRAVE
ENOUGH,
HONESTLY.




THEY'RE
NOT WILLING TO
OPEN THEIR
EYES.





APOLOGIES
FOR NEGLECTING
TO MENTION THE
RAW, SCALDING
PAIN.



BUT THIS IS HOW
IT ALWAYS STARTS.
THE TRUTH. THE
REVELATIONS.

NOW, FOR YOU...



...WE SHALL SEE
HOW IT ENDS.

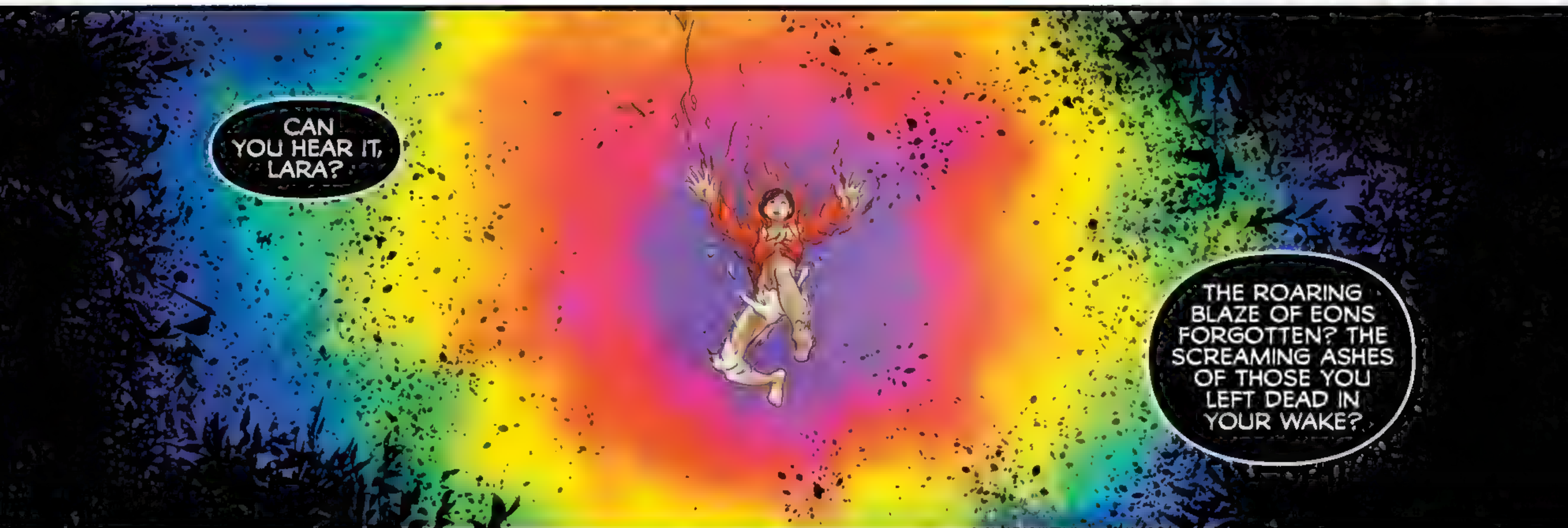


THE WORLD IS
SO MUCH LARGER
THAN YOU KNOW,
LARA.



HISTORY
LEAKS
INTO EVERY
CREVICE.

WHISPERS
FROM EVERY
BREEZE.



CAN
YOU HEAR IT,
LARA?

THE ROARING
BLAZE OF EONS
FORGOTTEN? THE
SCREAMING ASHES
OF THOSE YOU
LEFT DEAD IN
YOUR WAKE?



HISTORY
IS YOUR
MOTHER, FIERCELY
PROTECTING AND
NURTURING.

BUT THIS
PUNISHMENT?
THIS DEATH THAT
NOW TAKES
HOLD IN YOUR
HEART?



THAT
IS YOUR
FATHER'S
GIFT.





YOU'RE NOT MY FATHER!

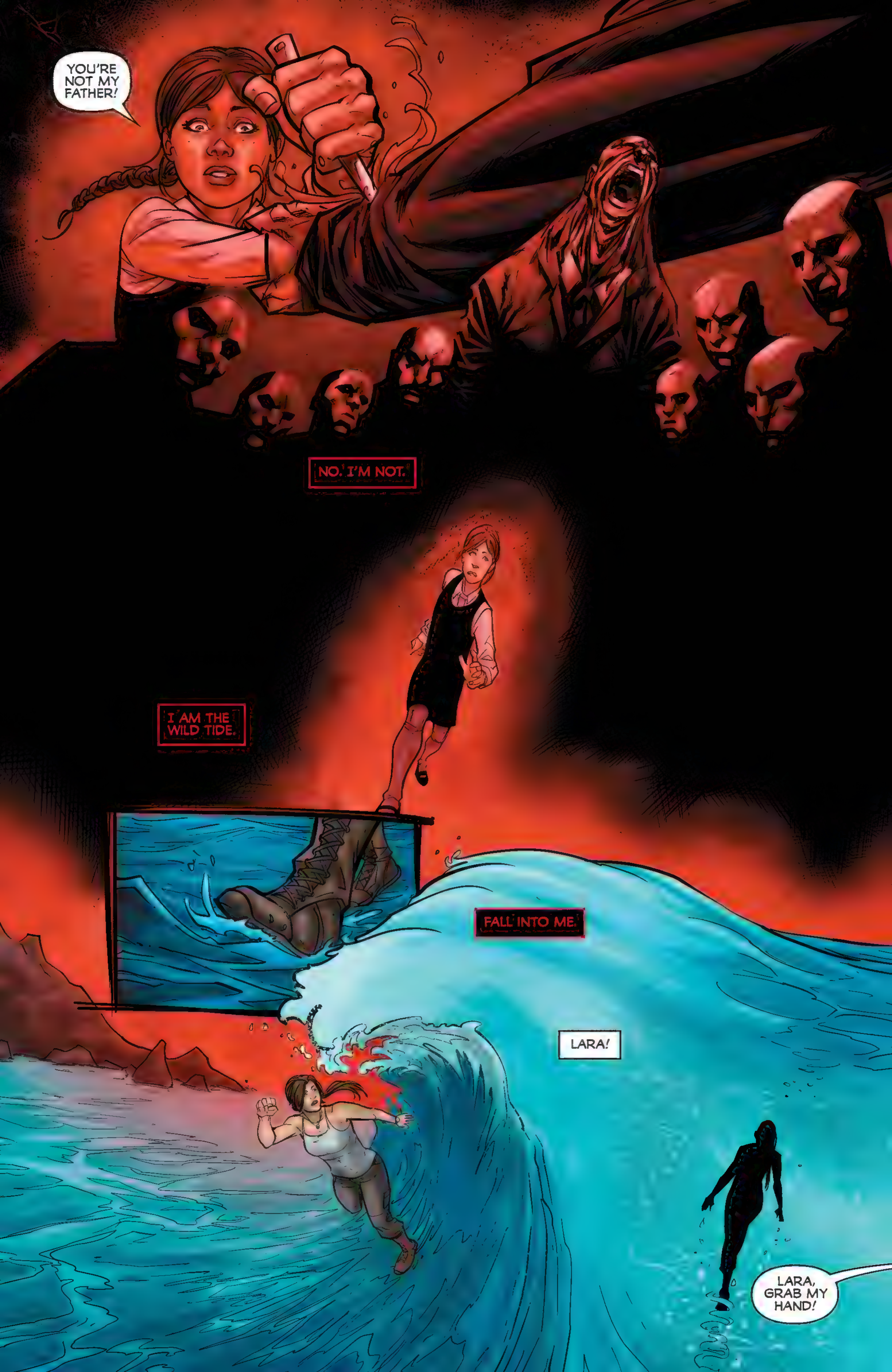
NO! I'M NOT.

I AM THE WILD TIDE.

FALL INTO ME.

LARA!

LARA, GRAB MY HAND!





I AM SAMANTHA
NISHIMURA, THE
FIRST YOU LOST.

I AM YOUR
FRIEND.

AND I AM THOSE
YOU KILLED TO
KEEP HER SAFE.

BEFORE YOUR
FAILURE.

DON'T
LISTEN, LARA!
REACH FOR
ME!!

I AM
THE FIRST
MAN YOU
KILLED.

I AM
THE FIRST
MAN YOU
ENJOYED
KILLING.



I AM
YOUR
GOD.



She's right.
They all are.

I am nothing but a
body waiting to fall.

My father's
daughter,
digging for
tragedy.

Sam's friend,
standing against
an unstoppable
goddess.

Jonah's
companion,
pushing him
further away
each day.

Jacob's ally, running
the deathless prophet
headlong into death.

Until I'm home.



This is home.



THIS IS...

LITTLE BIRD.

THIS ISN'T HOW THIS WENT...

SPLASH



YOU'RE LETTING HIM DOWN, LITTLE BIRD.

THIS ISN'T HOW IT WENT!

YOU'RE LETTING ME DOWN.



I ALREADY LET YOU DOWN.

THIS RAIN ALREADY FELL.



THEN WHY COME BACK? YOU RUN FROM HERE WITH EVERY BREATH.

HERE, YOU'VE NEVER BEEN HAPPY.

...I'VE BEEN HAPPY.



YOUR CHILDHOOD? *PRIVILEGE* HAS A WAY OF EASING LIFE'S EDGES.



I'VE SEEN YOU SMILE. BUT HAPPY? I'VE ONLY SEEN IT ONCE.



...SO WHY DID YOU LEAVE?



I HAD TO! I ALWAYS HAVE TO!



NO ONE IS SAFE AROUND ME.



I'M NOT SAFE.

I've never been safe.

Anyone who gets close, I hurt. I push away.

THE
CARDINAL

I CAN SEE NOTHING BUT THE MISSION.

I am...my father's daughter.

I AM AFRAID.

No. Not afraid.

TRINITY, NADIJA, THE CARDINAL.

I don't fear them. I hate them.

IT DROWNS YOU.

It drowns me. I am warm.

I am free.

A comic book panel with a monochromatic red color scheme. In the upper center, a woman with long brown hair in a ponytail, wearing a light-colored top and a necklace with a circular pendant, is shown from the chest up. Her hands are reaching out towards two other characters. On the left, a young girl with short brown hair, wearing a dark vest over a light shirt, looks up at the woman. On the right, another young girl with long brown hair, also in a light shirt and dark vest, is being held or supported by the woman's hands. The background is dark and textured, with a large, pale hand reaching out from the left. In the bottom left, a small figure of the girl is seen inside a nest-like structure. A large bird, possibly a sparrow or finch, is perched on the woman's hand in the center. Another bird is visible in the bottom right corner. The overall mood is somber and surreal.

Little bird.

Your lungs are collapsing. Your heart rate has dropped to five beats a minute. Your brain is shutting itself down.

This is not freedom, it is a psychotropic overdose. You are dying.

Yes.

Well... stop it. I don't want to die.

I don't want you to die either.

But you're killing me anyway. You're killing everyone who cares about you. Who loves you, even though you've hurt them.

You're not who I thought I would be. But you're not meant to *drown*.

You're meant to *fly*!

My name is Lara Croft.



*I've made
damning
mistakes.*

HRURHRH

*I've been
blind, foolish,
and mean.*

CROFGHHT

GROFFG

*I have failed.
I have been
hurt beyond
limit. I
remember
every pain,
every brush
with death.*

*Not
at the
core.*

*It is my
fuel.*

*That's not
who I am.*

*Giving up is not
in my bones. It
never has been.*

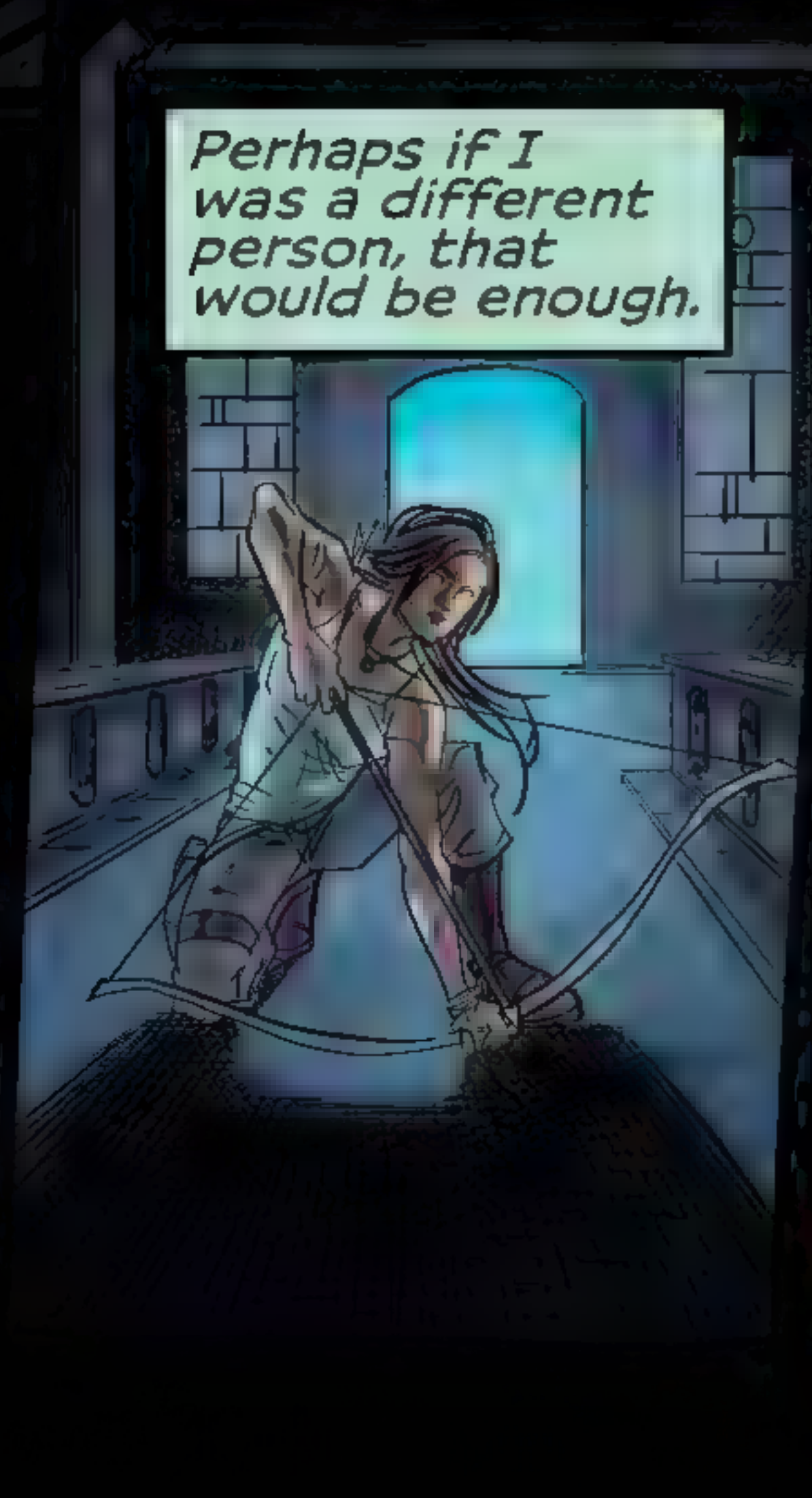


If I was different. It was not who I am.



Perhaps I could be happy with a simple death.

After all, I have seen wonders. The impossible. The fantastic.



Perhaps if I was a different person, that would be enough.



But I am not that person.



And it is not enough.

And like that, I'm back. A second chance I don't deserve.

HAKAI SURU!

RETURN TO HISTORY.

BE FORGOTTEN.

AND WHAT DO YOU HAVE FOR ME?



A beautiful dream.





AND IS THAT ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

I don't... think I should have to apologize.



GENUINELY? FOR NOTHING?

...no.

I'm paying for my mistakes. I'll pay for some my whole life. They're my choices, and I'll be the one who makes them right.



And you...I held onto you. The memory of you. It was so bright, I was blind.

You were not the father you could have been. But you were the best father I had.

I WON'T APOLOGIZE FOR LOVING YOU. I WON'T APOLOGIZE FOR NOT LETTING YOU GO.



BUT I THINK...THIS IS BIGGER THAN YOU NOW.



IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN BIGGER THAN ME.

TRUST ME, TO MY SHOCK AS WELL.



WHAT YOU'VE DONE, LARA. WHAT YOU'VE ACHIEVED...

NO FATHER HAS EVER BEEN PROUDER OF HIS DAUGHTER THAN I AM OF YOU.



I WISH I WOULD HAVE SAID THAT WHEN I WAS ALIVE.





The world is
so much larger
than I knew.

History made
with every
moment.

The present, a
fulcrum for both
future and past.

Discoveries made
new from the
context of living.

Every choice, an
impossible leap.

Every leap, the
chance to fall.

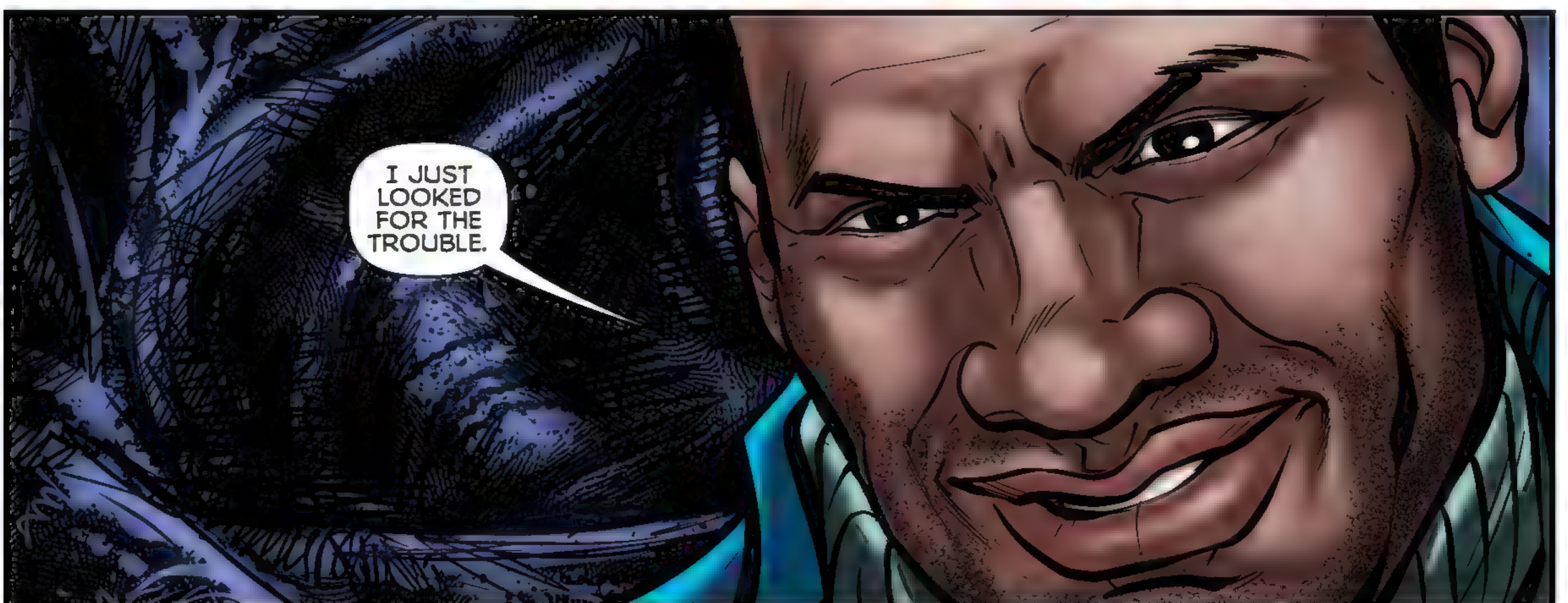
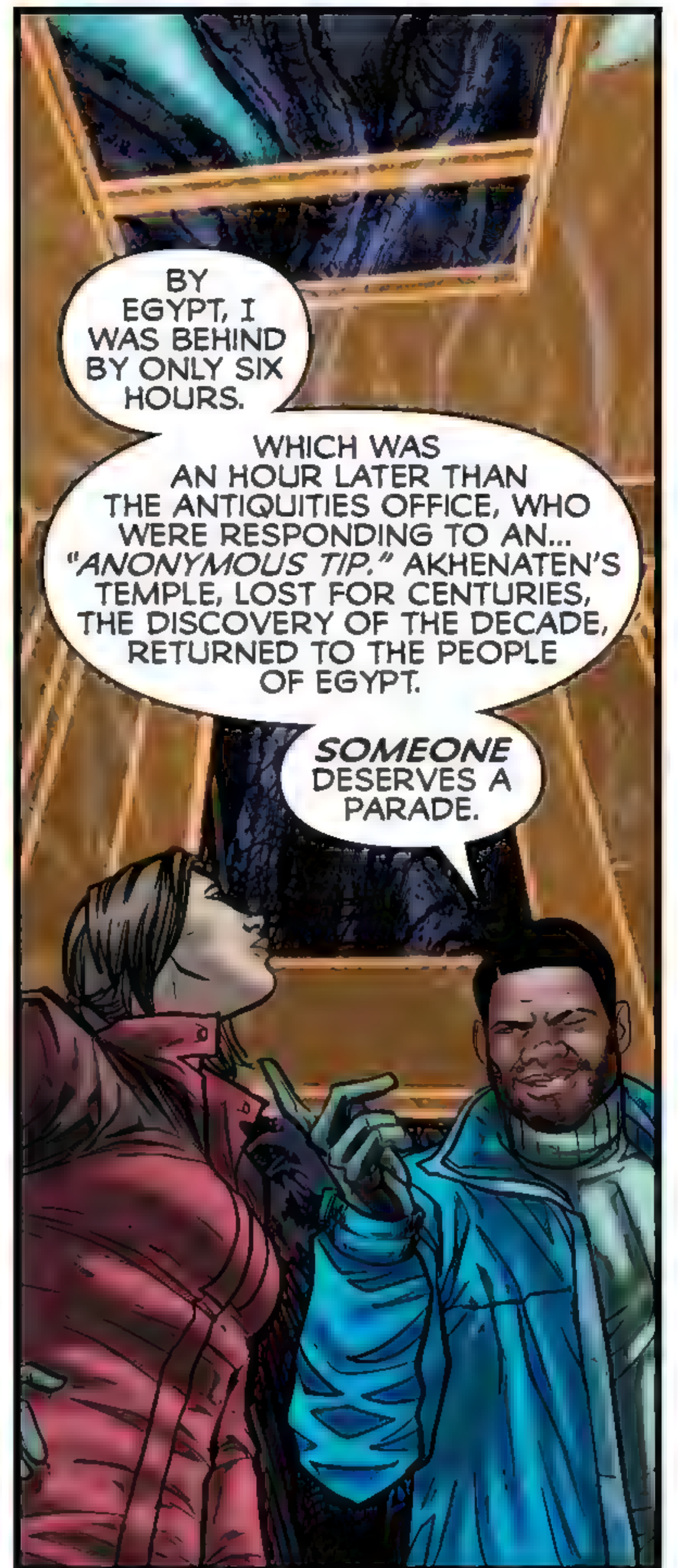
And a
chance...

...to be caught.

HEY,
LITTLE
BIRD.









JONAH.

LARA,
YOU'VE BEEN
DRUGGED. I
RECOMMEND
YOU JUST
KEEP YOUR
MOUTH--

I'M SORRY
I PUSHED YOU
AWAY.



I'VE BEEN KEEPING
YOU AT ARM'S LENGTH
SINCE SIBERIA. BECAUSE
YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE
WHO KNEW HOW MUCH
PAIN I'VE BEEN IN. SO, YOU
WERE THE ONLY ONE WHO
MIGHT HAVE BEEN
ABLE TO *HELP*.

JONAH, I
WAS AFRAID
OF THE HEALING.
BECAUSE IF I
STOPPED
HURTING...



BUT MY
PAIN DOES
NOTHING TO
BRING HIM
BACK.



ALL THAT
MATTERS IS
THAT I WAS A
BAD FRIEND.

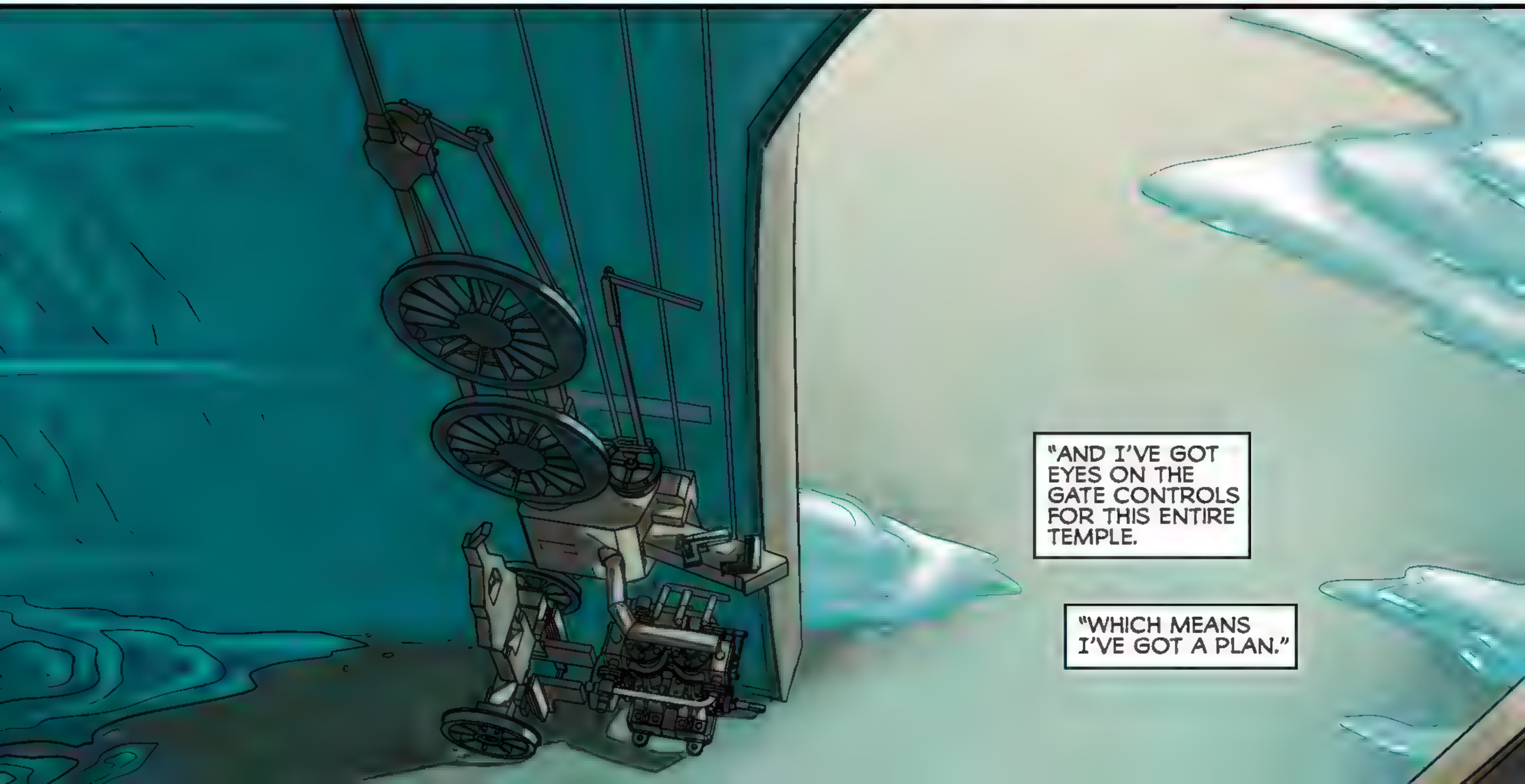


SO HOW
ABOUT YOU
MAKE IT UP TO
ME BY HELPING
US SURVIVE
THIS INSANE
SITUATION?



DEAL.

I'VE GOT
ROPE.



"AND I'VE GOT
EYES ON THE
GATE CONTROLS
FOR THIS ENTIRE
TEMPLE.

"WHICH MEANS
I'VE GOT A PLAN."



BOLTS
ARE IN PLACE,
LOCK IT ALL
DOWN!

WHAT WE'RE
BRINGING UP IS
UNLIKE ANYTHING
YOU'VE EVER
SEEN! RESPECT
IT! FEAR IT!



BUT
ONCE YOU
START CUTTING,
YOU **DO NOT**
STOP!



FOR THE
CARDINAL!

FOR
THE WAIT--
WHA--?

OOOFK?!

THRAK



YOU'RE
ALIVE.

I'M
ALIVE.





EARTHQUAKE!

IT'S
**NOT. IT
CAN'T
BE.**



YOU'RE
RIGHT.



AFTER
WHAT THE TREE
SHOWED YOU...
EVERYTHING IT
OFFERED?



"ALL IT OFFERED
ME WAS WHAT I
ALREADY HAD."



SOME OF US
HAVE **NOTHING!**



"BUT JUST BECAUSE YOU
FOUND THE MECHANISM
THAT CONTROLS THE
GATES, YOU DECIDED TO
CLOSE THEM. YOU'RE
MAKING THE CHOICE, FOR
ALL HUMANITY, TO LOCK
ITS GLORY AWAY?!"

"I DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S MORE
DISGUSTING: YOUR
ENTITLEMENT, OR
YOUR PRIVILEGE."



WE ALSO
SEALED YOUR SECRET
ENTRANCE.

IT
ONLY MADE
SENSE.



YOU...SELFISH...
IGNORANT--



KILL THEM! **THE
TOMB IS SEALING,**
KILL THEM NOW!





NADIJA,
THE TREE WILL
BE SAFE!



SAFE?!

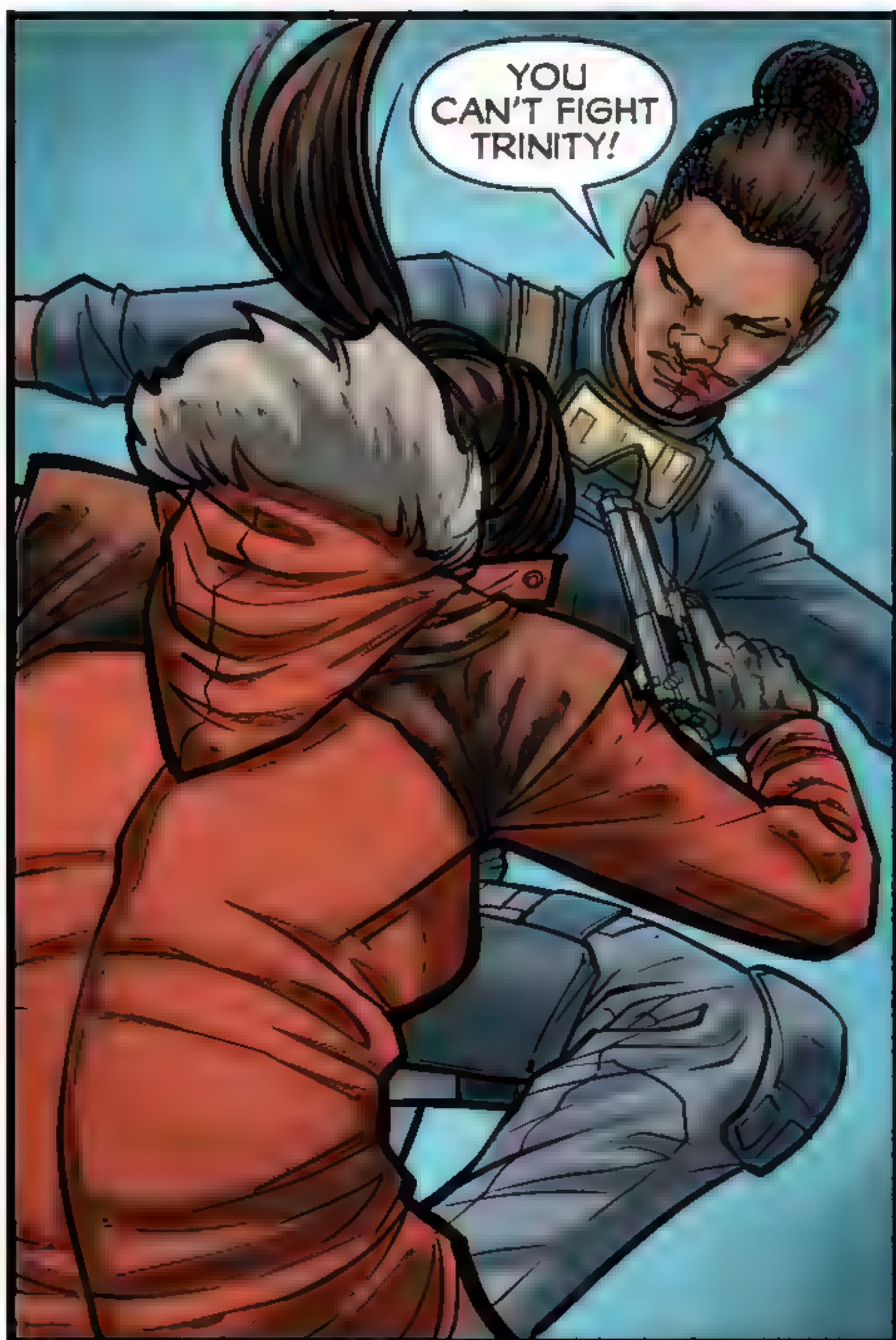
IT
WAS
NEVER IN
DANGER,
YOU
FOOL!



HOW
COULD YOU
EAT OF THE
TREE AND STILL
BE SO SMALL
MIND--



HOW
COULD YOU
NOT LEARN
YOUR FATHER'S
LESSON?



YOU
CAN'T FIGHT
TRINITY!



WE ARE
EVERYWHERE! WE SEE
EVERYTHING!

CRACK



IT'S
TRUE.

BUT
YOU'RE ALSO
VERY EASILY
DISTRACTED.





AND WITH THE
TREE, I CAN LIVE
FOREVER.

NADIJA,
YOU DON'T
HAVE TO
DO IT!



I DO,
LARA.

THIS
IS HOW I
SURVIVE.



GRIP



THEN
I'M SORRY
FOR THIS.



YOU'LL DENY ME? AFTER EVERYTHING YOU KNOW? AFTER MY JOURNEY, WHAT I'VE GONE THROUGH...YOU'LL KEEP ME FROM MY FATE?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE ALONE, NADIJA. I UNDERSTAND!



IF YOU UNDERSTOOD, YOU WOULD NEVER HAVE COME HERE.

IF YOU UNDERSTOOD, YOU WOULD LET ME GO.

BUT YOU DON'T, AND I'M NOT SURE YOU EVER WILL, SO, AS USUAL...

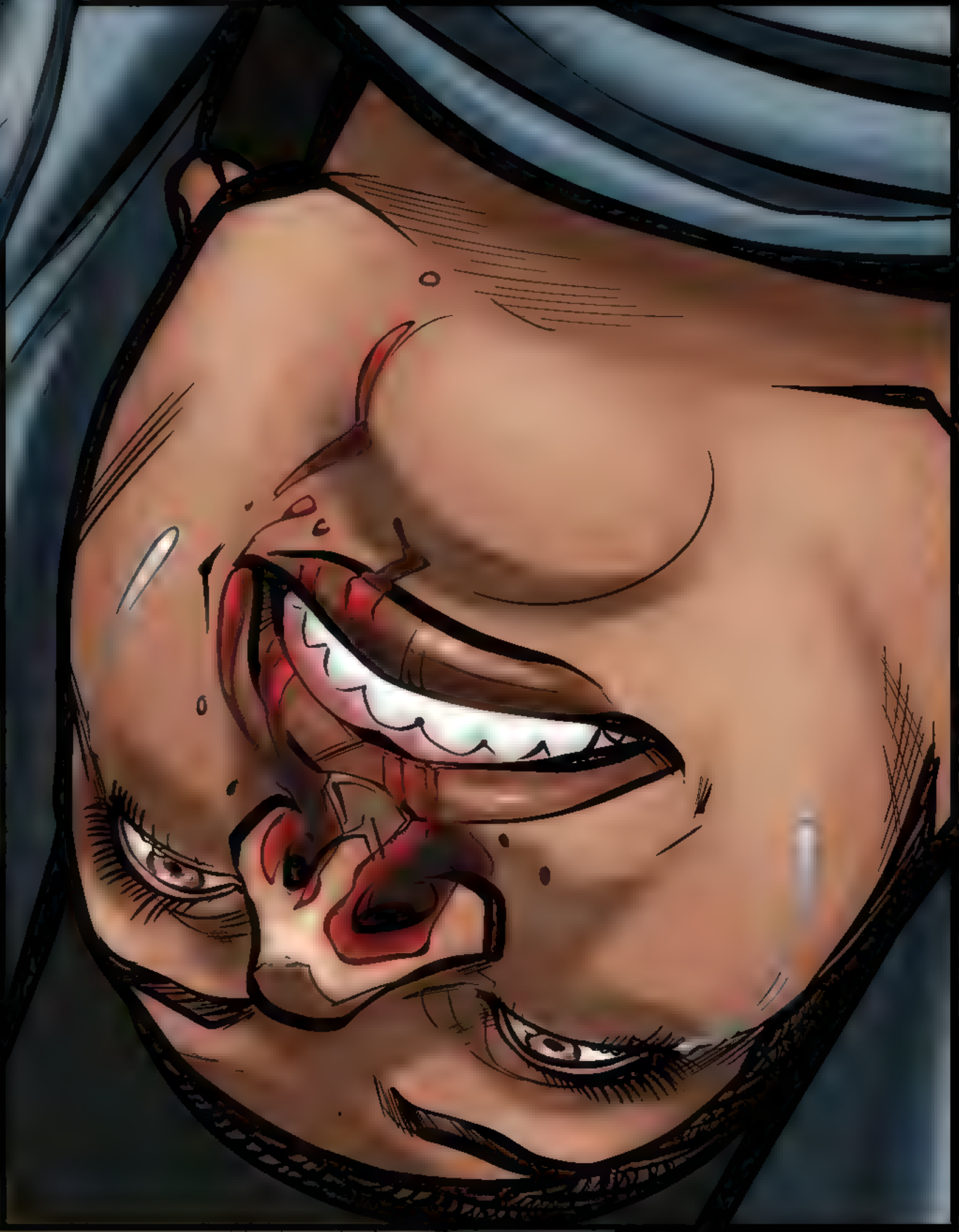


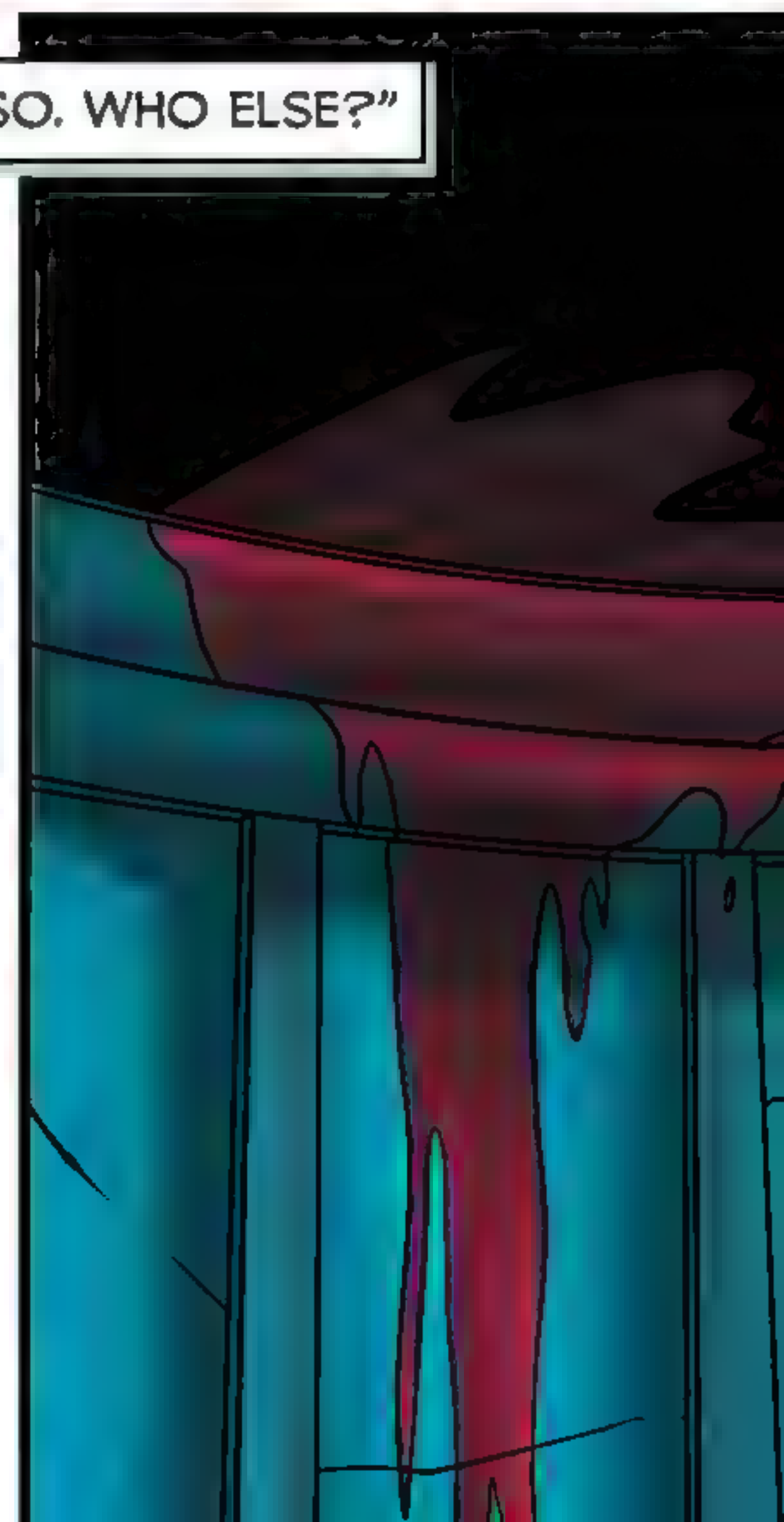
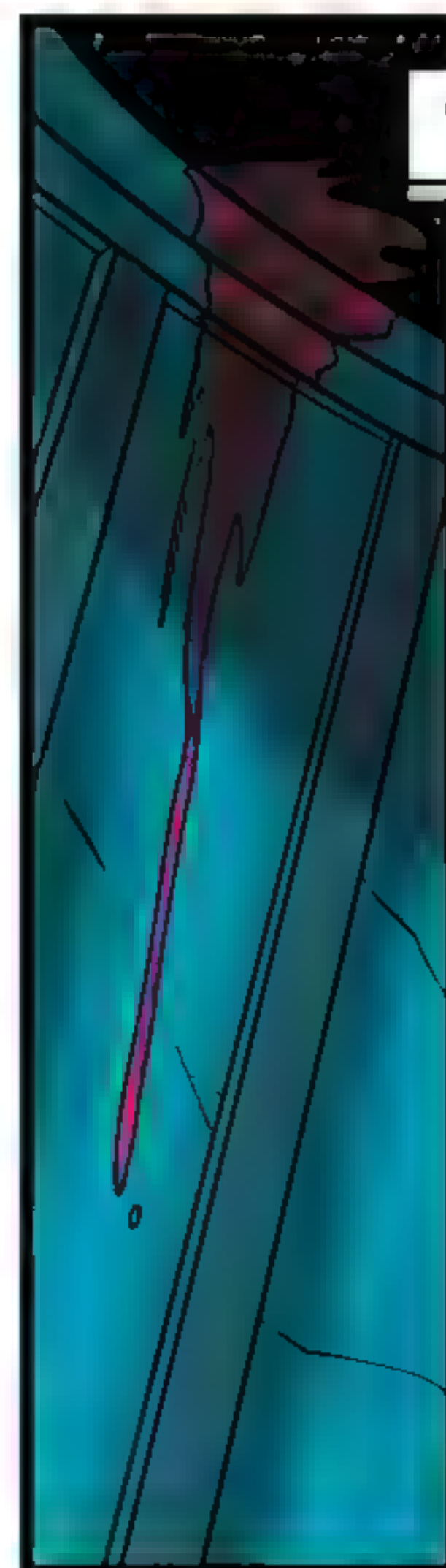
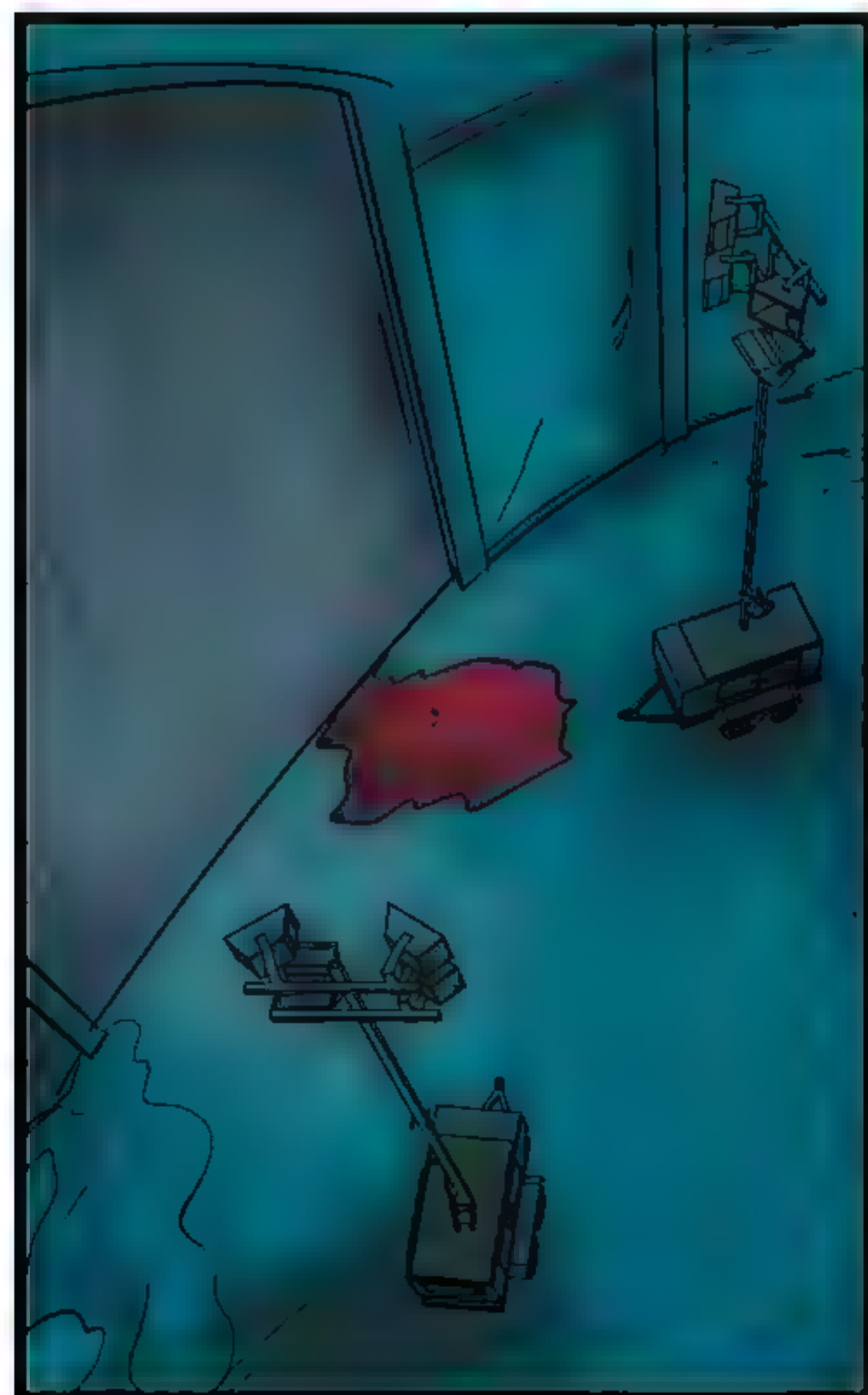
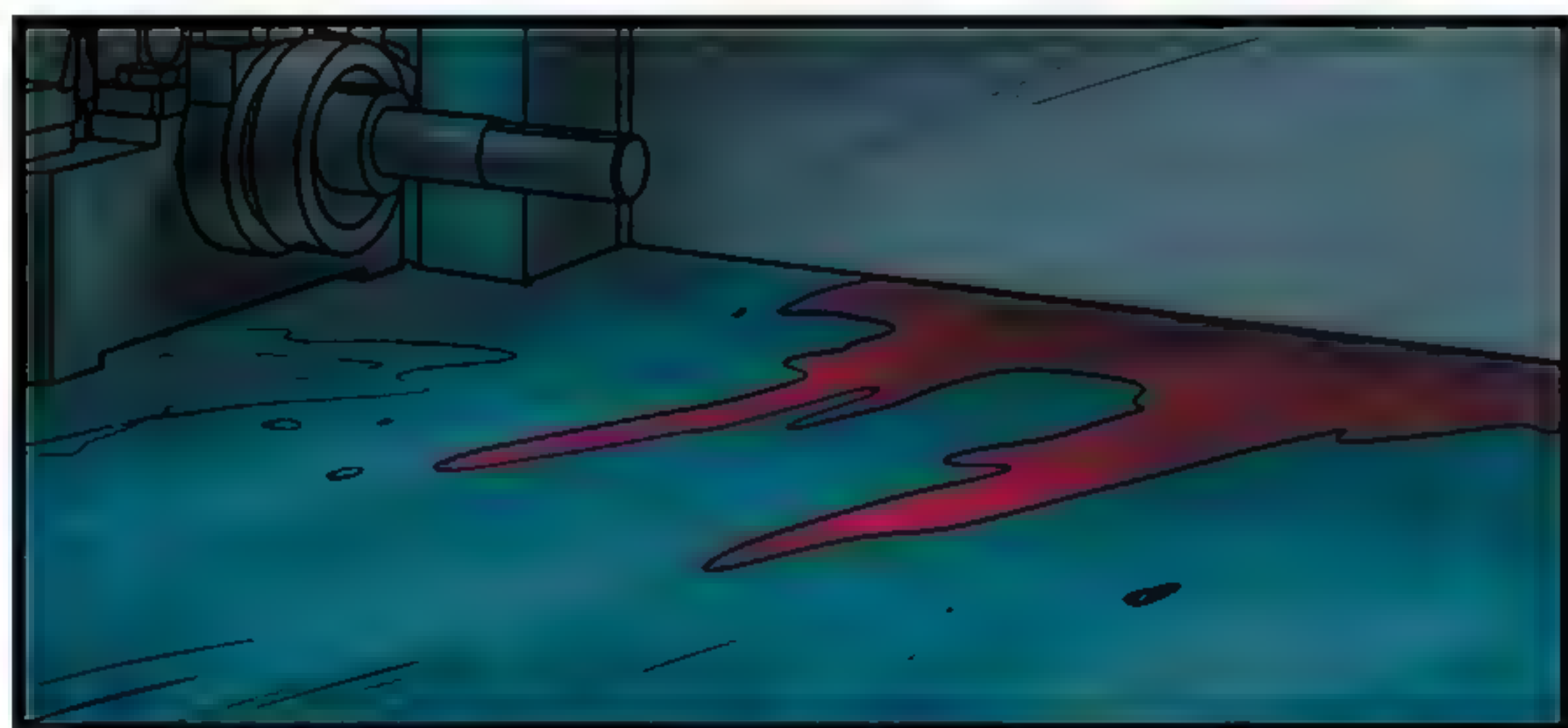
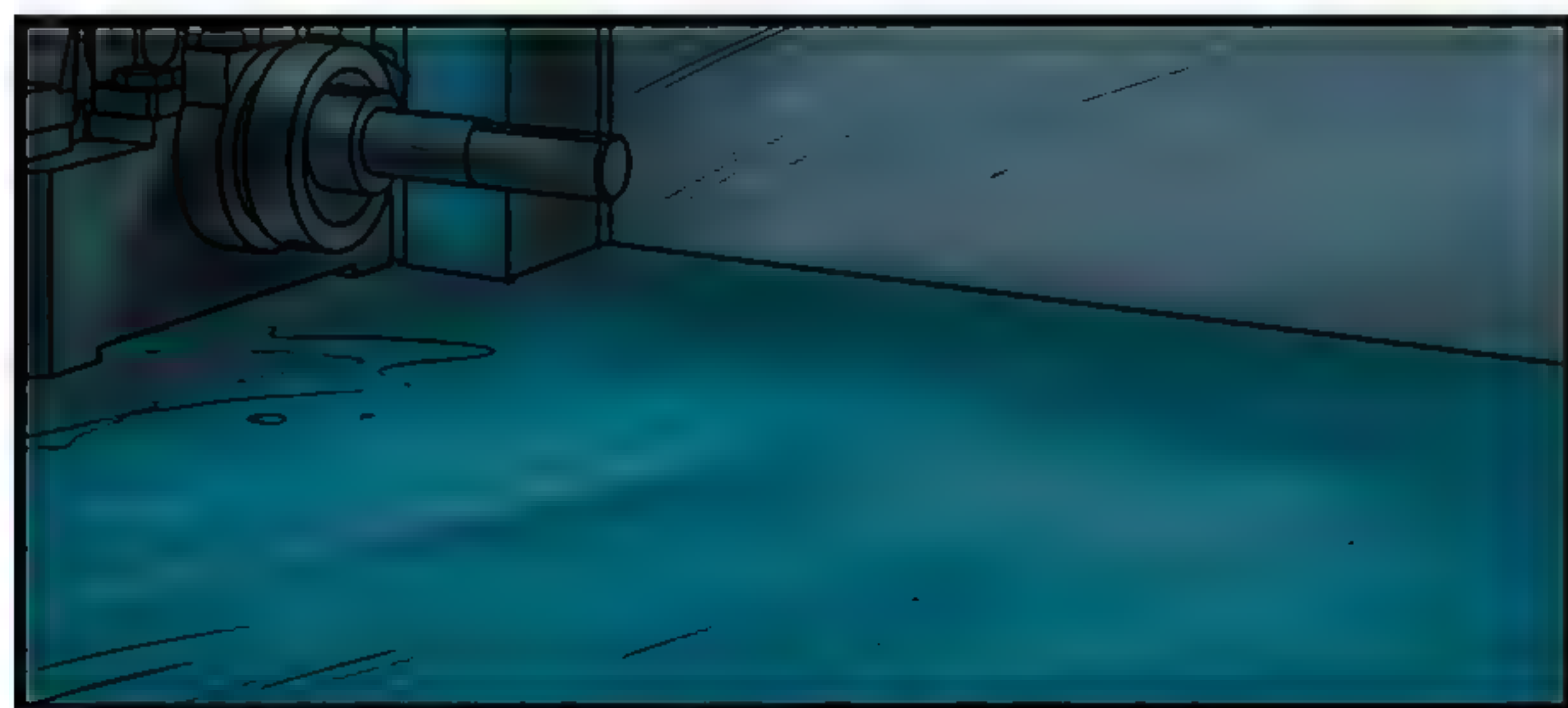
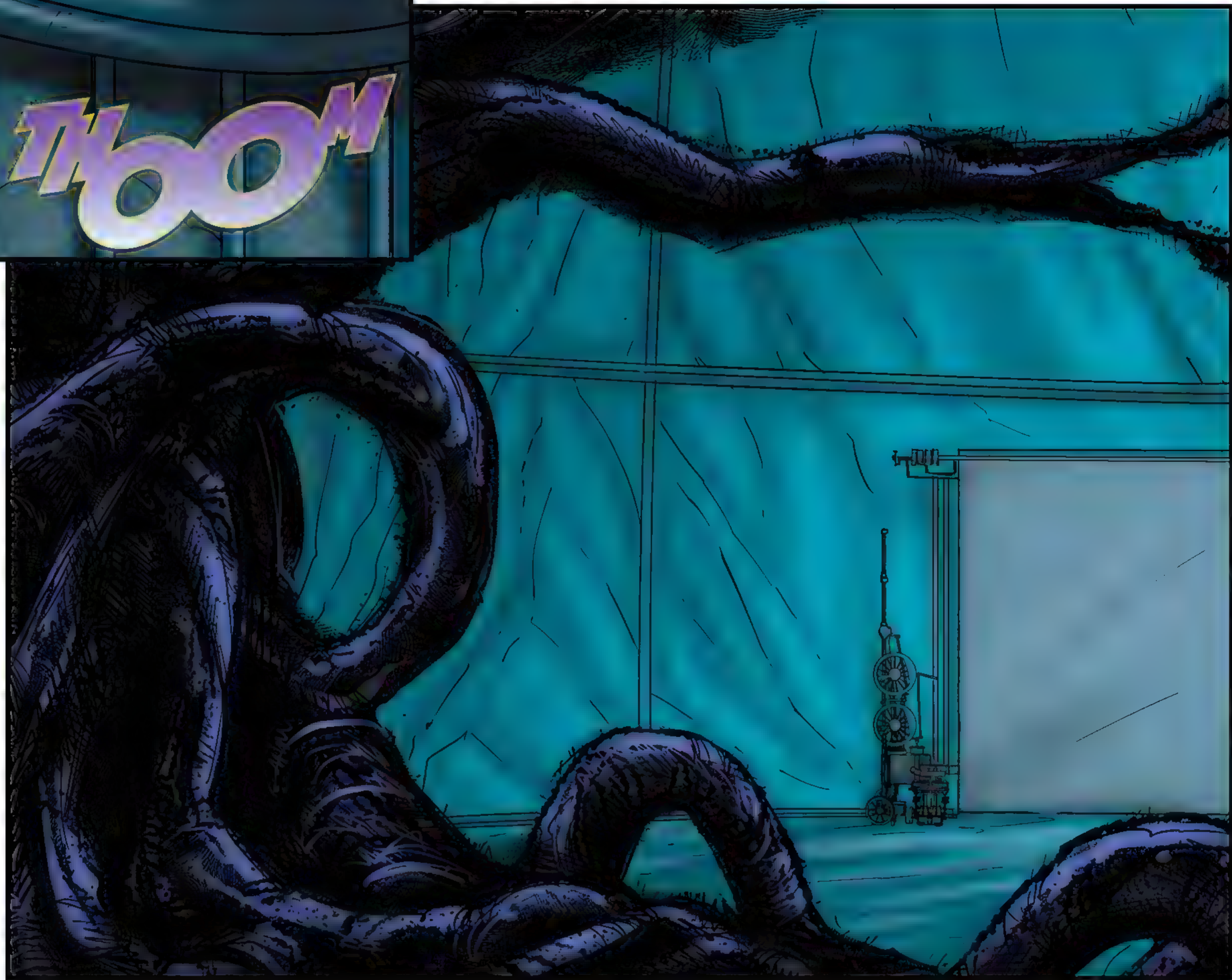
...I TAKE CARE OF MYSELF.

SHLKK



NADIJA,
NO!





"SO. WHO ELSE?"



HOW ABOUT WE TRY SOMETHING DIFFERENT?

"LEAVE THIS PLACE."

"LET ITS SECRETS DIE WITH NADIJA."

UH...IS THIS SOME KIND OF...

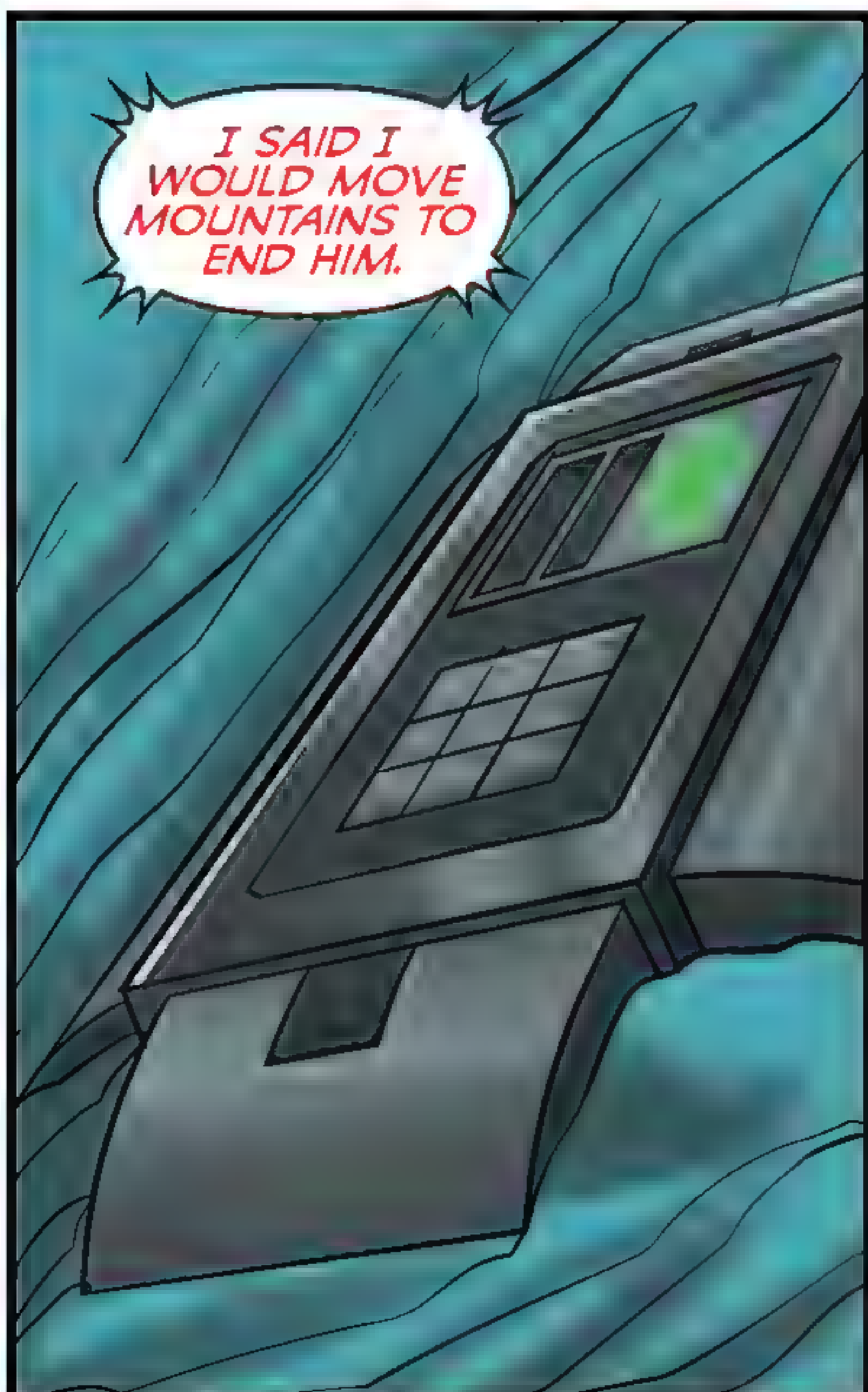
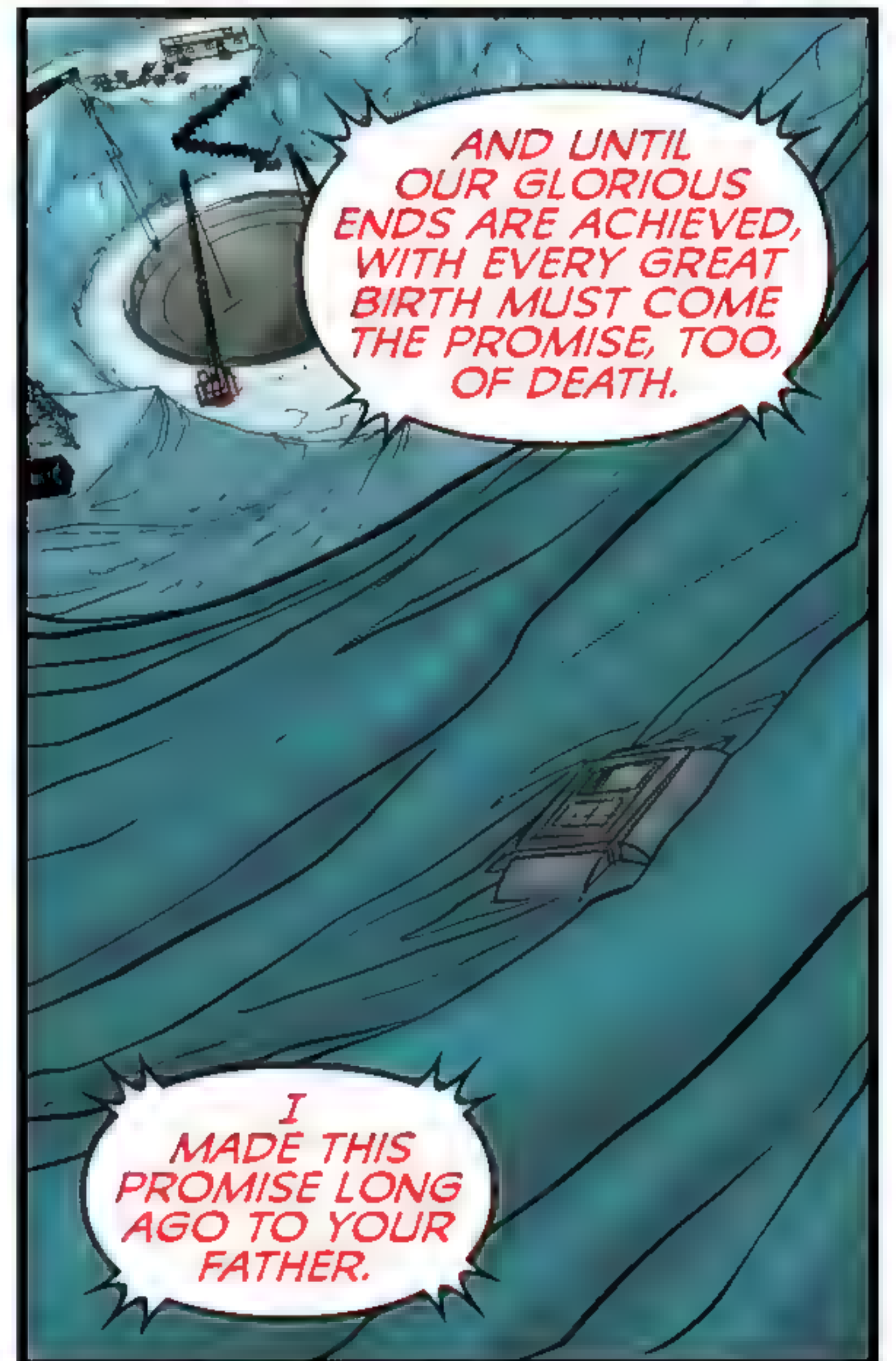
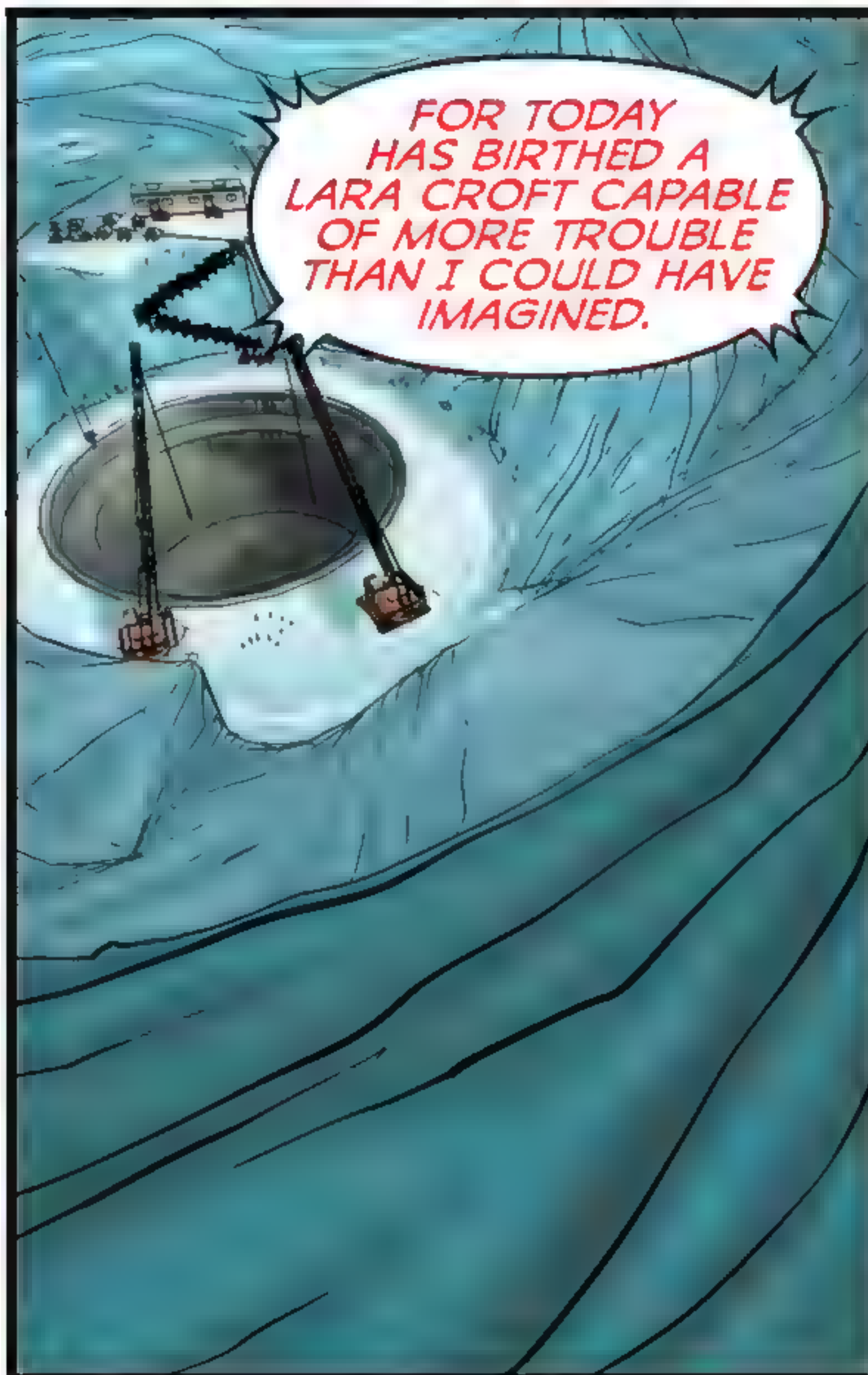
STEADY EYES. DO NOT FIRE.

YOU GOT RID OF THE GUN.

YOU DISAPPROVE?

HELL NO, I HATE THOSE THINGS. I'M PROUD OF YOU.

SO AM I.



GOODBYE,
LARA CROFT.

JONAH,
RUN!

MOVE!





JUST

A BIT

FURTHER.



LARA!!



JONAH!
CAN YOU
WALK?

I...
LARA...I'M
SORRY...

DON'T
BE.



I'M
HERE.



Little bird,
you called
me.

*I used to wonder
what you meant.*

*You said it with
love, but there
was a tiny voice
inside that never
believed. So, I
filled it in with
my own meaning.*

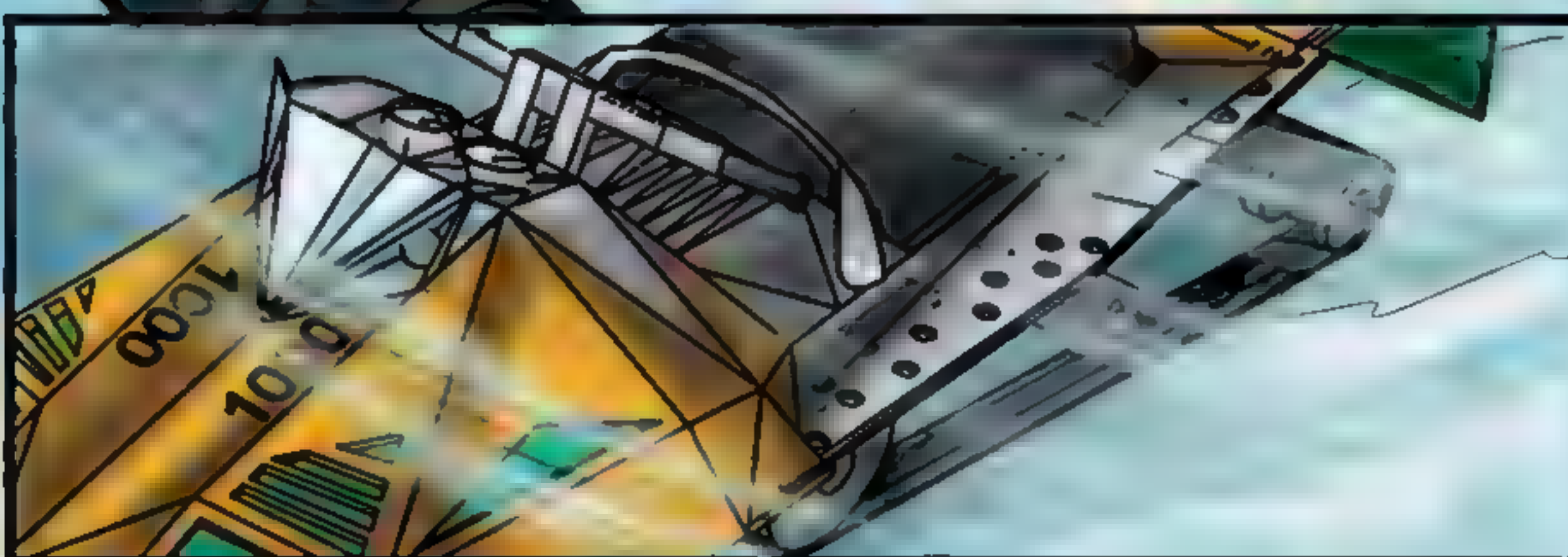
Little Bird.

*Flying away
whenever I
wanted.*



Little Bird.

*Taking what I
could, when I
could.*

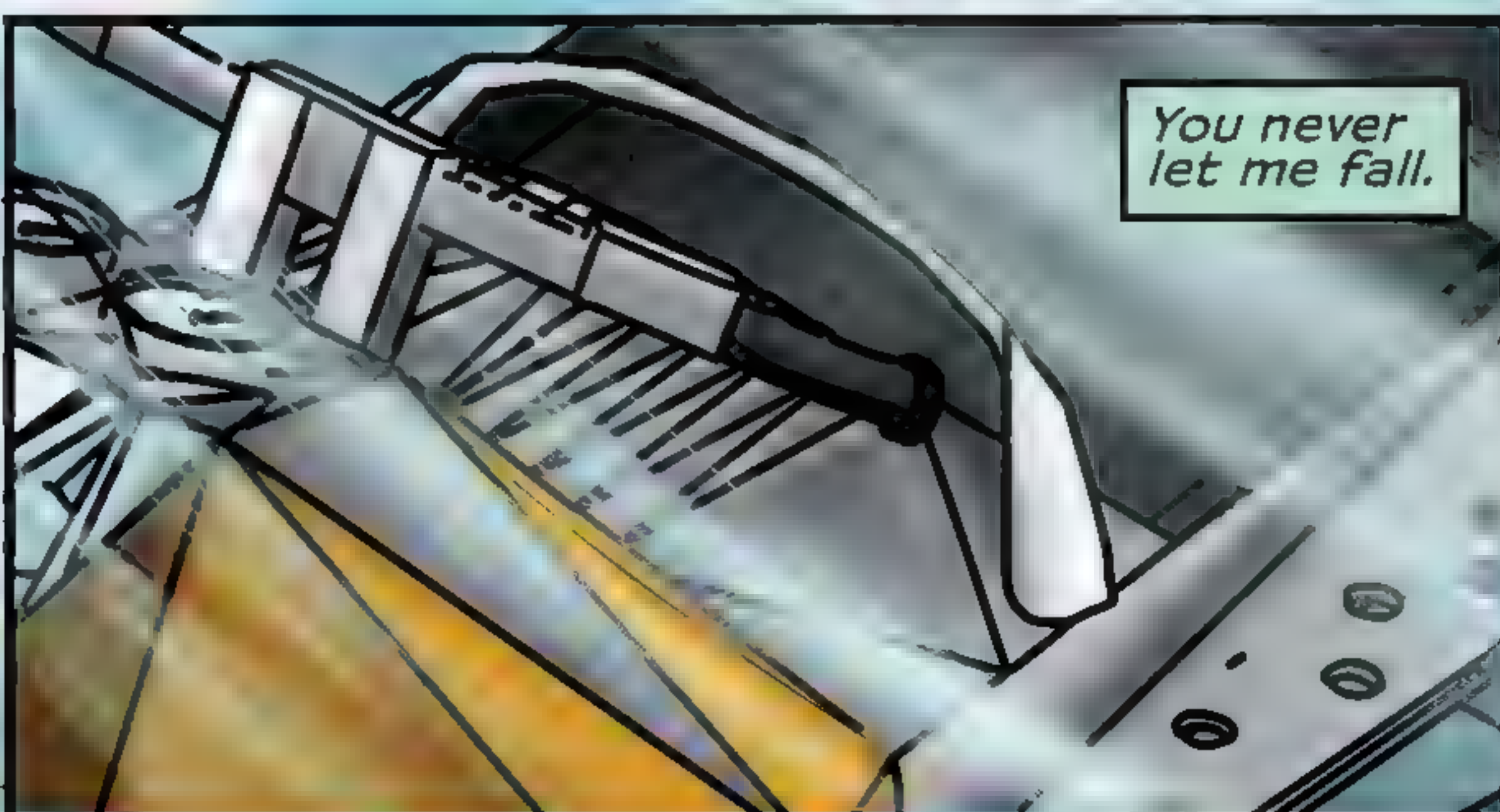


*But that
voice was
wrong.*

*Because you
always flew
after me. Even
when I took
your wings.*

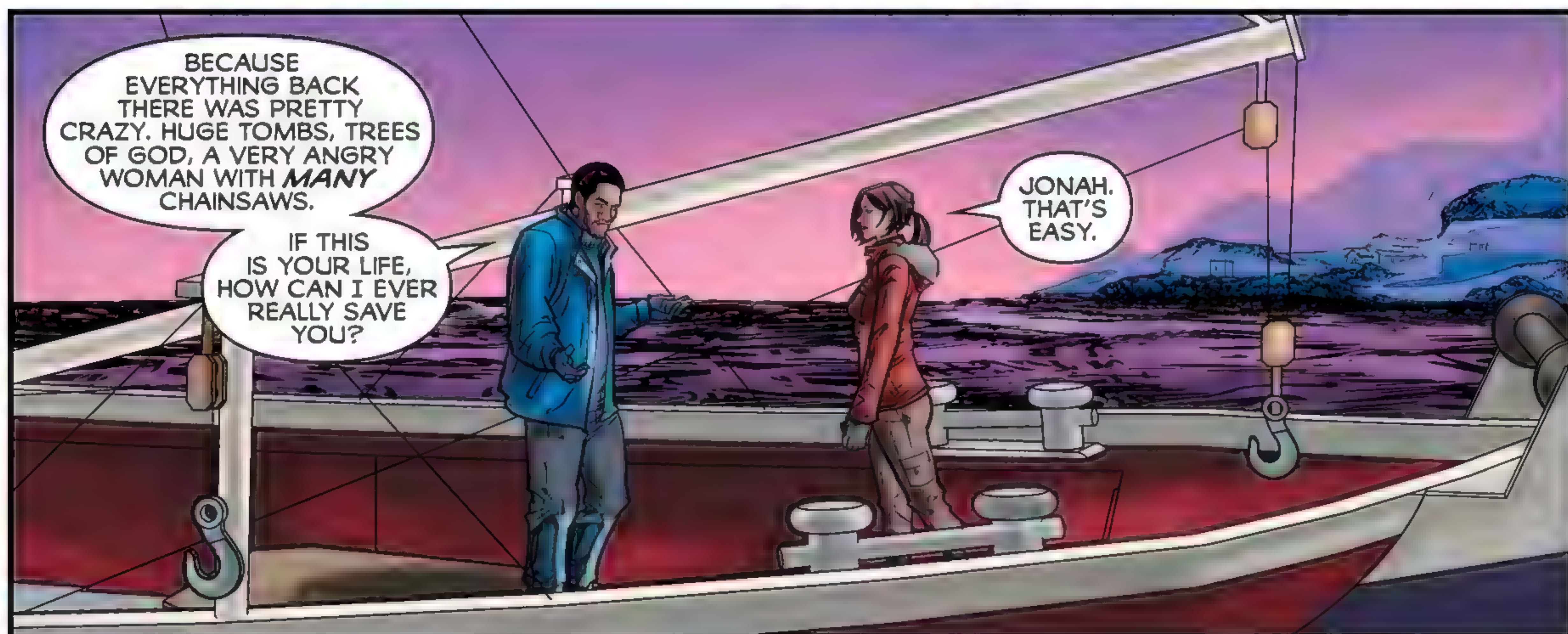


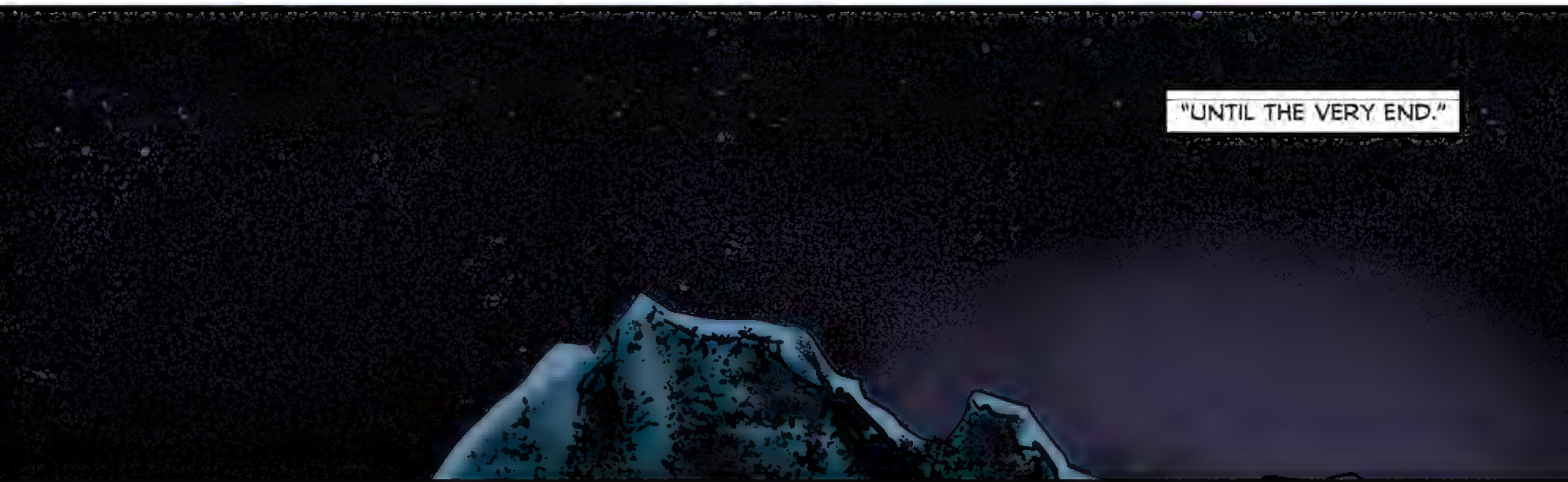
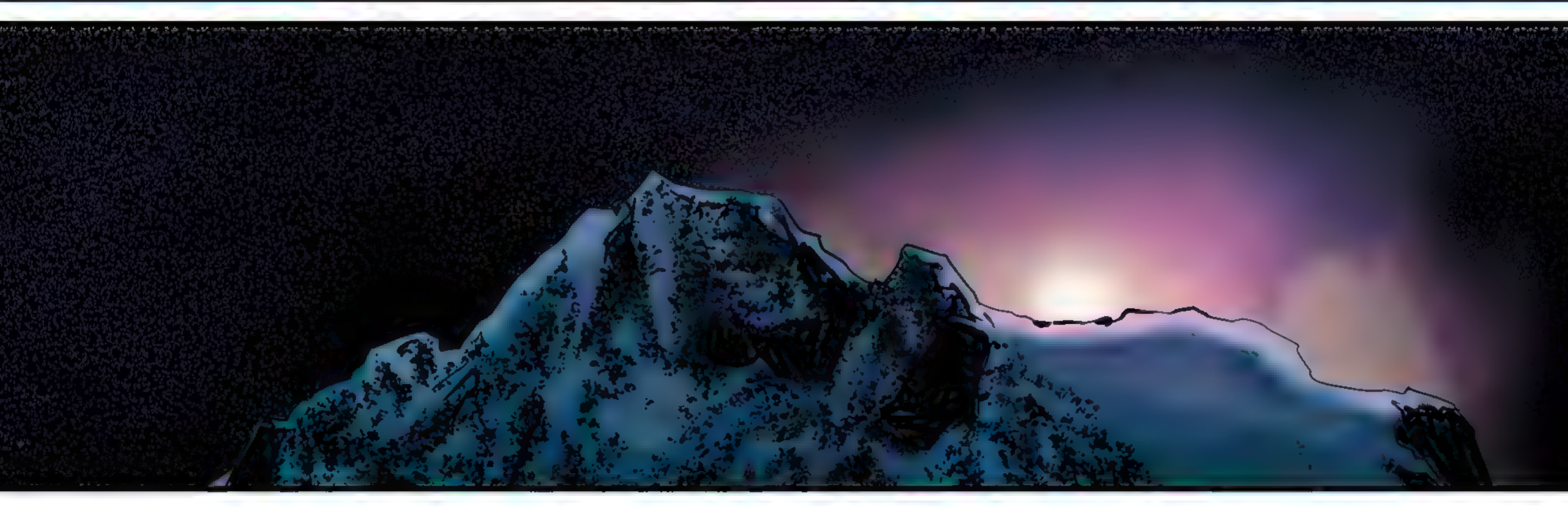
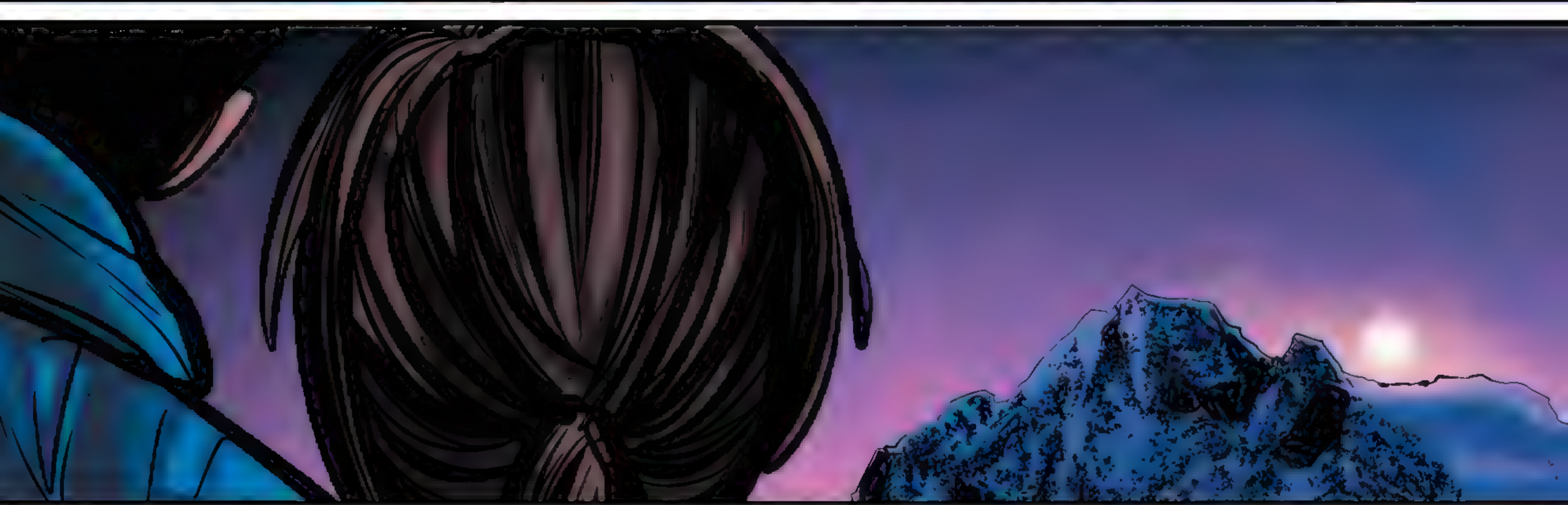
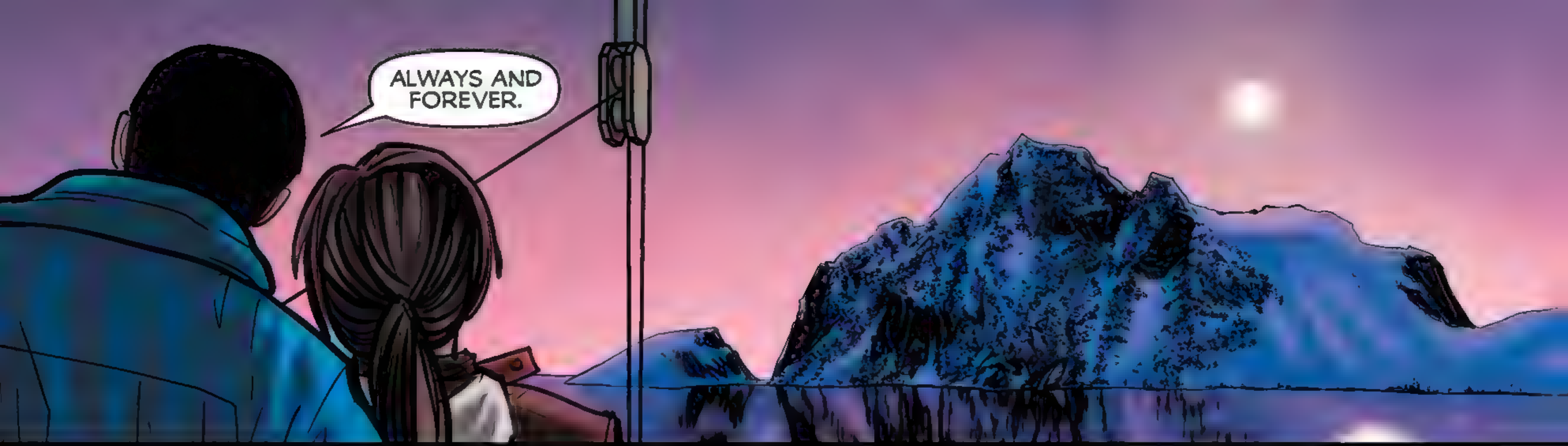
*You never
let me fall.*



My turn.







"UNTIL THE VERY END."

NEXT:
**SHADOW OF THE
TOMB RAIDER**









































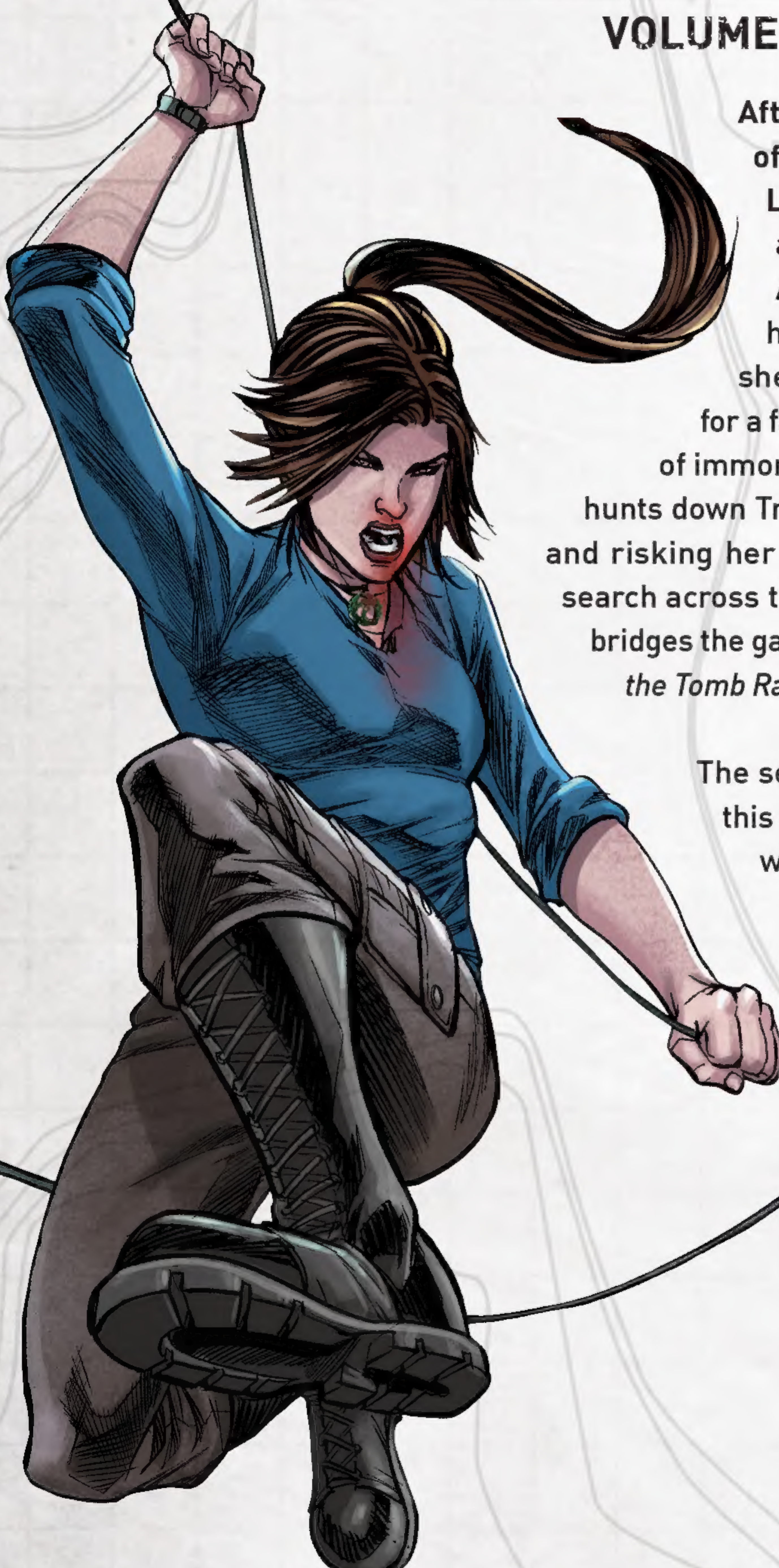




TOMB RAIDER™

OMNIBUS

VOLUME 2



After surviving the events of the city of Kitezh and the Deathless Prophet, Lara Croft finds herself attending an archaeology conference in America. When a man in need of help turns up dead at Lara's hotel, she becomes entwined in the search for a fabled mushroom that grants the gift of immortality. Desperate for answers, Lara hunts down Trinity at all costs, making sacrifices and risking her life along the way. Follow Lara's search across the world in this dynamic story that bridges the gap between Crystal Dynamics' *Rise of the Tomb Raider* and *Shadow of the Tomb Raider*!

The second and final omnibus volume in this series, this collection is jam-packed with over 450 pages of material. This omnibus collects issues #1–#12 of Dark Horse's *Tomb Raider* volume 2 series, as well as the most recent *Tomb Raider: Survivor's Crusade* and *Tomb Raider: Inferno* complete story arcs.

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